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ERRATA.

Page 42, col. 1, line 59, for *Johann* read *Richard.*
Page 61, col. 1, line 6, for *Sylvia* read *Sylva.*
Page 67, col. 1, line 4. for *are* read *is.*
Page 229, col. 2, line 35, for *1882* read *1892.*
Page 312, col. 3, lines 21 and 33, for *Cortisana* read *Cortesana.*
Page 464, col. 2, line 15, for *president* read *treasurer.*
Page 548, col. 1, line 50. for *1869* read *1859.*
Page 562, col. 1, line 48, for *Lanckorowski* read *Lanckoronski.*

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1911.

The Week

Caught badly the other day by the deadly parallel, Senator Cummins was forced to make use of the ancient argument that times have changed. In 1904, the advantages enjoyed by the farmers under protection were mythical; to-day these advantages are substantial. But that is precisely the motive actuating those wicked "interests" whom it has been Senator Cummins's mission in life to bait. The advantages of protection are so unusually "substantial" that the American Woollen Company positively hates to give them up. Times, indeed, have changed since 1904, but in a sense different from Senator Cummins's contention. In 1904, it was safe to hunt popularity by girding at the tariff, for few people imagined that the day of reckoning would come so soon or so completely. In 1904 the doctrine of the Republican monopoly of virtue and efficiency was still in full power; if relief was to come, it must come through us, the Republican insurgents. To-day a miraculously revived Democratic party is giving the insurgents a larger and prompter dose of tariff reform than they had bargained for. Herein is the sad change from 1904: an aroused people determined that an iniquitous state of things shall be done away with, no matter whose ox is gored in the process, and a party, other than the Republican, that is quite ready to undertake the job.

It can scarcely be said that last Friday's special report on the Steel Trust, by the Commissioner of Corporations at Washington, is the violent attack which some of the correspondents had hinted it would be. It is a thorough and highly interesting examination of the ten years of the company, with especial reference to questions of capitalization, tangible assets, and trade domination. It finds, what was pretty clearly known beforehand—what, indeed, the Stock Exchange recognized by cutting down the market valuation of the stock from $785,000,000 in 1901 to $350,000,000 in 1904—that the concern was prodigiously overcapitalized at its organization in 1901; but it also finds that in subsequent years the company brought its actual property nearer in value to its nominal capitalization by investing annual profits in the plant instead of in dividends on the watered portion of the capital.

Mr. Smith lays particular stress on the fact that this prudent policy was abandoned after 1908, and dividends were resumed at a previously unheard-of rate; but he points out that, even in 1910, some 24 per cent. of the company's nominal capitalization was water. The fact that the Steel Trust has been able to earn a 12 per cent. profit on its whole investment—which the market has been accustomed to describe as proof that still higher dividends are warranted—is interpreted by Mr. Smith as a serious public problem in itself, because it infers the pursuance of a policy in prices such as to yield abnormal profits. For, the report points out, a 12 per cent. profit on one industrial enterprise out of many in a given trade may be nothing extraordinary; that would be offset by smaller rates of profit among its various competitors. But such a profit for a company which controls one-half of an industry is a very different question. The Steel Corporation, it is shown, does not to-day hold in its own hands so large a proportion of the country's steel output as it did in 1901; but it still does 50 per cent. of the total business, which is only 10 per cent. less than when it entered the field. It also holds about 75 per cent. of the ore supply on which the steel industry is at present based—a fact in which, the report concludes, are involved the largest problems of ultimate public interest.

Whatever may be the outcome of the indictments found by the Federal Grand Jury of New York, against eighty-four individuals, representing thirty-five steel and wire companies, the action taken will stand as a clear warning that violations of the Anti-Trust law by arrangements clearly directed toward illicit suppression of competition are personally dangerous to those who engage in them. That some inkling of this fact had entered into the reflections of the men in the wire combination some time ago is evidenced by the fact that most of the arrangements appear to have been discontinued as far back as 1909 or the early part of 1910. Doubtless much will be made of this circumstance by way of defence; but on its face it looks quite as much like a confession of guilt as like a manifestation of innocent purpose. If the law was deliberately violated at a time when such violation seemed immune from punishment, and the violation ceased when the danger attending it became apparent, that can hardly be regarded as entitling the persons so acting to a clean bill of health. But, whatever may be true as to the past, the new life and energy that the law is now manifesting must at least make such pleas impossible in the future.

A thorough investigation of the business of express companies by the Interstate Commerce Commission has been inevitable ever since Congress explicitly conferred upon that body the needed jurisdiction. Inquiry naturally precedes regulation, and it is noteworthy that the Commission has ordered one that will go to the bottom. Only the malicious will see in the sweeping reduction of rates just filed by the express companies an attitude recalling that of Davy Crockett's coon. They must know that there will be shooting later, even if they do a little preliminary coming down. And they will see fully as much significance, it is probable, in the announcement Monday morning that President Taft is heartily for the establishment of a general parcels post, and will again urge it upon Congress next December.

Whatever else has been proved in the course of the new Lorimer investigation, Senator Kenyon is justified in remarking that somebody has been proved guilty of pretty stiff perjury. Such flat contradictions in the testimony respecting conversations of which the detail of time and place was minutely given are seldom met with. When witnesses swear so divergently, the question of motive always enters in trying to determine which ones are telling the truth, and in this case there can be lit-

tle doubt where resides the strong interest to twist or falsify evidence. To what Mr. Hines had to say about President Taft's active interest in procuring the election of Lorimer, little weight is to be attached. The witness was avowedly speaking only from hearsay, and the whole matter might easily have been distorted as it came to him. No doubt, the President expressed the hope that the Illinois Republicans would break the deadlock in the Legislature and choose *some* Senator, and this might readily have been perverted by those who were scheming to elect Lorimer into the statement that Mr. Taft favored their man. His official denial that he did is sufficient to dispose of that story, even if one could imagine the President to be so innocent as ever to have thought the success of Lorimer desirable.

The Chicago *Evening Post* accuses the present city administration of conspiring to suppress the epoch-making report of the Vice Commission concerning which we have written before this. Mayor Carter Harrison has openly expressed his disapproval of the Commission's methods and findings. When he assumed office the Commission was discharged. Since then it has been found impossible to procure the small appropriation necessary to give to the report the proper publicity. There are not enough copies to supply one out of ten applicants. The Chicago Aldermen were seized at first with a great fear lest the report should fall into the hands of the young and innocent. Subsequently, by a remarkable bit of logical manœuvring, they arrived at the conclusion that the public must be made acquainted with the names and addresses brought together by the Vice Commission in a register of ill-fame, but, in the published report, referred to only in key numbers. The key itself is locked up in a vault in the possession of the members of the Commission. The finance committee of the Aldermen has demanded that the State's Attorney be put in possession of the key in order that he may proceed legally against the persons named. Actually, the newspaper quoted declares, the intention is to create a temporary furore in the midst of which attention may be withdrawn from the fact that the value of the report is not in the specific cases it cites, but in the changes it recommends.

The reply of the president and trustees of Amherst to the memorial of the class of 1885 shows that the ideas advocated in the memorial have been adopted for the college so far as the present conditions of education make this practicable. There will henceforth be no separate curriculum leading to the degree of bachelor of science, but all students will be required to present four years of preparation in Latin or Greek, or both. In the freshman and sophomore years one of these languages is obligatory, together with a certain amount of science work. This, as the trustees state, puts Amherst "definitely on the basis of a modified classical course." Though the new curriculum recognizes, and rightly recognizes, the necessity of orienting the student in the great field of scientific knowledge, it takes account of the fact, which experience is every day forcing upon attention, that no course has yet been found to take the place of the classics in disciplining and in broadening the mind. The trustees regret that Greek cannot be made a required study, for the good reason that few preparatory schools teach it. "But the college," they add, "believes in Greek, believes in its value for discipline, for the culture and for the wide horizon opened to the student by knowledge of the vital past on which the literature, the institutions, the life of to-day, are founded, and without which they cannot be fully understood."

In this question of Greek Amherst College finds itself brought up against a radical difficulty which must sooner or later be faced and solved. The schools are more and more shaping their courses for the great mass of boys and girls who must enter practical life at an early age and who must therefore look for immediate results. Under such conditions Latin is retained with difficulty; Greek goes utterly by the board. Meanwhile the few who aim at a higher education are discouraged or actually prevented from beginning Greek. To meet this difficulty the trustees of Amherst have adopted what may be called a policy of persuasion. They propose to have in residence for a part of every year a Greek scholar of the first rank, who will deliver lectures and offer special courses. Furthermore, a number of honorary scholarships in Greek will be established. In its probable influence both on other small colleges and on those preparatory schools that are with difficulty withstanding the current, this action of Amherst will be salutary and may have far-reaching results.

If anything looked at first sight impossible it was the doing away with the inveterate barbarities of our Independence Day. They were intrenched in custom, supported by "interests" of one kind and another, and might be said to be lodged in human nature itself. We often hear scoffing about "reforms against nature," but none could seem more clearly of that kind than the abolition of the noisy and dangerous Fourth of venerable tradition. It is rapidly going, however, and will soon be gone, with both health and patriotism the better for its disappearance. And as we look back on the record of its gradual displacement, the work appears to have been easier than anybody could have dreamed. There have been none of those organized protests of an outraged generation which were to be expected.

The exit of capital from a country where it is threatened to one where it will be safe seems now to have become automatic. When Lloyd George's first budget spread alarm among conservative Englishmen, recites a well-known London correspondent, stories were current of fleeting millions. The correspondent asked a wealthy ex-American whether he thought them true. "I know of one that is true," came the reply. "Within the last three months, I have remitted to New York a million and a half sterling which, but for Mr. Lloyd George's budget, I should have invested here." "May I say so?" inquired the startled correspondent. "Repeat it to whom you will. I care not who knows it." It would make a pretty race, if one could only actually see it, the millions sent out of New York State on account of the inheritance tax laws, and the millions rushing in to escape Lloyd George. There should be some way of establishing a sort of international clearing-house for the benefit of affrighted or resentful capitalists on both sides of the water.

Baba Bharita's fling at our civilization from the safe position of a cabin in a departing steamer is not the first sign

that the long-enduring East is beginning to turn. The Hindu philosopher is quoted as having said something about "Western heathens" who would do better to spend their $20,000,000 mission money at home. He even calls our Ten Commandments "nothing but childish prattle." All this, however, we could endure, as provoked by a strong sense of Western superiority, and as constituting, therefore, an acknowledgment of it. But he said one thing that cannot be taken so lightly. "Civilized people," in his view, "do not need to be told that they shall not steal." This remark was made merely as a comment upon the childishness of the Decalogue, but its point reaches farther than that. Will the day never come when returning North Pole discoverers will omit to tell their wondering countrymen of the naïve honesty of the stupid dwellers within the Arctic Circle? Must we always read that the American Indians began to find a guard for their property necessary only after the white man came upon the scene? It would appear that, contrary to the optimistic observation of the Swami, it is civilized people who, above all others, do need to be told that they shall not steal.

To turn from the picture of Lord Roberts greeting an old acquaintance among the Indian troops present at the Coronation, to the account of the Imperial Conference, is to get a vivid idea of one of the incongruities of empire, or at least of the British Empire. In London all subjects of the Crown are on a common footing. Indeed, it sometimes seems that the more remote they are in appearance and custom, the more welcome they are, but this may be an impression derived from a surfeit of colored plates representing Coronation processions. The tone of the Conference, however, was unmistakable. The Earl of Crewe's gentle suggestion that it was possible for the Dominion governments, working within the limits which they laid down for the admission of immigrants, to make the entrance of Hindus more easy and pleasant than it has been, was met by a general dissent from the Premiers of New Zealand, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. They were all anxious to do nothing to impair the spirit of loyalty in the native populations of India, but they insisted also upon the disturbance of economic conditions that resulted the moment Asiatic labor was allowed to come into competition with white labor, a disturbance which, if allowed to go on, Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared, might seriously jeopardize the harmony of the Empire. And Sir Joseph Ward, after a description of the menace afforded to the great British shipping companies by the Lascars, came out flatly for the policy of "every color going back to its own zone." What will "every color" think and say of the advantages of the Empire when it gets there?

Extensive plans for building improvement and beautification in Rome are being developed in connection with the proposed reorganization of finances in the Italian capital. Rome has for years staggered under the heavy debt—as money goes in Italy—of thirty million dollars for a community of six hundred thousand people. The Government has now consented to come to the rescue of the embarrassed municipality, and a bill defining the terms of the agreement between state and municipality is being discussed. The Government is not to interfere directly in the management of municipal affairs, and will content itself with a partial financial censorship. The city cedes to the state a number of sites for public buildings, and the Government proposes to erect at least four department buildings, a court of accounts, an institute of artistic industry, and additions to existing museums and picture galleries. The city, in turn, obligates itself to spend the sum of twenty-five million dollars on elementary and secondary schools, markets, and sanitation. The bill is not a party measure. On all hands there seems to be recognition of the fact that her position as capital of the kingdom has meant for Rome a higher standard of living than she is in a position to pay for out of her own resources.

The scattered and fragmentary reports that have reached us of the progress of the Parliamentary elections in Austria neglect to mention the fact that this is the second contest under the system of universal suffrage. The results of the first election on the new franchise seemed to promise for a time the disappearance of racial party strife in the Reichsrath. The two most powerful parties were the Socialists, with above eighty votes, and the anti-Semitic Christian Socialists, with a strength almost equal to that of the Socialists. Here were two popular parties which cut across racial lines and based themselves on economic or social principles largely. But the present election has brought a reaffirmation of the old racial particularism. The Socialists seem to have suffered a considerable reduction in numbers, while the Christian Socialists, in spite of a notable victory here and there, appear to have been decimated. Evidently it was the great personal influence of the late Dr. Lueger that kept the petty merchant class of Vienna to its alliance with the Clerical forces in the rural districts. The Socialists will still be the most powerful single group in the Diet. The return of the German Liberal group in increased strength may provoke a revival of violent parliamentary tactics on the part of the Slav representatives.

The latest Australian census, in registering a population of 4,449,495, indicates an increase of about 18 per cent. above the census of ten years ago. For a pioneer land this is not a very impressive ratio of growth. The Continental United States added, during the last ten years, nearly 21 per cent. to its population of seventy-six millions. Canada's increase during the decade from 1901 to 1911 will be double the Australian ratio, the indicated growth being nearly 38 per cent. Allowance, however, must be made in the case of Australia for the fact that immigration thither has played a much smaller part than in either the United States or Canada. New South Wales, for example, has been recording an annual excess of only twelve thousand immigrants above emigrants. The same rate, for the Commonwealth as a whole, would show a total gain from immigration of only three hundred thousand for the last ten years. Geographical distance has, of course, much to do with determining immigration. But a very important factor, too, has been the purposely restrictive policy pursued by the Australians. Their aim has been not merely to make the continent a "white" Australia, but to people it with the choicest breed of whites. The Australians have never been enthusiastic in welcoming Great Britain's overflow population where overflow has been synonymous with outcast.

OBSTRUCTION IN THE SENATE.

The proceedings, or failure to proceed, of the Senate thus far in the extra session of Congress are described by the Washington correspondents as "loafing" or "killing time." But they are now rapidly coming to the point where they kill patience as well, and seriously injure the repute of the Senate. For what the country is beginning to see in that "most august assembly on earth" is not leisurely debate or mere Senatorial dawdling, but outright obstruction. The nature of it was clearly indicated on June 27 when the Chairman of the Finance Committee asked for unanimous consent that a vote on the Reciprocity bill should be taken on July 24—four weeks away. Senator La Follette promptly objected. Other motions were that the Farmers' Free List should be put to vote on July 26, and the Wool bill on July 27. Senator Smoot objected. Under the rules of the Senate, nothing more could be done. One man, merely with his *sic volo, sic jubeo*, could disable the majority—and in this instance it is admitted to be a large majority—from expediting the public business.

This goes far beyond demanding a reasonable time for debate or for offering amendments. It amounts to an exhibition of stark power by an individual Senator to thwart the demonstrated will of the body to which he belongs. Could there be a more glaring example of that "defect in procedure," in the Senate, of which Congressman McCall speaks in his recent book on "The Business of Congress"? He states the matter none too strongly when he writes: "Violence is done to the foundation principle of our government by putting it in the power of a single member to bring about a paralysis of all legislative functions and to prevent indefinitely the other ninety-one members, and the House of Representatives as well, from transacting the business of the country." Many Senators, it is well known, find the powerlessness of the majority, under the rules, to be exceedingly galling as well as mischievous. During the present session Mr. Root introduced a resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Rules, providing for a way in which the will of the majority could be made to prevail. No one, however, expects anything to be done at present. All business-like Senators deplore the existing chaos, but few profess to see any way of bringing order out of it.

This apparent sense of helplessness indicates the unique nature of obstruction in the Senate. It is privileged and immune beyond any form of parliamentary obstruction ever attempted anywhere else. As Mr. McCall remarks, when dealing with the general subject of abuse of the rules in order to prevent the majority from having its way, the inevitable result of systematic obstruction is to force the adoption of more stringent rules for the purpose of crushing it. That was the history of Irish obstruction in the House of Commons. Mr. Parnell carried it to a high pitch of perfection. He almost made the business of the Empire stand still. But his brilliant success was the undoing of obstruction. Speaker Brand made a revolutionary decision, and presently the rules were changed so that the majority could bring pending measures to a vote. First came the innovation of "closure"—what we call the previous question, which the Senate once had but now has not—then closure by compartments, and latterly what is known as "kangaroo closure," by which amendments can be jumped over at the pleasure of the majority. A similar closing in upon obstructive tactics has marked the evolution of the procedure of the House of Representatives. Those who in that body set out to defeat the will of the majority by taking technical advantage of the rules, speedily found the rules changed so as to shut them in an ever narrower circle. The history of obstruction has been everywhere the devising of measures to put down obstruction—everywhere, that is, save in the Senate of the United States. Why this extraordinary exception?

The real reason lies, we think, in the fact that Senatorial obstruction is only one form of Senatorial privilege. Refusing to permit a bill to come to a vote is not the only thing that an individual Senator may do. He can lift his sole hand and prevent an appointment to office distasteful to him. He can go to a chairman of a committee and demand it as a right that a given bill be strangled, or reported out. Obstruction in the Senate is only another form of that courtesy of the Senate in the name of which so many crimes are committed. And the correct explanation of the strange reluctance of the Senate to make its rules of business truly business-like appears to lie in the dread lest other individual privileges be struck down along with that of blockading the proceedings. Senators indeed groan when a Carter gets up to talk a River and Harbor bill to death, or a Bailey announces that he will not permit a certain bill to be voted upon, but they know that such Senatorial arrogance is off the same piece as the assertion of a right to control the patronage, and they are afraid to give up the one lest the other be taken from them.

Yet this whole question is one which the Senate will ultimately have to take up. We presume that the Reciprocity bill will in the end be somehow got to a vote, after La Follette and the others have bestowed all their tediousness upon the empty chairs of members and the idlers in the galleries. But the latent possibilities of unchecked obstruction are too serious to be ignored. Business only by unanimous consent can, indeed, be satisfactorily transacted between gentlemen, but that it can no longer be in the Senate is an assertion which can fearlessly be made, no matter how painful the inference may seem.

MURPHYIZING NEW YORK STATE.

Mr. Thomas M. Osborne's letter to the Democratic League, written from Berlin on June 3, fell happily for publication. At the very moment when Mr. Osborne's denunciation of the ignorance and imbecility and unscrupulousness of Murphy-controlled legislators was given to the press, the people had before them the spectacle of a Levy carrying out the boss's orders and jamming through a vicious elections bill, of a Grady running amuck at the Clearing House, and a Cuvillier boasting that the Governor would have to sign the iniquitous Tammany bills since otherwise none of his own measures would be passed. In a word, Osborne attacked the pretensions of Murphy to set up as leader of the Democratic party in this State just when that "leadership" looked most like the rush of swine down a steep place into the sea.

It is high time such a note of protest and defiance were uttered. Mr. Osborne puts the case with great force, but his words are only those of truth and sober-

ness. It is not Murphy as bestriding Tammany that the Democrats of New York State are called upon to resist. That is primarily the affair of the city and of the political party dominant in it. If they choose meekly to place their necks under Murphy's heel, the rest of the State can only wonder at them and pity them; it cannot rescue them or put manhood into them. But Democrats of the interior counties can and should fight unyieldingly against the extension of Murphy control and the Murphy blight over the party organizations throughout the State. That is the enemy; that is the peril. Every Democrat who can remember or has read the history of his party in New York, knows that it has had life and hope in it only when a body of up-State Democrats could be depended upon to put a ring in the Tammany snout. Tilden won his great repute by flinging himself upon the Democrats outside of the county of New York, and bearding John Kelly. Cleveland took quiet satisfaction in the fact that never in his long political career had he been inside of Tammany Hall; and it is certain that he never could have been the successful Governor he was, or filled his party with new vitality and promise, had he truckled to Croker. Now, Gov. Dix was bred in this political tradition. He is an up-State Democrat. Why should he think it possible for himself, we will not say, to succeed, but to retain his self-respect, and to discharge his duty to his party, by following any other course than that of Tilden and Cleveland?

On the naked issue of permitting Murphy to pose as State leader, there is little doubt that Mr. Dix would agree with Mr. Osborne. But the mischief is being done apparently without the Governor's perceiving it. He seems to have made up his mind to the necessity of "doing business" with Murphy. Gov. Dix strongly desires certain legislation, to a part of which his party is solemnly pledged, but to get it enacted he thinks that he needs the aid of Murphy, and is therefore ready to make bargains with the Tammany boss as he notoriously did in the appointment of Cohalan. But the man who is going to sup with the devil needs a long spoon, and Mr. Dix's is not nearly long enough for him to think of sitting at table with Murphy. The boss will get all the dainty viands; the Governor will simply burn his mouth. Every day is showing this to be the correct prophecy; and the Governor is more and more plainly having it demonstrated to him that there is no safety but in fighting. Recently he has been vetoing a considerable number of bills, most of them such as politicians desire—bills to create new offices and to increase salaries. The favorable comment which the Governor has thereby won should be a hint and encouragement to him to take the plunge entire and let his party and the people of the State know that in him the efforts of Tammany to seize everything in sight and project its malign shadow over the whole State will meet with resolute opposition.

But whoever leads or refuses to lead, it is a matter of life and death for New York Democrats to resist the attempted domination of Murphy. That mere party expediency dictates this, it is a commonplace to say. Murphy in the saddle as recognized State leader would mean 100,000 empty saddles in the Democratic ranks, and would wipe New York off the Democratic map. But this is to put the matter on a low ground. It is not the political consequences of a Murphyized New York that should alarm us so much as the humiliation and disgrace of the thing itself. For here is a man who cannot speak or write, who is not known to have a single political conviction, whose associations are low and whose methods smell of corruption, yet who by subterranean manœuvrings mingled with sheer effrontery sets out to put himself alongside Clinton and Silas Wright and Van Buren and Marcy and Tilden and Cleveland! The impudence of it all is nearly as great as its insult to the intelligence of the State. But we are now getting at Albany such a sample of what Murphy leadership would mean in the way of outrages upon decency and unspeakable greed and even attacks upon the soundness of our most important banking institutions that a revolt is certain. Sooner or later, up-State Democrats will openly declare that Murphy cannot snatch control of New York except over their dead bodies; for they know well that if he succeeds in doing it the party will lie dead.

THE TROUBLE IN MOROCCO.

A good deal of the fury with which the European press has thrown itself upon the latest development in Morocco may be explained as a form of reaction from the Coronation festivities at London. Here has Britannia been holding the centre of the stage for weeks, and the might of the British Empire has been intoned, and England's King has reviewed the fleet which upholds the overlordship of the seas. It is natural that just when the tumult and the shouting dies away, an incident like the sending of a German warship to a Moroccan port should be seized upon as a dramatic reminder of other empires and other ambitions than Britain's. There is no need to minimize the meaning of the incident. Probably, Morocco is about to furnish another period of international tension and negotiation. The one fact that stands out is that Germany has dispatched a small gunboat for the protection of its interests in a Moroccan port that is not included among the eight seacoast towns which the Algeciras Conference placed under an international police force.

When the Algeciras conference gave to Spain and France authority in the Moroccan coast towns, it was to be foreseen that an opportunity for the exercise of this authority would not be very long in coming. It came with the outbreak at Casablanca in July, 1907. The protracted French campaign in the Chaouia region brought about the semblance of pacification, but the French forces were not withdrawn. Spain, emulating her co-partner in the preservation of peace in Morocco, began in 1908 operations among the Riff tribesmen, and only by a supreme effort escaped disaster at Melilla. Neither power had as yet directed its intentions toward the interior of the country, and the eye of the most vigilant enemy could detect no strain in the Algeciras agreement. As a matter of fact in February, 1909, France and Germany signed an agreement with regard to Morocco, in which the latter recognized that France had special political interests in Morocco and that these were bound up with the maintenance of order within the Empire. On condition that the integrity and independence of the Empire were respected and the open door preserved, Germany bound herself to throw

no obstacles in the way of France's legitimate policies in Morocco and to demand no special commercial privileges for her own subjects.

The question is whether Germany's present action is in violation of the agreement in 1909. East of the Rhine this would be denied. In the first place, as we have pointed out, the port of Agadir is not among the eight ports in which France and Spain have the duty of maintaining order. The dispatch of the Panther there may have been a necessary precaution. In the second place, if the action at Agadir is intended as a warning to France and Spain, and principally the former, the German contention would be that the integrity and independence of the Moroccan empire are endangered by the presence of a powerful French force at Fez and the elaborate plans for the military occupation of the principal cities. France now has in Morocco a force larger than the English army of occupation in Egypt. Nor is Germany the only nation whose distrust has been aroused. The Spanish Government has helped to bring about the present tense situation by its own undisguised fear and jealousy of French policy. With a Spanish army taking possession of Larache and Tetuan as a reply to the French entry into Fez, it would really seem as if the final breakup of Morocco were at hand. To argue, as is done in France, that Germany has encouraged Spain's aggressive tactics in order that an opportunity might be created for her own intervention, is really to endow German diplomacy with undue finesse and malice. Spain's action may be explained simply as an instance of the madness that seizes upon the nations when a process of land-grabbing seems to be under way.

To talk of war over Morocco at the present time is idle. What is apparently bound to come is a recasting of existing agreements concerning Morocco. In these agreements are contained the basis and material for much discussion. France, for instance, can argue that her course ever since Algeciras has been absolutely proper. She intervened at Casablanca to preserve order, and pressed no further into the interior than the establishment of a zone of safety necessitated. Only when the breakdown of the Sultan's authority imperilled the lives of her citizens at Fez did France send an army to the capital. More than that, it has been admitted by all the Powers explicity and implicitly that it is for France to take the lead in the preservation of order within the Empire.

Such would be the case for France. To this the German reply would be that it is not what France has done, but what she may be preparing to do, that will repay study. To keep French intervention from passing into permanent French occupation is now Germany's purpose, or at least to obtain, in return for a French protectorate, generous concessions for her own subjects.

THE COMMON STOCK OF WIT.

Mr. Howells in his Easy Chair has a number of things to say about American humor. Like others, he is wondering who will fill, or partly fill, "the void which now aches from the vast absence of Mark Twain." He considers favorably Mr. Holman Day, author of "The Skipper and the Skipped," because "he knows the intensity, almost to feminine shrillness, of the New England rustics whom he deals with." But Mr. Howells is not quite certain of his choice, and adds, "unless, indeed, Mr. Irving Bacheller, in his new departure of 'Keeping Up with Lizzie,' is going to dispute it." Mr. Dooley is placed outside the competition for the reason that "he is distinctively a philosophical observer." Picking the successor of Mark Twain, Mr. Howells naturally admits, is the right of the public at large, not of a critic, and no doubt for that reason he did not wish to seem too serious in his judgments. Yet one might have hoped to find, even in informal speculation, an analysis of American humor and—since Mr. Howells runs back in his survey to European writers of the sixteenth century—the trend of humor sketched with some precision. He has been content, however, to give merely offhand opinions: "The joking in Rabelais is not only filthy, it is atrocious." "The humaner humor of Cervantes . . . is still . . . abominably unfeeling." "Much of the humor of Shakespeare is cruel, so cruel that Mark Twain used to say that when it did not bore him it offended him past endurance." One generalization of a more sweeping nature is risked—that humor, with the years, has grown more kindly.

This point, if true, is surely worth making. It would be pleasant to believe that as civilization has advanced, laughter, a fundamental instinct, has lost its sting. We fear that the statement is true only in part. People no doubt are no longer tickled, as were the Elizabethans, by the antics of insanity, nor perhaps at the sight of a victim, like Marlowe's Bajazet, caged and tormented. But many of the old brutalities remain. There is still gleeful derision for a fat or ugly-looking woman on the stage, who has, in fact, become a well-recognized type, bearing the technical name of "lemon." Grim humor—for better or worse—is not yet dead, nor will be until the impulse of hilarity is greatly chastened. Samson making firebrands of foxes' tails, Don Quixote slaughtering sheep mistakenly for famous warriors, Malvolio in the process of treatment for asininity, still bring laughter, however the tender-hearted moralist may protest. Besides, to make good his thesis, Mr. Howells should have proved that wit of the gentler, airier sort did not exist alongside of the boisterous. He should have shown reason why Addison's smiling censures and Rosalind's tantalizing are not as gracious as the witticisms of the present day.

If any great change has in reality come over our laughter we may perhaps get the clue to it by asking why Mark Twain should have been bored with much of Shakespeare's humor. His remarks imply that he meant in this instance the more strictly intellectual kind—the play on words and the elaborate formal logic of foolishness. Says Touchstone to Audrey: "I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths." Little wonder that the point seemed remote to Mark Twain! The first demand of laughter is understanding, and here the change in pronunciation has robbed the pun of "goats" and "Goths" of any zest it may have had, while "capricious," too, has lost its etymological color. It is perfectly true that appreciation of this side of Shakespeare is confined to scholars—to the rest it sounds woefully academic and unfamiliar. Admitting this, however, is far from implying that the manner and method of wit have greatly altered. Mark Twain himself had a huge liking

for verbal comedies. What fun he had making a literal re-translation into English of a French version of his "Jumpling Frog"; and putting into German order English sentences! So, too, a more recent writer wishes us to think it funny that to drive a car in France one must procure a license to "circulate." This is typical of much present-day humor—phrasing in which the drolleries come from words used slightly out of tune. As for the formal logic of nonsense, it, too, is holding its own. To take the most spectacular examples of it, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton get their effects most of the time from doing seriously what Shakespeare's fools did waggishly—applying the most rigorous logic to situations in which mankind is content to use common sense.

But if the manner and method of wit are much what they have always been, the material of wit, at least in our own country, has been undergoing a curious change. That is to say, where in former years there were jokes for high and for low, for North and South, East and West, to-day the same joke serves almost equally well the entire land. The wit of Lowell, save perhaps in the "Biglow Papers," works upon material extremely confined in its appeal. Mark Twain, especially, broadened it to the attitudes of the typical, alert, hard-headed American, as defined first of all by the contrast with Europeans. Recent conditions have carried on enormously his initiative. Increase in travel, the growing facilities of the press and the stage, the uniformity of our educational systems, have tended to render one section of the country in many ways very much like any other. Already New York's thrust at Chicago is an almost exhausted echo, and even the Southern colonel is scarcely any more a type. Plays given in New York are seen the same year in San Francisco; the "best-sellers" in Boston are read in about the same proportion in Richmond; the language of "fandom" is of one dialect. In a word, there is at present a much greater common stock of knowledge and custom in this country than was the case even so recently as Mark Twain's middle years. And the humorists, like George Ade and Mr. Dooley and all others who have any chance of being acclaimed Mark Twain's successors, are dealing in it. A note of philosophy they sometimes strike; of delicacy or out-of-the-way learning they know little, nor wish to know, since neither is typical of the common stock.

BOETHIUS AND THE MEDIÆVAL MIND.

The Middle Ages are receiving a fair share of attention just now. The present year sees the publication of three important works which every student of that fascinating period will at once acclaim as fulfilling admirably three special needs. The latest volume in Traube's "Vorlesungen und Abhandlungen" has been recently reviewed in these columns; touching on various aspects of mediæval Latin studies, it inspires the investigator to fresh subjects for research and equips him with the necessary information as to what has been done. Manitius adds to Müller's "Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft" part i of a long-expected book on "Die Geschichte der lateinischen Literatur des Mittelalters"; with its formal treatment of the lives and works of the Latin authors of the Middle Ages and with its careful bibliographies, it will prove an indispensable thesaurus for reference. The volumes now before me, by Mr. Taylor,* differ widely from these other works. Dispensing with scientific apparatus, though including a certain amount of bibliographical information, he is as comprehensive in his scope as Manitius, and as penetrating in his insight as Traube; he would present the whole story of thought and emotion as manifested in mediæval literature. Mr. Taylor comes well equipped to his task, which he has already approached in his books on "Ancient Ideals" and "The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages."

I.

The supreme mediæval achievement, according to Mr. Taylor, was "the vital appropriation and emotional humanizing of patristic Christianity." But patristic Christianity cannot be understood without a glance at the Greek philosophy and the Latin culture that helped to form it. Mr. Taylor examines the varieties of antique and patristic material accumulated in the sixth century, adds thereto the elements contributed by Celt and Teuton, plants these potent seeds in the somewhat arid field of the Carolingian period, and watches them develop, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, into the full flowers of thought and emotion:

> Various phases of the mediæval spirit [he declares] were to unfold only too diversely with popes, kings, and knights, monks, nuns, and heretics, satirists, troubadours, and minnesingers; in emotional yearnings and intellectual ideals; in the literature of love and the literature of its suppression; in mistress-worship, and the worship of the Virgin and the passion-flooded Christ of Canticles. Sublimely will this spirit show itself in the resistless apotheosis of symbolism, and in art and poetry giving utterance to the mediæval conception of order and beauty. Others of its phases will be evinced in the striving of earnest souls for spiritual certitude; in the scholastic structure and accomplishment; in the ways in which men felt the spell of the classics; and everywhere and universally in the mediæval conflict between life's fulness and the insistency of the soul's salvation.

This promise, made early in the work, is amply fulfilled. It would take too long to enumerate the different topics covered; with one exception, the liturgical drama, no matter of importance has been neglected. The effect is somewhat marred by a certain unsteadiness of treatment. Beginning with a definite problem, which for the most part advances in orderly fashion toward its goal, Mr. Taylor seems at times to have forgotten his purpose and gives instead biographical details and lengthy summaries; for the moment he is writing a handbook of mediæval Latin literature. Perhaps this information is necessary; it is so presented, however, that instead of a correlated series of essays on the mediæval mind, we have, considering the book as a whole, a kind of *Speculum Medii Ævi.* That may be an appropriate way to treat the Middle Ages, but it is not what we expected at the start.

But this occasional defect in treatment is far outweighed by the positive merits of the book. The writer has read for himself in many authors and subjects; he presents his observations in a cogent and attractive fashion, with dashes of humor now and then, and with no little eloquence. His most admirable quality is the real historical spirit, not that mechanical evolutionism which resolves entities into their *Quellen*, but that deeper interest in development which springs from sympathy with other times and other traditions. Extremely sympathetic and discriminating are the characterizations of men so diverse as Roger Bacon and Hugo of St. Victor, Abelard and St. Bernard, Petrus Damiani and Gerbert, Francis of Assisi and Thomas Aquinas, while some of the minor personages, such as Alfanus of Monte Cassino and Fulbert of Chartres, mere names as usually treated, stand out with admirable distinctness. The writer makes novel and suggestive reflections on many of the larger issues, such as the relations between Christianity and Neo-Platonism, the real and the ideal elements in chivalry, the development of Roman law, the intensifying of human emotion through the very process of directing the soul to objects divine. Above all, the much

**The Mediæval Mind:* A History of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages. By Henry Osborn Taylor. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.

maligned philosophy of the schoolmen is treated with extraordinary skill. The keynote to the book is sympathy, combined at times with a touch of kindly Horatian satire—a mood naturally cultivated in one who has centuries of human foibles to observe.

II.

Though in complete accord with the main tendencies of this book, I must take issue with the author on two important matters: his estimate of the Carolingian renaissance, and his estimate of Boethius. The first of these need not detain us. Though the services of Charlemagne and his associates are, I believe, distinctly underrated by Mr. Taylor, though he does scant justice to a humanist like Servatus Lupus, the question is one of emphasis; he might have painted the age of Charlemagne with the brighter colors it deserves, and still maintained his thesis that it was an age of crude beginnings, as compared with the fruition of mediæval culture in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The other matter needs more debate. Mr. Taylor assigns to Boethius an extremely humble position. His task is that of "translation, comment, and compendium, and of reëxpression with temperamental change of emphasis." Augustine is the last creative force in the patristic period. "A dark refashioner, indeed, will Gregory the Great appear, while Boethius, Cassidorus, Isidore, are sheer transmitters, or intermediaries, the last-named worthy destined to be the most popular of them all, through his unerring faculty of selecting for his compilations the foolish and the flat." Waiving the last statement, which is, however, not true and which does not reflect tne spirit of Mr. Taylor's general estimate of the Middle Ages, let us see if we may not relieve Boethius from the humiliation imposed upon him here. Mr. Taylor later admits that he was at least "the most important single source of early mediæval education," and in a still later passage speaks with enthusiasm of the "Consolatio Philosophiæ"; but his final rating of Boethius is that of a "sheer transmitter." Since the awakening of the historical spirit in the Renaissance, scholars have found more than one difficult problem in the life and the works of Boethius. Was he Christian or Pagan? What did he contribute, in either case, to the intellectual movements of his day? Hypercritical investigators in the last century, finding nothing but Paganism in the "Consolatio," debarred Boethius from Christianity; analytical tracers of sources reduced the originality of his thought to a minimum. Mr. Taylor, who for once has not appealed for an answer to the mediæval mind, agrees essentially with both of these verdicts.

It is true that Boethius "spent his best years in the translation and adaptation of logical treatises," but that does not prove that he was capable of nothing else. Boethius was not above forty-five when he died ("young Boethius," as Mr. Taylor calls him later), and his life had been that of an active statesman. The career of Cicero invites comparison. Cicero from the start was interested in philosophy, and even as early as the period of his Verrine orations had some thought of turning from politics and law to a life of leisure and philosophic study. He carried out this programme later, not altogether voluntarily, but he had written no works on philosophy till he was more than fifty. Boethius's translations and commentaries correspond to Cicero's wide reading in the philosophers. In either case, there was a period of long and thorough preparation. We can only speculate on what Boethius might have done had he been suffered, like Cassiodorus, to spend his latter days in quiet. He had planned, after interpreting Plato and Aristotle, to show that the two masters were, despite appearances, in essential harmony; and such an effort calls for higher powers than those of a "sheer transmitter." Boethius suddenly found the life of peace, perforce, in the gloom of the dungeon; in a moment he came to himself, the thoughts that he had been conning for years rose easily to expression, as in Cicero's case. But the "Consolation of Philosophy" is far more original than any of the philosophical writings of Cicero.

Boethius's last work reveals its writer as a man of broad sympathies and critical acumen. In an age when Pagan philosophy had been merging more and more in the mystic and the absurd, he reverted with unerring instinct to the sure fountain-head of ancient thought—to Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato. Though registered in manuals of philosophy with the Neo-Platonists, he is utterly detached from them. He may have included a few unessential features of Neo-Platonism in his system, but they fade into insignificance when compared with that system as a whole, or with the amount of Neo-Platonism which St. Augustine had absorbed. The more we study philosophical tendencies in Boethius's times and the centuries just preceding, the more will the originality of his attitude shine out: he turns his back on the whole school of Plotinus. It cannot be, then, that his programme of reconciling Plato and Aristotle is merely a sign of "the shallow eclectic spirit of the closing Pagan times"; there is no loose tolerance, for instance, in his treatment of the Post-Socratic schools. Again he suggests Cicero, who also, though accepting the broad views of the New Academy, sought to find there, whenever he could, the original doctrines of Plato and Aristotle. Incidentally, Boethius had studied Cicero with care, and though he shows no trace of Neo-Academic scepticism, the liberal humanism of Cicero has seasoned his thought and his very style; it is a wholesome antidote to the magic and the formlessness of Neo-Platonism.

III.

Thus drawing inspiration from the pure well of ancient thought, Boethius devised a system which is not quite like any that preceded, and set it forth in a work which is a novelty among literary types. Though Martianus Capella had pointed the way in his curious treatise, Boethius was the first to combine the mingled prose and verse of Menippean satire with the philosophic dialogue. The subject is both old and new. One ranges it at first with the "Consolations" of antiquity, such as those of Crantor and Cicero and Seneca, and also with the encomia of philosophy, the λόγοι προτρεπτικοί of Aristotle and Cicero; but these considerations are caught up in something higher. In essence, the work is a theodicy, a justification of the ways of God to man; and to justify God, human reason solves, as best it may, the enigmas of evil and freedom. This theological element marks sharply the difference between the philosophy of Boethius and that of any of his Pagan masters. He wove his work of strands that Plato and Aristotle and Cicero had provided; they would have detected nothing alien in the woof. But the pattern itself is new. Boethius's philosophy contains one article that no Platonist or Neo-Platonist, Peripatetic or Stoic, would have accepted, namely, a clear-cut belief in personal monotheism. The nearest approach in antiquity is Cicero's interpretation of Platonic and Stoic theology, but it is only an approach. Boethius's system would slip neatly into Christian doctrine as formulated in his day; that was the dogma controlling him, as the Neo-Academic theory of probability controlled Cicero. Mr. Taylor approaches the truth in declaring:

> In the "De Consolatione" of Boethius, the antique pagan thought, softened with human sympathy, and in need of such comfort and assurance as was offered by the Faith, is found occupied with questions (like that of free-will) prominent in Christianity. The book presented meditations which were so consonant with Christian views that its Christian readers, from Alfred to Dante, mistook them for Christian sentiments.

It strikes me that mediæval readers were not bad judges of what concorded with Christian doctrine. They did not fail either to point out those few instances in which the philosopher had given his argument a coloring too Pagan. A few such slips are inevitable; one may find them in St. Augustine.

The "Consolatio Philosophiæ," then, as Mr. Taylor apparently admits, is not seriously in contradiction with Christian theology. But, he might ask, is it likely that a Christian thinker, who

ought, by definition, to have been interested first and foremost in the patristic scheme of salvation, would dare take such relish in mere literature and philosophy? Only a study of Christian humanism can answer this question. The subject needs fresh treatment; I can touch on only a few points here. From the kindly tolerance of Minucius Felix, which echoes that of St. Paul, to the philosophic inclusiveness of Boethius, there are many types and shadings of humanism, nowhere more profusely or more interestingly exhibited than in the fourth century. Jerome and Augustine, who began life either actually or virtually as Pagans, reacted against Paganism with undue but not unnatural severity after they had seen the light; later on, they worked out something like a harmony of the old culture and the new. This harmony is clearer still in the temperament of the poet Prudentius, whom Bentley called the Maro and the Flaccus of the Christians; and there are no disturbing elements in the blithe, Gallic Christianity of the humanist Ausonius. In estimating the attitude of the Church to Pagan culture, Mr. Taylor and others set up a rigid definition of proper Christian feeling, and finding outside of the definition a genial soul like Ausonius, put him without the pale as well; for he must have been a Pagan at heart. But instead of thus disposing of Ausonius, we should rather enlarge the definition. There were some merely nominal Christians in that age; Claudian was one. Asceticism, however, was not the only accepted mode of Christian living; the Church had a place for humanism, too. Ausonius does not differ essentially from his countryman, Apollinaris Sidonius, of the next century; and it would be rash to call Sidonius a Pagan at heart. By the reign of Theoderich, the times were ripe for a still more liberal attitude to antiquity on the part of those whose creed was most clearly defined. The bulwark of the Catholic faith in Italy in the early sixth century was manned by a noble company of old Romans whose forefathers had been leaders in the Pagan reaction in the days of Julian. It was natural for them to turn with sympathy to the past. Chief among them was Boethius.

Turning now to the other side of the problem, we need not have the slightest doubt of Boethius's Christianity. I will not raise other aspects of this old dispute, but point simply to the fact that he is the author of four, perhaps five, letters on theological topics, which attest his adherence to Catholicism. "If he wrote them," declares Mr. Taylor, "he did but make polite obeisance to the ruling intellectual preoccupation of the time." But there is no such note of courteous condescension in these works. Boethius has his fill of contempt for the profane crowd; he can sit in a corner with *gran dispitto*, while ecc'esiastical asses accept blithely what they do not understand; he refrains from comment, not caring to be reckoned *sanus inter insanos*. But the question at issue, the divergent heresies of Eutyches and Nestorius, appeals to him profoundly. He ponders the matter and submits his answer to those that know, to Symmachus and to John the Deacon, later Pope; he is humble enough with them. As this happened in 512, or perhaps a year or two later, the letter is not a youthful affair. The chief interest in the remaining letters is the doctrine of the Trinity. If the first of these was written toward the close of Boethius's life, as seems not improbable, so far from recording the author's "polite obeisance," it may even have served as a political broadside and called down on its author the wrath of the Arian Theoderich.

IV.

Most striking is the method of these treatises. Boethius brings to bear upon the problem of theology the whole apparatus of Aristotelian logic; here are the first-fruits of his years of translation and comment. Many of the Fathers, both Latin and Greek, were familiar with ancient philosophy, and the Church formulated important articles of the Faith with its help; but nothing so deliberately technical had appeared before; this handful of letters marks an epoch. Boethius is credited by Mr. Taylor, and by every one else who writes on this subject, with supplying to the schoolmen of the earlier period in his translations of the logical works of Aristotle the chief material of their thought. But, besides this, he gave them in his *Opuscula Sacra* an admirable model of method. Prantl, the eminent authority on the history of logic in the Middle Ages, estimated the nature of these tractates correctly in calling them an offshoot of early mediæval scholasticism, but he could not know, as has become clear since, that they are by Boethius himself. Relations are thus reversed. The tractates do not illustrate early mediæval thought: they inspired it. Mediæval theologians did not regard them as *jeux d'esprit*. John the Scot, the one eminent genius of his age, wrote a commentary on them; his example was followed by others, particularly by Abelard's friend, another bold thinker, Gilbert de la Porrée; and even after the new Aristotle in the thirteenth century had quite eclipsed the earlier translations, the greatest of all the scholastics, St. Thomas Aquinas, found a worthy subject for exegesis in the "De Trinitate" of Boethius. Doubtless he recognized part of his own procedure there. For besides applying Aristotle to theology, Boethius defines as clearly as St. Thomas himself the separate spheres of human philosophizing and Christian revelation:

> If these arguments of mine are right and *ex fide* [he says at the end of the second tractate], I beg you inform me so. Or, if haply you differ in any point, examine the aforesaid matter the more carefully, and if you can, unite faith and reason.

Considered in these aspects, Boethius deserves to be called, as some students have called him, the first of the scholastics.

But there is another service, quite as important, which Boethius rendered to the Middle Ages. If Jerome and Augustine bequeathed the patristic doctrine of salvation, he gave them in his "Consolatio Philosophiæ," as we have seen, a token of a more urbane and tolerant humanism, a large utterance of the human reason which did not contradict the revelations known to faith; and mediæval literature as well as mediæval thought profited by this admirable exemplar. To the ancient humanism they had, of course, direct access in the classics, but Boethius taught them to combine Paganism and Christianity emotionally, even as he had appropriated the ancient philosophy for Christian thought. The supreme achievement of the Middle Ages, to repeat Mr. Taylor's words, was the vital appropriation and emotional harmonizing of patristic Christianity; but the meaning of patristic Christianity must be broad enough to include Boethius. We cannot know the full extent to which he determined the course of mediæval thinking until the numerous commentaries written in the ninth century on him and on other important Romans are made accessible and studied. When this material lies before us, we can better trace the history of both humanism and philosophy in that period and better appreciate the notable attainments of John the Scot. Pondering what we know, we must recognize not only the intellectual accumulations of Boethius, but his genius, as stimulating forces in the growth of the mediæval mind.

But the temperament of Boethius is not a simple affair, and Mr. Taylor is not alone in judging as he does. I have set forth a different view, and other readers may well differ on other points; for the book incites thought. None will question its high qualities, or fail to be grateful to the author for his profound and sympathetic study of the Middle Ages.

E. K. Rand.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

For twenty-two years William Jaggard, a bibliographer whose work is well known in the two ten-year Indexes to "Book Prices Current," has been bringing together material for a comprehensive Shakespeare Bibliography. The book, a quarto of 750 pages, printed in double columns, is now in the hands of subscribers. The beginning of the work was the preparation in 1890 of a catalogue (never print-

ed) of the Shakespeareana belonging to George Guy Greville, Earl of Warwick, and preserved at Warwick Castle, where, in Halliwell-Phillips's day, were to be found "all known manuscript copies of Shakespeare's plays written before the close of the seventeenth century." This, one of the oldest collections of Shakespeareana in England, has, Mr. Jaggard states, recently "passed into the private library of an American collector." The book is dedicated to the compiler's ancestor, William Jaggard, the probable editor (he thinks) of the First Folio, which came from William Jaggard's press in 1623. Owing to his death on the eve of publication, it is his son's name which appears upon the title-page of the book, the imprint of which reads, "Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount."

There are upwards of thirty-six thousand distinct entries and references. Details are given of every known issue of Shakespeare's writings, of every pamphlet, volume, or collection of Shakespearean comment, of every contemporary allusion to the dramatist or his productions, of each autograph, "genuine or forged," and of all engraved Shakespeare portraits. Incorporated are some thousands of extracts and illustrative notes. The word Shakespeare is, throughout the work, abbreviated to "Sh-", Shakespeare's to "Sh-'s," and, in some cases, Shakespeareana to "Sh-ana." This condensation may have been necessary to keep down the bulk of the book, but a few extra pages added to the volume would have been preferable.

The most interesting portion of the Bibliography is the account of Shakespeare's own works. The separate pieces are first given, arranged in alphabetical order, the spurious and doubtful plays in the same alphabet. The preliminary note to each play gives the entry in the Stationers' Register, and sometimes other general information. Then follow the chronological list of editions of the separate play, collations of the earlier editions being given and one or more libraries possessing examples indicated. Had it been possible to locate all known copies of the rarer and more valuable editions it would have added to the interest of the Bibliography. The only American libraries referred to seem to be the Boston Public and the New York Public. Prices paid at auction are given in some cases, but American auction records are ignored. For example, under "The Merchant of Venice," 1637, the note is, "In May, 1907, a copy sold for £40," although the record price is $1,300, paid for the Lenox Library duplicate copy at Anderson's, in May, 1906. The nine quartos, with forged dates, printed by Thomas Pavier in 1619, are entered under their proper date of printing, not under the date on the title-page.

Early manuscript copies of the plays are also described, and, although these are few in number, they are of great interest. The most important is the manuscript of "King Henry the Fourth," the two parts condensed into one, fifty-five leaves, transcribed about 1610. This is "the sole contemporary manuscript of any of Shakespeare's literary productions known to survive." Discovered in 1844, it passed into the Earl of Warwick's collection, and was printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1845. Manuscripts of "Julius Cæsar" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" written about 1660 are the next earliest. Both of these are also in the Warwick Castle Collection.

The long-lost first edition of "Titus Andronicus" of 1594, described by Langbaine in 1691, but not again seen till December, 1904, when a copy was found in a Swedish country cottage by the librarian of Lund University, is described as having been sold "to a well-known American collector for £2,000 in February, 1905." This is stated to be the record sum paid for a separate Shakespeare piece. The same sum was paid in 1907 (presumably by the same American collector) for one of the three known copies of the first edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim" (1599).

The section describing the known autographs of Shakespeare is an interesting portion of the book. Mr. Jaggard says: "Six indubitably genuine autographs of Shakespeare exist. They are attached respectively to the Mountjoy deposition, 1612-13; Blackfriars deed of conveyance, 1612-13; Blackfriars mortgage document, 1612-13; and his will, 1615-16. In every other asserted instance of genuineness more evidence is needed before the attributed signatures can be finally accepted or rejected." Among the "supposed" Shakespeare autographs which he notes, two are in the United States, North's "Plutarch," 1603, with a signature, in the Boston Public Library, and the Folio of 1632 owned by C. F. Gunther of Chicago, which has, pasted in, a reputed Shakespeare signature on a slip cut from a document.

Many interesting and little-known facts are found in the notes. For example, that the publisher's price for the First Folio was one pound is shown by a memorandum on a letter from William Cartwright to Edward Alleyn, preserved at Dulwich College. This memorandum, which is dated November 30, 1623, the very week of publication, runs: "Paid a sover-in for Shaksper's booke of Plaies." Another manuscript entry at Dulwich shows that Edward Alleyn paid five pence for the "Sonnets" of 1609: "A book of Shaksper Sonnets, 5d." This first edition of the "Sonnets" is now one of the most valuable of books. From an inscription on the title-page of the Steevens-Daniel-Griswold-Church-Huntington copy, we know that Narcissus Luttrell paid one shilling for that copy. This was, perhaps, seventy-five years after publication, and the book may have become rare. At the Steevens sale in 1800 the book brought £3 19s.; Mr. Griswold paid £225 15s. for it at the Daniel sale in 1864; Mr. Church paid $5,000 for the same copy about 1890, and it would now, probably, bring three times that sum.

Mr. Jaggard seems to have got confused over the two editions of Francis Meres's "Palladis Tamia," the book which contains the earliest printed list of Shakespeare's writings, and the most important of all contemporary references to him and his work. "Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury Being the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth" (1598), is properly entered under Meres (Francis). The second edition, published in 1634, with altered title, "Wit's Commonwealth, the Second Part," and (in some copies) with an engraved title, "Wit's Academy," dated 1636, is not entered here; but there is this note:

"Wit's commonwealth" (or "Wit's academy"), of which the above work purports to be the continuation, was written by John Bodenham (*q. v.*).

On turning to Bodenham, we find two entries, "Wit's Academy," 1634, and "Witt's Academy," 1636, and the note, "Originally appeared as part i of Francis Meres' 'Wit's treasury,' 1598 (*q. v.*)." The actual work by Bodenham (or edited by him) is not recorded at all. It appeared in 1598, with the title, "Politeuphuia, Wit's Commonwealth."

Correspondence

LEGAL ETHICS AND PRACTICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The story is not a new one: An Irishman was passing through a cemetery and stopped to read an epitaph which said that "Here lies Addison B. Witherspoon, a good lawyer, and an honest man."

"What are you looking at that Witherspoon monument so long for, Pat?" inquired his wife.

"I was wondering," said Pat, "what the honest guy done that they chucked him in the same grave with Witherspoon!"

We laugh at the story, of course, although we don't believe that all lawyers are dishonest. Still, what shall we say when the Code of Professional Ethics issued by the American Bar Association—the highest authority of American lawyers—lays down a rule like this:

A lawyer may undertake with propriety the defence of a person accused of crime, although he knows or believes him guilty, and having undertaken it, he is bound by all fair and honorable means to present such defence as the law of the land permits, to the end that no person may be deprived of life or liberty but by due process of law.

What can an honest lawyer say in defence of a man indicted for a crime which the lawyer knows or believes him to have committed? He may contend that the offence charged is not a "crime." There are indictments for offences on the border line of crime; such, for instance, as the discharge of a gun and the killing of a person thereby. Possibly the man shot with a perfectly justifiable purpose. In such a case an honest lawyer may reasonably contend that no crime was committed. Or he may contend that the man on trial is insane and irresponsible, and he may do so honestly. But in neither of these cases is he defending a man known to be guilty. The Code undoubtedly has in view the man who intentionally and maliciously murders or robs or bribes. On the other hand, if this same lawyer should purposely send the police along the wrong road, and thus aid a fleeing criminal to escape, he would not only not be regarded as honest, but he would be indicted and punished as accessory after the fact.

If a lawyer allows a witness to swear in a civil case to statements known by the lawyer to be false, he may be disbarred—in the event he is found out. If his client perjures himself to escape the punishment of his crime, and the lawyer knows it, is he honest—if not found out?

A Roman Governor asked, some two thousand years ago, "What is truth?" and did not get an answer. To-day the public asks "What is honesty?" and the answer is—

in so far, at least, as lawyers are concerned—"Honesty in a criminal lawyer is getting away with it." Which reminds me of the little Sunday school girl who, when asked to explain what a lie is, said: "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble."

But legal peculiarities are not confined to the lawyers and their code of ethics. The court also has them. A woman striker of commanding presence, but attired in the homely garb of a cloakmaker, is arrested for inciting a mob to riot. She is hustled off to the police station in a patrol wagon and dragged before the desk sergeant. He is about to order her cast into a cell when, from the folds of her cheap dress, she produces a jewelled card case and presents a handsomely engraved visiting card, bearing the name of a social leader. The desk sergeant is dumfounded. Instinctively he shrinks and shrivels. When he recovers sufficiently to speak, it is to utter very humble apologies and to make excuses. He turns on the unfortunate policeman who made the arrest, and berates him soundly for his blunder. Then there is hurried and nervous effort made to relieve the distinguished prisoner of the embarrassment to which the arrest has subjected her. An elegant automobile is sent for, and she is shown into it with more apologies, and, accompanied by one of the finest, is driven to her home. The police give out columns of interviews deploring the unfortunate mistake, promising that it will not occur again.

Hear what Judge John Gibbons, for thirty years an occupant of the Chicago bench, has to say:

> Our criminal law and the practice of many of our courts savors of ancient times when the law and its enforcement was a farce.
>
> The upper courts often reverse decisions of the criminal courts on trivial technicalities that don't exist any longer in England, where they were originally drawn from, and where they were in force during the feudal times when justice and the law were an empty show.

With little or no change, the judge's opinion, as given above, might cover the civil law as well. It would be most refreshing to read some learned jurist's honest opinion touching some of the civil laws obtaining to-day in almost every section of the country—if not in all of them.

J. H. Rockwell.

Springfield, Ill., June 28.

THE SIZE OF THE WORKING-VOCABULARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Few unsupported assertions, I believe, persist with so little questioning as the one which maintains that the working vocabulary of most people is limited to a few hundred words. For the past two or three decades many books on the English language, English composition, and public speaking have "estimated" the workingman's vocabulary at five or six hundred words, and the college student's at one thousand or twelve hundred. In a public address only a year ago an officer in one of our larger universities declared that "the average senior" in that institution "did not employ more than eight hundred or a thousand words in all the writing and speaking involved in the various activities of his life." Early last autumn six members of our freshman course in English in Wabash College volunteered to make a study of their own vocabularies, and while my chief purpose in directing this study was to learn definitely what classes of words a freshman has at his command, the mere number proved to be so different from the traditional estimates that I feel justified in offering this note.

The methods we employed were quite simple. Each student carried small cards with him at all times and endeavored to catch all the words which he used in ordinary speech and writing. From time to time he filed the words alphabetically. Some of the men, when they felt that their general efforts had been reasonably thorough, made a more intensive study by means of convenient divisions of their lives into downtown, college, home, morning, day, night, and the like, in order that they might not omit words which are extremely familiar to almost every one. Others sought to gather up these very familiar words by going over their alphabetical lists and supplying the obvious omissions.

It was difficult to determine what classes of words should be excluded, but a desire to avoid all possible repetition led us to throw out the following: (1) All words which were merely inflected forms of other words included in the list; (2) numbers, both cardinal and ordinal; (3) pronouns and demonstratives; (4) nouns used only as proper nouns; (5) extremely technical terms; (6) all except one word from each group of words obviously related in their origin; (7) all negatives in *un-* and *in-* except where only the negative form of the word exists, or where the positive is rare, as in *unkempt, uncouth, unwittingly;* (8) all words in *re-* and *dis-* where the meaning could be readily gathered from the definitions of the root word and the prefix.

After these classes had been excluded and each student had been questioned carefully for the purpose of leading him to ascertain whether he had included words which the laws of association had brought in from his reading vocabulary, the totals were as follows: 2,970, 3,190, 3,920, 4,510, 4,550, 4,560.

Even a hasty glance at these lists convinces one that they are incomplete rather than overcomplete. All the words recorded seem to hold their places legitimately, while on the other hand familiar words have been overlooked. For example, in going through the A's in three lists, I observed that the following words had not been included: Aeroplane, agriculture, almighty, almost, along, ambition, analysis, ancestor, ankle, ant, apology, architect, arm, autumn, avenue, avoid, awake, away, awkward, and axe.

The students who have been making this study are, I am quite sure, representative of our freshman class. They vary in age from seventeen to twenty-one years; three of them were brought up in the country and three in small cities; some of them have read much, others little; and their classroom records for the first term of the year ranged from the highest to the lowest. Moreover, the words themselves reveal a rather striking diversity of experience. They are in no respect unusual, save that one list shows a marked influence of a very early reading of Dickens, but they represent all the variety of interest which one would expect to find in a group of young men who are beginning their college course.

Rollo Walter Brown.

Crawfordsville, Ind., June 27.

SCHOLARSHIP OF IDEAS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial entitled "Scholarship of Ideas" in the issue of May 11, as well as in other contributions to the *Nation*, you have, as it seems to me, justly criticised certain pedantic tendencies of modern scholarship. But in most of the criticisms of the "scientific method" in graduate study I find a tacit assumption that the narrowness of a specific subject is synonymous with narrow interests and knowledge on the part of the investigator. This seems unwarranted. The aim of the "scientific method" is quite the opposite of narrowness. A doctor's dissertation entitled "The First Hour of the Session of the States-General on May 5, 1789," may deal with a very small period of time, but it just as certainly demands a wide and thorough knowledge of history for its proper treatment. Or, a student may confine himself to the study of the "verb or the adjective on a certain page of Montaigne"; but does not this implicate the appreciation of Montaigne and an intensive study of the verb elsewhere in literature? The scientific method assuredly emphasizes exactness and detail, but how can it possibly be incompatible with "breadth," "imagination," or "ideas"? The procedure of such a method seems based upon a recognition of the limitation of the human mind very much as the landscape artist draws with regard to the limitation of the human eye. It is necessary for the student to see the material from *one* point of view in order that his picture may be clear and unconfused.

H. G. Townsend.

Fayette, Mo., June 19.

SPECIALISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a graduate student in a leading American university I have read with sympathetic interest the letter on "L'Esprit de la nouvelle Sorbonne" in your issue of June 15. The name of the institution in question I withhold, as I do my own name, because the following notes are mere records of a curious, warped notion in our educational system, and because I set them down in no spirit of malice whatsoever.

A not grossly unfair definition of certain departments of graduate study would be "The Search after the Minute without caring about the value of the Result so long as it *is* minute." This might be illustrated in various ways, but two will suffice.

The director of the Old French seminary sets students to work searching through thousands of pages of low Latin in the endeavor to find early examples of the use and form of certain words. A month's work of this sort may yield ten examples, or none. The only equipment needed is a busy forefinger and eyelids which will stay open. Brains are quite superfluous, and, indeed, if employed would quickly turn to dust. If an historian actually *reading* these *Monumenta* (which our students do not) happens to find an early example of such and such a word, let him note it down; let him even publish it if he has the proper philological enthusiasm.

Another instance: A great scholar offered last year an introductory course in Gothic. He began very properly with the phonology of the vowels, and at the end of the year he had reached O. There had been not a lecture on the consonants, and as for morphology and syntax, or such a thing as reading the language, they had not been spoken of.

Such cases might be multiplied almost indefinitely. I am minded of an epigram I once read and copied, on Anglo-Saxon:

This is the basis of the language. True!
Pray delve into it if it pleases you.
I want not dust and bones, dry, old, and bare,
But Poetry's fragrant breath and wind-blown hair!

A little conversation recently published in the newspapers is also apt. Jones: "So he's a specialist. What is his specialty?" Smith: "The nostrils." Jones: "Which nostril?" EX LIBRIS.

June 17.

CHRISTOPHER DOCK'S RULES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent examination of Die Schulordnungen des Grossherzogtums Hessen (Monumenta Germaniæ Pædagogica, Vol. 33) discloses the fact that the "Hundert nöthige Sitten-Regeln für Kinder," reprinted from the *Geistliches Magazien* a few years ago as the work of Christopher Dock, America's pioneer writer on education, ("The Life and Works of Christopher Dock," J. B. Lippincott Company, 1908), were really drawn up by J. Rambach, professor of theology at Giessen, and, perhaps, the earliest German university lecturer on education. They constitute a section of his "Erbauliches Handbüchlein für Kinder," published in 1734. This suggests that the "Christliche Lebens-Regeln" ascribed to Dock may have a similar origin, especially as this is the title of section VI of Rambach's Handbüchlein.

LEWIS F. ANDERSON.

Urbana, Ill., June 20.

Literature

MARGARET FULLER.

Margaret Fuller and Goethe. By Frederick Augustus Braun. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

Margaret Fuller, as every one knows, was intimately associated with the New England transcendentalists, attended their club, edited their literary organ, the *Dial*, and has long been recognized as one of their leaders. Dr. Braun attempts, however, to sustain the thesis that Margaret Fuller was not a transcendentalist, but a disciple of Goethe. This contention should obviously involve a careful and impartial comparison of her ideas and character with those of Goethe on the one hand, and with those of at least one admitted and typical transcendentalist on the other. We regret to say that such a comparison has not been made.

In the first place, Dr. Braun appears much more concerned to "make out a case" than to see and present the object as it really is. This is evident, for example, in his constant suppression of Margaret Fuller's solid and frequent adverse comment on Goethe. Secondly, he is animated by a desire to magnify the influence of German thought in New England. This intention appears in his tediously reiterated refrain, "especially German," and in his suppression of the classical, French, and English sources of the transcendental movement. Thirdly, he is himself an enthusiastic and, unlike his heroine, an entirely uncritical admirer of Goethe, whose name, sometimes hyphenated with that of Schiller—"higher ethical principles of Goethe-Schiller"—he pronounces with the rapture and unction of the devotee. Fourthly, he writes of Emerson, whom he seems to accept as the typical transcendentalist, as if but vaguely acquainted with either Emerson's works or character. Thus he persistently couples Margaret Fuller with Goethe and distinguishes her from Emerson by traits and ideas which are perfectly clear and explicit in Emerson.

We are acquainted with no definition of New England transcendentalism which excludes Margaret Fuller, and do not believe that any can be made. Derived from the same Puritan stock, subjected to the same influences as the other transcendentalists, she comes under every article of the rather florid definition formulated by W. H. Channing, and accepted by Dr. Braun himself as the best to be found—"a pilgrimage from the idolatrous world of creeds and rituals to the temple of the Living God in the soul," "a putting to silence of traditions and formulas that the Sacred Oracle might be heard through intuitions of the single-eyed and pure-hearted," a belief in "perpetual inspiration, the miraculous power of will, and a birthright to universal good." Dr. Braun accepts this characterization, but immediately, in a desperate endeavor to distinguish transcendentalism from the "Goethean doctrine," plunges into a perfect thicket of misrepresentations, contradictions, and false distinctions.

"Transcendentalism," he says, "is by nature deeply Christian *in the traditional sense*" (our italics)—a flat contradiction both of the definition and of the fact. The human instincts, he admits, are regarded as divine by both transcendentalist [Is this deeply Christian "in the traditional sense"?] and Goethean—"with this difference, however: that in the Goethean doctrine they are that which the individual *must ultimately* turn to for the highest laws of his inner being." This distinction utterly fails to distinguish; yet he rides it gallantly through the flimsy labyrinth of his central chapter on Religion and Philosophy to the conclusion, in which he says that Margaret Fuller "saw the difference between their convictions and hers clearly, and rejected their doctrines." "Like Goethe and Schiller," he continues, "she believed that out of our own inner being, out of the inner heart and self, are determined the highest laws for individual growth and action, and not from any principle or law that may be imposed upon us by anything outside of our being, whether religion or philosophy." Oh, Dr. Braun, this is not where Goethe and the transcendentalists differ; this is where they agree! We beg you to read, let us say, Emerson on "Self-Reliance":

> Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind.—What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?—If I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil. No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature.

Dr. Braun's ignorance or misrepresentation of transcendentalism is equalled by his misrepresentation of Margaret Fuller's attitude toward Goethe. That she was a great admirer of Goethe and greatly indebted to him is obvious to any one who is acquainted with her works. That she rejected the New England transcendentalists, however, and became the devout and whole-hearted apostle of Goethe painted by Dr. Braun, is very wide of the mark. On the contrary, her attitude toward the German poet was on the whole typically "transcendental." Now it was typically transcendental to sit at no man's feet forever. As Emerson says, "The soul is impatient of masters, and eager for change.—We touch and go, and sip the foam of many lives.—We cloy of the honey of each peculiar greatness. Every hero becomes a bore at last." At one time Emerson himself could read nothing but Goethe, at another time Montaigne, etc. The New England transcendentalists, unlike the Scotch prophet, their cousin, across the seas, were characterized by an intellectual *Wanderlust;* they were but fickle hero-worshippers, spiritual soldiers of fortune, seekers for the gold that lies under the end of the rainbow.

Exactly this trait has been noted in Margaret Fuller. "Margaret said she could keep up no intimacy with books. She loved a book dearly for a while; but as soon as she began to look out a nice morocco cover for her favorite, she was sure to take a disgust to it, to outgrow it. . . . That had even been the case with Shakespeare! For several years he was her very life; then she gave him up." ("Margaret and Her Friends," C. H. Dall.) Margaret Fuller herself declared that it was Emerson who first made her understand the meaning of an inward life, and that it would require a volume to exhaust the theme. Dr. Braun seems to think it conclusive evidence of her complete discipleship to Goethe that she calls him her "parent." But Margaret, like her associates, bestowed the honor of father-

hood on many heroes. Thus of Milton, "He is one of the fathers of this age, of that new idea which agitates the sleep of Europe. . . . . But the Father is still far beyond the understanding of his child." Wordsworth she called her "beloved friend and venerated teacher." Mme. de Staël, Alfieri, and Shelley at times claim her allegiance. Southey steeps her "to the lips in enjoyment." Of Rousseau she writes: "Every onward movement of the age, every downward step into the solemn depths of my own soul, recalls thy oracles, O Jean Jacques!"

The decisive point is, of course, her direct criticism of Goethe. Dr. Braun represents her as a defender and champion of Goethe in contrast with the transcendentalists, who, he says, exhibited toward him the moral asperity and Puritanical rigor which lurked beneath their doctrines. At this crisis, Dr. Braun becomes particularly subtle in his distinctions. "Emerson," he asserts, "was preëminently a thinker. He placed his greatest emphasis upon the intellect. . . . His was chiefly a life of thought. . . . All this was true despite [*sic*] his intellectuality and dissent from all traditional, formal church creeds. He seldom came into genuine heart-to-heart touch with his fellow beings or experienced any real glow of the emotional nature. This fact explains the severe criticisms which he now and then hurled against Goethe."

To be perfectly candid, it does nothing of the sort, though this is a kind of nonsense which the pious Goetheans are very fertile in. The commonsense criticism directed by the New Englanders against Goethe was aimed at the sexual immorality of his life. As Emerson wrote to Carlyle: "The Puritan in me accepts no apology for bad morals in such as *he*." But Emerson said also —and here he was expressing the typical transcendental criticism—that he wished the Duke had cut off the poet's head before he retired "from the municipal incense to 'arrange tastefully his gifts and medals.'" By this he meant that Goethe had lost his transcendental aspiration, that he had surrendered his genius in return for the adulation of Weimar, that he had degenerated from the heights of his youthful ardor into a rather meanly contented connoisseur of talent.

Emerson's position as here outlined is quite precisely that taken by Margaret Fuller. She declared that Goethe's life had fallen far below the level of the higher tendency in the best of his writings. Her essay on "Menzel's View of Goethe," which Dr. Braun calls "her masterly defence," is rather a critical attempt to show why and how Goethe with his great gifts failed of the highest attainment. Margaret Fuller writes as follows:

> Men should be true, wise, beautiful, pure, and aspiring. This man was true and wise, capable of all things. Because he did not in one short life complete his circle, can we afford to lose him from sight? Can we, in a world where so few men have in any degree redeemed their inheritance, neglect a nature so rich and so manifestly progressive?

He did not in one short life complete his circle, says Margaret. No, he fell short, in her sense, of *beauty*, *purity*, and *aspiration*. There speaks the New England woman, the transcendentalist, and the critic. Dr. Braun, who strives throughout as much as in him lies to delete the evidence of her critical sense, omits in quoting this passage the vital declaration that Goethe did not complete his circle.

Goethe was the man for his time and place, says Margaret, and, "historically considered," needs no apology, but a complete man in the highest sense he was not. Like Emerson, she regrets his compromise with their serene highnesses at Weimar, his acquiescence in the ways of the world. He has grown wise, indeed, but not in divine wisdom; "He might have been a priest; he is only a sage." Dr. Braun says at the close of his book: "We have seen how she accepted Goethe's religious and philosophical teachings almost in their entirety." It is well to place beside that her own comment on her "parent" in "her masterly defence": "This office of a judge, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and of a sacred oracle, to whom other men may go to ask when they should choose a friend, when face a foe, this great genius does not adequately fulfil." Like Emerson, she sees in him the great recorder of human life rather than the inspired and inspiring guide. At the crisis of his life, she declares, he chose "an outward peace rather than an inward joy." "He does not warm, he does not inspire me. In his certainty is no bliss, in his hope no love, in his faith no glow." "Pardon him, World, that he was so worldly. Do not wonder, Heart, that he was so heartless." He has, to be sure, the perseverance of men; what she desires is the perseverance of the saints. She compares "the loophole redemption of sagacity" represented by Goethe very unfavorably with the "grandly humble reliance of old Catholicism" as represented by Dante. This does not sound to us like the ardor of a disciple.

These are only a few of the passages which Dr. Braun could not use in sustaining his paradoxical thesis. It seems worth while to print them, because, as he points out, Margaret Fuller's works are mainly out of print and frequently hard to obtain. The viciously manipulated and expurgated though extensive selections from her criticisms which he presents give entirely erroneous impressions of all parties concerned. If such scholarship as this proceeds from "the higher ethical principles of Goethe-Schiller," let us have no more of them!

CURRENT FICTION.

The Job Secretary: An Impression. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Tales of the writing person are increasingly common in England. Here they are rarer, whether because we take our authors less seriously or for some other reason. The Frank Norbury of this story has points of refreshing novelty. He is not the struggling, starving, hysterical would-be author commonly affected by the current novelist, nor, though not seldom treading on dangerous ground, does he share the moral irresponsibility of that favorite ladies' hero. At the beginning of the action, we find him possessed of a comfortable income, a pleasant worldly wife, and a reputation for fine literary workmanship. He is, we need hardly say, a Briton and a novelist. In the middle of a book he has been deprived of his secretary, and has secured from an agent a substitute or "job secretary." He at once perceives her to be a remarkable person—useless technically as an amanuensis, but delightful and valuable in unforeseen ways. Her criticisms of his work are of the utmost service to him, and her personality insensibly becomes the model for his heroine. And then, of course, she turns out to be somebody of social importance—the wife, in fact, of a titled diplomat. She has run away from her husband because she has perceived that they were no longer to each other, etc. When he appears on the scene as an intimate friend of Norbury's, we are reasonably sure what the issue is to be. However, it is sufficiently postponed, and the postponement is attended with a sufficient number of purely emotional and intellectual complications, to make the game worth the candle, as fiction. Mrs. Ward deals gracefully and ingeniously with her somewhat slender material.

The Golden Silence. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A novel from the Williamsons without an automobile running through its pages is unthinkable. In the present case, however, the automobile is quite secondary, a mere convenience to convey the hero into the Golden Silence of the desert, that he may rescue the heroine. The latter is a remarkable creature, indeed. She is a young American girl, who, while acquiring an education in an Indiana boarding school, learns to speak Arabic fluently—without recourse even to a correspondence school—and to dance so wonderfully that, when she leaves

school, she dances her way into fame at once. But it is not a case of art for art's sake with her; she dances merely to obtain money enough to rescue her beautiful sister from the clutches of an Arab, to whom she was lawfully married in Paris when the adoring heroine was young. How this rescue is accomplished is the story of "The Golden Silence." The sister is found immured in an oasis of the great desert, her husband having changed his identity by the process of apparently dying in a fire in Constantinople and then becoming the masked Mahdi to whom all Africa and Islam look for freedom from the domination of the Christians.

There is excitement galore, including a mid-desert battle, in which two gentlemen in Highland costume achieve wonders and the masked prophet is fatally wounded, mixed in with romance enough to suit the most romantic. The tale moves quickly, and for those who like the conventional picture of the Christian-hating Mohammedan and who ask for plenty of excitement without much regard for probabilities, the book is to be recommended.

The Unknown God. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author of "Indiscreet Letters from Peking," "The Forbidden Boundary," and "The Re-shaping of the Far East," here applies his special knowledge of Chinese conditions to a presentation in the form of fiction of the missionary problem in China. The chief actor is Paul Hancock, a young Church of England parson, with private means, who becomes the fourth member of a struggling Chinese mission. The other three members are an ineffectual saint, his wings clipped by circumstance; his wife, who remains a mystery; and the villain, a secret drunkard, who virtually appropriates the wife, and practically ousts the saint from his dubious glory as head of the mission. Near by and more or less antagonistic are a Baptist mission and a Roman Catholic mission. The Roman Catholics apparently have the best of it, if standing in the community counts. The Baptists (American) possess great riches and a foolish administration. Their head, who has lived fifty years in China without approaching comprehension of the Oriental mind, has infringed upon an age-long custom, and so brought about the ruin of the project which he officially leads. It is, to be sure, an Occidental will which precipitates matters. The wealthy commissioner, who is secretly a Mohammedan and is involved in amorous competition with the young Anglican, is hard to believe in. The Anglican wins: hence the Baptist mission, to which the lady is attached, falls a prey to native vengeance. Anglican saves lady in the eleventh hour; there is more than a touch of melodrama in the latter half of the narrative. But all this, as may have been hinted, is incidental or ornamental. The book is primarily a tract, deploring the dissidence among Christians which more than anything else blocks the spreading of Christianity among nations which possess a consistent body of belief. Apart from factional differences of creed among themselves, the missionaries appear to the Chinese simply as "foreign men of foreign color living in foreign houses in foreign ways, and stridently determined to proclaim that Christianity necessarily meant a pseudo-European culture, which conflicted with the ideals of the country." Not that Mr. Weale believes the cause of Christianity hopeless in the far East. On the contrary, he believes that "the clean, actual supernatural nature of the Christian belief, the dogma, has nothing which is not eminently palatable to and refreshing to the Eastern mind. . . . It seemed a supreme irony to bring it back to these men of the East, in a hackneyed and stereotyped form, full of a primitive methodism which bore no relation to its original poetic conception." In short, Mr. Weale thinks, with most unsectarian students of the missionary problem, that the advancement of Christianity in the Orient depends upon a free adaptation to Oriental needs of the essentials of the faith as contrasted with its incidents.

A Kingdom of Dreams. By J. J. Bell. New York: Cassell & Co.

This is a summer-weight story of mystery, villany, and love: the mystery is mildly entertaining, the villany is of a rather tame character, and the love is perfectly regular and smooth in its course. A young man has passed out of the gates of a prison. He has not a friend in the world and no plan but suicide. He is followed at a distance by a beautiful veiled young lady and an elderly man in a motor brougham. She slips an envelope into the hand of the young man and disappears. The envelope sends him travelling about England in luxury, his every want anticipated, and directions given him by mysteriously invisible agents. He arrives finally at an isolated but luxuriously equipped estate overlooking the sea, and guarded jealously from the outside world by a high wall and lynx-eyed sentries. Here he is the enforced guest of the beautiful young lady and the elderly man of the mysterious motor brougham. Neither the young man nor the reader gets the least hint of the mystery behind the kindness. The puzzle deepens when it develops that the kind host is really entertaining the young man in order to deprive him of a fortune of £1,000,000, of which the young man knows nothing. With the fortune in his hands the host is planning to found a kingdom in the heart of Africa which is to regenerate the world spiritually. It would be cruel to the story to reveal the solution of the mystery, since the only quality which holds the reader to the book is a certain degree of suspense.

NIPPON.

A History of Japan. Vol. I. From the Origins to the Arrival of the Portuguese in 1542 A. D. By James Murdoch. Published by the Asiatic Society of Japan. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.

In this, the second volume which has appeared in the series of three projected volumes (Vol. II was issued in 1903), Mr. Murdoch carries the history down to the year 1542. He deals with legendary Japan, making critical use of Chinese, Korean, and Japanese sources; with Old Yamato, the nucleus of the future empire; with the great reforms of 645 A. D., and later, when the Japan that then existed adopted Chinese civilization, with the suddenness and vigor with which she accepted Occidental civilization in 1868. He sketches the lives and works of the Emperors from 662 to 850 A. D., who were personal and active rulers, some of the later ones being scholars. In the tenth century Buddhism had virtually won over the court and government, and the way was paved for the rise of that great house of Fujiwara which for centuries overshadowed the throne and furnished the wives of the Mikados; until, indeed, in the twelfth century, the ex-soldiers of the house of Taira snatched away the power from their civil rivals.

One's judgment of the value of Mr. Murdoch's colossal work must be conditioned by one's own view of Japanese history. What were the elements in the ethnic movements during the twenty alleged centuries here brought under review? Was there any real nation in Japan before the twelfth century, or only a nucleus of civilization, with vast areas of wild territory and unassimilated tribes of various ethnic origins? What were the physical, economic, and political problems, to say nothing of those which were religious and cultural? What was the actual grade of civilization at the dawn of letters, when documents were possible? How much allowance must be made for native writers because of their extremely insular and almost ridiculously subjective views? Is it even now safe for natives to speak with academic freedom concerning the very dogmas on which Mikadoism and the whole governmental structure rest?

In our view, Mr. Murdoch's discussion of ethnography and origins is decidedly weak, especially his estimate of the relative proportion of Ainu and Yamato men in the development of Nippon, and his use of the results of the archæology of Japan and Korea and of the Kojiki and

Nihongi. The traditional views of Japanese orthodoxy—of savages on the one hand and gods on the other—have been too largely followed. Mr. Murdoch's presentation of the whole question of the Ainu substratum of population, of the military campaigns for their subjugation, and the civil methods for their assimilation is too much in accord with the theological traditions of a people who long considered that their emperors were deities and whose dogmatism, fostered by the Government even to-day, oversteps both justice and the written constitution to enforce orthodoxy. Mr. Murdoch ventures the hypothesis (p. 233) that the Eta, who formed a large part of the pariah class of feudal Japan, sprang from transplanted communities of Ainu, or "barbarian prisoners of war."

A notable defect in this great work is an almost total absence of discussion of the great cultural influences, art and religion, which have had so much to do with the making of the Japanese temperament and character. We say character, for it is yet the weakness of Japanese ethical education that it recognizes artistic refinement and moral status as virtually one and the same. The court life in Kyoto, during the Middle Ages, was almost wholly unmoral, even when refinement was carried to an almost incredible point. This is seen, not only in the "Genji Monogotari" ("Romance of Prince Genji and his Amours"), the preëminent classic of the language, but in the mediæval belles-lettres, in which conscience and ethics seem to have little or no place. Even to-day in the Japan of Meiji, there is an avowed determination to identify morals and good manners. The writer should also have described the influence of certain mediæval Japanese teachers of neo-Buddhism, who, by their personal efforts in travel and controversy not only saved the intellect of Japan from stagnation, but aided vastly in giving the conglomerate of races in Japan nationality through religious unity.

Nevertheless, not to give a wrong impression, it is delightful to find on so many pages evidences of acute and penetrating insight, joined with narrative skill. The differences between the sects are finely shown, as, for example (p. 45), why the hardy soldier-samurai in the thirteenth century took to the robust and stern virility of the Zen doctrines and practices, while despising the effeminate literary accomplishment of both the court nobles and scholars in the more purely ecclesiastical sects. Referring to Lessing's "Laokoon," the author suggests the close relation of the Nara statue of Great Buddha to Japan's first burst of artistic splendor. In another illuminating comparison, he says (p. 485):

> It must never for a moment be forgotten that the peculiar genius of Japan is analogous to that of the Normans. It originates little, but it seizes upon the original ideas of other people, or nations, or races, and not so much adopts them as adapts them to suit the peculiar, and not infrequently the merely temporary, exigencies of the social and political fabric of the empire.

It is the similarity of Japanese events and personalities with those among mankind everywhere that wins the attention either of scholars or of the ordinary reader, and just here the author excels. This volume, with its full index, colored maps, wealth of suggestions, fascinating narrative, and bold grasp of difficult themes, stands at the head of all works thus far produced upon the early and mediæval history of Japan.

Across South America. By Hiram Bingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

This book is a noteworthy addition to the growing literature about our near, but too-little-known neighbors. It is also well-timed. The situation in Mexico has aroused an interest which should lead to a desire on the part of Americans for a better understanding of the workings of the Latin-American mind generally.

The particular section of South America described by Professor Bingham is the old Spanish trade-route from Lima, south to the famous silver mines of Potosí, Bolivia, and southeast to Buenos Aires. He has dwelt with predilection on that wonderful old city in Bolivia, almost totally unknown to us, for over a century the largest city in the Western Hemisphere, and, "at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when New York and Boston were still undreamed of—already a large and extremely wealthy city." "Two billion ounces of silver is the record of its output, and the tale is not yet told." The word "Potosí" has become a common noun in colloquial Spanish, and the reviewer has heard one person or another referred to as a Potosí of wealth or a Potosí of moral excellences.

In its general outlines, the book is on the order of the immemorial works of travel from the "Voiage and Travaile" of Sir John Maundeville down to Humboldt's "Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of America." It is a completed log-book or diary, displaying an unlimited intellectual curiosity. Perhaps its salient characteristic is its judicious tone. The comments are those of a trained observer and thinker who has freed himself of prejudice. To many, the last chapter, on Certain South American Traits, will seem the most original and the likeliest to bear fruit. In it, Professor Bingham shows how similar our judgments of Latin-Americans are to Dickens's misguided criticisms, half a century ago, of us. "The South American has a racial right to look at such customs differently. But if some of his personal habits are unpleasant, and even disgusting from our point of view, there is no question that we irritate him as much as he does us." In the pages from which this quotation is taken, the author has specified, without making any direct applications himself, the precise reasons for much of our commercial failure in Latin-America, for much of the antagonism to Americanization in Cuba and the Philippines, and for the disastrously frequent recall of our government officials in Porto Rico.

For the sociologist and the educator, "Across South America" is full of useful hints. Charles Reade's description of the dungeon for solitary confinement may be compared with this unemotional account of the jail at La Paz, Bolivia: "For our satisfaction, the jailer unlocked the door of one cell, six feet high, three feet wide, and eighteen *inches* deep. As the door opened, the occupant of the cell tumbled out onto the floor." Concerning some of the educational conditions in South America, nothing much more favorable can be said. "Near-by is the 'University' (of Potosí) where second-rate secondary instruction is given to poor little boys who sit on damp adobe seats in badly-lighted, foul-smelling rooms." Though this state of affairs is not exceptional, it must not be taken as typical. Education in the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, and other South American countries has recently taken a great stride forward. To our credit be it said, American teachers are in demand.

In spite of trolley-cars, moving-picture shows, and cocktails, the romance of South America persists. Revolutions still occur. The waters of Lake Titicaca are so cold that "none of the Indians who live on its banks and navigate their crazy *balsas* over its surface have ever learned to swim." A cataract is mentioned which has a "clear fall of over one thousand feet." At the banquet given to Professor Bingham and his companion at Andahuaylas, "'ice cream,' made of snow brought from the Nevada of Chillihua on the backs of llamas, was on the menu." To appreciate the grandeur of the South American mountains, one should read the chapters devoted to the Climb to Choquequirau.

That the work has serious defects, even for a book of travel, cannot be denied. Grammatical errors are not infrequent: the construction is at times loose, and the massing of details might have been accomplished with much better effect. Portions of the story are rather naïve. The propriety of speaking of *Bolivianos* and *Argentinos* may be questioned. Such forms, when used by Americans, connote a certain amount of depreciation. A few proper names show affected spelling. For example, Dawson's "The South American Republics"—a

standard work—gives *Olañeta*, whereas Professor Bingham has *Ollaneta;* Dawson has *Vilapugio*, and Professor Bingham uses *Vilcapujio*.

Minutes of the Executive Council of the Province of New York: Administration of Francis Lovelace, 1668-1673. Vols. I and II. Minutes and Collateral and Illustrative Documents. Edited by Victor Hugo Paltsits, State Historian. Published by the State of New York.

New York was the only one of the colonies of the seventeenth century that did not have at the outset a representative assembly. The charter to the Duke of York was the only charter that did not provide for the coöperation of the popular element in legislation. Consequently for nearly twenty years after 1664 the affairs of the province were administered by the executive alone; and as the gathering of an assembly under Dongan in 1683 proved to be abortive, it was not until 1691 that the New York system conformed to that of the other colonies.

The minutes of the Governor and council begin with the administration of Francis Lovelace, 1668-1673. Nicolls, the first Governor, had an advisory council during his period of office, but no minutes for that period exist, and there is no evidence to show that any were kept. The essential features of Nicolls's executive control must be gathered from the miscellaneous entries and documents of the time and from the records of the Court of Assizes, which performed functions similar to those noted in the later council minutes. Even for Lovelace's administration the minutes are frequently very meagre and the allusions often obscure, so that the inclusion of elaborate annotations and a large number of illustrative and supplemental documents is necessary in order to elucidate the text.

The records and documents which Mr. Paltsits has printed concern the history of New York at a very early period. Besides the city of Manhattan, the village of New Harlem, the passage of "Spiting Devill," and the lands of the "Youncker," Van der Donck, beyond, the province included Staten Island, Bedloe's Island, the Dutch towns of Esopus, Hurley, and Marbletown, the northern settlements of Albany, "Renslaer-Wijck," and "Schanechtide," the Westchester manors, the Dutch towns at the western end of Long Island, the New England towns farther to the eastward, and the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, and also Newcastle on the west bank of the Delaware. All these territories the council governed with a firm hand, issuing licenses, proclamations, instructions to subordinate commissions, granting land and settling disputes about possession, controlling military affairs, dealing with the Indians, and determining the relations with the Dutch inhabitants. Its powers were regal, and, except for the regulation of certain prudential matters, the towns had but little independence. The Dutch made no protest, but we may not wonder that the New England towns frequently objected to so vigorous a control, unlike that to which they had been accustomed before the advent of the English in New York. No collection of documents hitherto printed has shown so clearly the extent of the powers exercised by the executive authority in New York, or has so amply demonstrated that these powers were wielded without prejudice and with considerable liberality.

Mr. Paltsits had planned to continue his work by the issue in the same manner of the succeeding minutes. From 1673 the series was fairly continuous, barring a few gaps, and from 1691, when the council became a legislative as well as an executive body, both legislative and executive minutes and collateral documents existed to 1776. He proposed to collate the text with the different sets of manuscripts in this country and in London and to add such supplemental material as was necessary. He believed, as he says in his preface, that the State of New York could not have done itself greater honor "than to encourage the persistent prosecution of a work so important for students and so desirable to rehabilitate her administrative history during the entire English colonial period."

But the fire of March 29 brought this scheme to an untimely end. Ninety per cent. of the documents upon which Mr. Paltsits depended in the New York State Library were destroyed. The loss of the council minutes, except for the earlier period, is not irremediable, as duplicates after 1686 exist in London, but the material for collateral reference and for annotations is largely gone. At best a continuation would be a slender stream as compared with the fulness and richness of the present instalment. The student will regret the termination of a series so auspiciously begun, especially because of the thoroughness, care, and accuracy with which the texts here printed have been edited.

The Land of Teck and its Neighborhood. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

This is a work of timely interest, directing the attention of readers to the ancestry of the English Queen and to the little country which has been the seat of her family and the scene of events recorded in the history of the old German Empire. Moreover the book is written in so entertaining a style that it is likely to divert the stream of Coronation visitors away from the beaten track of their conventional German tour to this unexploited spot known to the native as the "Schwäbische" or the "Rauhe Alb."

The Dukes of Teck lorded over most of the castles crowning the rugged crags of the "Rauhe Alb" and frowning down upon possible foes. "In the Middle Ages," says the author, "not even a bishop, if slapped on one cheek, turned the other to his adversary, but doubled his fist and hit back again." The passage refers to a militant prelate of the family, but there is reason to believe that all of its members shared the fighting spirit of their time. The first historical ancestor was a Berthold von Zähringen, of the family of that name that owned possessions in Switzerland and Baden. But in the fourteenth century his descendants were forced to divide their inheritance, one taking one-half of the castle of Teck and one-half of the town of Kirchheim, his heirs in turn selling their share to the Duke of Austria, who pawned it to the Duke of Würtemberg. "Conceive a castle with commanders in it pertaining to two powers and a town divided between two potentates," is the comment of the author. In 1391, Frederick IV disposed of his share of Teck and Kirchheim to the possessor of the other half, and two years later pawned the rest of his possessions to the Duke of Würtemberg. When the last of the ancient Dukes of Teck died of the plague at Basle in 1439, his coat of arms was broken over his body. But his sister had married into the Swabian ducal house, and in 1493 the Emperor Maximilian accorded the title and arms of the Dukes of Teck to the Duke of Würtemberg already in possession of the land of Teck. The author follows the career of the various branches of the family through the romance of the Middle Ages, the social and religious upheavals of the period of the Reformation, the Napoleonic disturbances, and the dismemberment of the old German Empire to the present time; and an interesting chapter of European history it proves to be.

By grouping his chronicles of the Teck family about the places more or less intimately connected with it, the author has cleverly relieved his book of a monotony inevitable in a continuous record of the kind. His sense of humor interlards the serious historical narrative with amusing episodes of a legendary or anecdotal character. The introduction of the people of Gutenberg to the potato, the original story of the fiddler of Gmünd, conventionalized in the poem by Kerner, the tale of the midnight dance in the convent of Kirchheim, and many other *intermezzi* are highly enjoyable. His knowledge of popular tales and superstitions is amazing. The story of Hohenzollern, with its detailed account of the famous White Lady, shows the noted folklorist in his favorite occupation of threading the labyrinth of legendary beliefs. A reference

to the Swabian poet Schubart is open to discussion. The author says, on page 187, that Schubart was imprisoned on the Hohenasperg for having published the statement that Maria Theresa had had a paralytic stroke. German histories of literature make his offence a malicious doggerel aimed at Duke Karl of Würtemberg, the founder of the Karlsschule which figures largely in the lives of Schiller and is the scene of Heinrich Laube's play, "Die Karlsschüler."

Notes

The Century Co. has in preparation, for issue in the early autumn, a new and revised edition of the Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas, on which editors and publishers have been engaged for more than three years. The new edition will contain a number of additional features, including insets of illustrations, many of them in color, and the Atlas and Cyclopedia of Names will contain the figures of the United States census of 1910.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has returned in her new book, entitled "The Case of Richard Meynell," which will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., to the characters of "Robert Elsmere."

The same house announces "Joey the Dreamer," by Henry Oyen, and "The Taming of John Blunt," by Alfred Ollivant.

The Putnams are about to issue "The Truth of Religion," by Rudolf Eucken, and, for the Cambridge University Press: Vol. I of "The Philosophical Works of Descartes," translated by Elizabeth S. Haldane; "The Book of Exodus," with introduction and notes by the Rev. S. R. Driver; "The Book of Numbers," edited by A. H. McNeile, D.D.; "The General Epistle of James," and "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews," edited by Arthur Carr, and "Third Reading Book of Elementary Arabic," prepared by Reynold A. Nicholson.

The Manchester University Press publishes a facsimile in two volumes of the Ellesmere Chaucer.

Fragments of the "Meliambi," of the cynic Cercidas, pieces of an unidentified satyric drama, and some Homeric scholia are included in part viii of the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri," which is just coming out.

In the list of coronation honors we note that Sidney Lee and Prof. Walter Raleigh are made knights.

An attempt is made by Professor Dove of Berlin in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for May to awaken an interest in what he terms medicinal geography, which he bases on the significance of the geographical elements for the various functions of the human body. Other subjects treated are the recent French expedition for the study of the commercial and scientific conditions of the native fisheries on the west coast of Africa, and the exploration of the Celebes by an expedition sent by the Royal Geographical Society of the Netherlands. The larger part of the military section is taken up with a discussion by Capt. Moraht of the condition of the United States in the Pacific, especially in relation to the Panama Canal and the revolution in Mexico. He emphasises the weak position of this country from its lack of harbors in comparison with that of Japan, which is rich in them. The chief significance of the canal is maintained to be military, its commercial importance having been greatly exaggerated. No reference is made to the influence of the canal upon the commerce of the Pacific States of South America. Among the maps are one of Magdalena Bay and an excellent one of the new boundary settled by treaty last August between the Congo State and German East Africa.

The title of H. Belloc's latest neat little volume of essays is "On Something" (Dutton). We have perused it carefully in order to discover on what; and we recommend the curious reader to do likewise.

Since Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, as the wife of a famous Parliamentary wit, has known familiarly many of the most interesting Englishmen of our day, one opens her autobiography, "I Myself," recently published by Brentano's, with whetted expectations. As a matter of fact, except for recollections of a Southern girlhood and some vivid intimations of Parnell's personality, there is not much to be got out of the book. It is mildly entertaining, but the author's amiability completely levels out necessary distinctions. Everybody is a dear fellow or a dear woman as the case may be; one longs for an unkind illuminating phrase and it never comes. Naturally, the book preserves some good anecdotes, of which one concerning John Bright is characteristic. He was being entertained by a snobbish hostess, the wife of a fellow M. P. She planned a direct snub for her guest, saying during a pause in the talk:

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum which he put down upon the floor, and, getting on his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up. "It is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place," and then he calmly resumed his political conversation and the dinner went on.

Perhaps the pleasantest part of the book is the account of gay doings in Texas and Washington just after the war. Within twenty-four hours the author, then Miss Paschal, danced three cotillions, of which two were achieved in Annapolis and the third in Washington. This should be set down to the credit of a vanishing species—the American girl.

"Cities of Southern Italy," by Augustus J. C. Hare, is offered by Dutton in a new edition revised by St. Clair Baddeley. The considerable literary merits and general good sense of this handbook need no emphasis. For the traveller who cannot use the elaborate German guides this is on the whole the best in the field, but as compared with Baedeker's handbooks it is deficient in material information, and far from up to date. The frescoes in Sta. Maria Donna Regina, Naples, have lately been identified as works of Pietro Cavallini. They are the most important fourteenth-century paintings south of Rome. Since the installation of the funicular at Capri the donkey is no more a necessity. The beggars have ceased to be importunate about Amalfi. The delectable possibilities of a stay at Ravello and the excellence of its inns should have been mentioned, and also the really thrilling excursion to the mountain hamlet of Agerola. Such venial defects do not greatly lessen the value of this book with its wealth of historical and classical allusion. It belongs in the pocket that does not contain the Baedeker or Gsell-Fels. In another edition the numerous Latin quotations should be accompanied by translations.

E. A. Brayley Hodgetts, the author of "The House of Hohenzollern: Two Centuries of Berlin Court Life" (Dutton), may be credited with a sincere desire to contribute something toward cementing the friendship of England and Germany. He was born in Berlin, where his father "was engaged in teaching the young Prussian naval cadet seamanship"; is old enough to have had "his cheeks pinched by the famous Field-Marshal von Wrangel"; and in the pursuit of business in London since then has found time to read, not too discriminatingly, some historical books, biographies, and memoirs, from which he has extracted the substance of his volume of gossip about what he terms "the social history of Prussia." Serious writers, like Carlyle, Droysen, and Treitschke, as well as the spiteful Margravine Wilhelmina of Bayreuth, the lying Pöllnitz, and, to come down to more recent times, the more or less sensational actress and autobiographer Karoline Bauer, and the amusing Louis Schneider, court-reader of King Frederick William IV and Emperor William—all these are fish for the author's net. But his philosophy of life is all his own, though we can imagine many a typical clubman, over his cigar and after-dinner cup of coffee, delivering himself to his languid companions of some such wisdom as the following:

The King [Frederick William I] frequently discovered the harmless duplicity practised against him, and generally, with few exceptions, treated his family very much as the German paterfamillas treats them to-day; indeed, there is but little difference in nationalities. In all countries the wife and family consider the master of the house as their slave and their enemy, an inhuman master who supplies them with the wherewithal to provide their needs, who has to be humored and fed, but should never be trusted or confided in, or even shown any real affection.

An opportunity for Americans to learn at first-hand what one of the recently immigrating races thinks of them is furnished by a little book known as the "Greek-American Guide" (S. G. Canoutas). This is published annually. Its purpose is to give Greek immigrants, actual and prospective, such information in regard to life in the United States as will fit them for successful residence here, and to serve as a means of promoting a better understanding and coöperation between these newcomers and the older residents of the country. It is published mainly in the modern Greek language, though there are short articles in English on the Greeks in the United States and the Greek Kingdom. Probably the part which will most interest the ordinary American reader is the chapter on American life. Many of the comments are decidedly naïve, but at the same time penetrating, as the following typical passages will show. The description of the American saloons closes with these words: "In each saloon there is a special room with a separate entrance for women (Ladies' Entrance). But the females going into these establishments are ordi-

narily anything but ladies." Inasmuch as so large a proportion of the Greeks in this country go into the candy business the paragraph on candy kitchens is of especial interest. "In no other part of the world are so many sweets consumed as in America. In all the cities and villages candy kitchens abound. . . . The great abuse of sweets which Americans, and above all American women, practise, occasions the destruction of the teeth. Accordingly dentists abound, and make more money than the confectioners. You will hardly find an American man or woman without 'gold teeth.' 'Gold teeth' are the fashion in America." The book on the whole is carefully and conscientiously compiled, and ought to be of real service in accomplishing its purpose. That it is in no sense designed to encourage immigration may be inferred from the paragraph entitled "What do the immigrants gain?" After admitting that there are a few of the older immigrants who, after years of hard labor, have succeeded in obtaining a competence, the writer concludes, "But they are few, and the whole must not be judged by a small part. The newer immigrants, with a few exceptions, gain nothing at all, or at most gain very little, and that by severe economy and excessive labor." The American reader who is versed in classic Greek will have no great difficulty in reading the book, particularly if he has at hand a modern Greek dictionary.

The third volume of the "Sacred Books of the Buddhists" (Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press) contains the second part of the "Dialogues of the Buddha" (from the "Dīgha Nikāya"), translated by T. W. and C. A. F. Rhys Davids, Prof. Rhys Davids being ably seconded in his work by Mrs. Rhys Davids, who is his colleague as "special lecturer in philosophy." No indication is given as to the amount of work done by each of the translators. The preceding volume contained a few more dialogues than the present one, which includes the "Suttantas" numbered fourteen to twenty-three. The translators' brief introduction to each dialogue is historically valuable. The most important one is, perhaps, that prefixed to the "Book of the Great Decease," where it is shown that the Vinaya may not have borrowed from the Dīgha, and that details about the first Church Council given in the Vinaya cannot be trusted; though it does not follow that the council is an historical figment. Mythologically important also is the attempt to prove that Sakka is not Indra, that they are "quite different conceptions" (p. 297). The present reviewer regards this theory as exaggerated rather than incorrect; perhaps it would have been stated better without the "quite." One charm of the dialogues of the Buddha is that they are readable, always instructive, often amusing, and this charm is preserved in the translation. To touch Buddhism before it became the hybrid system Christians find so interesting (because the system has borrowed much and developed into something like Christianity), to go back to what Buddha said and thought, leaving out the farrago of later schoolmen, one should read the Dialogues. It is like studying Christianity in Kant to study Buddhism in the lucubrations of the idealists who make what is called "Buddhism" to-day, only it is far worse; for Buddha as "God" and man with "soul" are without any place in primitive Buddhism. It is, of course, "interesting" to see modern Buddhism approach the conceptions of Christian metaphysicians; and it is quite touching to find man's "soul" and even a "trinity" in Buddhism; but those who study Buddhism should start with Buddha and his talks, as those who study Christianity begin with the New Testament.

The second English edition of "Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar" (Frowde) is translated by A. E. Cowley and revised after the twenty-eighth German edition. This last German edition is in several respects an advance on its predecessors: the history of the language is brought up to date, obsolete references are omitted, and references to better authorities added, and a considerable number of remarks and corrections are inserted, suggested by criticisms of the preceding edition or by recently published works. Though these changes are not all certainly justifiable, they are in the main an improvement. The new English edition adds other remarks and improves the indexes. Gesenius's Grammar has a notable history. It is now nearly a hundred years since the first edition appeared (1813), and in this time the volume has been worked over by several generations of scholars, so that as a text-book it may be said to be virtually complete. It does not pretend to be an historical grammar, nor does it take the place of the works of Böttcher, Olshausen, Stade, Bartn, König, and others; but its convenient arrangement and its wealth of illustrative passages make it the best help in the study of our Masoretic Hebrew text. The new English edition, though it contains more matter than the first edition, is kept, by closer printing, within the same number of pages.

Svenska Vitterhetssamfundet, which was founded in 1907 for the purpose of issuing the works of Swedish standard authors in "scientifically satisfactory editions," has brought out two numbers, or parts: a portion of *Then Swänska Argus,* a periodical issued during the years 1732-1734 by Olof von Dalin, and patterned on Addison's *Spectator;* and a portion of K. G. af Leopold's collected works, containing odes, cantatas, and didactic poems. It is planned that two or three parts shall be issued every year; the text to be constructed by a comparative study of existing variants and to be accompanied by notes and introductions. The two parts so far issued contain only the texts; the typography is excellent.

Prof. Felix Solmsen, who was killed recently by falling from a train, had been professor of Indo-Germanic languages at Bonn since 1897, and was but forty-five years of age. He wrote "Inscriptiones Græcæ Selectæ," and "Beiträge zur griechischen Wortforschung."

Gen. Clement Anselm Evans, formerly commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, died last Sunday at his home in Atlanta, Ga., aged seventy-eight. He took part in many of the most famous battles of the civil war, and was a close friend of Stonewall Jackson and Lee. After the war he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was the author of "The Military History of Georgia," and edited "Confederate Military History," in twelve volumes.

Science

Essentials of Biology. By George William Hunter. New York: American Book Co. $1.25.

Laboratory Manual in Biology. By Richard W. Sharpe. The same. 75 cents.

Our older readers understand by the term biology that science which treats of the general features common to plant and animal life, and they are aware that its principles are inculcated by a study of types carefully selected from the two kingdoms. But perhaps such readers do not know that under the stress of modern pedagogy, the term biology has taken on a much greater range, and now receives within its hospitable borders such subjects as "foods and dietaries," "health and disease," and "civic hygiene."

This extension of range, whether judicious or not, has proceeded very naturally, on account of certain conditions in our modern schools. In the first place, it is not always easy to procure teachers of sufficiently wide training to give sound instruction in biological methods, and, secondly, in our cities it is difficult sometimes to obtain the right sort of material for illustration. These embarrassments have led to the preparation of handbooks in which the task of teaching is made easier for the instructor, and the lack of material is practically met by giving greater emphasis to function and habit, and rather less to form and structure. Logically, such a process of adaptation ends by crowding a great mass of information into a small compass. As a rule, the handbooks are well-constructed compilations which are not likely to lead any student far astray, but they contain so much matter and endeavor to cover so much ground that they have departed widely from the sound method of studying a few types. The books before us, which have been prepared by colleagues in the De Witt Clinton High School, New York city, are of this sort. They have evidently received in their preparation a great amount of assiduous editorial care. But they impress one as being altogether too encyclopedic. They strive to give instruction in the general principles of biology, and then to supplement this instruction by an immense mass of information on a too wide range of topics. The subject is biology and applied biology, and the latter topic is made to touch or comprise a good deal which one does not look for in a school textbook. We may cite a few of these subjects which struck us with surprise: "A Study of Some Medical Frauds," among which are mentioned the "bracers," "headache and neuralgia cures," "catarrh and other cures," "miracle workers," "specialist humbugs," "scavengers." Again, we find a good deal about the important agency of

insects in infection, the hookworm and its ravages, "sweeping and dusting," "health creeds." Most of the engravings, with the exception of the diagrams, are excellent. Many of the diagrams, however, are not in keeping with the general typographical character.

Drama and Music

"The Treason and Death of Benedict Arnold" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is described by the author, John Jay Chapman, as a play for a Greek theatre. He possibly recognizes the truth that, for technical and other reasons, it is most unlikely to find representation upon the English-speaking stage. As a matter of fact, except for its introduction of a chorus and its fatalistic tone, it has little of the antique either in its form or spirit. For the theatre, indeed, even with the orchestral accompaniment for which it is partly designed, it is entirely unfitted by its mystical and fantastic character, its lack of action, and, except in the closing passages, of human interest. On the purely literary side it is a work of considerable imagination and power, although of very unequal quality. The scheme of it is ingenious and original. The scene is an angle of the river at West Point, where Father Hudson, a most unsophisticated river-god, who has learned nothing through the ages of the ways of white men, witnesses on the shore below him the inception of the treason of Benedict Arnold. In his perturbation he summons the spirits of his clouds and waters, and these, acting as a chorus, instruct and exhort him—concerning the inevitability of fate, the virtue of pain, and the wisdom of patience and resignation—as the skeleton drama proceeds at his feet. By the aid of mystical invocations, he is enabled to watch the struggle between the spirit of Treason and the soul of the embittered Arnold, to see the latter elated by the hope of success, wrecked in failure, and, twenty years later, dying, broken-hearted and repentant. The play is nothing and the plea, if it be intended as a plea, in extenuation of Arnold's crime and folly, can avail little; but the contending passions in the breast of the fallen patriot and warrior are described with notable vigor and insight, while the closing scene in which Arnold, with a moral vision clarified by imminent death, brushes aside the loving sophistries of his wife, and mournfully insists upon the one damning fact of his treachery, is written with dignity and pathos. His donning of his old American uniform to die in, with the faint hope that it may conciliate the shade of Washington in the dark beyond, is a felicitous touch. The piece is written partly in blank pentameter verse, partly in a variety of shorter metres, and partly in prose, some of which is colloquial and some noble, especially the sentences allotted to the choruses, which are almost biblical in their sonority and pithy simplicity. There are true poetic fancy and feeling in some of the natural imagery. It is a pity that the ability displayed in the work was not employed to more practical purpose.

James K. Hackett will be seen next season in a dramatization by Louis Evans Shipman of David Graham Phillips's last story, "The Grain of Dust." Later in the season he will produce dramatizations of Arthur B. Reeves's "Craig Kennedy," George Graham Rice's "My Adventures with Your Money," and Charles Belmont Davis's "The Octopus."

William Faversham has procured two new plays for next season. One of them is by Edward Knoblauch, author of "The Faun," and the other is by Edward Sheldon.

The new piece produced last week at the Haymarket Theatre, London, is acknowledged by Herbert Trench to be an early Sardou. It remains for the diligent and curious student to discover the original, a task which, in the case of so well known an author, should present few difficulties. The adaptation bore the title of "In the Balance," a name in every respect much superior to "The Last Tryst," originally chosen. The "clou" of the story is a murder supposed to have been committed prior to the rising of the curtain, and the great scène-à-faire is the cross-examination in the last act of the witnesses in the judge's room adjoining the court, when the truth comes out, and the supposed criminal is proved to be an innocent man. In the rôle of the heroine, who, although cognizant of the identity of the real culprit, is forced to maintain silence on the subject, Alexandra Carlisle had an unusually powerful part.

George Alexander has just acquired the rights in Paul Bourget's powerful play, "Le Tribun," originally produced at the Paris Vaudeville three months ago. In the principal part Lucien Guitry achieved a brilliant success. Portal is a man of immense force of character, who has made his way to the top of the tree by sheer strength and ability. At a critical moment in his career he discovers that he has been betrayed by his son at the instigation of a worthless woman with whom the youth is passionately in love. Rarely has a situation more poignant or more strenuous been met with on the modern stage than that which springs from the meeting of father and son after the truth has been made known to the former. In this instance Bourget took for his motto, "L'Unité sociale est la famille et non l'individu," and it is upon that principle that Portal acts throughout. The translation of the piece is to be made by Morton Fullerton, Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who, very prudently, has determined to keep the action in France.

"Dombey and Son," the first play in the Dickens Centenary Festival, was not liked by the London critics.

English critics are enthusiastic over the performances of the Irish players at the Court Theatre, in London. Says one:

Here we find no pandering to conventional sentiment, no repetition of stock types and hackneyed situations, no monotonous insistence on one aspect of sex or one section of society. The authors of these works have no class preferences; they do not confine themselves to the theme of love; they contrive somehow to suggest "atmosphere," whether their scenes are laid in mean streets or country villages; they secure idiosyncrasy for their characters, whatever their rank in life, so that to hear them talk is to know them as individuals; they get hold of live subjects, and work out their ideas on dramatic lines that are logical and sincere. Moreover, in each case the playwright's name is new to London, just as the topic he handles is fresh and of immediate significance.

Coronation honors included a knighthood for George Alexander.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, which was founded in 1842 and has had for conductors, among others, Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Wassily Safonóff, and Gustav Mahler, will give, besides the usual entertainments in New York city and Brooklyn, a series of twenty-five concerts in other cities during the coming season. The concert-master will be Henry P. Schmitt. A concert-master is not simply the leader of the violins; he must also be able, in case of the conductor's illness, to take his place, as Spiering did in the case of Mahler last season. Mr. Schmitt, who is a native of New York city, has had ample experience in this direction. For two years, while he was in Leipzig, he had opportunity to study the ways of Brahms, Ruhinstein, Tchaikovsky, Max Bruch, Strauss, and Nikisch, by playing under them. On his return to the United States he was engaged by Anton Seidl both for the Metropolitan Opera House and the Seidl Orchestra. In 1892 he was appointed assistant conductor, and in 1894 concert-master, positions held until Seidl's death, in 1898. After Seidl's death he conducted the Seidl Orchestra's concerts for two years, both in town and on tours. Subsequently he served as concert-master under Paur and other conductors. For a score of years he has been a prominent member of the Philharmonic, and next season he will also appear as one of its soloists.

For the third season of home-made grand opera in Boston, Mr. Russell is preparing to give his patrons more variety and novelty than they have had heretofore. There will be some Wagner operas, in which Lillian Nordica will appear, with Weingartner as conductor. France will contribute not only "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Samson et Dalila," and "The Tales of Hoffmann," but some new works by Auhert and Laparra. Aubert's opera, entitled "Forêt bleue," is an attempt to treat musically a French fairy tale as Humperdinck treated German fairy tales in "Hänsel and Gretel" and "Königskinder," which latter opera is also promised by Mr. Russell. Laparra, who has been repeatedly in America, will come over to conduct performances of his opera, "La Habanera." Among the baritones to be heard with the Boston company are Renaud, Amato, and Scotti.

The Cincinnati Conservatory of Music has greatly strengthened its faculty by adding to it Edgar Stillman Kelley. He will take charge of the theoretical department, conducting classes in theory, counterpoint, fugue, musical analysis, and composition, and in all this work will have the assistance of Mrs. Kelley, who has collaborated with her husband for years. Mr. Kelley holds a composition fellowship at Western College, Oxford, O. Among his best-known compositions are the incidental music to "Ben Hur," the opera "Puritania," the Chinese Suite, and some songs. During the last few years he has written in Berlin several pieces of chamber music which were warmly praised by the German critics.

The State of Missouri offers a prize of $500 for the best musical setting of a poem on that State written by Mrs. Lizzie Chambers Hull, who got the same sum for it. The poem and directions to competitors

may be obtained of Prof. W. H. Pommer, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

Berliners were expected during the past season to patronize the enormous number of 1,093 concerts and above 800 operatic performances at three houses. The greatest number of concerts (205) occurred in November. On some days there were ten and even twelve concerts. Singers gave 328 recitals; pianists, 240; orchestras, 173; violinists, 64. Among the conductors who gave orchestral concerts there were 17 from other cities. Chamber music was represented by 125 trio and quartet concerts. Vienna had only 439 concerts last season, and Munich had 374.

Felix Mottl, director of the Royal Opera at Munich, died suddenly in that city on Sunday, at the age of fifty-four. He was born at Unter St. Veit, near Vienna. As a boy his rich soprano voice admitted him to the preparatory school of the Imperial Court Chapel. Later he entered the Vienna Conservatory and won its most distinguished prizes. He first attracted general notice as the conductor of the Richard Wagner Verein of the same city. In 1876 at the Bayreuth Festival performances of Wagner's "Ring" he was stage conductor. In 1881 he became conductor of the Ducal Opera House at Karlsruhe, holding that post until 1903. He visited this country and here directed "Parsifal" and other German works. He was the author of the operas: "Agnes Bernauer," "Ramin," "Fürst und Sänger," "Eberstein," and "Pan im Busch"; of a string quartet, and of many songs.

Art

G. Griffin Lewis's new work on Oriental rugs will be issued by Lippincott in the early autumn.

The fifth and sixth volumes of the "Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler" are promised by Dr. Thieme for this year. The fifth volume, which will extend from "Brewer" to "Carlingen," is far advanced.

A summer session of the School of American Archæology will be held in Santa Fé and at the ruins of Pajarito Park, near by, from August 1 to 25 inclusive, at which lectures will be given by the regular staff of the school on the distribution and culture of the peoples in the southwestern part of the United States and northern Mexico in pre-Spanish times; on the development of design in ancient Pueblo art; on the Indian cultures of the Southwest, and on the native languages and methods of recording and studying them. In connection with these courses there will be excursions to such important sites as Pecos, Puye, and Tyuonyi, where lectures will be given at the ruins, and to neighboring Indian Pueblos for lectures and observations on the houses, house life, industries, social organization, ceremonies, and environmental conditions of the Indians of Rio Grande valley.

"Sacred Symbols in Art" (Putnam), by Elizabeth E. Goldsmith is convenient in form and arrangement, has fifty-three illustrations, alphabetical lists of saints and symbols, a variorum of picture titles in five languages, and will nicely meet the needs of the average art-loving tourist. It has the usual defects of such compilations. For a second edition certain suggestions may be made. In the chapter on the Holy Virgin, the familiar subject The Virgin with St. Anne is not mentioned. The important term, a Majesty, is not defined. The treatment of the immaculate conception is defective, and the interesting fifteenth century type represented by a fine Francia at Lucca is ignored. The Virgin of Pity, covering believers with her mantle, is not noted under that heading. More serious omission, the metaphors from the Song of Songs, "inclosed garden, sealed fountain, rose of Sharon, tower of David," etc., which were so fruitful of symbolism concerning the Virgin, will be sought in vain. The definition of a Sacra Conversazione, on page 133, is misleading. Under the symbolism of Christ the eucharistic significance of the early Christian fish symbol should have been noted, also the probable reason for the number of the Magi. In spite of these slips, the book is sensibly conceived and will be useful.

In the *Illustrated London News* for June 3, D. G. Hogarth has given an interesting report of the discoveries made at Boghaz-Keui, in North Cappadocia, which has now been definitely identified as the capital of the ancient empire of the Hittites. As is well known, the Hittites have been a subject of dispute with archæologists ever since the middle of the last century, when the decipherment of hieroglyphic and cuneiform records revealed the fact that these people had once filled an important place in West Asian history. Their responsibility for the series of monuments discovered during the last forty years all over North Syria and Asia Minor, as well as in North Cappadocia, which was first proposed by Professor Sayce, was questioned by others. It was argued that this presupposed a great Hittite empire, which, if it had existed, could not have been forgotten by history. The existence of this empire has now been proved by the excavations carried on under the direction of Hugo Winckler. Ruins of a large palace, or rather two palaces of different periods, one built over the other, were unearthed, and remains were found of royal archives, written in cuneiform script, partly in the Babylonian, partly in an unknown language. The first kind was easily deciphered, but the other is only gradually surrendering its secret. From the tablets thus far read it is now known that this great empire of the Hittites, or Hatti, as they call themselves, had its home in Cappadocia, and gradually grew by conquest to large proportions. The first expansion seems to have been as early as about 1800 B. C., when the Hatti raided Babylon and upset what is called its First Dynasty. But their career of organized conquest did not begin till nearly three centuries later, when King Subbilulu, whom the Egyptians called Sapararu, came to the throne. When he died in the time of Amenophis IV of Egypt, he was over-lord of West Asia, from the Black Sea to the Orontes and from the Tigris to the Ægean. Under the reign of Mutallu came an encounter with Egypt. A battle was fought between him and Rameses II at Kadesh, immortalized for us by the narrative of a court poet on a wall at Karnak. Rameses seems to have prevailed so far that he stopped any further advance of the Hatti toward his own borders; but he recognized in them a power equal to his own. Altogether, we now know of eight Hittite kings. About 1250 B. C., the empire began to lose power. The Syrian possessions were finally broken up in the eighth century by Assyria, whose pressure, together with that of the Northern Muski, was probably also responsible for the dwindling of the remaining parts of the empire. When the Greeks, the chief transmitters of ancient history, came to the coasts of Asia Minor, the Hittites had already completely fallen into the background. Further excavations on the site of Boghaz-Keui are to be carried on as soon as Dr. Winckler recovers from the serious illness which has prevented his return to work since 1907.

The deaths are announced of three French artists, Gustave Delhumeau, a portrait painter; Madame MacNab, widow of Alexandre MacNab, and Maurice Lefebvre, sculptor and son of Jules Lefebvre.

We note the death of the historical painter, Prof. Hermann Schaper, aged fifty-seven, who is remembered for his work in the town halls of Hanover and Göttingen, and elsewhere.

Paul de Longpré, the famous painter of flowers, died at his home in Hollywood, Cal., just a week ago. He was born in Lyons, France, in 1855. He was brought up in Paris, and as a child showed talent as a painter of flowers on fans. In 1876, for the first time, a picture of his was exhibited in the Salon. What money he had he lost by the failure of a Paris bank, and he came to New York in 1890, hoping to recover his fortunes. In 1896 he held his first exhibition of flower paintings in this country at the American Art Galleries, and held similar annual exhibitions up to a year ago. In 1899 he removed to Los Angeles, and in 1901 built a residence at Hollywood, Los Angeles County, surrounded by three acres of flower gardens.

Finance

THE TAMMANY BILLS ON BANKING.

The bill proposed in the State Senate last week by the somewhat notorious "Tom" Grady, Tammany member from this city, and attacking the New York Clearing House's special requirements of reserve from member institutions, amends the banking law by providing that no State banking institution shall be a member of any organization requiring it "to conform its management or business to any requirement not specified and embraced in this chapter." In "that chapter" is now contained Grady's recent law allowing State banks and trust companies to keep their reserve in State or city bonds instead of cash.

This latest of the so-called "Grady bills" is the immediate outcome of a special report on the Clearing House by the new State Superintendent of Banking, called for by previous resolution of Grady, and submitted last week to the Legislature. The resolution in question was the sequel to a silly and mischiev-

ous bill, proposed by the same individual, passed by the Legislature, and signed by the Governor, which provided that State banks and trust companies might dispense with cash reserves against all demand deposits which were secured by pledge of New York State or city bonds. That law, had the banking institutions availed themselves of it, would have been distinctly dangerous, because it contravened almost all the purposes for which bank reserves are established.

Bonds of the sort cannot be used to meet a run of depositors, cannot be employed at a time of panic to procure cash instantaneously, and provide a wholly untrustworthy safeguard against over-expansion of credit. The bill was commonly supposed to have been inspired by Wall Street firms with New York city bonds to sell, who would naturally have welcomed an artificial demand. Be this as it may, it was at once discovered that banking institutions had no idea of availing themselves of the opportunity. In New York city, the rule of the Clearing House, which stipulates the cash reserve to be held by member institutions, would of itself have prevented such weakening of the safeguards for depositors. This is apparently why Grady proposed his resolution for the Banking Department to investigate the Clearing House.

Superintendent Van Tuyl's response is scarcely what should have been expected from his office. He expounded the principles of a clearing house, explained its special requirements from members, and admitted that institutions which have acceded to its demand for larger reserves than the State law requires did so voluntarily. But the Superintendent proceeded to indulge in certain criticism which appears to be founded in complete misapprehension. Premising that a "State institution completely solvent by every test of the Banking Department" might be barred from Clearing House membership for refusing to conform to Clearing House stipulations, he concluded that "it would seem clear that we owe some protection" to such institutions—the proof of which is that "the New York Clearing House is the hub of the financial system" and that its members hold "a notable percentage, not only of bank deposits of the State, but of the nation."

Now, the simplest mind must detect the utter futility of this reasoning. It is precisely because the Clearing House is the "hub of the financial system," and precisely because its member institutions hold the ultimate bank reserve fund of the nation, that its stringent rules have been imposed requiring a uniform percentage of cash reserve by members. Mr. Van Tuyl might have served a considerably more useful public purpose had he told the Legislature why these rules were adopted; what the bitter experience was, in generations past, which made their adoption necessary; how they are related to the safeguarding of the public's bank deposit fund, and what happened, only three and a half years ago, to depositors of institutions in Greater New York which did not conform to the Clearing House provisions, but to which, to use Mr. Van Tuyl's own language, the State "in a qualified sense gives a certificate of character by permitting them to continue to do business."

The first response to Grady's pending bill against the Clearing House was a meeting, last Friday, of the State institutions in the Clearing House, at which meeting it was unanimously declared that the measure "would, if it became a law, discourage and destroy the earnest efforts of conservative bankers in this city, more effectively to produce safe and conservative banking conditions in the city of New York and the country at large, and largely to remedy the evils which have in the past resulted in bank failures and consequent loss and ruin to many people."

Such was the somewhat curious situation created by the latest Tammany effort at "banking legislation." But even before this action by the banks, the matter had already begun to resemble a chapter from "Alice in Wonderland," or an act from a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, rather than an incident of sober legislation. The lawgivers kindly offer to banks the opportunity to dispense with the awkward stipulations of the cash reserve and to use interest-bearing city bonds instead. The banks reply that they do not want the special dispensation.

The lawgivers then discover that the banks are coerced in the matter by the Clearing House, which must be forced to lower its own requirements from members. But the banks rejoin that they heartily approve of those requirements, that they submit to them voluntarily and regard them as indispensable, and they give, to the learned author of what may be called the Bill to Cripple the Clearing House Association, some elementary information as to what such associations have to do. This leaves the action of the piece suspended, except for Senator Grady at the footlights, shaking his fist at the highwaymen of Cedar Street. But even this has just a touch of humor; for, waiving the somewhat amusing aspect of that particular term of reproach on the lips of Grady, the immediate sequel is that the highwaymen's victims publicly insist on retaining their old relations with their oppressors, and explain in detail why.

If this legislative opera bouffe were all that the incident has involved, it might be dismissed as one would dismiss a debate in the Legislature of Hayti or Liberia. Unfortunately, the affair has touched other reputations than those of the author of the "banking bills" and his admiring colleagues. The timid Governor of the State, who signed the bill for dispensing with cash reserves against deposits, has to bear his share in the discredit. The new State banking superintendent, who gravely reported to this Legislature that the Clearing House may cause a run on banks if it makes any special stipulations on membership, and that therefore the State "owes some protection" to institutions which do not see fit to conform to the rules which Clearing House banks impose upon themselves, will have to do some hard work hereafter to retrieve his own reputation for knowledge of banking history or for every-day common sense.

Supposing this Anti-Clearing-House law to pass; what then? The Clearing House might continue its requirements of a 25 per cent. cash reserve from member State banks, and of a 15 per cent. cash reserve and 10 per cent. balance in bank from member trust companies. The seventeen State banks and the seventeen trust companies now in the New York Clearing House would then have to withdraw, leaving the thirty-two national banks alone to enjoy the facilities of clearing checks. But the Clearing House might also conceivably amend its requirements to conform to the law; it did that in 1882, when the silver majority in Congress, angry at the exclusion of silver currency from Clearing House settlements between banks, forbade any national bank to belong to any such institution where silver was thus excluded.

Now the Clearing House had adopted its policy to prevent its exchanges being swamped with the silver of the Bland law. Had it not done so, there was danger of an expulsion of the gold in New York bank vaults, and the consequent forcing of the banks to draw on the Treasury reserve through legal tenders, when gold exports were in progress. Nevertheless, the Clearing House formally rescinded its silver rule. What happened? Absolutely nothing; for every member institution knew that its own interests were at stake, and, therefore, went on using gold and legal tenders for its Clearing House payments as before.

Very possibly the matter may not get thus far in 1911; for Grady's latest bill may fail, or the Governor may pluck up courage enough to listen to somebody but Tammany heelers. Perhaps, also, even Tammany may grow a little doubtful over provoking too much public discussion—first, as to who would be injured by breaking down the safeguards laboriously built up around bank deposits; secondly, as to who has got any personal benefit from this stubborn scheme to force the banks to buy New York city bonds. The second of these considerations contains what is known as "political dynamite" for the next State electoral campaign.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1911.

The Week

President Taft was well within the truth in his reference to the fur seal treaty signed at Washington last Friday. That England, Russia, Japan, and the United States have at last composed the acute differences that have existed among them upon this subject for forty years is indeed cause for general satisfaction. It not only ends the disgraceful killing of the seals, but, as the President indicates, forecasts the adoption of useful game laws for the open ocean. An especially significant statement is that the treaty would not have been signed upon its own merits, great as these are, but that the diplomats in charge of it felt compelled to bow to the growing sentiment for international arbitration. Be this as it may, the agreement itself is an indication of the rapid advance in this regard in recent years. The treaty seems admirably adapted for the conservation of a fast-disappearing resource. The old common-law limitation of three miles from shore is abolished, and no fur seals are to be killed in the North Pacific Ocean, including the seas of Bering, Okhotsk, Kamtchatka, and Japan. Provision is made for the maintenance of a patrol of the seal waters by representatives of all the nations concerned. The agreement is to hold for fifteen years, and as long thereafter as no one of the Governments denounces it.

The President's promise to urge Congress to establish a complete parcels post is another sign of the eagerness of both parties to placate the farmer. If only the dwellers in the cities and their suburbs were to be thought of, we could pull along as we do at present. The service of the larger city shops runs out through the whole suburban region, and there is always a swarm of local expresses radiating from populous centres. In the country all this is different. Whatever a farmer buys he must get home for himself. The rural telephone may have brought him within ordering distance of more than one town, but if he wants to get what he telephones for, he must hitch up a horse and wagon and go after it. Now, when he sees that the rural postman who brings him his daily paper drives up to his door with nothing in his wagon but a small mail bag, he would be a very unintelligent farmer if he did not reason that this same postman might just as well bring him his small parcels, too. When Mr. Meyer as Postmaster-General pointed out that such rural parcels post service would make the rural free delivery pay for itself, he provided an argument which the farmers are repeating in ever-growing chorus.

The people of New York have been treated to an experience which it is safe to say has no parallel in the history of democratic or representative government. A city of vast population and enormous wealth, the chief city of a great democratic nation and the second city of the world, was to have its entire scheme of government rewritten, and nobody in authority had publicly stated what was the purpose of the move, who was responsible for the character of the work as a whole, or how its details were being managed. It was not pretended that there was any public demand which the new charter was designed to satisfy. The people of the city had hardly more part in the making of it than the people of Timbuctoo. It was concocted in secret by a committee at Albany, with the aid of a paid expert; and when these cooks had got the dish ready, it was to be passed upon by the Legislature as a matter of form, without the faintest possibility of real examination. If anything even remotely resembling this proceeding, taken as a whole, is to be found in the history of government, we should be glad to be informed of it. Fortunately, Gov. Dix has at last let it be known that he will not approve the new charter, concocted and crowded through in this way. There is much newspaper speculation about his possible motives, and we hear ingenious stories about his having been drawn into an intrigue of Murphy's against Mayor Gaynor, and what not. But why delve so deep for reasons which lie on the surface? The proposal which the Governor has headed off was outrageous, and there is no need to go further.

The Chicago *Tribune's* annual compilation of Fourth of July accident statistics shows the smallest number of deaths, with three exceptions, and the fewest accidents, without any exception, since the figures began to be gathered in 1899. The largest number of fatalities occurred in 1908, when there were 72. The next year they were ten less, last year they fell to 44, and this year they were 39. The accidents this year amounted to 1,358, which is more than a thousand under any year since 1901. About half of them, as usual, are credited to "fireworks," with "firearms" and "gunpowder" responsible for 200 each. The heyday of the unsafe and insane Fourth was the period from 1903 to 1909, when the accidents were regularly 50 per cent. higher than in previous years, with the exception of 1900, which rivals the later period. Upon each of these seven Fourths the fatalities were more than fifty, and the accidents, with the exception of 1908, were above three thousand. The fire loss this year amounted to about $350,000, as against nearly $600,000 last year and $725,000 two years ago. With these exceptions, however, it is the largest ever recorded, the figures having averaged only about $100,000 prior to 1907. The accident roll will not be complete until August, when the figures of deaths from lockjaw become available, but a basis for calculation is found in the fact that these reports have usually tripled the number reported in July. The thing that stands out in the entire calculation is that two sane Fourths—observed in but a part of the country—have reduced the number of deaths by nearly 40 per cent. and of accidents by above one-half.

It is just a year ago that the town of Newark, Ohio, disgraced itself by lynching a young man for defending himself from assault while serving warrants upon notorious violators of the County Option law. The community has done much to atone for that day. Three of the leaders in the lynching are now in the Ohio penitentiary, two for twenty-year terms and one for fifteen. Two or three others, who were hardly more than boys, have been sentenced to terms in the Reformatory institution at Mansfield, and several cases are still pending.

Tho sheriff of the county resigned his office rather than face a hearing before Gov. Harmon, and has dropped into complete obscurity, fortunate to have escaped indictment for criminal complicity. The Mayor of Newark was driven from office and went to California. From there, it is reported that he wrote a letter to the Governor asking to be appointed to some office, since he was out of work. Recently he returned to Newark and has announced his intention to run for Mayor again this autumn, but has met with nothing but indignation and ridicule. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that some fifty places where liquor was illegally sold more or less secretly, about the time when the lynching occurred, are liable for the $1,000 saloon tax. This decision will make property owners a little more careful about what goes on in their buildings. But the final test of the thoroughness of Newark's reformation will come in November, when a new city administration is to be chosen.

The primer is to become more powerful than ever if the Women's Trade Union League of Chicago has its way. Heretofore, those who have prepared this handy little volume have limited themselves to such assertions as: "This is a bear" and "The fox is a cunning animal." Now it is proposed that, for foreigners at least, these statements shall give place to the more vital declarations: "I am a member of a trade union," and "I am working in a union shop and receive $10 a week." The pictures, instead of representing animals, trees, and landscapes, will be of shops, stores, and factories, all filled with wage-earners displaying union buttons. This plan of teaching the young idea, not only how to shoot, but in what direction to aim, is so laudable that the only wonder is why it has not been conceived sooner and why it is not carried farther. No textbook for aliens should be regarded as complete without such useful expressions as: "For whom shall I vote?" "I voted for you." "What office do I get?" "I prefer one without an examination."

To Joseph Conrad has been granted a pension of £100 out of the British civil list. If, as the usual custom is, the award has been made on the ground of need, the incident throws a curious light on the rewards of literary labor in England. Joseph Conrad's case is not analogous to that of William Butler Yeats, for instance, who is the recipient of a similar pension. Yeats is a poet and a pioneer in the upbuilding of an Irish literature and drama, and it is notorious that neither poetry nor pioneering pays. Conrad is a purveyor of the article that everybody cries for—fiction; his name occurs constantly in lists of England's half-dozen leading writers. As a stylist he has been placed very near the top, and not in the sense that Meredith and Henry James are stylists. Conrad is the master of a language which has distinction without being particularly recondite. He is constantly spoken of as a popular author. That he should stand in need of a government subsidy would be almost incredible if it were not for the striking difference between the pursuit of literature in this country and that in England. With us a man makes his mark and grows wealthy, or fails and stops writing books. A long list of publications is *prima facie* evidence of prosperity. In England it is nothing of the kind. It is comparatively easy there to get a publisher for books that do not sell, or sell very little.

Although the compilation of the figures of the Canadian census is not yet complete, it is pretty certain that they will show a great gain in the French population. Out of a total of perhaps 8,000,000, the French are expected to number at least 2,000,000. Such growth from the 60,000 under the flag of France in Canada in 1760! And in this reckoning no account is taken of the French-Canadian emigration to the United States. It is estimated that in the whole of North America there must be fully 3,000,000 of French-Canadian descent. It is not surprising, then, to find Prof. Henri Lemay, in the *Revue Canadienne*, predicting that a century hence there will be at least 40,000,000 French Canadians in all of North America, and that Canada will be much more French than English. If this be put down as an exaggeration, there is at least enough truth in it to show why Canadian politicians think it wise to be very considerate of the French vote.

Rumors of revolution in Cuba need not be taken very seriously; but unhappily the evidence is too strong to be disregarded that political conditions in the island auger badly for the future. A member of the Cuban Congress openly charges that President Gomez is personally corrupt, and declares that he can prove that the chief of state, from being without means at the beginning of his term, has dishonestly amassed a large fortune while in office. This might be thought mere partisan slander, were it not so generally believed in Cuba to be at least partly true. Gomez had stated that he should not seek reëlection; but latterly his friends began to talk of running him again. This led to such violent protests—some of them made to Gomez's face—that he found it wise to reaffirm his purpose to quit the Presidency. If reports may be believed, he will also quit Cuba, after the bad fashion of the South American "kings in exile," leaving the Cuban Republic to struggle on as best it may to recover from the bad effects of his tenure of power.

An air of insincerity has pervaded the debates and manœuvres in the English Parliament concerning the Veto bill. In the Lords the Opposition have adopted certain amendments. But are they really intended to improve the measure? And if they were to be accepted by the Government, would the Conservatives then acquiesce in the main principle of the bill without more ado? Nobody seems to know. The Tory peers themselves display great uneasiness and uncertainty respecting the policy of their leaders. The latter do not strike out boldly for rejection of the bill, but temporize and play for position. On the other hand, the Government are equally hesitant. They say they will not for a moment agree to the amendments voted by the Lords, yet they display no enthusiasm at all for either of the two other courses which alone are possible—a new general election or the creation of 500 new peers. It is thus a kind of political unreality into which both parties have fallen. They are apparently being driven to extremes, though the weightiest men on either side do not wish to go there. The whole unhappy situation reminds us once more how great a misfortune it was that the conference committee of last year, composed of the leaders of the two parties, failed to come to an agreement.

The latest dispatches, however, seem to indicate that a way out of the muddle may be found. It is stated that the Government would make no objection to an amendment offered by Lord Newton, providing that no further step be taken in curtailing the power of the Lords without a referendum to the people. The force of this lies in the fear, to which Professor Dicey and others have given voice, that if the Lords consent to have their veto overridden after two years, the next thing will be a bill to cut down their time of grace to a year or even six months. If the Liberals now acquiesce in the amendment making this impossible, it will leave their own measure intact, but will offer the Conservatives an excuse for retreating. The latter can say that they at least saved something, and that appears to be their main anxiety. To be sure, the *Saturday Review* sneers at this compromise, as being, in effect, an agreement to concede to your opponents all that they ask, provided that they ask no more at present; but while this is formally correct, it may be said that Lord Newton's amendment does, after all, mean a substantial compromise. In the present embarrassment of the Tories any compromise may seem good enough until after an election in which they hope to win power and set about repealing the whole bill, while reforming the House of Lords according to their own ideas.

Scarcely had the outcry in Germany over the Catholic anti-Modernist oath begun to die away, when Protestant church authorities made a display of what appears to be a similar reactionary spirit. At the end of last month, a Prussian clergyman, Pastor Jatho, was declared by the ecclesiastical council of the province to have been guilty of heretical teaching, and was forbidden to exercise any clerical functions whatever. The precise nature of his heresy does not appear, but there has been a great protest from many within the Evangelical Church at what they call a violation of the spiritual liberty of the clergy. Herr Jatho has been in the ministry for thirty years, and bore an excellent repute. The Cologne *Zeitung* speaks of him as a man who spends his time from morning till night in doing good, and who had the affection of his parishioners in a remarkable degree. So great is the indignation at the sentence against him that a "Jatho Fund" is being raised, partly to provide for his needs, and partly to carry the matter further and see if he cannot be restored to his church. It should seem strange if German Protestants were to tolerate a *Modernisten-Eid* of their own; yet one remembers that Archbishop Whately once declared that there was really little difference in the spirit of intolerance whether found among Protestants or Catholics.

Reports of monarchist activity in Portugal need to be heavily discounted. Royalist energy has hitherto manifested itself more conspicuously in the press bureau than in the field. The magnificent and precise sum of $410,000 that has been contributed by Brazilian monarchists toward the overthrow of the republic is probably as mythical as the army of invasion that is gathering in Spain for an attack on Oporto. There are, indeed, royalist refugees in Northern Spain, but the Government at Madrid has been energetic in repressing armed preparations against Portugal. Such danger as exists for the Lisbon Government consists in mutiny among the soldiers or sailors. But while some small disorders of the kind are possible, it is hard to imagine that either the army or the navy will turn against the Government they were chiefly instrumental in setting up. The outlook, therefore, is not ominous for the Provisional Government. One reassuring fact is found in the recognition of the Portuguese Republic by our own Government. This took place on June 19, the same day on which the newly elected Constituent Parliament assembled. Into the hands of this assembly the Provisional Government resigned its powers, and by it was requested to resume the functions of government until further orders.

The situation in Albania, in spite of recent alarmist reports, is probably not so serious as it was a few weeks ago, when the tribesmen were engaged in hostilities. The Turkish Government is pretty sure to profit by the results of its disingenuous conduct toward the Albanians after the uprising of last year. In the armistice concluded last December, the mountaineers were promised a complete amnesty, the appointment of native magistrates, compensation for arms delivered and houses destroyed, and partial exemption from military duty. The Albanians lived up to the agreement by turning over their arms to the Turkish authorities, on whose part no attempt has been made to put the treaty into effect. Hence the present uprising and strained situation on the frontier of Montenegro, whose people have been extending succor to their kinsmen across the border. Now, against the representations of the Powers, King Nicholas has decided to mobilize. But the move may be interpreted as an attempt at influencing the course of negotiations between the rebels and the Turkish rulers. Russian influence looms up behind Montenegro, but, on the other hand, Germany has made it plain that her sympathy is with the Government at Constantinople.

India finds herself facing a new menace, and from an unsuspected quarter. Ten years ago there was only one point at which the Chinese Empire really touched India. All the rest was separated from China by a hundred tribes which formed the "buffer" that the English authorities encouraged. But now Tibet, from being a mere Chinese possession, has become a vice-royalty, and Chinese troops have been posted all along the southern side of the former "buffer" states. In the indignant words of the Calcutta *Englishman:* "The Chinese, in short, have grabbed country that was certainly not theirs, and which we have neglected to occupy and administer simply for the reason that we preferred that a stretch of uncivilized states should lie between us and the problems that contact with China would certainly raise." Pity that Peking did not know of this self-denying policy on the part of its powerful neighbor! But its only answer now has been to promote the leader on the border from Frontier Commissioner to Viceroy of Sechuan, "where," laments the *Englishman,* "he will be able to do more mischief from the British point of view." Most disheartening of all has been the attitude of the Chinese of Rangoon and Lower Burma, whom the English had considered to be loyal British citizens, but who have surprised their superiors by showing that they regard themselves as Chinese citizens "and full of burning zeal for the Celestial Empire."

AMERICA AND INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The position taken by the United States in regard to several points in international law has been much discussed of late in England. On Monday of last week, for example, when the House of Commons voted approval of the Declaration of London, the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, dwelt at length upon the significance of the American attitude respecting that international agreement. Dealing as it does with the right of capture at sea in time of war, it makes a decided approach to the doctrine which the United States has upheld for more than sixty years—namely, that private property should not be made a prize at sea any more than on land. The argument of Sir Edward Grey was that the deep interest which the United States had taken in the establishment of an international prize-court, and our support of the Declaration of London as a means to that end, showed that this country could not believe that its sea-borne commerce would be interfered with in case of war. This as against those bitter English critics of the Declaration who took the opposite view. It is gratifying to have such a recognition of the humane and effective part played by the United States in modifying the old and harsner rule, and in bringing other nations to accept in good measure the doctrine which we so long maintained, virtually alone.

The case is different, however, when we turn to another question having to do with international law, on which, too, the United States occupies an isolated position. We mean the doctrine of "the most favored nation." This has been under sharp discussion recently, not only in England, where the pendency of the Canadian agreement gives it special point, but also in France and Germany. The matter was brought up in the House of Lords, where Lord Selborne asked if the Government were prepared to admit the American interpretation of most-favored-nation clauses in treaties. The official spokesman for the Ministry declared that Great Britain had never assented to the view of the United States on that point. Vigorous letters to the press by Harold Cox and Thomas Gibson Bowles have drawn attention to the singularity and difficulty of the American contention. Not long since the *Frankfurter Zeitung* devoted an article to the same subject. In the course of it the attempt was made to show that Secretary Knox, at the time of the negotiations with Germany last year relating to duties under the Payne tariff, had tacitly abandoned the American position. On February 5, 1910, Dr. Delbrück, speaking for the Government in the Reichstag, declared that the State Department at Washington had "explicitly declared" that it was prepared to grant Germany the "most-favored-nation treatment." But this must have referred only to the case in hand—that is, the question of tariff rates. The Frankfort newspaper is surely not justified in inferring that the United States will, by parity of reasoning, concede at once to German imports what it is making ready, by special agreement, to concede to Canadian.

We speak of the "historic" position of the United States on this point as if that were enough to justify it completely. But views may be very ancient and at the same time very perverse and embarrassing. It may, indeed, be said that no hardship is imposed by us upon other nations, since they all understand perfectly what our diplomatic contentions and our judicial decisions have been. They know that our view of the business is strictly that of *quid pro quo;* special favor for special favor, with no outsider entitled to ask something unless he has given something. But such considerations do not go to the root of the matter. It is easy to say that American Secretaries of State, from John Quincy Adams down, have consistently held to the American interpretation of most-favored-nation treaties, and that our courts have sustained it. The real question is whether we ought ever to have taken that position, and whether we ought not to begin to think of abandoning it, and adjusting ourselves to the opinion of all the world except the United States.

When no great moral or political principle is involved, the nation that finds itself differing, in a mere matter of international comity and understanding of treaties, from all others, should ask whether it is not probably wrong. This is especially the case when we are in the presence of a powerful movement to unify international practice. The United States is helping on that movement in many ways, but in the matter referred to stands entirely aloof. The result is a considerable amount of awkwardness in international relations, together with apparent shifts to which we are driven in defiance of the seemingly plain language of treaties. Thus the terms of our treaty with England appear to be entirely explicit:

> No higher or other duties shall be imposed on the importation into the United States of any articles the growth produce or manufacture of His Britannic Majesty's territories in Europe than are or shall be payable on the like articles being the growth produce or manufacture of any other foreign country.

But we instantly contend, by reasoning which other nations may justly call far too ingenious, that this promise has nothing to do with special agreements which we may find it commercially convenient to devise. We know that England does not so interpret her obligation under that same treaty. Nor does any other country so read its duty under similar compacts. The United States calmly says, "Oh, you know, I never did take that view of it." But this, we submit, is scarcely a sufficient defence. No nation can compel us to change our position—though it would be interesting to know what the Hague Tribunal would say of the American doctrine, if it were to be submitted to that body—but we ought to ask ourselves whether it would not be more friendly and reasonable to make ready to give up in due time our private and isolated view and conform to that held by all international jurists except our own.

POETRY AND COMMON SENSE.

A recent volume of translations from French verse written by Belgians is of more than ordinary interest. Like the people among whom it came into being, this poetry has a composite look, reflecting literary tendencies and methods of several countries and presenting little that can be called exclusively its own. Now it seems under the spell of France, now of Germany, and again of Holland or Norway. Of alliance with English poetry, on the other hand, there is scarcely a vestige. If ever a type of poetry may be thought of as Continental, as opposed to English, the present collection is an excellent example of such. It does in any case fix the attention upon a certain few traits which one is likely to find in the poetry of almost any Continental country and which have never taken root in the poetry of Eng-

land and America. It would be interesting if one could explain their relative absence from English poetry by a distinctive Anglo-Saxon characteristic—an imperative common sense.

Verhaeren, one of the contributors to the collection, has been presumptuously called the greatest of French poets. The point of present interest is that his reputation has been made by a realism of a very un-English sort. Even in its drama and fiction England has lagged behind other countries in this respect, but especially in its poetry. It has never relished unblinking accuracy in setting forth the relations of the sexes. Frank utterances in "Don Juan" seem to English critics blotches of bad taste and bad art. To turn to America, Walt Whitman's similar experiments found favor chiefly on the Continent. The usual explanation is that such restraint is prompted by a finer morality. Probably it would be truer to say that it comes from the poet's common sense, a fellow-feeling with his readers. Continental poets to a much greater extent than English have been tempted to follow out an idea or situation to the logical end. For Verhaeren, as for many German and Dutch predecessors, poetry should have greater privilege than even painting or sculpture. With remarkable precision and detail he catches the rough unrestrained scenes of inn life which the pictures especially of Teniers and Jan Steen so often celebrated. Like them, he glories in the vitality and capacity for enjoyment in his subjects; and with the added suggestiveness of language, he runs into outspoken erotic subtleties. Of Verhaeren it has been remarked that he, along with many other Continentals, dares write what by himself he would scarcely think. The English and American way is the reverse.

Another difference is brought out by the following translation of Maeterlinck's "Lassitude":

These kisses know no longer where to rest,
For blind and cold the eyes were they caressed;
Henceforth asleep in splendid reverie they
Watch dreamily, as in the grass dogs may,
The gray horizon-herded sheep-folk graze
Upon the turf the moon's dishevelled rays,
Kissed by the sun, dark as their life is dark;
Indifferent, without an envious spark
For pleasure's roses under them unclosing;
And this long, green, ununderstood reposing.

Not that English poetry has ever been opposed to personification. Again the difference is one of degree. Qualities and impersonal things have from early times enjoyed an instant's life and personality in English poets, but only sporadically and generally under foreign influence does one find their human existence prolonged. Dante and Petrarch, with a child-like, unbarriered fancy, could send their sighs with elaborate instructions to wait upon a mistress. And Heine lived in a world fully peopled by love's paraphernalia. To Englishmen and Americans the carrying of the device to the extreme appears sentimental; for them a lake in the moonlight may, for the nonce, wear a woman's smile; but the moment that it is addressed as a woman, the conceit tumbles into bathos. The Anglo-Saxon masses are too literal not to draw back from personification prolonged; so are their poets.

Symbolism is the third device in respect to which English and Continental practice differs. André Fontainas is the most notable advocate of it in Belgium. Like Mallarmé and others of the school in France, he is constantly awake to double meanings. A fleck of color on the horizon, a cloud in the sky, a stray cow, each is big with a second self. If for the reader, under the spell of poetry, they took on the same meanings, there could be no quarrel. But in many cases the symbolism becomes flighty, incoherent, unintelligible, and reflects but that haphazard outer fringe of consciousness which sensitive persons possess but cannot communicate. The excess to which Fontainas carries the device results from his preoccupation with it, while the reader is forgot. Accepting symbolism as desirable, his instinct is to follow it out to the bitter end. It expresses his most transitory feelings; why should he tone it down to the pitch of ordinary mortals? English poetry has only in the rarest instances been so afflicted. Some of Shelley's works may be open to the charge, notably the "Epipsychidion," a poem or two of Rossetti's, and an equal amount of Poe—who in this sort of verse, significantly enough, first got recognition on the Continent; but it would be hard to multiply the examples.

Common sense implies a somewhat literal outlook which might seem to pair ill with poetry. The answer is not only the vast body of superb English poetry, but the fact that even theoretically they ought to thrive together. The great range of suggestive power lying in the very nature of poetry needs a watchful control of its elements and a nice balance among them. Imagination is not at its best when it entirely releases its hold on tangible facts. One secret of Milton's strength, as of Tennyson's, is that in neither did poetic conceits often become heady; each transforms the universe, but what results is still recognizable by the layman.

SUCCESS AND LUCK.

A Paris newspaper has been asking eminent Frenchmen to state what they think the influence of chance is upon success in life. Many of them have amiably responded, the topic being obviously one of those admirable midsummer themes on which one man's opinion is as good as another's, and which can be discussed till cooler weather comes without arriving at a sure basis of judgment. The replies, indeed, vary according to the taste and temperament of the several authorities invoked. Some of them rate luck very high; others put it wholly out of the reckoning. The composer Massenet gave a cynical turn to the discussion by avowing that, for his part, he believed absolutely that good fortune was the determining element in the success—of others.

Only one of these intellectual Frenchmen appeared to have a definite theory concerning the place to be assigned to chance in the case of marked individual achievement. This was Professor Richet of the Academy of Medicine, and he, doctor-like, was prepared to reduce the whole matter to a formula. Success, he declares, is due to the combination of intelligence, energy, and luck. The proportions in which they should be mingled are: 60 per cent. of intelligence, 10 of hard work, and 30 of chance. Yet Professor Richet evidently takes these figures to multiply with, instead of merely adding them, since he declares that if any one factor is missing the result will be nil. That is to say, 40 per cent. of intelligence with, suppose, 5 of luck but no industry at all will not yield even a half-way success. All this is very like solemn fooling, as Professor Richet himself is at least partly aware, since he quietly remarks that whether you have intelligence or not is itself largely a matter of chance. "There is no worse stroke of bad luck than to be born a fool."

In the other opinions printed we discover the same uncertainty and fluctuation that one would find in the views of any dozen men who might be interrogated anywhere. At one moment, opportunity seems the only thing; at the next, the dynamic force of the individual apparently accounts for everything. This whole region of inquiry is evidently better fitted for the moralist or the rhetorician than the scientist. The question wraps up in itself too many indeterminates and variables. It is like trying to make two of Emerson's essays fit into each other. He writes of "Power," and we seem to see the naked energy of the individual carving the world as he wills. He turns to treat of "Fate," and man appears to be merely an atom of dust, the sport of cosmic forces. There is truth in either extreme, and either may be rhetorically emphasized to make the impression sought at the moment; but how to hold the two in accurate balance, how in any given instance to say just what is the part played by luck and what by skilled effort, is so far beyond the wit of philosophers that we may safely conclude it to be also beyond the power of newspaper interviews.

If the test were made one of individual consciousness, we think that some of the most successful men would be willing to admit—to themselves, at least—that they have owed very much to good fortune. However comfortable a conceit they may have of their own powers, or however they may plume themselves on their intellect and energy, they cannot fail to see many points in their career, as they look back upon it, where everything seemed to turn upon a cast of the dice. If the particular opportunity which they seized had not presented itself, or the opening of which they took advantage had been denied, they may indeed flatter themselves that they would surely have found some other vent for their talents, but it would be impossible for them to say just what. In the very act of saying, as they must in honesty, that they had their chance and took it, they concede the influence in their lives of the unforeseeable and incalculable. But those words are only polysyllables for luck.

M. Jules Lemaître affects to believe that there is no such thing in life as chance. It is all a figment of the imagination. "What we call luck," he says, "is the belief in some equalizing power; an idea born of the innate instinct of justice in man." What he appears to mean is that the common mind is averse to admitting that one man, no matter how shining a success he may have won, can be inherently so superior to his fellow. So we say that one has luck and the other had not. That is supposed to be comforting to the latter. Certainly in political life we often see that idea intrude. We heard a great deal of "Roosevelt luck"; we are beginning to hear much of "Wilson luck." It is in this way that some would seek, as M. Lemaître says, to "equalize" their unrecognized abilities with those of men conspicuously successful. But this is really to go over to the position of the pious lady who said to her old pastor, apropos of a man who had suddenly leaped into large fame, based upon useful public activities: "And to think what humble instruments the Lord chooses to accomplish so great a work!" To her replied the sagacious clergyman: "Far be it from me to put any limits to the power of the Lord, but Mr. —— is a very remarkable man!"

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF INDIA.

BARODA, India, May 20.

When the white man first came to India he found the people of this country extremely deficient in one particular—they had no patriotism. Indeed, the babel of vernaculars lacked a simple, single word to express this sentiment, bungling phrases being required to voice the emotion. One result of contact with the Occident has been the development of this feeling in Indians. The dialects now possess specially coined terms, while the word "patriotism" is on the lips of every English-educated person in the Peninsula. Fifty years ago bards sprang up who sang sonorously of patriotism, though after a while their songs fell into disuse. In the last few years, however, the people have turned to these singers again, for their souls have been touched by unrest.

Of all the patriotic ballads which the new spirit has revived, the most popular is Bankim Chander Chatterjee's "Bandé Mataram" ("Hail Mother"). It first saw the light of day in a book written in Bengali, "Ananda Math" by name, which was published more than a generation ago. At that time the Bengalis were not ready for it, and for years it lay unappreciated and unsung. But in 1905, when Lord Curzon carried through the unpopular measure of partitioning Bengal, "Hail Mother" was at once taken up as the national war-cry. The Bengalis went crazy over it, and the title of the song became a popular phrase of salutation. It still holds its empire over the hearts of the Bengalis, and, to a limited extent, over those of other Indians. During 1906 and 1907, when the agitation against the dismemberment of Bengal was most bitter, when the Hindu terrorist was just appearing, and when no one knew just how far nihilism had burrowed its way into Indian society, this lay caused some anxiety to the rulers. But, as is apparent from the following free translation, there is nothing inflammatory in the words, which are sung to plaintive, minor music:

I bow to thee, Mother,
Thou who art rich in streams, fruit, and cool southern breezes,
Whose fields are green with harvests,
Whose nights are a-glitter with the sheen of silvery moonlight,
Who art decorated with blossoming trees,
Whose smile is radiant,
Whose voice is musical and whose words are like sparkling jewels,
Who fulfillest desires.
Thou who dost strike terror with thy babel of millions of voices,
And with the sharp swords of thy countless arms,
Who dares to call thee helpless?
Thou who dost wield the strength of a multitude and repel hosts of enemies,
Thou who art the saviour of thy people,
To thee I bow.
Thou art wisdom, thou art religion,
Thou art the heart, the very core of our heart,
Thou art the life-breath of our bodies,
Thou art the strength of our arms,
Thou art the piety of our hearts.
In temple after temple we set up thine image.
Thou art the Goddess *Durga*, holding the ten weapons in thy hands;
Thou art *Lakshmi* (the Goddess of Fortune), residing in lotus lakes;
Thou art *Sarasvati* (the Goddess of Learning);
To thee I bow.
I bow to thee, *Lakshmi*, the pure, the handsome, the smiling, the sincere, the bejewelled, the Mother.

Just as it comes natural to the German to call his country the *Vaterland*, so it is natural for the Hindu to regard his native peninsula as the Motherland. Indeed, he virtually looks upon it as his mother. The subtle meaning of this is lost upon foreigners who do not comprehend the feeling that an Indian cherishes for the woman who gave him birth. The mother is the most idolized person in the land. Therefore when the Hindu typifies his country as such, he literally means that he gives his country the highest affection of which he is capable. Of all the patriotic songs which aim to express this sentiment, probably the most beautiful is one composed by Rabindranath Tagore, who is perhaps the greatest living Bengali poet to-day. The English rendering necessarily takes away some of its charm, yet

leaves enough to show the writer's potent imagination:

Thou who dost charm the heart of all the world,
Thou land gleaming with the golden glory of the sun,
Thou mother of our fathers and mothers,
The soles of whose feet are washed by the waters of the blue sea,
Whose green skirts are fluttered by the breeze,
Whose forehead, the Himalayas, is kissed by the skies,
Who wearest the diamond diadem of the snows;
It was in thy firmament that the first day dawned,
It was in thy hermitages that the first hymns were sung.
Words of wisdom, religion, poetry, history, first
Were preached in thy forest temples.
Thou art blessed, the eternal dispenser of good.
Thou dost distribute food from land to land.
The Ganges and the Jumna are the milk of mercy flowing from thy breasts.

India is still a conglomeration of races refusing to realize their community of interests, and utterly lacking in cohesion: but the poet has commenced to dream of unity. This note of union is especially to be detected in the patriotic songs. Mrs. Sarala Devi Ghosal Choudhrani, B.A., made an attempt, in 1901, to compose a song in which she linked together the different provinces and combined the watchwords of the various races and creeds—the *Har, Har, Har* and *Hari Moraré* of the Hindus; *Dadar Hormuz* of the Parsis; *Allah-o-Akbar* of the Mohammedans; *Jai Jehovah* of the Indian Christians; and *Sat Sri Akal* of the Sikhs. As yet such a union is only a figment of the poetic imagination:

O my muse, recall the glory of past days and sing of Hindustan.
O my muse, stir the soul of this large audience, and sing of Hindustan.

Sing of that name which sounds our strength and wealth and fame.
Bengal, Behar, United Provinces, Orissa,
Madras, Maharashtra, Gujerat, Nepal, the Punjab, Rajputana,
Hindu, Parsi, Jain, Christian, Sikh, Mussuiman,
All sing, in all the dialects of India,
"Namo Hindustan!" (I bow to Hindustan)
Har, Har, Har! Hindustan!
Dadar Hormuz Hindustan!
"Namo Hindustan!"

O my muse, kill the spirit of disunion,
And sing the song of unity.
O my muse, be the giver of great strength of body, mind, and soul.
Hari Moraré Hindustan! *Jai Jehovah* Hindustan! *Sat Sri Akal* Hindustan!
"Namo Hindustan!"
O my muse, inspirer of all men, sing the new tune.
O my muse, weld together a mighty nation, sing the new song.
Lift up the flag of activity,
Sound the trumpet of duty,
And rouse all hearts.

This was sung by the composer, on the first day of the Indian National Congress, in December, 1901. The chorus was chanted by 400 volunteers. After the second stanza was sung, every person in the huge pavilion joined in the refrain. Such a scene was never before witnessed at that gathering.

Religion being the paramount force in India, and schisms and creeds being the agents that keep the various factions warring among themselves, some patriotic poets are endeavoring to make a god of Hindustan for all Indians to worship—a faith to which all the people may subscribe. One of the most charming of these efforts is an invocation put into the mouth of an ascetic in a pageant which showed the magnificence of the rajas and emperors of the old days of Ind, and was performed at the recent exhibition at Allahabad. It ran:

O God! The Nameless under many names!
O Thou, the Formless under many forms!
The Silent, who art heard in many voices!
Through all the pores of Being take my prayer!
Be favorable to this ancient land,
This Motherland of saints and holy men,
This land of hallowed hills and sacred streams,
Of sombre forests and sun-flooded plains;
This glory of the immemorial East,
Whose dwelling is the splendor of the Sun;
Our Motherland, our home, our India!
May all her many peoples live together
Honoring one another, quietly!
Bring her the peace that kings cannot bequeath,
The happiness that cometh not by wealth!
Each in his own way, yet let each for all
Work and let work, live and be good to life.
So let the self of each be India's self,
And India each man's creed, and each man's race be India, India, India.

In another song we find the poet dedicating himself to the service of the mother:

To your cause I devote my body.
To your cause I devote my life.
For your sorrow my eyes shed tears.
This harp will sing your songs.
Though these arms are weak and incapable,
Yet they will do your work;
Though this sword is dark with rust,
It will cut off thy bonds.
O Mother, even though my blood avail you nothing,
Yet I can shed it to wipe off the least stain on your name,
Or to allay the least of your sorrows.
O Mother, though there is no force in this music of mine,
Who knows but some child of thine may awake,
By hearing these melodies!

Some of the patriotic odes of the last generation were very plaintive. Here is one composed by Rabindranath Tagore that throbs with sorrow:

Who is it that constantly approaches and retires,
With eyes overflowing with tears?
Who is looking toward us with vain hopes?
She is my Mother! She is my Mother!
In the dark house what sad-faced one has prepared the meals for us?
Whose is the food that no longer is pleasant to our palates?
It is our Mother's! It is our poor Mother's!

There is an undertone of shame in the following short stanza, written thirty years ago by Hem Chander Bannerji:

Bugle, sound this tune!
"In this world every race is free,
All are alert with the pride of their honor.
Only India is asleep."

The songs written during the last few years show a marked difference. In the new lays there is a note of jubilance and hope. The following was composed in 1903; the poetess fancies that India's face, which once was fair like that of the Goddess Durga, the possessor of ten hands, and the all-powerful ruler of the ten regions, has become black and terrifying like that of Kali, who is supposed to wear a garland of skulls. She writes:

I bow to thee, I bow to thee, Mother India!
Who allayest the sorrows of all,
Beneficent, good, a saviour,
Whose face has become darkened and terrifying, like the countenance of Kali,
Through sadness at the afflictions of India!
The darkness of cycles now has vanished,
Oh, thou lotus-complexioned Mother, smile,
The earth once more is beautiful with the light of hope and a heart rejuvenated.
The ship of time is bringing to us a cargo of new life,
Smile, oh lotus-complexioned one.
Knowledge has come, prosperity and valor will follow.
We shall see thee once more the happy ruler of the ten regions.
Oh Mother, thou who art armed with daggers and swords,
Thou who wearest a garland of skulls,
The wounds of thy insults shall be healed.

Bengali, of all Indian vernaculars, seems to be the most replete with patriotic songs, though the other dialects are beginning to be enriched in the same way. Kavi Narmadashanker Lalshanker has left several stirring odes in Gujerati, the following, written about 1865, being a fair specimen of his art:

Let my countrymen awaken.
Let them ask for their rights and privileges.
If my countrymen have any spark of humanity left in them
They will surely demand the rights that are theirs as human beings.
Even brutes do not fail to take revenge on those who give them pain.
In this world the ideas of property, personality, and self-respect are necessary;
Those who do not ask for their dues violate the laws of nature—
Let them not be afraid of powers that be,
Let them not sleep supinely with folded hands.
Children have to ask for what they want, even from their mother,
Why not then ask for rights which mean and cunning people try to ignore?
Kings have waged wars for their rights, and men have lost their lives in the struggle for rights.
It is a sign of manliness to stand up and demand our dues.

A certain number of the songs, being interpreted by the British as seditious, have been proscribed. All printed copies have been seized and the circulation or singing of them is made a penal offence. Most of those that have been placed under the ban are indeed as lurid as revolutionary songs in any language. They depict the English as draining the life-blood of Hindustan and shipping it to England to feed and fatten their people, while the Indians themselves are left a weakened, emasculated race, a prey to constant famine; and they call upon the people to free themselves. We may cite a few lines from a Punjabi song to show this sentiment:

> Tho foreigners are looting Hindustan,
> Combine to save it from being looted.
> Come, let us go to the battlefield,
> Get our heads cut off
> (But) kill (tho Englishman).
> Be not afraid of naked swords.

It is easy to understand that no Government, in self-defence, could permit such sedition to fan the flames of its own destruction.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

Correspondence

RABELAIS AND MORE'S "UTOPIA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the review of "The French Renaissance in England" in your issue of June 1, the reviewer speaks of the prominence Mr. Sidney Lee gives to "two recent discoveries," and writes of the second, "He works out the suggestion made by Professor Lefranc that Rabelais adapted a part of More's 'Utopia.'" On page 74 of his book Mr. Lee terms "the evidence of familiarity with More's book which Rabelais offers" "a new fact in the comparative study of French and English literature"; and says, "Rabelais's island of Utopia, with 'the great city of the Amaurots,' comes straight from More's romance. The names are of More's invention." A foot-note on this asserts: "Prof. Abel Lefranc, in 'Les Navigations de Pantagruel: étude sur la géographie rabelaisienne' (Paris, 1905), while pursuing a different line of inquiry, was the first to call attention to Rabelais's indebtedness to More's 'Utopia.'"

But that Rabelais took these names from the "Utopia" has long been known, and is stated in both French and English books that date much earlier than 1905. On page 345 of the first volume of Burgaud des Marets and Rathery's edition of Rabelais's works (Paris, 1857), for instance, this note is given where "Utopie" first occurs in the text:

> L'Utopie, république imaginaire, dont le v.ll. des Amaurotes (du grec ἀμαυρὸς, obscur) est la capitale, sert de titre au roman politique de Th. More, publié en latin; Louvain, 1516; Paris, 1516, 1517, et traduit en français par Z. Leblond, Paris, 1550. In-8

But this is by no means all that is unsatisfactory in Mr. Lee's statements concerning the "Utopia." In view of the fact that in his life of More in the Dictionary of National Biography he stated that "Hythloday . . . is a wholly fictitious personage," it is surprising that he now writes, "It was while More was engaged on diplomatic business at Antwerp, where French was the language of official circles, it was while he was talking in French with a Portuguese sailor who had voyaged to America, that More's alert imagination conceived his new ideal of society." If this rests on anything other than More's statements in the beginning of his book, where, as Mr. Lee well says in the work just cited, "a reader may easily be puzzled to detect where the fact ends and the fiction begins," the authority should have been cited, for some one certainly has made a "new discovery." But if, on the other hand, the only authority for it is the "Utopia" itself, there is nothing there to indicate that More conversed with Hythloday in French. What indications there are point rather to the use of Latin, the *lingua franca* among scholars at that time: for Giles on introducing Hythloday at once corrects More's error in taking him for an ordinary sailor, and explains that he is a philosophical traveller "et latinæ linguæ non indoctus"; and when Giles later says, "Mihi visum est non ut servias regibus, sed ut inservias," Hythloday responds, with a paronomasia that would not exist had they been talking French, "Hoc est una syllaba plus quam servias."

But these are comparatively venial sins. Mr. Lee has a thesis to support, and in contrasting the welcome that the "Utopia" received abroad, and especially in France, with what he is pleased to term "the cold neglect of the book at home," he does so by nothing less than *suppressio veri*. His statements are, in general, true; but they are far from being the whole truth; and the inferences from them given or suggested are decidedly misleading. From his pages one could conclude only that it was merely the lack of English interest in its subject-matter that prevented More's writing the whole of his book in England and publishing it there, and that the only reason why it was not at once translated into English and given to "the unscholarly world" was that "England . . . set small store by the stirring humanist revelation which her own son offered her."

That "the greater part" of the "Utopia" "was penned in a foreign country" is explained easily and naturally by the fact that at home More had little opportunity to write (*teste* his letter to Giles), and in Antwerp, during the break in the negotiations with the Flemish ambassadors, little opportunity to do anything else. And, in the words of Morley, "'Utopia' was not printed in England during the reign of Henry VIII, and could not be, for its satire was too direct to be misunderstood, even when it mocked English policy with ironical praise for doing what it failed to do." More had narrowly escaped imprisonment or execution by Henry VII, and naturally did all he could to lessen the risk of incurring the displeasure of his son. The first English translation did not appear until four years after Henry VIII's death, and even then the translator considered its publication a "bolde and rash enterpryse," tried to shift the responsibility for it to another, and dedicated it to Cecil, who had been his schoolfellow, "partly that under the sauffe conduct of his protection it might the better be defended." "France," says Mr. Lee, in reference to the French translation, "efficiently relieved More's 'Utopia' of the risk of oblivion to which English blindness exposed it," but, as Robynson's translation followed Leblond's by but a year, and was entirely independent of it, the "risk of oblivion" does not seem to have been very great. And if the publication of a French translation in 1550 shows warm appreciation, how is it that the publication of an English one but a year later indicates "cold neglect"?

That no commendation by an English scholar is among those printed with the first edition of the "Utopia" admits of an explanation much more probable than that Colet, Linacre, and Grocyn found nothing praiseworthy in a book that was a fruit of their teachings and the work of their intimate friend: viz., that they did not see it before its publication, and hence had no opportunity of adding their commendations. In the letter that accompanied it, More apologizes to Giles for sending him the manuscript so much later than he had reason to expect it, and explains the cause of the long delay; he has been so busy since his return that he could devote to it "onelye that tyme whyche I steale from slepe and meate." Under such circumstances, it is not likely that he would add still further to the delay by circulating what he had written among his English friends before sending it to Antwerp. But that Giles, on the other hand, should submit the manuscript to More's Flemish friends before sending it to the printer, was virtually imposed by More himself: "I wyll as touchinge the edition or publishing of the booke," he wrote, "followe the counsell and advise of my frendes, and specially yours." Giles and four or five others, all residents of Antwerp, Louvain, or the vicinity, emphasized their favorable advice by having printed with the book letters or verses encomiastic of it and its author. But this does not go far towards proving "the cold neglect of the book at home."

Finally, Mr. Lee writes:

> Nor was English, the native language of the author, the first vernacular into which the work was translated. It was a French version which first popularized More's speculations. . . . The anonymous French translator of 1549, and the Parisian bookseller, Charles Angelier, who in 1550 circulated More's Latin in modern speech, may be credited with giving the unscholarly world the first opportunity of studying at first hand More's social and political gospel.

This is nothing less than astounding; for, as is shown in the life of More previously cited, Mr. Lee knows that the French translation was preceded *twenty-six years* by a German and two years by an Italian! Apparently, the reviewer's warning that from "the excesses in which this sort of study may involve one," "he is not entirely free" is nearer the mark than his statement that in the book "there is a splendid union of scholarly precision and revolutionary deduction."

WM. DALLAM ARMES.

University of California, June 20.

A LECTURE OF SUMNER'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through your courtesy I should like to appeal to your readers in behalf of the Yale Press and myself for an elusive bit of information. In a volume to be issued in

the autumn, entitled "War and Other Essays," by the late Prof. William Graham Sumner, occurs an essay-lecture on "War." Professor Sumner, some four or five years ago, spoke to me of having recently delivered this lecture; and my indistinct remembrance is that he said he had been "out to Buffalo." It is desirable that we should know the date and place of delivery of this lecture, and we have not as yet been able to discover either. This is not the famous "Conquest of the United States by Spain," but is of a more general nature, dealing with the causes and results of war. Any one of your readers who can furnish us with the information desired would confer a favor upon us by addressing the undersigned, who is editing the collection. ALBERT G. KELLER.

No. 55 Huntington St., New Haven, Conn., July 3.

PROFESSOR BERGSON'S PRINCIPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it possible that the reviewer of "Matter and Memory" and "Creative Evolution," in the *Nation* of June 29, has failed to understand Professor Bergson's principle of duration?

Professor Bergson does not say we can think real time. He says the opposite ("Creative Evolution," p. 46):

We do not think real time. But we live it because life transcends intellect.

Because motion is indivisible, thus permitting the flight of the Eleatic arrow, does it follow that we cannot get our sensible experiences in drops? The life of each of us is a continuous duration, a becoming, not a collection of static intervals. And yet, when we use our life for action, when we examine into it, we make cross-cuts in the becoming: we speak of our infancy, our youth, or any of our characteristics as if each were a real, divisible part of our personality.

It is unnecessary to quote Professor James to show that our sensible experiences appear to us in drops. Is not the fact that they do so a central part of the Bergsonian philosophy? Professor Bergson says ("Creative Evolution," p. 301):

The primal function of perception is precisely to grasp a series of elementary changes under the form of a quality or of a simple state, by a work of condensation.

And again ("Creative Evolution," pp. 272, 3):

Preoccupied before everything else with the necessities of action, the intellect, like the senses, is limited to taking at intervals views that are instantaneous, and by that very fact immobile, of the becoming of matter. . . . We pluck out of duration those moments that interest us and that we have gathered along its course. These alone we retain. And we are right in so doing while action only is in question.

In "Matter and Memory" (p. 234), Professor Bergson explains that the orientation of our consciousness toward action appears to be the fundamental law of our psychical life.

If these facts were not so, how could we be those "centres of action," those "centres of indetermination" which comprise one of the pivotal points of Professor Bergson's philosophy? No contradiction of Professor Bergson is apparent in Professor James's assertion that there is quantitative discreteness in the change of our sensible experiences. If our sensible experiences were not thus conditioned, how could matter become isolable for us and prepared for our actions?

Your reviewer says Professor Bergson's doctrine of the creative character of the evolutionary process can be "more or less" dissociated from the *durée réelle*, and he predicts that thus it is likely to influence the general view of our generation. How there can be any dissociation at all, without utterly destroying Bergson's point of view, it is difficult to see. The two appear to be inseparable. It seems obvious that Professor Bergson so regards them. In his "Creative Evolution" (p. 162) he speaks of "true continuity, real mobility, reciproeal penetration—in a word, that creative evolution which is life."

Is your reviewer right in attributing the popularity of Professor Bergson to his "obscurities," to the "ineffable" nature of his philosophy? Is not his influence due rather to his banishment of philosophic mysticism, of the dominance of intellectualism from life? Does not his vogue owe its prevalence to the fact that he gives us authority to call a rose in our garden a rose, and not a fortuitous concatenation of atoms, nor a mental perception, nor a part of the self-projected vision of an Absolute? Is not the spirit of these words ("Matter and Memory," pp. 277-8) at the bottom of the growing influence of the great Frenchman's doctrine?—

That there are in a sense multiple objects, that one man is distinct from another man, tree from tree, stone from stone, is an indisputable fact; for each of these beings, each of these things, has characteristic properties and obeys a determined law of evolution.

J. W. T. MASON.

New York, July 2.

TONIC FOR TREES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I used to transform the appearance of dog's-bane and rose-leaves until they looked very much like coleus plants, with beautiful, mottled foliage. It was done by adding bicarbonate of soda to the water in which the flowers were placed. But why the chemical acted in this way upon the veins, not upon the blossom, I could never ascertain. Old gardeners, desiring to create some abnormal growth, had a way of "feeding the plant" some liquid stimulant, which was taken into the circulation through a puncture in the vine. In this way has arisen what is known as the "injection treatment for trees," which is very nearly analogous to hypodermic medical treatment. The first attempts were directed entirely to efforts to increase the fruitfulness of plants, but apparently subsidiary causes interfered in so many ways that no definite knowledge was obtained. Then the idea was directed to various forms of diseased plant life, though in Europe, at least, scientists concluded that the system was of little practical use. Later our own agricultural stations experimented with solutions of formaldehyde of varying strength, from one-half part to one part to five hundred, but it was stated that the resistance of trees to injury is extremely variable, and great care must be used. Various fungicide solutions have been injected, but usually with quite unsatisfactory results; even a solution of copper sulphate (1 part to 2,000 of water) has been injurious to some forms of plant life when put directly into the circulation.

The conclusions drawn from these experiments so far seem to prove that the variations in plant life are so great that anything in the nature of a specific remedy cannot be discovered; and, as we do not understand nervous action in the plant world, it is almost safe to say the experiments will be abandoned. Heredity and environment must always be carefully considered in any system which seeks to combine organic and inorganic substances, or to destroy the toxic principles of disease by the toxic principle of some other substance.

J. E. DUBOIS.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., July 7.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the correspondence in your columns on scientific management shows that people are interested in the subject, you may care to print the following transcript from the Rules on the Rice Plantation of P. C. Weston, South Carolina, published in 1857 in *DeBow's Review:*

A task is as much work as the meanest full hand can do in nine hours working industriously. The driver is each morning to point out to each hand his task, and this task is never to be increased and no work is to be done over task except under urgent necessity, which overwork is to be reported to the proprietor, who will pay for it. No negro is to be put to a task which he cannot finish with considerable ease. It is a bad plan to punish for not finishing task; it is subversive of discipline to leave tasks unfinished, and contrary to justice to punish for what cannot be done. In nothing does a good manager so much excel a bad as in being able to discern what a hand is capable of doing and in never attempting to make him do more.

The full report from which this is taken, as well as many other overseers' reports giving the prevailing attitude of Southern employers to the management of the hands on their plantations, is to be found in the first volume of the "Documentary History of American Industrial Society," recently reviewed in your columns.

PHILIP P. CHASE.

Milton, Mass., July 6.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Northern woman in charge of a public library in the South, it has interested me to observe the steady, spontaneous demand of the public for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The younger generation is largely responsible for its circulation, though older people also ask for it. A countryman read the book recently, saying that he had been trying to get it for years. Comments on the book have been rare, but this man volunteered the information that there was nothing in the book untrue, adding, "I have always lived in the South; I know."

The present generation reads it with little of the prejudice impossible for their elders to lay aside sixty years ago, and a truer understanding of the author's motives is possible, though probably its appeal to young people lies in the fact that they regard it as a "good story." LIBRARIAN.

Tyler, Tex., July 1.

Literature

ON THE TIGRIS AND EUPHRATES.

Amurath to Amurath. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. With map and 234 illustrations. $5 net.

Seldom does there come to the weary reviewer a book of Eastern travel bearing the clear stamp of abiding value. Such was Kinglake's "Eothen"; such Burton's "Pilgrimage" and Doughty's "Arabia Deserta." Travel-books abound, but literature in travel is of the rarest. Into such a class this book must fall. It has the highest scientific value; but it has also charm; life has passed into it from its writer, and by that life it lives and the things of which it tells move before us. Yet there is more here than simple vitality. Miss Bell has the gift of language, and, from time to time, for all the vivid simplicity of her pictures, she rises to a grave magnificence of style. Thus for her in those lands through which she passed "the reverberation of ancient fame sounds more richly in the ears than the voice of modern achievement. The banks of the Euphrates echo with ghostly alarums; the Mesopotamian deserts are full of the rumor of phantom armies" (p. viii). And so her pages are haunted with the advance of the fated army of Julian and the retreat of the so differently fated Ten Thousand Greeks; with the expeditions of the Assyrians and the raids of now nameless Arab tribes; with the Sasanian fall and the Moslem golden age. The ghosts of dead empires dogged her steps while the air around her was electric with the birth of a new era. For her journey fell between February and July, 1909, and it was at Tekrit on the Tigris, the birthplace of Saladin, that she heard of the counter-revolution; it was from the guns of Mosul proclaiming Reshad Sultan that she heard of the capture of Constantinople; and her way through the mountains from the monasteries of Tur Abdin to the world again at Cæsarea was sown thick with vague rumors of the Cilician massacres.

And there is yet another magic at work in these pages. The Semite has always brooded on the mystery of the following and vanishing generations and of the unchanging and eternal earth. More, he has felt the appalling contrast between the fragile life of man and the serene steadfastness of the buildings man can rear. In the desert such great stone or brick structures are as the eternal hills. Commonest, too, of all the motifs of Arabic poetry is the deserted abiding-place. And when it is no mere cleared and trenched camping-ground, but the castle and palace of a forgotten race, the nerve of imagination is touched and the life of man in its transitoriness flashes out. The words of Ecclesiastes are paralleled by many a desert singer and recur again and again in the Koran of Mohammed himself. Thus in the Koran (xxii, 44), there is the great passage concerning the city, whose people have perished while its roofs abide—"and how many a well lies abandoned and how many a lofty palace"—which so troubled the Arabic geographers and eventually found its way into the Arabian Nights as rightly of the land of romance. And the noble couplet of Lebid, "We are worn away, but unworn are the stars that rise; and the mountains remain after us and the great works which we leave," is of the very spirit of the desert. It was with due right then that Miss Bell prefixed this couplet to her volume, for her journey led her to many such silent monuments of vanished races.

She left Aleppo on February 3, 1909, and plunged at once into the new Turkey. Travelling alone with a caravan of trusted servants and evidently speaking the language easily, though not so secure in literary Arabic, she gives at every turn vivid little descriptions, scraps of conversations, estimates and snatches at truth on the situation and the races in it, their capabilities and disabilities. Turks, Syrians, Arabs, Kurds, Armenians, Yezidis, all are brought before us. Bishops and governors, Arab sheikhs, and Turkish kadis, soldiers, and muleteers, begs and peasants, all talk themselves frankly out; while Fattuh, the leader of her caravan, an Aleppine of infinite resource and practical wisdom, is a constant background and chorus, an indefinite eliciter of humor, if himself not humorous. Of many things is the talk; but chiefly of a mysterious new thing called *hurriya*, "freedom." It is a word of genuinely Arabic origin and formation. Philologically, one might think that it could mean only one thing and that what it does mean; but it could not have raised more doubts and caused more questions if it had been a borrowed word of the foreignest. The Bedouins, it is true, are free, wild asses of the desert, with no yoke on their necks; but all evidently felt that this new thing could be no such utter individualism. And if there is a binding unity and an obedience in it, obedience to whom or what? Obedience to an absolute ruler whom they needs must obey; obedience to a religious or social code as old as the hills and stark with tradition they could understand; but obedience to a self-created and imposed law was too hard a saying.

And so the government was still a higher power, to be thought of as though something elemental, quite apart from the people. The sense of a common responsibility was, and is, still to come. Miss Bell found no real understanding why the delegates had been sent to Parliament, or that they were responsible in any sense to their constituents. The spies were gone, it is true; restrictions had fallen away; passports could be got without delay or bribes. But justice, if anything, had suffered from the shock. All men's minds were uncertain, and officials, through caution of the future, were slow to act. Naturally it would be for the local branch committees to see to this—to educate the people in citizenship and to keep the officials keyed up. Miss Bell was left dubious of the extent and weight of their influence. It evidently varied greatly in different places, and the secret inner executive reporting to the central committee at Constantinople, much as the spies had reported to Abd al-Hamid, was of very uncertain value. What the people everywhere wanted was a strong hand in the executive, military if need be, and a government which they themselves knew. And Miss Bell herself testifies that wherever order had been kept during the Terror—for that exactly was what the reaction had brought—it had been due to a strong governor. Government, the popular voice would continue, is of the Turks; they understand politics and brought the Constitution; for all such things the Arabs are useless.

And thus is raised the great question of decentralization, almost the only point at question between the *Ahrar*, the so-called Liberals, and the committee. That decentralization of some kind will come is certain. It is definitely written into the Constitution, and so multifarious a conglomerate as Turkey can only in the end issue in some confederated or federated system. But the very variety commands patience until some other unifying force shall have been developed than the deadly one of religion, and until the outlying provinces are in some degree brought level with European Turkey. Thus Miss Bell writes in words that all who know the Moslem East will echo:

> Cruel and bloody as Ottoman rule has shown itself upon these remote frontiers, it is better than the untrammelled mastery of Arab beg or Kurdish agha, and if the half-exterminated Christian sects, the persecuted Yezidis, the wretched fellahin of every creed, who sow in terror crops which they may never reap, are to win protection and prosperity, it is to the Turk that they must look. He, and he only, can control the warring races of his empire, and when he has learnt to use his power impartially and with rectitude, peace will follow (p. 247).

And, again, here is a tribute to what the Young Turks, in spite of everything, have accomplished:

> Thus it is through all the Asiatic provinces, and the further I went the more convinced did I become that European Turkey is the head and brains of the empire, and that if the difficult task of reform is to be carried out in Asia, it can only be done from western Turkey. I believe that this

has been recognized in Constantinople, for the provincial governors appointed under the new régime have been almost invariably well chosen (p. 73).

Meanwhile, what of the hostile elements, partly jealous races—Turks, Arabs, Kurds, etc.—and partly warring religions? The picture is an unhappy one. All round the desert, there abides the standing irritation between the fellahin and the Bedu—the farmer and the nomad. When the rains fail and the desert is dry, the tribes move—they can nought else—and seek their food in the sown lands. If the government is strong, they may be beaten back; but the fierce necessities of life are hard to turn. Similarly, the Kurds in the northern mountains watch to drive their prey from the upland valleys and the fertile lowlands. Behind it all is the secular conflict of Turk and Arab, with contempt and conscious pride of race and conquest on each side. And still further back and deeper lodged lie, between Moslem and Christian, fear, distrust, and panic of massacre. Some of Miss Bell's most telling pages go to make clear this final antithesis. On the Christian side are centuries of too well founded fear. Among Orientals, ever swayed by suggestion, the madness of the crowd may sweep in a moment all restraint away—humanity, neighborhood, friendship, are nothing in the day of slaughter. And so, too, on the subject race there often falls a helpless panic, inconceivable to us to whom, when face to face with certain death, there would come a lust of dying with arms of any kind in our hands. On the Moslem side also, hard as it is for us to realize it, there is fear, the fear of our Southern States where the negroes outnumber the whites. Let there be wild talk among the negroes anywhere in these States, with purchasing and hoarding of arms, and scenes approximating to those at Adana might not be very far off. All would depend on those in authority. And so says Miss Bell, of Turkey:

> I believe that no great massacre has taken place in Turkey without the encouragement of the central authority, or a passivity which amounts to connivance on the part of the local officials; a strong Vali backed by an enlightened government would keep peace in the most fanatical province of the empire (p. 353).

So the moral is that the Christian races must learn not to play politics and quarrel among themselves, but to work honestly and fairly for the country which is now theirs, and especially to bear their part in the burden of military service. That, more than anything else, will weld the empire together.

But all this leaves untouched the side of her book which for Miss Bell was probably of most consequence. She is an archæologist, trained under Sir William Ramsay, of wide interests, and especially in the architecturally dim period from the Sasanian fall through the Caliphate. So, with metre tape and rod, and, above all, with her camera, she went down the Euphrates from Carchemish, now on one bank, now on the other, as ruins summoned her, to Hit. Then came a sweep through the desert with her great discovery, the lonely and abandoned palace of Ukheidir, as her farthest southing, seven hours southwest from Kerbela. Then Babil to Baghdad and up the Tigris to Mosul; thence zig-zag through the mountains of Assyria and Tur Abdin to Diyarbekr; then by Kharput, Malatiya, Aziziyeh and Cæsarea to Konia. Everywhere she planned and photographed, and the first fruits of her labors are here in many architectural descriptions and in 234 photographs and ground-plans. Of the places and routes more largely dealt with are Rakkah, the mysterious of many names and sites; the Parthian station of Isidorus of Charax from Rakkah to Hit; and, above all, Ukheidir. This palace-fortress—Lakhmid, Umayyad, Abbasid, who yet can certainly tell?—is put before us in all its amplitude and wealth, architecturally and imaginatively. Architecturally Sasanian, its fit place is in the world of imagination with Irem of the Pillars and the City of Brass. In its ruined halls, where the song of Ibn ar-Rashid is now chanted, we listen rather for echoes of the lay of Lebid or the lament of Adi ibn Zaid. Under its arches the life of the Lakhmids and Ghassanids, between the desert and Persia and Byzantium, at last becomes real to us, and a world which for even the early Moslems had become a legend is created anew. And yet one other thing seems very clear. This "Little Green Place," for so its name means, can have been no such arid waste as now. It furnishes another fragment of evidence for the drying of these lands, whether by pulsatory or progressive change. Next in detail of treatment comes Samarra, whence Ibn Tulun got his mosque and minaret. Under its ruined vaults we can reconstruct the Baghdadian palaces of Harun ar-Rashid and move amid the scenes of the earliest Arabian Nights. With Mosul we enter Christian country, and early churches claimed Miss Bell's attention; and so she went through the Mountain of the Monks and on to Diyarbekr.

All this is a suggestion only of the multiform interest of the book. Much must be passed over, and especially the more intimate life. There is the story of Fattuh and his friend the thief, and of his experiences with the Evil Eye. The prayer for rain, too, at Mezreh, in which men of every faith joined under their common need. Miss Bell does not notice that this is the one occasion when the Moslem canon law prescribes such united action. Even the domestic animals must join in it, as we read in Joel and Jonah. Here, too, is probably the first record of an Arabic ode to an automobile—a veritable *qasida* of the old pre-Moslem unchanging type and sung with the same cries from the listeners, "It is the truth! It is the truth!" that greeted the great old odes at the Fair of Ukaz. Details, of course, are subject to criticism. "Muhammad el-Abdullah" (p. 126) is a very strange name, and (p. 14) the Memluk heraldic bearings might have been recognized after Artin Pasha's labors on them. The pot-hooks are polo sticks and the cup shows the office of cup-bearer. The passage on p. 56 about the mosque being *mu'allaq* on *'amud* is far from clear, and the Naqibs whom Miss Bell met at Baghdad and Mosul (pp. 195, 251) must have been the officials in charge of the registers of Sherifs in these two places. But such details cannot touch in the least the great value of such a book as this.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Miller of Old Church. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In Miss Glasgow's forward-looking thought the vigorous life of the New South is reflected. She relegates the negro to the background, where he appears merely as an indispensable feature of the picturesque Virginia landscape, and consigns the "dilapidated aristocrat" to a place of secondary importance. Most of her people are of the self-respecting agricultural class that has arisen out of the ignominious "pore white trash" of ante-bellum days. This has been a movement actually spectacular in its swiftness and its promise; and, by conveying a sense of the larger romance, Miss Glasgow amply compensates for a plot of somewhat conventional design. In the relations of the two households, the Gays and the Revercombs, the condescensions on the one hand, the hostility on the other, we read the whole story of antagonism between the families of the plantation owner and the small farmer. One is tempted to expatiate at length on the typal perfections of the Revercomb group, covering in four generations the whole psychology and most of the history of their entire class—the patiently tended grandparents, childishly greedy and quarrelsome in their dotage; the mother, harsh and devoted; the silent Abner, meeting depredations upon his womankind with summary vengeance; Archie, lazy ranger with dog and gun; and, lastly, the stalwart miller, embodying all the crude virtues of his class, its vigor, its energy, its independence, its intolerant idealism, its powers of resistance and endurance.

No less admirable is the portrayal of the cultivated Gays, survivors of a social order whose standards no longer prevail. No one has heretofore let in the clear cold light of common

sense upon the status of the Southern woman under the old régime, and surely no one but a modern artist could have painted the slow martyrdom of poor Miss Kesiah, to whom nature had denied both beauty and "the liver of a lady" ("the difference between the liver of a lady and that of another person was that one required no exercise and the other did"), and whose artistic predilections had been sternly repressed as unbecoming in "a Virginia lady."

People of Popham. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Obviously of the type of "Cranford," this tale betrays here and there the too familiar modern note of cleverness which was utterly foreign to Mrs. Gaskell. Yet Mrs. Wemyss possesses a fund of genuine and infectious humor, especially in her portrayal of children, who seem to have stepped directly out of nature. The conclusion supplied by little Pat Howard to an unfinished proverb assigned by his governess is worth quoting: "People who live in glass houses—should undress in the dark." The author shows a literary sense of phrase, too, in such comments as that upon the "terrible facial stiffness which comes from the social smile." And the letter which the village doctor's wife pens to a hostess whose dinner, given the previous evening, has disagreed with the worthy physician, is inimitable.

Indeed, there is not a little to commend in the painting of rustic manners and motives. Christian Hope, the heroine, though not the most beautiful woman in the book, is a keen observer and sympathetic listener who will probably win the hearts of a good many readers. Lady Victoria Popham is a diverting type of leading person of the community; and the Howards, husband, wife, and children, are unconquerable optimists who add appreciably to the total effect. The plot is for the most part, as it should be, rather slight. That it should have been marred by the illogical and almost absurd romantic breathlessness of the final pages is a pity.

The Red Lantern. By Edith Wherry. New York: John Lane Co.

The Boxer uprising of 1900, in China, is the theme of this not uninteresting narrative. The heroine, Mahlee, Goddess of the Red Lantern Light, is a Eurasian, daughter of an English nobleman and an obscure Chinese woman of Peking. Her struggle between East and West in her own temperament is often well depicted; and the scene in which she confronts her father and white half-sister is genuinely dramatic. Sam Wang, also Eurasian, and a leader in the uprising, is a grotesque figure not wholly convincing, whose passion for the goddess is finally thwarted by death at the hands of his own followers. Andrew Handel, an ascetic missionary from Vermont, all but declared his love for the same goddess, when, as he was about to raise her hand to his lips, "a strong shaft of moonlight struck the long fingers which lay in his; and he saw their yellow gleam." In short, there are several thrills in store for the emotional reader. Scorned by her white lover, Mahlee turns from the Ark of the Covenant Mission to avenge the insult to her race by becoming a Jeanne d'Arc of the Boxers. The not unimpressive tragedy of her end may be left to the curiosity of the reader.

The Chinese atmosphere of the story seems to be faithfully conveyed, and constitutes a considerable part of its appeal. There is too much half-successful melodrama, however, which is not entirely redeemed by the strength of the conclusion.

The House in the Hedge. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Early in the book, the winsome heroine of this little story climbs a tree. Up in the tree is a platform where Marjorie likes to read. From that exalted though rustic station she can look across the hedge that otherwise conceals the house recently rented by a mysterious stranger. The windows are open but curtained, and through the curtains comes the voice of a man entreating Marjorie to climb the tree every day and speak to him. He is reduced to asking this favor by an automobile accident, which has turned Reed Harrington, Harvard football player, poloist, oarsman, and what-not, into a recumbent figure, paralyzed below the shoulders. So Marjorie continues to climb her tree and to engage in conversation with the voice, until the invalid's shame of his helplessness passes away. Thereafter Marjorie and Harrington converse, not as through a lace curtain darkly, but face to face. Toward the end there is a successful operation, of course, and happiness comes, postponed for a few pages, by a rather foolish bit of pistol-play. The simple, straightforward narrative with its touch of school-girl slang and humor is really well done.

MEDIÆVAL STORIES AND STORY-BOOKS.

Catalogue of Romances in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum. Vol. III. By J. A. Herbert, assistant in the Department of Manuscripts. Crown 8vo, pp. xii, 730. Printed by order of the Trustees. London, 1910.

One would not expect to find in a catalogue of mediæval manuscripts, mostly Latin, a mine of entertaining fiction, and yet the volume before us contains literally thousands (there are above eight thousand separate articles, a considerable number of which are repeated) of edifying stories, many of which are still in circulation. We use the term edifying, as well as entertaining, for this great mass of stories owes its origin, almost exclusively, to the desire of mediæval preachers to interest and edify their congregations. The use of illustrative stories in sermons, while not unknown earlier, did not become general until the foundation in the thirteenth century of the Franciscan and Dominican orders profoundly changed the character of preaching. It is said of the founder of the Ordo Prædicantium, "Abundabat exemplis, quibus ad amorem Christi seculive contemtum audientium animi flecterentur"; and almost all who were prominent in the use of *exempla* or illustrative stories in their own sermons or by collecting them for the use of others were Dominicans. A most important exception was Jacques de Vitry, bishop of Acre, preacher of the crusade of 1217, and historian of the Orient. He was the first to employ systematically in his *sermones vulgares* (sermons addressed to all sorts and conditions of men) illustrative stories. These stories, or to give them their technical name, *exempla*, were collected separately for the use of other preachers, and similar collections were later made in alphabetical form, arranged by topics. With the invention of printing, the older manuscript collections were replaced by such printed collections as the "Speculum Exemplorum," Herolt's "Promptuarium," the "Scala Celi" of Johannes Gobius, etc. Sometimes the *exempla* are given in their simplicity, sometimes they are accompanied by a moralization. Of the latter class the "Gesta Romanorum," still a most interesting and precious work, is the best specimen.

One hundred and nine manuscripts are described and analyzed in Mr. Herbert's "Catalogue." The large majority of these contain collections of Latin *exempla*. Some are in verse, such as William of Waddington's "Manuel des Péchés" (French), and its English translation by Robert of Brunne, both published by the Roxburghe Club. There are also English metrical homilies, containing illustrative stories, some of which have been edited by Horstmann. In French is the collection known as "Vie des anciens Pères," which has been only partly published, and a collection of two hundred and twenty-nine *exempla* arranged alphabetically, and mostly taken from the "Alphabetum Narrationum." More interesting is the translation in the Northumbrian dialect of the "Alphabetum Narrationum" usually attributed to Etienne de Besançon, but shown by the author of the "Catalogue" to be more properly ascribed to Arnold of Liège (1308). The English translation has recently been published by the Early English Text Society, and is one of the

most interesting and valuable of the great collections. A considerable number of other manuscripts have been printed, either fully or in part, such as the "Exempla of Jacques de Vitry" (by Professor Crane for the English Folk-Lore Society), the "Tractatus de Abundantia Exemplorum" (Ulm, 1480), and Etienne de Bourbon's "Liber de Septem Donis" (by Lecoy de La Marche for the Société de l'Histoire de France). Cæsar of Heisterbach's "Dialogus Miraculorum" (by Strange, Cologne, 1851), Bromyard's "Summa Prædicantium," and Herolt's "Promptuarium Exemplorum" have been printed frequently. The Italian collection of moralized tales in MS. Add. 22557 has been printed by Ulrich in the *Romania*, Vol. XII (1884), and the "Gesta Romanorum," of which fourteen manuscripts in Latin, two in English, and one in German are here analyzed, is, of course, easily accessible in print. This is also the case with the important fables and stories of Odo of Cheriton, edited by Oesterley and Hervieux.

There is left, however, an enormous mass of inedited material of the greatest interest and value to the student of mediæval fiction. We may call attention especially to the MS. Add. 11284, containing the "Speculum Laicorum," usually ascribed to John of Hoveden, the chaplain of Queen Eleanor, mother of Edward I. The manuscript is often cited as the Thoms MS., as it once belonged to that distinguished antiquary and bears his signature. The work consists of a collection of passages from the Scripture and the Fathers, arranged alphabetically according to subjects in eighty-seven chapters, and illustrated by nearly six hundred short tales, apologues, and fables. The greater part of these stories are from the usual sources. The remainder, Mr. Herbert says, "belong to the category of 'temporum præteritorum ac modernorum eventus,' which our author had probably learnt at hearsay. In the great majority of these the scene is laid in England, generally in some specified locality, as Kent, Winchelsea, Berwick, Eynsham, etc. (especially the first-named, which occurs frequently). Two of the anecdotes relate to traits in Henry III's character; five others are narrated as having occurred during his reign; and others contain marks of time which assign them to the same period." Our space will not allow us to mention other collections, and the above must suffice to show the value and interest of mediæval *exempla*. It remains to say a few words about the work of the author of this catalogue.

In the first place, the range of this third volume is narrow and technical compared with that of the first two volumes, which contained, among others, romances belonging to the great cycles of antiquity, those concerning Arthur and Charlemagne, northern and eastern legends and tales, Æsopic fables, visions of heaven and hell, miracles of the Virgin, etc. A multitude of difficult questions were discussed and solved by the responsible author, the late H. L. D. Ward (a name dear to hosts of scholars in this country and abroad), who had the able assistance of J. A. Herbert, the author of the present volume. In the case of this third volume, there were relatively few questions to settle, but an enormous amount of labor and erudition was necessary for the analyses of the manuscripts and the annotation of the separate stories. This task Mr. Herbert has accomplished in a way to earn the gratitude of all students of mediæval fiction. In addition, he has contributed valuable information about Odo of Cheriton, the "Gesta Romanorum," the authorship of the "Alphabetum Narrationum," etc.

William Lloyd Garrison. By Lindsay Swift. (American Crisis Biographies.) Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Biographies of men like Garrison, unlike those of statesmen, soldiers, or men of letters, must often be approached by the thoughtful student with somewhat of apprehension. However deep may have been the impression made by moral leaders or reformers upon their own times, one cannot be sure that the story of their careers will retain interest for succeeding generations. The moral problems of one age are not those of another, nor is their full significance usually comprehended by those who wrestle with them; and there is danger lest, as their conditions are examined with more precision and at longer range, a critical evaluation may weaken, if indeed it does not go far to destroy, appreciation of what once passed for moral fervor. To orient one's mind in a social situation whose chief ethical problem, in the form in which it presented itself at the moment, has been definitively solved, and then to describe that situation with truthfulness, sympathy, and detachment, is as hard a task as the historian is likely to essay.

There is no better illustration in American history of what has just been said than the course of the abolition movement under Garrison. The story of the emancipation of a race from servitude, linked as it is with the story of the greatest of all wars, will never, we may be sure, lose its spectacular interest, however often it may be told. But for a generation which, though it has never seen a slave, has nevertheless come to acquiesce in a policy of widespread race discrimination and subjection, the moral enthusiasm with which the struggle for emancipation was waged may well come to seem crude, remote, and even repellent. Here is a movement which, as many students now affect to see it, flouted history in affirming the natural equality of whites and blacks, ignored the economic advantages of slave labor under Southern agricultural conditions, and attacked indiscriminately all who opposed its programme of reform. Here is a leader whose courteous manners, consecrated zeal, and admitted intellectual powers were matched by fanatical intolerance and bitter speech; who seemed at times to love violence as much as he always hated ease; who fell an easy victim to the latest "ism," and quarrelled with the church as radically as with the state; who refused to vote or to join a party; and who, after denouncing in unmeasured terms the Constitution of the United States, publicly burned that instrument and advocated disunion. Clearly, we do not do this sort of thing to-day, partly because we think it rather bad manners, partly because it is not so easy as it once was to be a martyr. Why, then, should the story continue to be told, and each time with an attempt at still more accuracy and completeness? Why not leave a dead past to bury its dead?

We are disposed to think that Mr. Swift, in the volume which is the implied answer to such a question, has met the difficult conditions of his problem with a very high degree of success. His book does not, indeed, add greatly to our knowledge of the facts of Garrison's life, nor does it pretend to do so. Working, as he has been obliged to work, in small compass, he has frankly based his biography upon well-known and easily available material, and has leaned hard, as all must, upon the monumental "Story" by Garrison's sons. This is not to say that he has followed his authorities slavishly, or contented himself with rephrasing time-honored and conventional opinions. There is abundant evidence that he has studied his subject carefully and intelligently, and that his conclusions, however much they may accord with those of previous workers in the same field, have not been taken second-hand from any one.

The merits of Mr. Swift's book lie, first, in the orderly and instructive setting forth of the main events of Garrison's career. Considered simply as a piece of biography, it is highly creditable workmanship. There is enough of the general history to show the connection, and enough of personal detail to show the man. If there has been in the background of his mind an ideal Garrison, there is no evidence that it is an ideal different from that which a straightforward and thoughtful narrative would be certain to reveal. Beyond these excellencies, however, fairly to be looked for in the work of a diligent student and practised writer, is the rarer quality of intelligent and sympathetic appreciation. More successful-

ly, we think, than almost any historian who has dealt with the abolition movement, Mr. Swift has outlined in true perspective the moral foundations of Garrison's course. Perhaps slavery would have disappeared in this country, in course of time, as a result of the operation of social, political, and economic causes beyond the control of any one man; but it in fact disappeared when it did chiefly because William Lloyd Garrison and his followers stirred the conscience of the nation to the depths, and made the continuance of the institution seem a crime. Mr. Swift has not allowed the glamour of this moral revolution to distort his critical judgment. He sees clearly, and with courteous frankness exposes, the weaknesses and mistakes of Garrison and his adherents, and gives full credit to the men who reaped where Garrison had sown. But he sees with equal clearness, and sympathetically describes, the moral conquest of public opinion which it was the distinctive work of the abolition agitation to achieve. In an age which, like the present, is fond of attributing pretty much all progress either to knowledge or to organization, it is refreshing to come upon a book which, like this, tells once more the story of a social revolution whose greatest instrument was persistent moral appeal.

The Intellectuals: An Experiment in Irish Club Life. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

"Did you ever read 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table'?" asks Doctor Holden in one of the opening pages of this book. "Of course," answers young Father Dillon.

The Autocrat is well known to Canon Sheehan, who has frankly taken him for his model in this instance. His plan is more formal than that of Dr. Holmes. His interlocutors are not assembled in the casual fashion of the breakfast-table group. The intellectuals are "a society of select people, who meet together for amusement, instruction, and edification," and call themselves with old-fashioned self-consciousness the *Sunetoi*. The founder and moderator is young Father Dillon. The other members are the aforementioned physician and his wife, a banker and bankeress (the banker being a confessed Philistine), a Dublin professor, a young English poet and an old Irish one (but one "life" away from a title), an Irish girl-graduate and a Scotch bluestocking, and one or two others. Attempt is made to give the Protestants a fair representation. The society meets at regular intervals at the houses of the members, who are all supposed to contribute to the entertainment. The enterprise is rather obsolescent than novel, or would be in New England. But the imaginary conversations which form the real substance of the book have a good deal of freshness and variety. Here Canon Sheehan has fairly struck the note of the Autocrat. His good humor, his flexibility of mood, the range of his themes, all serve to recall, with no sense of feeble imitation, those Beacon Street symposia of famous memory. Even the bits of verse are not lacking which so pleasantly punctuate the discourses of the Autocrat. Literary and moral questions have an important place in these discussions; but it is natural that the burning themes for Canon Sheehan have to do with the Ireland—the Catholic Ireland—of to-day. The striking thing is that, with this frank preoccupation, he succeeds in presenting so many different points of view, and in leaving them as points of view. He offers no panacea for the ills of old Ireland, advances no arguments (in his own person) for the confusion of Protestantism. A certain "love-interest" somewhat perfunctorily introduced might have been dispensed with: Canon Sheehan is less fortunate in his touches of romance than the Autocrat.

History of Taxation in Iowa. By John E. Brindley. Iowa City: The State Historical Society of Iowa.

In these two volumes of the Iowa Economic History Series Professor Brindley has given the most careful and valuable study yet made of the tax system of an American State. Part i deals with the general property tax, and is noteworthy for the emphasis placed upon methods of administration. From 1838 to 1857 the forces of centralization and decentralization contended for the mastery, victory resting sometimes with the advocates of township assessment and sometimes with those of county assessment; while the Code of 1851 vested substantial authority in a State Board of Equalization. But from 1857 to 1873 the pendulum swung steadily toward administrative decentralization, with the result that the city and township assessors were finally left in possession of all effective power in the assessment of property. Whatever the shortcomings of the general property tax may be—and in Iowa they seem to have been as numerous and serious as elsewhere—it is evident that no system of direct taxation could have been expected to work well under the chaotic conditions attending the purely local system of administration. Professor Brindley's work would be noteworthy, if for no other reason, for his firm grasp and clear presentation of this vital fact, which is one that has been ignored almost invariably by American students of State and local taxation.

Part ii deals exhaustively with special problems in taxation, such as the taxation of banks, insurance companies, express, telegraph, and telephone companies, inheritance and poll taxes, exemptions, tax limitations, the assessment of money and credits, and the tax-ferret system. Part iii treats with equal care the subject of railway taxation. These topics are handled with great wealth of detail and frequently by the comparative method. Iowa has encountered all the difficulties, legal, political, and economic, that have attended the best efforts of other States. Particularly instructive is Professor Brindley's discussion of the taxation of railways. In 1872, as a result of a coalition between the farmers and the railways, a law was enacted by which the roads have ever since been assessed by the State, and the valuations so determined have been distributed among the counties on a mileage basis, and then taxed at the local rates like the property of individuals. The result has been that terminal values have been distributed among rural taxing districts, greatly to the detriment of the cities; and that on the terminal values thus distributed the railways have paid local taxes at the rate of $2.50 to $3 per $100, instead of city rates, which are frequently $8 or $9 per $100. Thus it comes about that to an important terminal city is allotted an assessed valuation of $31,297 for its railway property, while the adjoining township receives a valuation of $95,182.

In considering remedies for the notorious evils of the present system of taxation, Professor Brindley avoids the hasty and superficial conclusions which a decade ago found such favor among tax reformers. He shows that the proposal to effect a complete separation of the sources of State and local revenues, entirely ignores the fundamental evil of existing methods, viz., complete decentralization of assessment machinery; and that State control of local assessments is the true remedy for the conditions which the advocates of separation desire to change. He recognizes also that in most of our States it is useless to propose the exemption of personal property from all taxation, and that the present tax on personalty is not likely to be abandoned until practicable substitutes are found. Such substitutes, he thinks, may be found in business or rental taxes, and in the imposition of a uniform tax, at the rate of three or four mills on the dollar, upon intangible property. In the taxation of railways, he favors *ad valorem* assessment by the State, with a proper apportionment of local and non-local values. It is interesting to note that last spring the Iowa Legislature adopted the suggestion that a uniform tax at a moderate rate should be imposed upon intangible wealth; and also authorized the appointment of a special tax commission to investigate the entire subject of taxation and prepare further measures of reform. In this work, the

commission cannot fail to derive the greatest assistance from Professor Brindley's exhaustive, able, and eminently judicious work.

Scotch Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America. By Charles Knowles Bolton. Boston: Bacon & Brown. $2 net.

Though the Scotch-Irish constituted the second most important element composing our population at the end of the colonial period, no treatise has ever been written presenting the extent of their settlement and summing up their influence in American history. Such treatment as has been attempted hitherto is either partial and local or, if on a larger scale, is lacking in depth and thoroughness. Mr. Bolton here adds one more to the works of the former type, dealing only with the forerunners and carrying his account but little beyond the period of the great migration, 1718. His work is chiefly biographical and genealogical and is written in a fashion to attract but few readers. Nevertheless, it is based on considerable independent research, and in all that it says of the origin of the movement is deserving of appreciation and respect.

Mr. Bolton is interested in four phases of his subject: the conditions prevailing in Ulster County, Ireland, from which one or more members from nearly every family came to America; the occasional emigrants, generally ministers, who came over before 1718; the migration to New England and the scattering of the newcomers in the frontier districts of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine; and lastly the migration to the Middle and Southern colonies, chiefly to Philadelphia and Charleston. The general estimate he has given of the conditions prevailing in Ulster County is admirable and his account of the topographical features and the religious, social, and economic life constitutes a distinct departure from all previous modes of treatment. The details of the migration and later settlements are fairly well handled, though sometimes not as clearly as they ought to be. Furthermore, Mr. Bolton is manifestly more interested in New England than he is in the South, despite the fact that for every one who landed in Boston a dozen set foot in Newcastle, Philadelphia, and Charleston, and despite the further fact that in the South the Scotch-Irish exercised greater influence in governmental and religious life than they did in New England.

For the general reader, the most interesting and suggestive chapter is that on Scotch-Irish character. These people were compacted of the sternness of the Covenanter and the wit and humor of the Irish. They were softened by the century's residence in the favoring environment of Donegal, Londonderry, Tyrone, and Antrim. They cared little for culture and knowledge and were destined to play but little part in literature, art, science, business, philanthropy, and music. They did nothing to beautify themselves, their homes, or their communities. They were pioneers and State builders; their law was utility and their philosophy pragmatism. They belonged to the frontier and, in all the colonies where they settled, they eventually found their way into the back country. If they remained in the cities, they became tradesmen, chiefly tailors. In the history of America, they stand for energy, resources, and endurance. They were earnest and ambitious. Deprived of political rights in their old home, they seized eagerly the opportunities that the new world offered. They became leaders in government, debaters in assembly, and, as a rule, vigorous upholders of American independence against the rule of the mother country. They were conspicuous in adventure, defiant in revolution, and brave in war. Tenacious in their theological views, they became equally stubborn in their adherence to political dogmas, and whether it was the wilderness or the catechism or the government that opposed them, they fought with the same determination against all. The names of Stark, Knox, McClellan, Asa Gray, Greeley, and Motley of the northern family stand beside those of Rutledge, Calhoun, Jackson, and McKinley of the southern group, as witnesses to the leading part which the Scotch-Irish have played in the history of American achievement.

Notes

Henry Holt & Co. have just contracted with Professors Trent and Erskine of Columbia for a volume on "Great Writers of America," in the Home University Library.

In October the same house will publish "Language Lessons for Intermediate Grades," as Book I in the series Progressive Studies in English, edited by Miss Alma Blount and Prof. C. S. Northup; Book II, "An Elementary English Grammar," has already appeared.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, "The Secret Garden," will be issued from the press of Stokes, August 25. The following month Stokes will bring out Robert Hichens's "The Fruitful Vine," and "Pandora's Box," by John A. Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd."

In the list of announcements of Doubleday, Page & Co. are found: "The Boss of Wind River," by A. M. Chisholm; "The Life and Letters of Moses Coit Tyler," by his daughter, Jessica Tyler Austen, and the reminiscences of Gen. Basil W. Duke.

The Titmarsh Club, to celebrate the centenary of Thackeray's birth, is holding an exhibition in Charterhouse. Manuscripts, letters, drawings, and portraits of the writer have been lent by members of Trackeray's family, Lady Ritchie and Denis Thackeray, and by Pierpont Morgan, Walter Spencer, Sir Frederick Macmillan, Mrs. G. M. Smith (widow of Thackeray's publisher), the Reform Club, and others.

With the "Biographia Literaria" of Coleridge there appeared, in 1847, a supplement which had been begun by Henry Nelson Coleridge and was finished after his death by his widow, Sara Coleridge, the poet's daughter. Henry Nelson Coleridge had intended to include in this supplement the principal letters of the poet then known, together with comments on his intellectual development, and the first part of the supplement is in fact shaped in that way. Arthur Turnbull has now carried out this design, from which Sara Coleridge departed in her section of the supplement. The result is two agreeable volumes in Bohn's Library (New York: Macmillan), published under the title of "Biographia Epistolaris." Mr. Turnbull prints the original supplement intact, but enlarges it by the insertion at the due chronological points of further letters of Coleridge with editorial comment and narration. As the new parts are marked off by square brackets, no confusion of authorship occurs, although the junction of the styles and opinions of three editors gives a curious unevenness to the work. Of the 747 letters of Coleridge which have hitherto appeared in print Mr. Turnbull includes 219, the others being omitted for copyright reasons. Altogether the two volumes present a pretty fair view of Coleridge on his lower intellectual level, with here and there a note of deep personal interest or high speculation. We cannot much commend the editor's own writing. In fact, one rather gasps at such a sentence as this from the Preface: "Coleridge, in his letters, has written his own life, for his life, after all, was a life of thought, and his finest thoughts and his most ambitious aspirations are given expression to in his letters to his numerous friends." Nor is Mr. Turnbull's judgment always more impeccable than his English. It is, for instance, a little disconcerting to find in the first volume (p. 235) Coleridge's fragmentary productiveness charged to his transcendental genius, and then in the second volume (p. 138) to find it attributed to an enlarged heart: "This physical defect was the cause of all Coleridge's inability to execute his own ambitious schemes." The Index, we must add, is deficient.

Carl Lorenz's "Tom L. Johnson" (Barnes) is a sketch of the late Mayor of Cleveland. Its one virtue is its candor. "Truth, half-truth, and untruth were sometimes matters of expediency with him," says the Introduction, and later pages declare that "Whatever he did, he did not because of a great love for his fellowmen, but because he was ambitious to stand above the common politician of the day": "The old Johnson nature that liked a straight course and went a crooked way loomed up." There is only too much justification for these expressions. Otherwise, the book is disappointing. We get a view at close range of a powerful, impetuous, strife-loving personality, with the American business man's lack of appreciation of the finer things, but the view is unsteady. The writer fails to give due space to some of the turning-points in a career which he apparently knows thoroughly; he is also irritating at times in his phrasing or his observations.

There are plenty of looks by literary

gentlemen become laborers, but few as good as Joseph Husband's "A Year in a Coal Mine" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Husband had the great advantage of working for a legitimate purpose, that of learning the business, without ulterior humanitarian or literary intentions. His story is compact and vivid. It describes the workmen and their toil in a soft-coal mine in Illinois. What is especially interesting to a lay reader is the sense Mr. Husband gives of that remarkable system of artificial respiration by which a coal mine is kept in being. One gets the miner's feeling for the air as a precious fluid, and a most tractable one. It is directed where the engineer will, dammed, seerected, diverted below according to the needs of imperilled workmen. Absorbing too, is the account of the fight against fire in the mine, of work effected in the poisonous reek by means of the oxygen helmet, of various ingenious attacks upon the smouldering enemy. In the end the fire won, and the mine was abandoned, but there never was a better fight than that which Mr. Husband describes. This is a most informing little book, written with the force born of knowledge and simplicity.

In "A Shepherd's Life" (Dutton) W. H. Hudson has tried to recall older conditions on Salisbury Plain. He has lived with the Wiltshire villagers, and has recorded the recollections of old men and women. In general he harks back to the days before agriculture and army manœuvres, when the horned Wiltshire sheep with the few requisite dogs and shepherds held the downs, and seeks to revive that patriarchal time with its few and chiefly physical values. An ancient shepherd, Isaac Bawcombe, is the representative of vanishing pastoralism. Mr. Hudson departs from Bawcombe upon impressionistic excursions of his own, and naturalizes at large among the birds, dogs, and foxes; but ever returns to his hero. Among the tall fellows of Isaac Bawcombe's youth was Jo the carrier. On one occasion his eight donkeys were caught trespassing in a hay meadow:

> The enraged farmer took them to the village pound and locked them up, but in the morning the donkeys and Joe with them had vanished, and the whole village wondered how he had done it. The stone wall of the pound was four feet and a half high, and the iron gate was locked, yet he had lifted the donkeys up and put them over, and had loaded them, and gone before any one was up.

Mr. Hudson, who when his theme warrants it can be tropical enough, here is persistently demure and restrained. Anybody who is able to sift the wheat from the chaff of Wordsworth's "Excursion," will like "A Shepherd's Life." Those who find such a task beyond their powers or inclination might as well be warned off once for all. Mr. Hudson has achieved a new style as puzzling in its way as the manner of certain dons. Is it highly distinguished? or is it merely dull? or is it compact of supersubtile intelligence assuming the safe disguise of an expression from which sentiment has been carefully eradicated? Here are niceties in which the gentle reader surely is as competent as your reviewer. The book is of good English make, and is pleasantly illustrated with outline vignettes by Bernard C. Gotch.

"Ancient, Curious, and Famous Wills" (Little, Brown), by Virgil M. Harris, is a dignified scrap-book of somewhat miscellaneous material. There are the texts of a number of wills, and summaries of, or statements concerning, many other wills. There is a large amount of anecdote, gossip, and comment; and a part of the book is devoted to wills figuring in literature and the drama. A statement of the plot of "The Thunderbolt" illustrates the wide extent of the author's inquiry. The testamentary efforts of Plato and of Mrs. Eddy enjoy considerable space, while the wills of James Smithson, Collis P. Huntington, and Amos R. Eno together command fewer than twenty lines. Among the "curious" wills is, rather appropriately, that of David J. Brewer, "late chief justice of the United States." In many instances the editor refers to judicial decisions, but apparently in no instance does he give a citation of the authority. The wide range of idiosyncrasies in testators is amply illustrated but there may well be some doubt as to the usefulness of the volume.

Several recent essays of Adolf Harnack, in his debate with Rudolph Sohm on the origin of the church as a legal society and the nature of ecclesiastical law, are made accessible to the English reader in a volume of the Crown Theological Library, entitled "The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries"; they are translated by F. L. Pogson and H. D. A. Major (Putnam). Sohm's theory, as advanced in his epoch-making "Kirchenrecht" in 1892, is that the New Testament Ecclesia was not an organization of any sort, either local or general, but a spiritual fellowship; that a legal constitution is opposed to the nature of the church, and that when the notion of ecclesiastical law was introduced Christianity was transformed into Catholicism. Harnack submits this thesis to searching criticism, maintaining that Sohm is correct in his affirmations, but wrong in his denials. He discusses at length the first indications of organization in the primitive Christian communities, with their various ordinances and officers, paying special attention to the rise of the episcopate and a specific ecclesiastical priesthood. While Harnack is at pains to state his opponent's views accurately, one who would do full justice to Sohm should read the more sympathetic appreciation of Walter Lowrie in "The Church and Its Organization in Primitive Times," published a few years ago. Another recent translation from the German is the third volume of Pfleiderer's "Primitive Christianity," by W. Montgomery (Putnam). The period treated is the same, but Pfleiderer's work is a general history, dealing with literary and doctrinal questions as well as those of organization.

Prof. A. S. Mackenzie's "The Evolution of Literature" (Crowell) is, as the title suggests, a somewhat ambitious work. "Is there no possible way," asks the author, "whereby the art of the critic may be rendered a little more objective? Can literary criticism not attain to the dignity of even a semblance of science? It may if we endeavor to broaden and deepen our conception of literature. It is such a purpose that regulates the hope and the scope of the pages that follow." The professor takes the daring position that the evolution of literature is closely connected with the evolution of society, and he undertakes to display the mutually dependent developments proceeding together. Belonging to that grandiose division of minds which in former days used to write histories of the world, he does not confine himself to any one *genre* or nation, but presents a view of mankind and its literature from pole to pole and from the dawn to the dusk of consciousness. First, he considers "primitive" literature in Africa, Oceania, Asia, and America, with special reference to rhythm, dance, drama, lyric, narration; next, "barbaric" literature in Africa, Oceania, Asia, America; then, "autocratic" literature; finally, the ultimate culmination of primitive shout and barbaric yawp under the pressure of modern civilization in "democratic" literature. It cannot be said that the whole process takes place visibly before the reader's eyes. The professor skims along over "autocratic" and "democratic" literature like Camilla o'er the unbending corn; for he is bent upon the formulation of the "provisional laws" of literary evolution. These are three, and, he says, "are believed to be new." In the interest of a scientific literary criticism we reproduce them here: "I. The Law of Progress may be stated thus: *Under similar conditions the average literary advance in a given community is directly proportional to the width and depth of man's attainment of consciousness of self and of the world.* II. The Law of Initiative may be stated thus: *Every step in literary progress is initiated by individuals, whose success is measured by their own mental individuality and by the readiness of the community to receive as well as to perpetuate the new discovery in form or content.* III. The Law of Responsiveness may be stated thus: *Other conditions being equal, literary form and content vary directly with the orientation of mental responsiveness in a given community.*" Professor MacKenzie, thinking these laws "may be more luminous to some readers" in the shape of formulas, expresses them also thus:

$$A=S+W$$
$$P=I+C$$
$$L=R\pm O$$

For the meaning of the symbols we refer the reader to page 415. With a Newtonian underpinning of this character, we do not think that literary criticism need longer be complained of as without "even a semblance of science."

The Colonial Society of Massachusetts continues its output of substantial publications in the issue of the twelfth volume of its Transactions, covering the year 1908-1909. It announces the early appearance of two more volumes, one nearing completion and the other largely in type. The activities of this distinguished society stand in striking contrast to the apathy of some of our local historical associations. Inevitably, in the search for local data, such a society tends to magnify local history and to serve up much that is rather antiquarian than historical, but, in the main, the standard of its papers is high. The present volume may almost be characterized as a Harvard number, since no less than six articles relate directly or indirectly to the history of that institution, and, in addition, an account is given of the inauguration of President Lowell. Andrew McFarland Davis's contribution on John Harvard, and his supplemental paper on "Hints of Contemporary Life in the Writings of Thomas Shepard," are delightful. In the latter instance Mr. Davis might have gained a hint or two

from Shepard's letter to Hugh Peter of December 27, 1645, conspicuously printed not many years ago. Scarcely less valuable are Horace Everett Ware's papers on "Winthrop's Course Across the Atlantic" and "A Forgotten Prime Meridian," the second of which, as distinctly mathematical rather than historical, may be in honor of the late Simon Newcomb, whose picture forms the frontispiece to the volume. On the other hand, Simeon E. Baldwin's paper on Springfield seems to be but a rethreshing of old straw, while the articles of John Taggart Blodgett on "The Mayflower Compact" and Merton Dexter on "Plymouth and Jamestown" are on a lower plane of originality and scholarship. One item is certain to puzzle the historian. On page 190 we learn that James B. Ayer "read some notes, covering the period from 1764 to 1785, concerning Harvard College, taken during a recent visit to London from the records of the New England Company." What "New England Company" was in existence at that time? It is a matter of regret that the notes thus read were not printed in full, that their source might be identified.

Students of ballot and election laws will welcome the monograph of Arthur C. Ladington on "American Ballot Laws, 1889-1910," published as a bulletin of the State Department of Education (No. 488). The monograph contains an historical survey of ballot-law legislation for the past twenty years, together with a comparative tabular digest of ballot laws of the forty-six States and the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico in force last November. It is divided into several parts, as follows: (1.) A chronological survey (1888-1910) of every law enacted and every constitutional amendment proposed by the Legislature. (2.) A classification and summary presenting in tabular arrangement the principal changes in the form of ballot in the several States since 1888. (3.) A summary for each State, under various heads, of the principal features of their ballot laws as they stood on November 8, 1910. The subdivisions cover constitutional provisions, type of ballot, the arrangement of names on the ballot, methods of voting "split" and "straight" tickets, methods of placing names on the ballots, and details of the provisions for voting and counting the ballots.

A "Latin Grammar," by H. E. Burton of Dartmouth College (Silver, Burdett & Co.), is an intelligent attempt to set forth the essential facts of the Latin language for the use of intelligent students. The details necessary for graduate study are omitted, but everything of value for school or college teaching is included. In arrangement the book differs greatly from current grammars. The customary chapter on Formation of Words has been broken up, and the formation of nouns is treated at the beginning of the chapter on noun inflection, the formation of verbs at the beginning of the chapter on verbs. While much may be said for this innovation, it tends to distract the attention of the younger student from the vital matter of paradigm study. In the arrangement of the syntax Professor Burton contents himself with plain statements of fact. If he has theories as to the development of constructions from earlier types, he shows little indication of them in his presentation. While he adopts Professor Hale's volitive subjunctive, he retains the potential subjunctive in spite of Professor Elmer. On the other hand, he does not make of syntax a lexical treatment of particles as did Lane, nor does he arrange his topics according to the elements in a developed sentence as did Gildersleeve. The case syntax follows the order of the cases, the verb syntax the order of the moods. In general the author is chary of coining new terms or including new categories. But the useless ablative of the road finds place, and the ablative of extent of time has the dignity of a separate heading. The treatment of the syntax is fresh, straightforward, and clear; no subtleties of expression or vagaries of interpretation disturb the comprehension. Least successful is the author in handling the dative case, where he shows himself a modified localist, while in regard to the other cases he leans to the grammatical theory. The treatment of conditional sentences is particularly good, while in the matter of temporal sentences he shows weakness, especially in *cum* with the indicative, and *antequam* and *priusquam*. In the introductory chapter on Sounds, we find the latest results as to vowel length, though the author is conservative as to word-division and accentuation. Very few errors are to be found. In the paradigm of the verb we meet with the incorrect form *amatus esse*, although correct examples are given in the syntax § 948, and a glance at Priscian would have saved him from the blunder. The parts of speech are nowhere defined, and so the doubtful distinction between noun and substantive is avoided; but in the syntax, we have a whole chapter devoted to Substantive Clauses, without any definition of the word substantive. The translations of the examples are good, but lack the distinction of the translations of Gildersleeve or Lane. But, speaking generally, the grammar is an extremely capable and satisfactory work and deserves cordial recognition, while the typography is excellent and adds greatly to the good impression which the book produces.

Edward Dicey, the English author and journalist, is dead at the age of seventy-nine. He took honors at Cambridge in both the mathematical and classical tripos; was called to the bar in 1875, and during his career as a barrister spent much of his leisure in literary work. For a short time he was editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, and from 1870 to 1889 of the *Observer*, in which he strongly urged the annexation of Egypt by the English. Mr. Dicey was the author of "Rome in 1860," "Cavour, a Memoir," "Six Months in the Federal States," "The Schleswig-Holstein War," "Battlefields of 1866," "A Month in Russia During the Marriage of the Czarewitch," "The Morning Land," "England and Egypt," "Victor Emmanuel," "Bulgaria, the Peasant State," "The Story of the Khedivate," and "The Egypt of the Future."

The death is reported from London of Samuel Henry Jeyes, a journalist, and author of translations from Juvenal and of volumes on the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Rosebery.

Ulric de Fonvielle, who died recently at the age of seventy-eight, was a man of varied activities. He began as a painter, but soon turned to journalism. He took part in our own civil war, and fought in Italy on the side of Garibaldi. He accompanied Victor Noir to the interview with Prince Pierre Bonaparte when Noir was shot. He was in the Franco-Prussian war, and though condemned to death by the Commune, obtained refuge at the house of Sardou. Later he returned to journalism and painting. He was the author of "Souvenirs d'une chemise rouge," published in 1861.

Prof. Otto Gilbert, director of the university library of Halle, who is dead at the age of seventy-one, had written a number of books on classical subjects, among them: "Rom und Karthago," "Griechische Götterlehre," and "Die meteorologischen Theorien des griechischen Altertums."

Science

BURBANK'S IMPROVED FRUITS.

A picture of John Burroughs sampling the "Patagonia" strawberry in its originator's garden at Santa Rosa, Cal., is in Luther Burbank's latest bulletin. In this berry Mr. Burroughs discovered "a wonderful pineapple flavor" and pronounced it the most delicious strawberry he had ever tasted. It is said to be an exceptionally good keeper, and can be freely eaten by those with whom the common acid strawberries disagree. It is the result of a full quarter of a century's patient experiments on the part of the most ingenious and successful of all hybridizers. For twenty years Mr. Burbank had, as he frankly admits, tried in vain to improve on the finest berries in the market. Knowing that all our best strawberries have descended wholly or in part from one of the Chilian varieties, he got one of his collectors in Chili, five years ago, to send him seeds of wild strawberries from the Cordillera and from the Coast regions. Among the plants which grew from these seeds he found some that promised to be of great value when crossed with the best American and European strains. With his usual Edisonian patience, he experimented until "among the very numerous seedlings under test was found this unique berry, which was at once recognized as the grand prize."

In this little genealogical tale we have an excellent illustration of that "judgment as to what will likely be good and what bad" which, in the words of Professor Bailey, is "the very core of plant-breeding," and in which "Burbank excels." His bulletins give many similar instances; and in view of the fact that his rivals and others belittle his labors, it is proper that he should plead his own cause. His bulletins call attention to some of the results of his methods as compared with those of other plant-breeders. Here, for instance, is a fact for his detractors: "Nearly 95 per cent. of the new plums introduced since 1890, now catalogued as standards, originated on my own farms, although near-

ly four times as many new varieties have been introduced by other dealers. Most of the introductions of others are not now generally even listed." The Burbank plum, which was introduced less than twenty years ago, is now perhaps more widely known than any other plum, the world over; but, he says, "hundreds of better plums have since been produced on my experiment farms." The Burbank potato is now the universal standard in the Pacific Coast States, and is gradually taking the lead in the Middle West. The new Burbank cherry is sold at high prices in Eastern markets. Altogether, there are already above a hundred valuable new plants, fruits, and flowers, "every one of which has proved better than those known before in some new quality, in some soils and climates. All do not thrive everywhere. Please name one good fruit or nut that does."

The last two sentences are directed at those of Burbank's critics who triumphantly point to cases of failure of his new products in this or that locality. Judgment has to be used; "certain varieties which are a success in one locality may be, and often are, a complete failure a few miles distant, or near by on a different soil or at a different elevation." The Burbank Crimson Winter Rhubarb has been offered by unprincipled dealers in the cold Northern States, though they must know that it cannot prove successful there. For this new type Mr. Burbank makes the claim that it is the most valuable vegetable introduced during the last quarter of a century. So many fortunes have been made with it in California and Florida that it has been named "The Mortgage Lifter." The chief forester of the Government of South Africa reports that at Cape Town, where all other rhubarbs had been a failure for two centuries, the Burbank Crimson Winter variety turned out a complete success. Yet Mr. Burbank now has a still further improved variety, the Giant, which excels the original Crimson Winter Rhubarb "at least 400 per cent."

"It is amazing what opposition one has in experimenting, and the ignorance there is to contend with," writes an English appreciator of this American's remarkable horticultural achievements. Yet Luther Burbank declares that the greatest inconvenience or injustice he has met is not misunderstanding, prejudice, envy, jealousy, or ingratitude, but the fact that purchasers are so often deceived by unscrupulous dealers who, misusing his name, foist upon the public green carnations, hardy bananas, blue roses, seedless watermelons, and a thousand other things, including United States Government thorny cactus for the Burbank Thornless. On this point Mr. Burbank writes with feeling. Fourteen years ago the first scientific experiments for the improvement of cactus plants were instituted on his farms. Eight years later, when the long and costly labor was crowned with success, the United States Department of Agriculture spent $10,000 in searching the world for a cactus of great agricultural and horticultural value like those already produced on his farm, but the result was a failure; the "spineless cactus" sent out by the Department of Agriculture is not spineless, not safe to handle or feed to stock, and the fruit is small and poor.

Nine years ago Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell wrote of Mr. Burbank: "He secures his livelihood from the new varieties he sells to seedsmen and nurserymen, but his experiments are so extensive and he tries so many things for the mere zest of it, that he does not make money"; and he suggested that some philanthropist could "render a good service to mankind if he would endow this experimental garden and allow its proprietor to devote his whole energy to research." A few years later the Carnegie Institute undertook that service, but the alliance did not last long. Mr. Burbank now writes that "after having been under 'capture' for the avowed purpose of 'the benefit of science' for five years by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, five years of care, leanness, hampering restrictions, and unprofitable conditions, and having dictated to and corrected for their botanists several thousand pages, it is a most gracious relief to return to a life free from the red tape of institutional restrictions, to a life of active freedom." At present, he adds, he has reorganized his whole business and promises to give to the world more good fruits and flowers from time to time. This he will doubtless do.

Acting as agents of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "Aerial Locomotion," by E. H. Harper and Allan Ferguson, with introduction by G. H. Bryan, and "Ticks—A Monograph of the Ixodoidea," part ii, by George H. F. Nuttall.

Longmans, Green & Co. have in the press for early publication "Monographs on Topics of Modern Mathematics," edited by J. W. A. Young; "Big-Game Shooting in Upper Burma," by Major G. P. Evans, Indian Army, and "The Monkey Folk of South Africa," by F. W. Fitzsimons.

Prof. William Magie's "Principles of Physics," and "A Laboratory Outline of Organic Chemistry," by Prof. Lauder William Jones, are in the hands of the Century Co.

Alfred Rehder and Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum are issuing through the Riverside Press, Cambridge, "The Bradley Bibliography," five volumes, in an edition limited to five hundred copies. It is advertised as "a guide to the literature of woody plants, including books and articles in the proceedings of learned societies, and in scientific and popular journals, published in all languages to the end of the nineteenth century."

Gardeners, professional as well as amateur, who did not procure Allen French's "The Book of Vegetables" when it first appeared, four years ago, will do well to do so now under the new title of "How to Grow Vegetables" (Macmillan). No other book quite takes its place as a practical guide. At a glance one can refresh one's memory by reading the instructions therein given for the planting or culture of any vegetable, from asparagus to zit-kwa, just before starting for the garden. The yield of a garden can be doubled by following the directions here given regarding seed and soil, fertilizers, pests, and diseases. The author is skeptical as to his ability to teach the American farmer to add variety to his very limited list of poorly-grown garden truck; he appeals more to vegetable gardeners who do their work for the fun as well as the profit of it. The best vegetables in our country are, in his opinion, grown in the thousands of small home gardens that surround our cities. But the owners of these gardens also are still somewhat limited by national habit and local knowledge; they need to know something about such European delicacies as the globe artichoke, celeriac, cardoon, sea-kale, chard, endive, and Mr. French supplies the necessary information. He errs in saying that of the two varieties of endive the curled is more tender than the broad-leaved, for surely the tenderest, crispest of all salads is the escarolle, which has been making its way into our markets within the last five or six years. He is also hardly fair to the seedsmen in quoting some "wise man" who said, with reference to the novelties offered every year, that the value of a variety is inversely as the space given to it in the dealer's catalogue. That was true years ago; but at the present time the best seedsmen have trial grounds in which they carefully test new varieties before recommending them to their customers.

The second of the handy little volumes of the "History of Chemistry" (Putnam), by Sir Edward Thorpe, has another value than that implied by its name. Since it covers the period from 1850 to 1910, during which discovery has been most rapid and the modern theories of chemistry have been built up, it affords a rare opportunity for one who has not studied chemistry for some years to catch up with the progress of the science. Here, for instance, is the story of the radioactive elements told very clearly and definitely in eight small pages, with a portrait of Marie Sklodowska Curie thrown in. Last December, when Professor Van 't Hoff received the Nobel prize, and again when, three months later, he died, the newspaper reader was doubtless mildly stirred up by curiosity as to who he was and what he had done to make him famous. Here, in twelve pages, is an explanation of Van 't Hoff's hypothesis of stereo-isomerism and its importance as a guide to research. In the chapter on physical chemistry we see the face of Svante Arrhenius of Stockholm, now lecturing at Yale.

A rather comprehensive treatment of stresses in stationary structures by graphical methods has been undertaken by William L. Cathcart and J. I. Chaffee in a text called "Elements of Graphical Statics" (Van Nostrand). The authors state that, as

most books on the subject are designed for civil engineers, they have prepared the present work for students of mechanical and marine engineering. With the exception of chapters on friction and shafting, there is not much to differentiate it from other texts. However that may be, the book is satisfactory in its scope. With respect to the action of wind pressure on roofs, attention should be called to the work of Professor Nipher, which seems to have been overlooked.

"Three-Phase Transmission" (Van Nostrand), by W. Brew, discusses the practical problems of installing and maintaining this method of electrical transmission. No attempt is made to give the theory of these currents; it is rather the notes taken from the experience of the writer, who was the chief expert-assistant of the Dublin Corporation Electricity Supply.

The death is reported from London of G. Johnstone Stoney, the Irish scientist, who was born in 1826. He was assistant in astronomy to the late Earl of Rosse in 1848, professor of natural philosophy in Queen's University, Ireland, and secretary of this institution from 1857 until its dissolution in 1882. He was foreign member of the New York Academy of Sciences and of the American Philosophical Society. He wrote "Memoirs on the Physical Constitution of the Sun and the Stars," on the atmospheres of planets and satellites, on the internal motions of gases, on telescopic and microscopic vision, etc.

Drama and Music

ANOTHER STAGE EXPERIMENT.

For its first experiment, the Chicago Theatre Society, which was recently organized under the presidency of Hamlin Garland, announces a season of "joyous" drama. The phrase is a happy one, possibly even more so than the user of it was aware. For to Mr. Garland the principal function of the "joyous" drama would be to wean the American people away from the puerilities of the musical "show." But the comedy of character and manners can do something more than to supply a substitute for "The Prince and the Pippin." It can be made the instrument for educating public taste and the public's judgment to the highest forms of the drama. Reformers of the theatre too often make the mistake of leaping from the musical-comedy level to the Ibsen level, and thus supply an opening for scornful girding at the "highbrows." What reformers too often fail to perceive is that there can be truth and art in the lightest of comedies; and that truth in art is what the American theatre needs most. As a people we dislike, on the stage, what is truthful and what is disagreeable. When you give us Ibsen, you give us both. What the Chicago experiment seems to be on the point of doing is to omit the disagreeable treatment for the present. It is a counsel of wisdom.

It will be more difficult to draw up a répertoire of "joyous" drama than it is to talk about one. In the list of plays already announced for production we find several that do not quite bubble with the joy of life. It is hard to think of Becque's "Les Corbeaux" as jocund, or Brieux's "Robe rouge," or Synge, or even Moody's "Faith Healer." On the other hand, there is partial reassurance in Augustus Thomas, Pinero (if he be taken in his lighter moods), Shaw (if he be taken in his more responsible moods), Yeats, and Barker. The managers of the Chicago enterprise would do well to draw on Augustus Thomas rather than on Pinero as qualified above, on Pinero rather than on Shaw, on Shaw rather than on Barker, according to a scale which it should not be impossible to determine. This is said with full consciousness of the fact that our sequence of names is probably in inverse order to the men's standing as serious dramatists and critics of life. But it is precisely because we are afraid of the richer fare that we give Augustus Thomas the preference over Pinero and Shaw. In Thomas you will find enough of the common faults of our stage to attract the crowd, and enough of truth and art to whet the appetite for solider fare. So many attempts at educating the public have failed through neglect of the fundamental quality in education —patience.

Our greatest need for the present is not to be educated in the subtleties of the human soul and human conduct, but to be rescued from the posturings and the melodramatics that travesty the broadest facts of human conduct. Of what use is it that our more ambitious playwrights go in for photographic realism, if, in the midst of it all, we are suddenly to be projected into the atmosphere of Robert W. Chambers and George Barr McCutcheon? Of what use is the most painstaking reproduction of an East Side street scene, if you people that scene with men and women whose psychology is of a kind associated with Mr. James Montgomery Flagg? It should be a punishable crime for dramatic critics to write, as so many of them so often do, that "in spite of excessive recourse to the long arm of coincidence, the play has the merit" of this, that, and the other thing to a degree sufficient to justify the manager in taking your money. It is the overoiled arm of coincidence that typifies the vice of our drama. From seeing people happen to be in places where they have no right to be, and turn out to be what they have no right to be, one gets easily accustomed to seeing them perform unnatural heroics, take unnatural postures, and exhibit unnatural virtues and vices. Many plays succeed because they are "dainty," "sweet," and "clean." No one would grudge them their success if to these qualities they added a touch of truth and life. But too often the "charming" play is as false in its mechanism as the would-be realistic play. Our serious plays suffer from an excess of melodrama. Most of our light plays suffer from an excess of what we think is "life" but is not.

Here, then, is the chance for the "joyous" drama. If it can only free us from the belief that when we enter a theatre we have left the probabilities of life and character behind, it will have done the work that lies closest to its hand. There is no insistence here on the intellectual drama, nor even on the drama that settles the same questions of the day that the newspapers settle every day. The captains of industry and stock-exchange villains and honest young district attorneys who have latterly invaded the stage illustrate admirably that debasement of standards which we have described as melodramatics. Multi-millionaires and Trusts and private secretaries and stenographers are undeniably real things, and the audience consequently takes it for granted that the play must be a realistic play. But if the captain of industry displays the intelligence of a rabbit, if the good young business man reveals the virtues of an Ivanhoe, and the heroine who frustrates the captain of industry reveals chiefly a fascinating smile and a touch of hysterics—it is from that species of the "drama of life" that the "joyous" drama can deliver us. Give us comedy of the lightest, if you will, but a comedy of human beings and not of lay-figures.

Miss Charlotte Porter, now sole editor of the Folio Shakespeare (Crowell) has added the two parts of "Henry the Fourth," in two volumes. Of the convenience, accuracy, and comprehensiveness of this edition we need not again speak. In the Introduction to the second part Miss Porter takes strong exception to the recent attempt of Alfred W. Pollard to show that the manuscript of the play was "obtained from the chamberlain's men with their full authority," and that the Quarto edition of 1600 is, therefore, the authentic text. Without going into the details of the discussion, we can at least agree with Miss Porter that the best method of presenting the play in its antique form is to reproduce the Folio text exactly, while giving the various Quarto readings in footnotes.

"Brought Home," a four-act drama of American life, dealing with the subject of local option in the Middle West, and written by Henry M. Blossom, jr., has been accepted by Cohan and Harris, and will be produced in the early autumn.

Franklin Fyles, for many years the dramatic editor and critic of the New York *Sun*, died last week in his sixty-fourth year. He wrote one book on the stage, called "The Theatre and Its People," several collections of short stories, and a number of plays, the best known being "The Girl I Left Behind Me," in collaboration with David Belasco. Two other pieces also had profitable runs,

"The Governor of Kentucky" and "Cumberland '61."

Mowbray Morris, who died recently at the age of sixty-three, is best remembered as a dramatic critic, a position which he held for several years on the London *Times*. He published a volume called "Essays in Theatrical Criticism."

Hawthorne's best story has again been set to music, this time by Charles F. Carlson, dean of the University of Denver College of Music, under the title of "Hester, or The Scarlet Letter." It is soon to be published. A second opera by the same composer is entitled "Phelias." Andreas Dippel has seen it and has promised to "keep it in mind for the near future for production." Mr. Carlson's third opera is to be on a subject by Longfellow. Of this the first act was finished last month.

August Spanuth estimates that ambitious musicians spent over a quarter of a million dollars last season for the privilege of giving concerts in Berlin. He regrets that it is not possible to print the total earnings side by side with the total losses, to scare off the ever-swelling throngs of aspirants to fame.

Parisians paid only $102,000 last season for the Colonne, Lamoureux, and Conservatoire concerts, those being the three leading orchestral associations in their city. The Grand Opéra took in $618,500, the Opéra-Comique $535,000. These figures are absolutely trustworthy, being verified by the poor-law authorities, whose inspectors audit all amusement accounts, appropriating 10 per cent. of the gross receipts.

Lillian Nordica begins a Canadian concert tour on September 26.

Waldon Fawcett remarks that many of the best of the Indian songs have been composed by the women. Why cannot the same be said about white women and music? If Mr. Fawcett is not mistaken, the question would make an interesting subject of anthropological and psychological discussion.

For the first time in years Italy's leading opera house, the Scala of Milan, closed with a surplus instead of the usual large deficit. The principal operas performed were "Siegfried," "Simone Boccanegra," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Rose Cavalier." It is surprising that the Italians, who never cared for the melodious Mozart, are always among the first to produce the latest opera of the anti-melodious Johann Strauss.

Wassily Safonoff ended his season by conducting a concert in Turin, and then left for his summer home in the Caucasus, via Constantinople, Odessa, and the Black Sea. He calculates that he has been heard during the past season by audiences aggregating 75,000 hearers. His next season is already booked up to March. It opens in October at Copenhagen, and includes twenty-four concerts in Scandinavia, St. Petersburg, Kief, Warsaw, London, and Rome. He will also play the piano part in eight chamber-music concerts of Beethoven's 'cello and piano sonatas, for which he will prepare himself during his ten weeks' vacation in the Caucasian mountains.

When Josef Stransky takes up the leadership of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra next autumn, he will produce for the first time in America a new symphony by Anton Dvorák—a posthumous work. A close friendship is said to have existed for several years between Dvorák and the Bohemian conductor, in whose career he took a special interest, and when several manuscripts were discovered the executors of the Dvorák estate turned them over to Stransky for editing. These compositions, now being published in Germany, include two symphonies, two overtures ("Dramatic" and "Tragic"), an orchestral rhapsody, as well as a quartet in A major for strings, and a quintet.

Art

"The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain: Its History and Development from the Eighteenth Century to the Present Day," by A. Hayden, is to be issued by Fisher Unwin.

The Danish court painter, Prof. L. Tuxen, who was commissioned to paint pictures of the Diamond Jubilee and the coronation of 1902, has once again been engaged.

The Prix du Salon has this year been awarded to Lucien Jonas for two pictures at the Salon des Artistes Français: the portrait of Henri Harpignies and Les Médecins: la Consultation.

According to the London *Athenæum* Rembrandt's house at Amsterdam in the Jodenbreêstraat, which was sold, with all its art treasures, in 1656, when the artist was declared bankrupt, is to be restored. The official inventory of that year fortunately survives, giving exact information as to the disposition of the rooms. The exterior of the house remains much as it was of old.

Interesting discoveries have been made in Rome, under the Church of St. Crisogono, in the Trastevere district, where excavations have for some time been carried on under the direction of Professor Marucchi, the Christian archæologist. The church is said to have been founded by Pope Sylvester, in the fourth century, but was rebuilt first in 731, and later in the seventeenth century. The excavations brought to light some time ago a primitive basilica, with remains of the subterranean "confession" of the church, containing the altar, under which the martyrs were buried. It has now been discovered that the church, like so many early Christian places of worship, was included in an ancient Roman house, which was adapted for ecclesiastical uses, and decorated with paintings, including portraits of various Popes, belonging probably to the eighth or ninth century A. D. There was also found, next to the apse, a large hall, dating apparently from the twelfth century, the walls of which were painted with floral decorations, portraits, and heraldic designs. Two large sarcophagi were also unearthed, one plain, the other richly carved with a representation of the Good Shepherd in the style of the fifth century.

In "The Materials of the Painter's Craft" (Lippincott) Dr. A. P. Laurie carries the story of pigments and vehicles from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century. What he has to say about mural painting in classical times is repeated in the main from his recent book on that subject and will be provocative of discussion. That the Romans knew how to paint on the damp plaster is certain; in fact, so obvious an expedient is never likely to have been wholly ignored, but that the Pompeian and Roman wall paintings are in any exact sense frescoes has yet to be proved. Dr. Laurie imagines a gradual process extending over several days, the wall meanwhile being kept sufficiently moist through the thickness of the various layers of superimposed wet plaster. Experiment has proved this method practicable, and it seems worth the attention of decorators, but the methods of the Pompeian painters hardly bear this explanation. It appears that the general tone of the wall was painted in fresco, but this surface seems to have been polished subsequently with wax. Upon this ground the figure painting is usually executed, often with heavy impasts. Such a condition of things is hardly compatible with fresco even in Dr. Laurie's very broad use of the term. No painter, we feel, will doubt that the actual figure subjects in the Pompeian villas were done on a dry wall with a viscous medium, in some form of tempera or encaustic. The literary evidence on the subject, especially that of Vitruvius, is ambiguous, because we can never be sure whether artists' methods or decorators' are being described. The whole matter in short remains conjectural, and the secrets of the ancients are still inviolate in spite of much more or less ingenious speculation.

In discussing mediæval painting Dr. Laurie traverses anew the ground so ably covered by Eastlake, with whom he differs chiefly in regard to the legendary vehicle of the Van Eycks. The amber varnish, of which Eastlake made so much, Dr. Laurie regards as mythical. It is, in the first place, a poor vehicle, next difficult to obtain, and finally amber is and was readily confused with other hard resins. For the preservation of colors Dr. Laurie has found certain balsams, especially Venice turpentine, remarkably efficacious. He has no doubt, for example, that the extraordinary greens of the early Flemish masters can have been preserved only by some such medium. To Eastlake's view that the Van Eycks used mainly oil, subsequently adding a little varnish, sharp exception is taken. Such a procedure would never yield a homogeneous and durable pigment. Berger's view that the Van Eycks used an emulsion of egg with fatted oil or balsam is borne out by Dr. Laurie's experiments. By using Canada balsam emulsified with egg he has repeated the characteristic colors of the Van Eycks, and the colors have stood drastic tests for permanency. The recipe for a picture to last five hundred years may be of interest. It is to primo a panel—all canvases make for mutability—with glue and gypsum, after Cennino Cennini's method, then paint with colors ground in a mixture of two parts of linseed oil to one of copal varnish, overlaying the paint as little as possible and always proceeding from light to dark. It is obvious, as Dr. Laurie admits, that modern artists would hardly use so heavy a vehicle or bind themselves to so orderly a technique. Only the Pre-Raphaelites have taken such pains. Still this book should prove suggestive to painters, to the few at least who respect their craft. A kind of instinct has kept some scanty remnant of fine craftsmanship alive among us, but many of the most imaginative paintings of recent times have vir-

tually perished within the life of their creators. This book is well illustrated. The plates, of which several are colored, include microscopic enlargements of "crackle." We hope Dr. Laurie will continue his researches to the present day.

Finance

AUTUMN CROPS.

The financial outlook is always clouded at this period. The nation is tossed between hope and fear with reference to the crops, and usually the money market has a somewhat dubious cast. Last year both the crops and the money market were the occasion of no small amount of apprehension, particularly the latter. Yet as a whole our harvests were abundant, and money proved to be in sufficient supply. Seldom if ever has a bad situation been rectified so quickly as in the summer of 1910. Disaster was averted, but general industry was left with impaired stamina. Hope was virtually abandoned that the autumn and winter of 1910 would witness a return to bustling activity: we should have to look to the autumn of 1911 for a rehabilitation of industry.

Yet the outlook is by no means clear to-day. Certain contingencies that worried us last July have failed to present themselves this year, but others that were then quite generally overlooked have come into view. The puzzling question with most persons is now to find the determining factor in the situation confronting us. That, however, is not an easy task. The only thing really certain at this time is that the money situation is better than in July, 1910. Still, the easy rates that have prevailed for so many months have failed to stimulate industry. There is a comfortable belief that the material interests of the nation will not be adversely affected in the autumn and winter by a money stringency, but there is no general confidence that a sufficiency of money at that time will greatly increase the activities of mill and shop.

This summer rumor appears to have outdone itself in connection with the crops. Predictions of record harvests have been offset by predictions of extraordinary damage. At the moment it would be futile to generalize from what purports to be the crop news, other than to say that it is quite possible that we shall need something more than even record harvests to impart vigor to the financial and industrial situation. Ordinarily, a large agricultural yield coincident with easy money would mean extensive trading in general commodities and securities. But it is now commonly believed that other aids will be necessary this year.

The present ease of money has a significance which is too frequently overlooked. Money is easy because it cannot be employed as freely as it was so long as commodities and labor remain at their present quotations. The whole people are down closer to the necessaries of life than they have been for many a year, closer possibly than at any time since 1896. Bank reserves have been high enough in recent months to admit of a much larger production of commodities than has taken place, but the task has been to find a market for enlarged production. It is no longer stoutly contended, as was the case a few months ago, that only greater confidence is required. It is not a question of confidence at all, but of purchasing power. The absence of that quality is what has made the present situation.

Merchants and manufacturers have pretty generally recognized that fact, and, what is equally important, the banks also have recognized it. Producers and middlemen cannot at this time give free rein to their misguided judgment; should they be so disposed, they would quickly find themselves curbed by their banks, which for months past have deliberately refused to lend their influence to further enlargement of over-production. It may be said of producers generally that they have not lacked courage in the past twelvemonth. They have, in many instances, knowingly produced more than they could sell, their raw material and labor costing them more than the price they could expect to get when the finished product was offered for consumption. Their hope has been that eventually prices would work up to their level, but this hope has met with disappointment. It has been difficult to effect a rise in retail prices. "Bargains" have sold freely enough in the department stores, but the great public have refused to pay for such things as shoes and textiles prices commensurate with those for raw hides and cotton and wool.

The chasm between consumer and producer has been widening rather than narrowing, and it is not at all clear that big harvests this year, assuming that there are big harvests, will change this tendency. Big harvests, of course, are always a blessing, but the blessing may conceivably be of a negative character —preventing a worse embarrassment than the present.

Here it is proper to mention one of the most important contingencies now confronting us. The past year has seen a great liquidation of securities, and a very considerable liquidation of certain commodities. But there has been no pronounced liquidation of labor. Labor is, if anything, a little higher rather than a little lower. There has, needless to say, been a curtailment in the use of labor. This curtailment was rendered necessary by the exigencies of the situation: manufacturers, for example, could not pay labor its unit price and buy so many units as formerly. This connotes several very important facts. If this policy is continued much longer the working classes will be at the end of the resources which they have accumulated in the past to tide them over such periods as the present, in which event poor harvests this autumn would be truly calamitous.

To have everybody at work at wages which insure the necessaries and many of the comforts of life, is the remedy for the present situation. But everybody has not been at work of late months, and many that have been have not been employed at anything like full time. It begins to look as if it might be impossible to achieve full employment except by a reduction in the price of labor. The contingency is not altogether pleasant. The wonder to many is that labor has so long been successful in preventing a reduction; this, however, is explained by the fact that, owing to the industrial prosperity of the past decade, the average workman was able to increase his accumulations for a rainy day, the presumption being that the treasuries of the labor organizations were also strengthened. Still, the mass of mankind are never any too far from want, and the last year must have imposed a heavy strain on them.

It may perhaps be rash to postulate liquidation of labor as a *sine qua non*, but it is certainly a fact that there is at present a strong tendency so to do. And there is also growing up a feeling that liquidation must ensue in real estate also. A year ago there was a great deal of talk about inflation in Western farm values; to-day the talk is chiefly of city real estate. All along the line of production and distribution charges have been rising, until the final consumer, who in every case pays the bill, is fairly staggering under his load.

Such a presentation of the facts of the situation might have been deemed academic two years ago. To-day, however, we are delving into the fundamentals to find a way out of our protracted industrial depression; and one of our discoveries is that we have created an industrial plant too large, and, more particularly, too expensive in opera-

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tion, for the purchasing power of the nation. The process of readjusting the cost of real estate, of labor, and of raw materials to the pocketbooks of final consumers has yet to be undertaken. While at the moment there is no good reason for predicting a change for the worse in the financial situation, it is hard to discover ground for any real improvement short of such liquidation as has been instanced above.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aeschylus. Agamemnon. Greek text with English verse translation. Frowde.
Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Annals. Vol. LXVIII. Part ii. Cambridge.
Baum, L. F. The Daring Twins: a Story for Young Folk. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1 net.
Bell, C. W. The Good Old Days. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Black and White (Anonymous). Philadelphia: Literary Bureau.
Blackwood, A. The Human Chord. Macmillan. $1.50.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by J. H. Gardiner. Holt.
Burns. Poems Published in 1786. Frowde.
Carden, R. W. The Life of Giorgio Vasari. Holt.
Cicero. Somnium Scipionis. Frowde.
Coleman, C. B. Church History in the Modern Sunday School. St. Louis: Christian Board of Publication.
Cory, H. E. The Critics of Edmund Spenser. Berkeley: University Press.
Crawford, J. R. Lovely Peggy: A Play in Three Acts. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $1.25.
Dean, J. T. Visions and Revelations. Scribner.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Edited by W. L. Cross. Holt.
Drinkwater, J. Poems of Men and Hours. London: David Nutt.
Eliot's Silas Marner. Edited by E. E. Garrigues. Holt.
Firth, F. J. The Holy Gospel, Protestant and Roman Catholic Versions Compared. Revell. $1.
Forbes, N. Polish Literature: a Lecture. Frowde.
Fortescue, J. W. British Statesmen of the Great War, 1793-1814. (Ford lectures for 1911.) Frowde.
Fulda's Der Talisman. Edited, with notes, by O. Manthey-Zorn. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Furniss, R. M. Shadow Fairies and Others. Hermann Lechner.
Gore, C. The Question of Divorce. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Vol. XV, Publications of the Year 1910. Toronto: University Press.
Howard, C. What Happened at Olenberg. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1 net.
Irwing, W. Astoria. (Astor Prose Series.) Crowell.
Jones, H. S. Classical Rome. (Grant Allen's Historical Guides.) Holt.
Kennedy, R. The Principles of Aeroplane Construction Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Lamberton, C. D. Themes from St. John's Gospel in Early Roman Catacomb Painting: a Thesis. Princeton University Press.
McLaughlin, A. C., and Van Tyne, C. H. A History of the United States for Schools. Appleton.
Macphail, S. R. Colossians. With introduction and notes. Scribner.
Merrill, W. A. Studies in the Text of Lucretius. Berkeley: University Press.
Murray, M. Francis Bacon, a Drama. Spokane, Wash.: Albert F. Grazer Co.
Roberts, M. Thorpe's Way. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Rodin, A. L'Art. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Sargent, C. S. Trees and Shrubs. Vol. II. Part III. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Schwenke, P. Die Turkenbulle Pabst Calixtus III: Ein deutscher Druck von 1456 in der ersten Gutenbergtype. Berlin: Martin Breslauer.
Scott's Guy Mannering; Kenilworth. Edited, with notes, etc., by A. D. Innes. Frowde.
Shakespeare's As You Like It; Julius Cæsar; Macbeth; Merchant of Venice. (English Readings for Schools.) Holt.
Stevenson's Treasure Island. Edited by S. P. Sherman. Holt.
Toch, M. Materials for Permanent Painting D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Waller, E. English for Italians. William R. Jenkins Co. $1.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1911.

The Week

Mr. Bryan's Presidential choice for 1912 is either Mr. Folk, or Gov. Wilson, or Speaker Clark, or Hoke Smith, or Gov. Marshall, or Gov. Dix, or Gov. Shafroth, or Gov. Foss, or Senator Culberson, or Congressman Jones, or Judge Clark. Disclaiming any personal inclination to one man more than another in the long roll we have cited, the former wielder of Democratic destinies nevertheless lets it be known, by omission, that there is one Democrat of whom he does not approve. The omitted Governor may perhaps reconcile himself to Mr. Bryan's interdict in consideration of the excellent advertising it brings him. Perhaps he may even be in the mood to congratulate Mr. Bryan on the extraordinary improvement in the condition of the Democratic party, as indicated by the fact that it now has a dozen men who would make a good President, where formerly it had but one.

Gov. Marshall of Indiana seems to have yielded to the persistent suggestions of his friends to become a candidate for the Presidency. It is necessary to say "seems," because of the political shrewdness of his advisers, who fear anything "spectacular" or "premature." But an interview has appeared which apparently settles the matter. The process of enrolling him as a candidate was the usual one. First it was impressed upon him that it was his duty to the State, the party, and every one in general to stand. Then it was impressed upon the Hoosier Democracy that inasmuch as the Governor was willing to stand, it was the duty of every member of the party to support him. His chances in the convention would seem of the brightest. All the other candidates, we learn, have already developed elements of weakness. There is a widespread belief, say the gentlemen from Indiana, that if Gov. Harmon were nominated, he could not be elected, and a prevalent impression that if Gov. Wilson were elected, he would destroy the party. But Gov. Marshall would at once be responsive to the popular will and free from radical tendencies. Best of all, so stout a friend of Gov. Wilson as Senator Martine admits that Marshall's name would look well along with Wilson's. The nomination for the Vice-Presidency at least seems almost within his grasp.

The Lorimer inquiry is still proceeding on the familiar line, but it must be acknowledged that there is a certain richness about the testimony that tends to compensate for its monotony. If Hines never raised a corruption fund to elect Lorimer, it is astonishing how many people are laboring under the hallucination that he or his friends boasted that he had done so, or else are willing to swear to a lie to that effect. In Monday's testimony, William Burgess, a business man of Duluth, flatly declared that C. F. Wiehe, an associate of Hines, stated that he had himself subscribed $10,000 to the corruption fund. If these sworn assertions are not all lies, the amount of naïve satisfaction that was taken by the Hines people in their pretty little transaction in legislative votes is the most curious part of the whole matter; and we are inclined to think that it is upon the theory that no man would be so simple as to tell strangers of such exploits, rather than upon any direct impeachment of the witnesses, that the defence will rest its hope of breaking the force of the story. But there is another theory which, unfortunately, seems to fit the situation quite as well—the theory that vote-buying in the Illinois Legislature had become so much of a normal affair that a man of easy-going nature, and inclined to garrulous boastfulness, would think nothing of bragging about it.

In his brief statement of what has been done by the House of Representatives in the present session, Chairman Underwood takes occasion to define just what the reformation of the House rules —the first thing achieved in order of time—really means. "We have taken away from the Speaker," he says, "the veto power and control over legislation which he had for years, and organized the House along democratic lines. The rules now enable a Representative to secure favorable action on a measure when he has a majority of the House with him." Upon no subject have those that sneer at all attempts at reform been more contemptuous than upon the efforts to overthrow the despotic rule of the Speaker. They were absolutely sure that nothing of the kind could be done, and that if the silly Democrats got into power, they would either follow in the footsteps of Cannon or bring on chaos. Well, neither of these things has happened. The Speaker's power has been reduced to normal bounds, a method of organization that had been confidently declared to be impossible has proved perfectly workable, and the majority in the House has acted with a degree of harmony and effectiveness which had long been unknown to the Democratic party and to which even the Republican party has been for some years a stranger.

No grounds exist for supposing that the House will refuse to concur in the Senate amendment to the Campaign Publicity bill, limiting the expenditure of a candidate for the United States Senate to $10,000 and of a candidate for the House of Representatives to $5,000. In no case is the candidate's outlay to exceed 10 cents for every vote cast. Applying, as the Senate bill does, to primary elections as well as general elections, the fixed limitation removes one of the most frequently urged objections to direct nominations, namely, that their high cost puts office only within the reach of very wealthy men. Of the principle embodied in the bill little need be said at this late day. Only seven votes were recorded against it in the Senate, and these came from the South, whose peculiar conditions make her over-sensitive to the local implications of a general law. The skeptic may argue that under a greatly strengthened publicity bill it will still be possible for a Lorimer to make his way into the Senate; there are ways of transferring financial responsibility. But everything is possible; the point is that the way of the devil can be made harder.

Whatever the merits of the particular resolution offered by Congressman Suizer for an investigation of the Immigration Service, two things stand out quite

plainly and beyond challenge. Both Secretary Nagel and Commissioner Williams, in the very act of repelling the charges of maladministration, give impressive evidence of the need of improvement. They deny emphatically all charges of inhumanity or of overstraining of the law, but their statements bear witness to the crying necessity for introducing more humane conditions. Commissioner Williams declares that he has found it impossible to get from Congress more than one-half or one-third of the money he has requested for the provision of proper accommodations for the crowds of immigrants. Secretary Nagel backs up the Commissioner; and he also tells—as to another aspect of the matter—of the pitiful cases in which the claims of humanity have absolutely forced him to violate the law, not, of course, by overstraining, but by relaxing, its provisions. Would it not be a good plan for Mr. Sulzer to take hold of the matter from another standpoint—to get Congress not so much to inquire into the past as to take steps for the proper treatment of these evils in the future?

The Public Utilities bill signed by Gov. Baldwin was not put through without vigorous effort. Corporation influences which have long been very powerful in Connecticut were active and persistent in efforts to reduce the bill to comparative unimportance, but these efforts were frustrated by hard work and vigilance on the part of a number of legislators faithful to the public interests. The story of the affair was not altogether unlike that of the corporation legislation passed by the New Hampshire Legislature in its recent session. Efficient control of public-service corporations by State commissions has now become an established feature of American practice, and any State that has not provided it will soon be looked upon as distinctly behind the times. The wonder is, indeed, that the country did not wake up long ago to the vital necessity of such a piece of governmental mechanism.

Of the Fourth of July speeches which have been brought to our attention, that of the Governor of South Carolina is conspicuous for its vicious incendiarism. Addressing two great audiences of mill workers in Spartanburg County on Independence Day, Col. Cole L. Blease added to the bad reputation which he had already acquired. As reported in the Spartanburg *Herald*, he dealt with the race question in the most brutal and lawless fashion. He declared openly that he approved of lynching, and added that the negroes of South Carolina knew that he would not send troops to prevent their being lynched. His tirade against the negroes—whom he referred to as "apes and baboons"—he wound up by saying that if an inferior race got in the way of the Caucasians, "a little gunpowder and a few buckshot are often the most effective remedy." Such unblushing advocacy of murder is, however, only in line with some of the Governor's other notions about law and order. He has been freely criticised for his lavish use of the pardoning power, but he defended it and asserted that "there are a lot of good men in the penitentiary—men of as good families as yours or mine—who ought to be out." Gov. Blease also made himself responsible for the view that "when a man got into a quarrel and drew a pistol and killed his antagonist, he ought not to be judged too severely." Such ruffianly sentiments, coming from a man set for the enforcement of the laws, carry their own condemnation. They are, in fact, execrated by the leading newspapers of South Carolina; and it appears to be certain that Gov. Blease will soon have run his course and passed from the public contempt.

It is not yet time to write New England's epitaph. Like the old England, the new is often spoken of as having reached the zenith of its prosperity, although in both cases there is not only not a decline, but an actual increase, in both population and products. Reports of decadence, in the one case as in the other, are due in part to discussion among the persons immediately concerned, who are consequently not in a position to blame outsiders for taking them at their face value. The fact in the two cases is that there has been a relative decline in importance, but this no more means the beginning of the end for them than the want of supremacy signifies the same thing for countries and States that have always been behind. As early as 1820, as Frederic Austin Ogg points out in the *Independent*, Webster lamented that "our New England prosperity and importance are passing away." Relatively, they were. But nearly a century has gone by since then, and New England is still with us. What is more, the days when, owing to the great migration to the West and the small immigration from foreign countries, the population of these States was almost stationary, have also passed, and the increase in population is now rather more than normal.

Even in agriculture, in which we incline to think that the situation is summed up in the phrase "abandoned farm," there is decided advance. Interestingly enough, this is due in a measure to the summer residents who have invaded the region for its good as well as their own. One man, for instance, rented a farm of forty acres, with an excellent house and the usual improvements, for the sum of $30 a year. Two years later it was supplying the wants of his family and a surplus of $600 a year. Today, says Mr. Ogg, every farm adjoining this one is in an unprecedentedly high state of productivity. "The trouble with the New England farmer," says the dean of a Western agricultural college, "is that he is timid, afraid to try new methods and machinery, afraid to plant a large acreage." But it is manufacture and commerce that must dominate in New England. In the former she has two enormous advantages over the rest of the country—in her wealth of water-power and of efficient labor. Her great disadvantage is her dependence upon outside sources for raw materials, but attention to improvements in transportation will prevent this from becoming an insuperable obstacle. Between 1895 and 1905 the manufactures of Massachusetts increased in value 50 per cent. In commerce, Boston has recovered second place from New Orleans, and her foreign trade increased 9 per cent. in the year 1906-7. It is premature, to put it mildly, to speak of the passing of New England.

The final report to Parliament of the Royal Commission on the relations of human and animal tuberculosis seems to dispose conclusively of the famous declaration of Dr. Koch, made ten years ago, with as near an approach to positiveness as so careful a scientist could permit himself, that the transmission of bovine tuberculosis to man is either

impossible, or, if it occurs at all, occurs so very rarely that it is not advisable to take any measures against it. The Royal Commission finds, as a result of a long and most painstaking investigation, that bovine tuberculosis can be transmittedto man, and that, in point of fact, out of twenty-eight cases of tuberculosis of the lungs investigated, two were caused by bovine tubercle bacilli. The Commission accordingly recommends that existing regulations for the prevention of the use of meat or milk from tuberculous cattle be thoroughly enforced, and indeed strengthened.

The Americanization of the world has now reached Wisconsin, and no less an authority than a former Governor declares that in all, or nearly all, parts of the State the English language is well understood. Formerly it was necessary for the political organizations to send German speakers into many sections of the State, and so little attention was paid to the teaching of English in the parochial schools that it was not worth putting into statistics. The new condition did not come about without a struggle. There was long and vigorous opposition to the Bennett law, which made English compulsory in the schools, and the Governor was urged to ignore it. He was compelled to call the attention of one delegation of clergymen to the fact that he had taken an oath to enforce the laws. To-day, however, English is taught everywhere, and in some of the parochial schools the teaching is in English entirely. The sentiment toward the law has changed as people have seen the advantages their children possess in being able to use the language of the rest of the country.

Criticism seems almost unanimous in finding the secret of Mark Twain's greatness in the fact that he was a great American. An analysis of Mark Twain's estate shows that he was American in more senses than one. We refer, in particular, to the fact that he left behind a large amount of worthless company securities. Probably very few men worth half a million dollars have not fallen victim, in some degree, to the lure of speculation. But there is a flavor about the unsalable securities the great humorist left behind that is quite different from the ordinary "wildcat" mining or railway paper. Mark Twain's shares were in the Plasmon Milk Company, in the Koy-lo Company, in the International Spiral Pin Company. This is not speculation. This is to abide in the golden dreamlands of Colonel Sellers, where there were always millions in the most fantastic of projects.

In reading the news from Mexico allowance should be made for the activities of the anti-Maderist news agencies. Evicted monarchs have a way of leaving these press-bureaus behind them, and Diaz is probably no exception. Having made proper allowance for exaggeration, we may readily acknowledge that the situation in Mexico has not yet completely adjusted itself, and recognize at the same time that this was to be expected. Revolutions need time to quiet down as well as to boil up, and the aftermath of a revolution, when the fighting tension is relaxed, is always disenchanting. The deplorable fighting at Puebla and elsewhere might or might not have been prevented if the proper man had been in authority at Mexico City. In any case, we are entitled to check off the loss of life at Puebla against the record of the Diaz régime, which may have functioned with greater quiet and dispatch, but functioned cruelly and remorselessly.

Le Temps, by far the best-informed of French newspapers in foreign affairs, refuses to grow excited over the Agadir incident. It argues that between the Moroccan question in 1905 and in 1911 there is a vast difference. Germany's challenge to France in the former year was avowedly concerned not with Morocco but with the general international situation. The Kaiser's Government was irritated at the chain of alliances which France was forging for Teutonic "isolation," and seized upon the Moroccan situation as a pretext for sounding a solemn warning. In 1911 no such strained situation exists in international relations. The various national alliances and understandings are on a recognized basis. Thus Germany has no axe to grind in Europe, and none, apparently, in Asia. The hypothesis that she really wants a coaling station in Morocco is dismissed as ridiculous. Germany's true purpose, the *Temps* believes, is to bring about a resumption of friendly "conversations" which M. Pichon began two years ago and the Monis Ministry allowed to drop. It was a hint after the German fashion, but no more than a hint. Whether this explanation contains the whole truth or not, the French attitude in the Agadir incident has been marked by admirable restraint.

The behavior of the Spanish Government in Morocco suggests nothing so much as the diplomatic methods that prevail in the novels of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim. Here is a Government which only two years ago had a very bitter reminder of what are the perils of colonial adventure, plunging ahead in Morocco as if there were no powerful republican party at home ready to take advantage of the first serious reverse to the Spanish arms. More puzzling still, here is the hitherto firm and faithful friend of the French people, engaged in a policy of apparently open provocation toward France. The height of bitter feeling in France has been aroused, not by Germany's conduct in the Agadir affair, but by the conduct of Spain, whose tactics have supplied Germany with an excuse for intervention. It may be that the Spanish Government has decided that the partition of Morocco is at hand and that it will grab as much as it can against that eventuality. But in face of all the attendant risks we have enumerated, this would be a most extraordinary policy, especially when we consider that Spain can gain more by France's friendship than in any other way.

The renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, with the proviso that neither party to the compact is to be called upon to take the field against a nation with which it has concluded a general treaty of arbitration, opens up many interesting points of view. The one that most immediately concerns us is that the bugaboo of Japanese invasion will be laid to rest for a good many years to come. Japan attacking us single-handed and, by implication, against the wishes of its ally is a possibility which even to Capt. Hobson and Mr. John Temple Graves cannot but seem remote. In the future politics of the Far East, diplomacy will now have to make all its calculations on the axiom that among the three Powers, Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, or between any two of them, armed conflict is out of the question.

THE CONGRESSIONAL APPORTIONMENT.

The House leaders are reported to have set their heart strongly upon the passage of the bill for reapportioning Congressional representation on the basis of the last census. Mr. Underwood has even asserted that the House will not consent to adjourn unless the Senate agrees to pass this bill. Implied in this position is also the view that the Senate ought not in any way to modify the measure as sent up by the House. The contention is tacitly made that it is exclusively a function of the House of Representatives to determine how many Representatives there shall be. It is said that inasmuch as the last House, which was Republican, decided upon the same number, 443, as found favor with the present Democratic House, there is nothing for Senators to do but acquiesce without a word or vote in opposition.

To this contention it is impossible to agree. We admit that precedent for many years has appeared to leave the question of the Federal ratio wholly to the House. After the Census of 1840, it is true, the Senate objected to the plan of apportionment hit upon by the House, and brought about a change in it; but, if we are correctly informed, ever since that debate the decisions of the House have been concurred in by the Senate very much as a matter of form. But this record of tame acquiescence does not in the least destroy the Senate's Constitutional privilege in the premises, or set aside what may be its public duty. It will never do to set up the doctrine that a Congressional apportionment is as solely the business of the House as the selection of its doorkeepers.

Legally, the case really needs no argument. The Senate has the power to approve, reject, or amend any bill that comes to it from the House. If it can do this even with money bills, it certainly can with an apportionment bill. And it is absurd to maintain that so important a matter as deciding what shall be the membership of the House, and so of the Electoral College, is not of great public concern, and so of legitimate concern to the Senate. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Senators so minded will debate the whole question freely. If they can show that a mistake has been made by the House, they owe it to themselves and to the country to do so.

There is the more reason for such a course in the Senate in the fact that the plan of apportionment was not debated on its merits when it passed the House. This was true last year as this, and the reason is plain. The apportionment adopted had no underlying principle except one—if it can be called a principle—that the representation of no State shall be cut down. That was frankly admitted as the controlling consideration with those who framed the bill, and the very admission shows that the measure was, in fact, log-rolled. That is to say, no plan however excellent, supported by no matter what arguments of public policy, had a chance of getting the requisite number of votes unless it left the representation from each State at least as large as it is at present. Indeed, in the last Congress the Republican leaders of the House favored a bill keeping the membership nearly stationary, and sought to get it approved, but were voted down in their own caucus. A similar fate would no doubt have befallen any effort of the kind this year. So that what we have offered to us is simply the principle that no State shall ever lose a Representative. But it is preposterous to affirm that the Federal ratio should be determined solely upon that basis. The whole question of the most efficient size of the House is involved, and ought not to be pushed aside merely because enough Representatives combine to save any single man from displacement, and thereby to settle it that every ten years the House shall automatically be made larger. If the Senate meekly and silently assents to that position, it will be abdicating its own functions. At least let us have the matter discussed as one of large principle, and not simply disposed of on the plea that no other scheme of apportionment can be got through the House. That would be to make logic and sound views of government give way to a mere log-rolling arrangement.

Senators who object to letting the apportionment be determined by mere numerical preponderance in the House, will, of course, be accused of "playing politics." It will be said that they wish to shove the bill over till next year so that two or three Democratic Legislatures that would now have the work of redistricting to do might be replaced by Republican bodies. This motive may enter, no doubt, but it will not be openly avowed, and any Senators who may speak on the main question will address themselves to the fundamentals involved. Such a debate might easily be most instructive, and the Senate has no reason to shirk it. We suppose the probability to be that the whole matter will go over till next year, but in that case there would be at least this gain: the House would have learned that the Senate would not accept offhand and without inquiry any form of Congressional apportionment that the House might choose to send over.

THE LAWYER AND THE NATION.

Gov. Wilson's address before the Kentucky Bar Association last week touched on none of the questions with which his presumptive candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency is associated in the public mind. Although its title was "The Lawyer in Politics," there was no hint of initiative, referendum, or recall, nothing about commission government or direct primaries or popular election of Senators, nothing even—except, perhaps, by general implication—about the Anti-Trust law or its enforcement as a criminal statute making guilt personal. Indeed, the address was not a discussion of current political questions, but rather a homily on the public duties and responsibilities of the legal profession in a republic like ours, "where the rules of law have always been the chief instruments of contest and regulation, of liberty and efficient organization, and the chief means of lifting society from one stage to the next of its slow development." Nor, on this broad theme, did Mr. Wilson have anything new to offer. The two aspects of it which he made prominent are aspects which have been constantly present to the thoughts of those who have dealt with this subject in recent years. It is to the lawyers that we must look for help in effecting that reform of legal procedure which everybody now recognizes as an urgent need of the nation; and it is upon lawyers that we must chiefly rely for effective dealing with those great problems of corporation and industrial control which lie at the heart of the economic organization of society in our time.

Upon the first of these questions, Gov.

Wilson makes the excellent suggestion that if the bar association of some one State were to devote itself with real determination and persistence to the task of a thoroughgoing reform of judicial procedure, it would "insure a universal reconsideration of the matter from one end of the country to the other," and would thus do an invaluable service to the whole nation. The story of the advances made in many matters of the highest moment, within the past few decades, bears out the practical force of the suggestion. The multitude and diversity of our methods of law and government, which go with our State system, have many drawbacks; but they have a great advantage in that a good example need only be set in one State in order to have an excellent chance of spreading throughout the Union. The models set by Wisconsin and New York in dealing with the public-service-corporation question are rapidly being followed in all parts of the country; the experiment of commission government for cities was taken up with surprising promptness —considering its novel character—in scores of other places after a beginning had been made in Galveston; the juvenile court has quickly become a national institution in the same way; and surely if any one State were to institute a truly efficient reform in its methods of legal procedure, emulation would be swift to show itself in a matter to whose grave importance public attention has by this time been so effectively drawn, especially as regards the processes of criminal justice. When the President of the United States can refer to the contrast in this regard between England and our own country as "startling and humiliating to any son of America who has pride in his fellow-countrymen as a law-abiding and law-enforcing people," surely the response of public sentiment to a genuine effort to remove the reproach would be hearty and unmistakable.

On the broader question of the relation of the legal profession to the development of great public policies, the situation is of a far less simple character. Here the question is less one of concerted action than of individuual effort and influence. Gov. Wilson does well, doubtless, to exhort the lawyers to cultivate broad-mindedness and patriotic endeavors; to think of themselves as citizens first and hired advocates only secondarily; and to express a pious hope that some State bar association may make up its mind to devote itself with "determination and indomitable perseverance" to the promotion of "those policies which will bring regeneration to the business of the country," the solving of the modern problems of life with their "infinite complexities." But we confess that this notion of a concerted attack upon the questions of Trusts and monopolies, of employees' claims and employers' duties, of taxation and property rights, does not strike us as in the least degree promising. The lawyers of the country have an extraordinary opportunity, and there lies upon them an extraordinary duty, in all this field; but it is an opportunity and a duty which should appeal to them individually, not collectively. Light and leading in these matters are to be expected from a few men of superior ability and exceptional devotion, not primarily from the co-operative efforts of a great association.

In this, as in some other highly important matters, our country suffers incalculably from the remorseless absorption of its best intellects and strongest personalities in the routine of business. There are to-day in the legal profession scores of men of the highest powers, the most abundant knowledge and experience, who keep their nose to the grindstone of ordinary professional practice simply because everybody else does so, and who would find, even from the point of view of personal ambition, infinitely greater satisfaction in efforts directed toward great public objects. When the call of public duty comes in a familiar form, it often meets with ready response from such men. Mr. Hughes did not hesitate to take upon himself the tremendous burdens of a task not inherently congenial to him when circumstances accidentally pointed to him as the necessary man for the Governorship. Great labors are continually being undertaken, without hope of reward, by busy lawyers, when some public task has to be performed for which they are drafted by reason of their special qualification. But what a magnificent opening there is for the man who is an acknowledged master of all the complexities of corporation law and business, who is still in the prime of his powers, and who should set up for himself the ambition of becoming a leader of enlightened thought on these absorbing questions, a mighty influence in the shaping of public policy, an instrument ready to the hand of the State or the Federal Government in the execution of such policy. A single man of commanding powers, with this as the distiuctly conceived object of his professional ambition, might achieve what parties and conventions wear themselves out in vain efforts to accomplish.

THE BRITISH CRISIS.

The Constitutional situation in England is hastening rapidly to a crisis—a crisis more acute than seemed probable a few days ago. Lord Newton's amendment to the veto bill, which provided that no bill for the further limitation of the legislative powers of the House of Lords should be introduced until after another general election, met with no support from either side; so that the two parties in the House of Lords, at the close of the report stage of the bill, faced each other in an attitude of irreconcilable opposition. Lord Morley, representing the Liberal Government, stood for the bill as it passed the Commons, without concession either substantial or sentimental, while Lord Lansdowne insisted on the important amendments which had been offered on behalf of the Conservatives.

Within a few days, the Lords will be face to face with the necessity of making a final decision on the crucial question whether they shall meekly bow their heads to the storm or defy the elements to do the worst. The choice they will have to make is of much the same nature as that which was before them when the Lloyd George budget was presented. That was a bitter pill for them to swallow; but they were warned by all their wisest advisers that they were running most imminent risk of being compelled to drain a cup far more bitter if they rejected that. They chose to run the risk; and the consequence has come very near to proving fatal. Whether it shall prove altogether fatal or not depends, in all probability, upon the question whether they once more make the mistake of hazarding their fortunes upon a contest in which the odds against them are desperate. If they should reject the bill when it is again returned to them by the Commons, they can do so only in the hope of a double event turning out in

their favor, when the chances as to each half of the event are in the highest degree adverse. Their defiance of the decree registered against them as the result of the last general election—and of the inflexible determination of the existing Government—can result in reversing that decree only if the King shall refuse to create the new peers that Mr. Asquith will unquestionably demand, and if, in addition to this, the new general election that will necessarily follow shall bring in a Conservative majority. The first supposition there is good reason to regard as highly improbable; but, granted that the King should take it upon himself to deny the means necessary to carry out the will of the majority of the Commons in the very issue upon which the last election was instituted, the prospect of anything but a decisive defeat at the polls seems too slight to be seriously thought of.

Nor can it be said that in making a last stand for their ancient rights, in the spirit of a forlorn hope, the Lords would at least be dying gloriously for a cause which was lost in any event. It is true that the veto bill goes so far toward destroying the standing of the House of Lords as a political power that there is a strong temptation to feel that the little that will be left is not worth saving; but it is precisely the stanchest defenders of the British Constitution as it has been who will refuse to take this view. In the most desperate situation, the part of true courage may be to save the remnants of the army by an orderly retreat, rather than invite complete destruction by a brilliant but futile display of gallantry. If the Lords yield, they will be shorn of all power over legislation except that of a mild suspensory veto; but they will still be in a position to appeal to national sentiment, still in a position, in one way or another, to take advantage of a reaction in their favor. If they resist, and are swamped by the creation of hundreds of new peers, they will at once cease to be that which, in the imagination of the nation, they have hitherto been. And if their resistance should have the result not of causing the creation of new peers, but of bringing on a general election and a crushing defeat, who can say how far the new legislation would go toward not merely mending, but ending, the House of Lords?

In the remarkable series of editorial articles in which the London *Spectator* has been urging, with extraordinary force and impressiveness, the policy of a sagacious acceptance of the inevitable, chief stress is laid on the referendum as the means of restoring in the future that balance of the British Constitution which it sees no hope of preserving in the present. To an American reader, few things could be more interesting than the contrast between the light in which the referendum appears to the British conservative casting about for a means of preserving the ancient tradition of his government and that in which it is regarded by the American progressive bent on wiping out the abuses of ours. The referendum is championed by American opponents of the existing economic order as an instrument for preventing corrupting influences in the Legislature from standing between the people and the immediate execution of their will; it is advocated by English supporters of the rights of property as a barrier to the hasty institution of radical changes by the representatives of the popular majority of the moment. The referendum is advocated in England not as an every-day corrective of legislative sins and errors, but as the ultimate appeal in a grave conflict of fundamental interests. Whether it is capable of truly fulfilling that function is a broad and difficult question. But the feeling that prompts the advocacy of it is the feeling that without it England will be face to face with the untried possibilities of government by a single chamber, unchecked by the restraints of a written Constitution and freed almost entirely from those more subtle bonds which reverence for an unwritten Constitution has hitherto maintained. To bow to the storm, to bide their time, to build up a new vitality with the aid of the referendum—such is the programme which is suggested to the Lords in their time of trial; it remains to be seen whether they will adopt it or stake what is left of their past upon one more cast of the dice.

RULING THE LESSER BREEDS.

The appointment of Lord Kitchener to be British agent in Egypt in succession to the late Sir Eldon Gorst will be received with immense satisfaction by the pillars of British imperialism. The necessity for putting a "strong man" in charge of the Egyptian Government has long been apparent to those students of the Orient who have taken their point of view from the works of Rudyard Kipling and pursued their observations in the pleasant company of British administrators and army officers. Sir Eldon Gorst's mild and tolerant rule was breeding anarchy. The hour called for a strong man.

Now that the strong man has appeared in the shape of Lord Kitchener, it would not be amiss to inquire into the fitness of this type of man for the difficult work of governing a tropical people in this the second decade of the twentieth century. There is no question here of moral issues or other sentimental issues, but of that Efficiency which in the strong man is supposed to compensate for the absence of qualities otherwise desirable. India serves as a good example because during the last decade India had the good fortune to have her destinies shaped, not by one strong man, but by two. One was Lord Kitchener in his post as commander-in-chief of the British forces in the peninsula. The other was the late Viceroy, Lord Curzon. A great deal of the strong man's energy is always used up in shoving other strong men out of his way. And that is what happened in India. Lord Curzon, during his second term, fell afoul of Lord Kitchener, and in the end was compelled to resign. The spectacle of the two highest members of the Government engaged in bitter hostilities could not be said to have increased British prestige in the eyes of the Indian natives; but that is a comparatively unimportant matter. The point is that Lord Kitchener had his own views about the reorganization of the Indian army and was allowed to carry them out.

We do not recall by how many times Lord Kitchener's reforms were supposed to have multiplied the efficiency of the Indian army; but the multiple was a large one. It may be that the Northwest frontier was rendered quite impregnable against that Russian invasion which never has been and never will be within the realm of probability. What is certain is that the native Indian army to-day is permeated with anti-English feeling and with rank sedition. Native soldiers are continually being arrested for conspiring against the Government, and there have been repeated symptoms, here and there, of a condition of af-

fairs that bordered closely on mutiny. The Unionist press at home has roundly declared that disloyalty is more widespread among the native troops to-day than at any time since the Sepoy rebellion; which forms one kind of testimonial to the efficiency of Lord Kitchener's methods in India.

Of the efficiency of that other strong man, Lord Curzon, there is still more striking evidence. The present unrest in India, which undoubtedly constitutes a very serious problem for its English masters, may be explained in part as a result of Japan's triumph over Russia. The whole Orient caught the reverberations of that historic shock. But there are very few people to deny the fact that what gave life and body to Indian discontent was the partition of the province of Bengal, which Lord Curzon made his pet measure, against the best opinion in India. To the Bengalis this was a partial destruction of their fatherland; in any case, this notoriously unmilitary race has been thrown into a state of violent sedition. The Bengalis are also a quick-witted race, and have easily mastered the tools of modern revolutionism, the inflammatory proclamation and the bomb. If we are to judge strong men by their achievements, it should be written of Lord Curzon that he found India peaceful and left it aflame.

Compared with this record in India, what is there to be said against the administration of Sir Eldon Gorst, who was so conspicuously not a strong man that it nearly broke Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's heart? Under the Gorst administration there has been a good deal of nationalist agitation, of newspaper warfare, of student manifestations, and just one lamentable case of assassination; India by this time has had fully half a dozen. And because no mailed-fist policies were brought to bear in Egypt, the movement there has fallen back into safe channels, and Lord Kitchener will succeed to a peaceful heritage. The movement has not died out, because civilization has not died out. It would be idle to suppose that the tide of progress can be kept back in any country where men think and read and observe. To expect the Hindu or the Egyptian forever to bow obsequiously to the foreign Sahib or Sidi, forever to be content with having everything done for him and doing nothing for himself, is to court folly and disaster. England has a choice between a policy of repression and a policy of wise concession and political education.

For, in the last resort, no white Power that rules over Eastern races can escape this dilemma: Either the people you govern prospers under your rule or it does not. If it does not, there is no excuse, of course, for remaining where you are. If it does prosper, there is no power in the world that can permanently withstand the upward pressure of a people in whom national pride must keep pace with national efficiency. Imperialist opinion speaks with fear and contempt of the dangerous educated Babu. Is England prepared to suppress schools, books, and newspapers in India and Egypt?

WHY THACKERAY WEARS WELL.

In most of what is written about the Thackeray centenary there is evident a sort of personal affection unwonted in such celebrations. It appears to be not so much a mighty shade that is commemorated as an intimate friend that is greeted. Many literary centenaries are observed in a perfunctory spirit. We do the thing because it is expected of us, yet without much heartiness. But somehow Thackeray's personality has so projected itself across the forty-eight years since his death that he still seems very human and very near; and the articles and addresses concerning him in this his hundredth birth-year have an air of spontaneity and zest, such as one seldom meets on like occasions. It would appear as if thousands of people were simply glad of the chance to express once more their sense of grateful obligation to him and their persistent feeling of admiring affection for him.

Thackeray has unquestionably fared well in the lapsing years. His appeal was never of the widest, but it was always deep, and in some ways seems even to be deepening. That he had good carrying quality is attested by the things we have spoken of, and also by the steady interest in his writings and in all that relates to his private life. Though no formal biography of him has been produced, as he wished that none should be, a vast amount of reminiscence and anecdote concerning him, with a large body of his letters, has been published, and in all of it he has been singularly fortunate. Whimsicalities have been revealed, but no meannesses. His friendships were stanch, and his love for his daughters unaffected and almost a form of piety with him. Nothing that has leaped to light has given any friend of his cause to blush; and the whole texture of his life and activity, as we now know it so fully, appears singularly fine. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that his personality stands before us to-day as engaging as it was when he was a part of this breathing world.

If we ask what it is in his writings that has made them wear so well, the attention is first caught, of course, by that great preservative, style. Thackeray's English has often been praised, not always perhaps with entire discretion; but as frequently happens with conventional laudation, a certain reaction is provoked. Irritated people will echo Dr. Johnson's phrase: "I would rather praise him than read him." It is good discipline, however, even if it were not a perpetual delight, to turn to his best pages and consider what a command he had of form. We speak not now of such a linguistic *tour de force* as "Esmond," which left Lowell wondering, albeit with a grain of malicious satisfaction when he could catch Thackeray tripping over a minor point in Queen Anne English. We have rather in mind the flexible and perfectly adequate instrument of language which he ordinarily employed—so direct, so simple, without anything finessing or fantastic about it, worlds removed from journalese, but capable of rendering every idea with the utmost clearness, and conveying emotion without rant and pathos without slobbering. Thackeray's style alone would help us to understand why he can be read with fascination after fifty years.

But his subjects, too, and the range of his treatment explain his survival as almost a contemporary writer. When at the age of thirty-six he flashed his masterpiece upon the world, the discerning saw upon what a broad canvas his preliminary work had been imperceptibly preparing him to paint, and with what power. It has been said that Thackeray could throw everything else overboard and live on by "Vanity Fair" alone. Yet the penetration and the humor and the scorn for baseness and the

sure sense for the dramatic which he displayed in that book, were adumbrated long before it and shone in other volumes long after it. For he had the privilege of genius in not only giving his age a new standpoint and a new literary method, but in continuing to illustrate and to enforce his way of looking at life in connection with a great sweep of human characters. He gives us large pictures and takes us to full-length dramas. If it be asserted that his strength lay in dealing with people of the middle class, their follies and their aspirations, it must not be forgotten that he knew how to sail boldly for the coasts of Bohemia, and that the lash of his satire struck upward in the social order as well as downward. Lord Rosebery has said, with a certain air of class chagrin, that the sight of a coronet made Thackeray run amuck with a scourge; though he admits that the particular specimens flagellated well deserved their punishment. But this really speaks of the sturdy democracy which Thackeray carried into letters as well as exemplified in life, and which was not so facile or popular a quality in mid-Victorian days.

Happily, it is no longer necessary to take up the tedious charge that Thackeray was a gloomy cynic. If nothing else had made that preposterous, what his daughter has given us about the man himself would have forever driven it from sane criticism. To have called him a sentimentalist would have been nearer the truth—always meaning a sincere and controlled sentiment, a manly feeling for what is sweet and tender in life. Where he let himself go in familiar talk with his readers, as he perhaps did most freely and completely in his "Roundabout Papers," we at once perceive a simplicity of attitude, a delicate appreciation, a deep sense of humility and love of justice which mark as surely as wit and scorn the writer who lives again in lives made better by his presence.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

No poet's verse ever mounted higher than that wonderful flight with which "The Dunciad" concludes, says Thackeray in his "English Humourists"; and after quoting the lines:

> She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold,
> etc.,

he continues:

In these astonishing lines Pope reaches, I think, to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the brightest ardor, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious. . . . It is Truth, the champion, shining and intrepid, and fronting the great world-tyrant with armies of slaves at his back.

The beauty and imagination of the lines I believe all of us will recognize, though I think most of us will feel at liberty to doubt the wisdom and truth of the prediction that the sway of an "uncreating" Dulness will bury knowledge in the "universal darkness" of ignorance. Pope himself admired the lines so much that when he repeated them his voice faltered. "And well it might, sir, for they are noble lines!" quoth Dr. Johnson, who, too, was fond of repeating them in "his forcible melodious manner."

The well-known care with which Pope wrote and polished his verses led me to examine the growth of this passage. There were three distinct stages of development.

"The Dunciad" was first given to the public in 1728; it appeared in pamphlet form, with a preface, but with few and meagre notes. Publication had been carefully prepared for, and popularity was immediate. Seven or eight editions, counting both surreptitious and authoritative ones, were called for, but no acknowledgment of Pope's authorship was made until about the seventh. The poem was in three books, and contained a total of 920 lines. The lines that concluded book iii were the germ from which was to spring the passage now so much admired:

> Then, when these signs declare the mighty Year,
> When the dull Stars roll round, and re-appear;
> *Let there be darkness!* (the dread pow'r shall say)
> All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were Day;
> To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
> And universal Dulness* cover all!
>
> No more the Monarch could such raptures bear;
> He wak'd, and all the Vision mix'd with air.

In the next year the poem reappeared, enlarged to a total of 1,014 lines, and accompanied by a mass of notes and mock-critical apparatus. Popularity showed no sign of waning, and the number of "editions," or variants, extended to eight or ten—the bibliographers have not been able to determine the matter. Of the eighty-four additional lines, sixty appeared in book iii. The lines just quoted were altered so as to read in the quarto:

> Signs following signs lead on the Mighty Year;
> See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
> She comes! the Cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold!
> With Night Primæval, and with Chaos old.
> Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd,
> Light dies before her uncreating word:
> As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,
> The sick'ning Stars fade off the a'thereal plain;
> As Argus' eyes, by Hermes wand oppress,
> Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
> Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
> Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
> See skulking Truth in her old cavern lye,
> Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry:
> Philosophy, that touch'd the Heavens before,
> Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more:
> See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
> See Metaphysic call for aid on Sence!
> See Mystery to Mathematicks fly!
> In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
> Thy hand great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
> And universal Darkness covers all.
>
> Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
> And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

*Warburton in his edition of 1751 quotes these lines, putting Darkness in place of Dulness; but the two 1728 editions I have give Dulness.

In the first octavo, published by Lawton Gilliver (1729), and in subsequent editions, some of the errors were corrected, and the "covers" of line 356 was altered to "buries." In the third period of active interest in "The Dunciad," 1735-36, most of the editorial energy went into the revision of the notes. The concluding passage of book iii was continued with no material alteration, and so it remained till the middle of the year 1742.

Meantime, a number of lines had grown under the poet's hands, without taking shape as a definite poem. He decided to revise these, to add others, and to publish the whole as a continuation of "The Dunciad." In March, 1742, there appeared "The New Dunciad: As it was found in the Year 1741." The poem in the first edition, in quarto, contained 618 lines; it was republished in rapidly succeeding quartos and octavos, growing to 620 lines in the later editions. Still later it was joined to its predecessor, and called book iv.

Somewhere toward midsummer, in an edition of Pope's "Works" in small octavo, "The Dunciad" was issued in this fuller form as Volume III, part i (the first three books), and Volume III, part ii (the fourth book), each a separate volume. Of the second, Volume III, part ii, I have five variants published by Dodsley & Cooper. In two copies book iv contains 618 lines; in two others, 620 lines; and in the fifth, 650 lines (by an error in numbering; there are really 648 lines). The fifth variant appeared later than the other four, probably in the latter half of July. Its greater length is explained by the fact that it concludes with an early draft of the passage praised by Thackeray. It is the earliest "edition" to show the passage shifted from the end of book iii to the end of book iv, and to show it almost as it was finally to stand. The lines are as follows:

> In vain, in vain—the all-composing Hour
> Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the Pow'r.
> The Gloom rolls on, the sable Throne behold
> Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old!
> Before them Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
> And all her varying Rain-bows die away.
> Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
> The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
> As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,
> The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
> As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
> Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
> Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
> Art after art goes out, and all is Night.
> See skulking Truth to her old Cavern fled,
> Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
> Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
> Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
> Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
> And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense;
> See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
> In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
> Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
> And unawares Morality expires.
> Nor public Flame, nor private, dares to shine;
> Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpse divine.
> Lo! thy dread Empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
> Light dies before thy uncreating word:
> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
> And Universal Dulness buries All.

But the end, though near, was not just yet. Pope had long borne a grudge against Colley Cibber, the famous actor of the generation, a successful playwright, and anything but a dunce. Hence, at Twit'nam, a campaign was planned for snuffing out this sparkle as thoroughly as had been done for the rush-lights of Grub Street. Pope's guardian angel nodded, and in the luckless moment the poet decided to alter the whole "Dunciad,"

substituting a new hero for the old one. Cibber should supplant Theobald, and become himself monarch of the realm of Dulness.

Pope's weapon, however, proved a boomerang. He harmed his enemy less than he damaged his poem. But the changes necessary for the new design affected the concluding passage little. When, after thirteen months, the poem appeared in October, 1743, four of the lines had been altered. Line 629, the one with which Thackeray begins his quotation, had become:

She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold.

Lines 631-32 now read:

Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.

And the last line:

And universal Darkness buries All.

The development of the passage affords an example of Pope's revision of his lines at the suggestion of a friend, and an illustration, too, of his incapacity in philosophy. Warburton, friend, counsellor, and champion of the poet in his later years, and long his editor and annotator, makes this note in his edition of "The Dunciad" in 1751:

Ver. 643. in the former Edd. it stood thus,

Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Aristotle*. . . . When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he himself had been misled.

The change of the old line 348,

Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry,

to the new 642,

Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head,

was a particularly felicitous bit of revision. It is worthy of note, too, as an instance of the hovering of an author's mind, that in line 656 the poet reverted, in 1742, to the Dulness of the 1728 verses, only to change it to Darkness in 1743.

R. H. GRIFFITH.

The University of Texas, July 3.

Correspondence

THE QUESTION OF GREEK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial note you say that "in this question of Greek, Amherst College finds itself brought up against a radical difficulty which must sooner or later be faced and solved. The point is whether this Christian age and generation can be dominated by the literature of a pagan age and nation. In other words, is it at all likely or is it proper that a literature which is pagan in its forms and ideals should be the only possible literature from which our youth can get their proper ideals of life and of culture? If there is anything in modern Christian ideals, then certainly the modern literatures imbued with Christian ideals, fostered in a Christian atmosphere, must be the proper kind of literature for the schools of this Christian age. This is undoubtedly what the movement away from the ancient literatures means, however much the movement may at times appear to be influenced by practical and material needs.

We are in great sympathy with Amherst College in its effort for a higher order of scholarship; for literary and scientific scholarship of great thoroughness. No doubt the scholarship of our institutions is suffering from certain weaknesses and lacks in earnestness and deep application. This, is, however, to be accounted for not by the substitution of the so-called modern subjects for those of the pagan languages and their literatures. It exists because colleges have gone astray on clubs and sports and so-called student interests, which destroy all true academic life whether in modern literatures or in science. Here applied science and mathematics have somewhat of an advantage, because men working in these lines have usually a pretty definite object in view, and are not so likely to be led astray as are the students who have not yet settled down to a definite course. This produces the appearance that all literary work and true education in culture and refinement are set aside for applied science.

At this point it may be observed that the pursuit of science is just as unselfish as is that of literature. In fact, there is quite as thorough an application to study for the sake of study in our professional schools as in our literary colleges. No doubt there is in this country, as in other countries, a tendency to hurry over fundamentals and to go on to the so-called practical, or at any rate to a kind of finish, however imperfect. This is true of mathematics and science and modern languages and their literatures as it is true of Latin and Greek. But we are beginning to see that students must master fundamentals thoroughly before they can be promoted to more advanced work, whatever that may be, either in the way of literary or scientific study. This is one thing, but it is quite another thing to assume that thoroughness is only reached by going back to the study of pagan literature. In this respect, Amherst College is retrogressive and will never succeed. It is of vastly more importance to us and to our students to know what the English, the Germans, and the French are now doing than what the Greeks and the Romans did in the past. These nations possess a civilization—a Christian civilization—far in advance of that possessed by the ancient nations. They will therefore almost wholly supply in the near future the material for all literary education in our schools and colleges and no amount of lecture courses can turn the course of events from the modern to the ancient literatures.

JEFFERSON E. KERSHNER.

Lancaster, Pa., July 12.

LEGAL ETHICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The question whether an advocate should defend a person for a crime of which he knows or believes him to be guilty, is one which has been agitated for at least two centuries. The letter on it in your issue of July 6 from a Western gentleman I deem worthy of an answer. While I was personally opposed to the rule which was adopted by the American Bar Association on this subject, the general sentiment in favor of a code of ethics seemed to be so strong that it was felt its advocates should have a chance to present it to the Bar. My belief is that it would be much better to let many of the ethical rules which have been adopted rest as a species of common law to be interpreted by the best and prevailing sense of the profession.

At the outset, it is necessary to define clearly what is meant by a "knowledge or belief" of the guilt of the accused person. If the lawyer has personal knowledge of the crime, if he is present at, or sees, its commission, he is a witness, the same as any layman, and consequently would, for obvious reasons, be disqualified from acting as an advocate. He may also derive his knowledge of a crime from a voluntary confession made by his client. His mouth is closed even if he should wish to speak, because the law prevents him from disclosing information communicated to him in his professional capacity.

Should he continue to act as the advocate in such a case? Nothing can be gained by an endeavor to answer such hypothetical or supposititious questions. They depend largely upon the peculiar circumstances of each case, and must be conscientiously determined by the lawyer when they arise. It may be that there is a full, technical case against the accused, without his confession—which fact might influence the lawyer as to one course of conduct. On the other hand, there might be a defect in the technical proof against the defendant, which the confession would supply. Should the lawyer advise his client to plead guilty? Suppose he gave such advice and the client refused to follow it. I repeat that each case must be determined as it arises, in view of its peculiar circumstances.

What is generally meant when the question is asked if a lawyer should defend a person accused of crime whom he "knows or believes" to be guilty is, that such knowledge or belief is derived from sources which are open to everybody. No important criminal act is committed which is not quickly communicated to the public, and about which the community and lawyers in common do not promptly form an opinion. With an opinion of guilt derived from such sources of knowledge and belief, is a lawyer justified in defending the culprit?

I think there can be no grave doubt as to his complete right to do so. The court certainly can assign counsel to defend cases in which prisoners have none; and their duty, as officers of the court, would compel them to obey such orders. The right of the lawyer to defend persons accused of crime rests upon broad and well-grounded principles. There must necessarily exist in every community governed by law exact and clear definitions of crimes, as well as certain forms and rules for the trial of offenders. These are indispensable conditions to an intelligent and humane administration of criminal jurisprudence. A person accused of crime is entitled to demand that each and all of these conditions shall be satisfied before he is convicted.

While there is no doubt that, at times, the application and enforcement of these forms of criminal procedure prevent the conviction and punishment of guilty persons, yet upon their continuance and stability depends the very existence of social organization.

A lawyer's right and duty are to demand that his client, charged with crime, shall be proceeded against in a legal and orderly manner, notwithstanding his own moral conviction of guilt. If the elements constituting the crime charged are lacking; if the forms of the law are not complied with, it is his duty to urge and demand the acquittal of his client. In doing this, he performs a double duty—one to the community, in preserving and upholding the forms of the law, and the other to his client.

No finer exhibition of his real duty to the State can be imagined than the position of the lawyer under such circumstances. The judge upon the bench is no more an officer than a lawyer. They differ only in their respective duties, and no judge could advocate the conviction of an accused where the legal proofs were deficient, simply because he had a moral belief that he was guilty.

I do not place the right of the lawyer to defend a client whom he believes to be guilty upon the ground that he cannot know that his client is guilty until his guilt has been officially and finally declared by the court and jury, because he often, in a sense, has a moral conviction of the guilt of his client, which he has derived through the ordinary channels of information. I put it upon the ground that he is an officer of the law, and that it is his duty to see that the forms of the law are carried out, irrespectively of knowledge or moral conviction.

The argument that the lawyer cannot know of the guilt of his client until he has been officially condemned, might be used with equal force by an accessory after the fact. Why could not every accessory after the fact declare, with the same reason as the lawyer, that he could not know a crime had been committed because the person whom he had assisted had not been adjudged judicially guilty?

An accessory after the fact is a person who knows a felony to have been committed, and who relieves, comforts, or assists the felon. And so strict is the law, where a felony is actually complete, in order to do effectual justice, that the nearest relations are not suffered to aid or relieve one another. If the parent assists his child, or the child the parent, if the brother receives the brother, the master his servant, or the servant his master, or even if the husband receives his wife, either of whom has committed a felony, the receiver becomes an accessory after the fact. A married woman, however, does not come within this rule, because she is presumed to act under the coercion of her husband.

We see, therefore, for the maintenance of society, with what strictness and severity the hand of the law is uplifted against those who aid, or shelter, or assist criminals to escape their just and necessary punishment. But this doctrine could not be extended to include the lawyer who defends those charged with crime, else the whole system of criminal law would be absolutely demolished.

If these views be correct, it should seem to follow that the lawyer's duty to defend a person in those cases where he has a belief, or a moral conviction, of the guilt of his clients, is clear. And the community cannot suffer, if he simply confines his efforts to demanding that the forms and rules of the law be carried out.

JOHN R. DOS PASSOS.

New York, July 11.

"STARRING" THE PLAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on our Chicago Theatre Society is most admirable and states quite clearly our general position. It is our plan to present the most unconventional and truthful comedy obtainable, but it is not easy to make up a programme. The plays we want are often not in the market, and others are so closely associated with the names of certain "stars" that their production by a repertory company such as ours is not advisable. The list which you mention is only tentative, but in so far as it expresses a preference for character drama, it is representative of our first season. Shaw, Barker, Synge, Pinero, Thomas, are of this classification, and while using Ibsen, you will observe, we take one of his most poetical pieces, and from "Giocoso" a "comedy." If we should add a few classical plays they would also be comedies, like Goldoni's "Fan," Molière's "Upstart Gentleman," or Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man."

Personally (and as the secretary of the society) I am more profoundly concerned with the question of how this organization can be of use to the American dramatist who wishes to write character plays without the "arm of coincidence." I hope we may be able to draw forth plays written from the heart, irrespective of the demands of a "star," and irrespective of the question of "the long run." We do not intend to read scenarios, but we do welcome finished plays that are written as a fine novel is written, closely, logically, and with pleasure in the writing.

It may be that we are mistaken, but we believe there are plays of this character already written (and, perhaps, thrice refused by managers who must consider their "stars"), and that a repertory stage would furnish a hearing for such pieces. It may be that we are being cheated of plays which would be a credit to our literature and a joy to the theatre-goer Anyhow, that is my own belief. It cannot be true that we are so lacking in observation and invention as to be obliged to borrow all of our high-class comedy from the old world.

It is the intention of the Chicago Theatre Society to star the play and to honor the dramatist and to aid (in our small way, as the repertory theatres of England have done in their larger way) the development of a vivid, interesting, and native drama—plays which shall each be original and not imitative. I am aware that this will sound ambitious to some of your readers, and presumptuous to others, but I cannot agree, however deep my patriotic feeling, when I am told that "we are keeping our dramatic end up." We are, indeed, producing "money-makers" and "best sellers," but that does not always mean excellence of writing or originality of invention—if it did, there would be no need of a repertory theatre.

HAMLIN GARLAND,
Secretary Chicago Theatre Society.

The Cliff Dwellers, Chicago, July 14.

A HINDU ON THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reference in the *Nation* for July 6 to Baba Bharita's fling at the Ten Commandments as "nothing but childish prattle," leads me to call attention to a different estimate of our Bible by one of his countrymen, Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, B.A., LL.B., judge of the High Court, Bombay, and vice-chancellor of the University of Bombay. In an article in the *Times of India*, April 1, he said:

> I have a faith and it is this. To understand clearly the best that is in our Hindu Scriptures, to enter fully into the spirit of their grand ideals and teachings, we must have the help of the Bible. A grand book is this—the Authorized Version of the English Bible. . . . At the same time let us not forget another translation of the Bible—the translation made by an English lady, mother of a pious son. Asked which of the different published translations of the Bible—Jerome's Vulgate, Luther's German Bible, the Authorized Version, and the Revised Version—this son preferred, he replied: "I prefer my mother's translation." "What is that?" The boy answered: "My mother has translated the Bible and translated it straight, too. Her every day life is a translation of God's word."

JAMES M. HUBBARD.

Bread Loaf, Vt., July 8.

A READING IN BYRON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The word "strike," in "Don Juan," III, ciii, about which Mr. Chew inquires (*Nation*, June 29), is, perhaps, from the famous saying of Themistocles: "Strike, but hear me." If we take the phrase "a pictured image" to be a thrust at Mariolatry, the exclamation follows naturally enough.

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.

University of Michigan, July 3.

HAYM SALOMON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter printed in the *Nation* of June 29, Mr. Worthington C. Ford exclaims against the discovery of Haym Salomon as a hero of the Revolution. In John Fiske's "The Dutch and Quaker Settlements," Volume II, he will find the following passage:

> The name of Haym Salomon, a very wealthy Polish Jew, deserves to be coupled with that of Robert Morris for the financial aid which he extended to Congress during the War of Independence. Mr. Salomon advanced to the United States nearly $700,000, not a cent of which was ever repaid.

E. SCHRADER.

Macklin, Sask., July 8.

UNITED STATES CUSTOMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 29 you say: "In levying an income tax, for examole, it would be a most vicious plan to exempt incomes below $2,000, say, and then in cases of incomes above that amount to tax the whole income." Manifestly the same principle does not obtain in the United States customs. Last July I crossed the Mexican border into the United States from Tia Juana. The customs regulations allow a citizen to bring back with him from Mexico goods to the liberal amount of one dollar. I purchased a *serape* for $1.72, upon which

I paid 40 per cent. *ad valorem* and 33 cents a pound for the two pounds of wool it was supposed to contain, a total import tax of $1.36, even the generous exemption of one dollar not being allowed. I sometimes wonder whether I was "done" by the collector or by this great and glorious government.

CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, Pasadena, Cal., July 4.

Literature

RUSSELL OF THE "TIMES."

The Life of Sir William Howard Russell, C.V.O., LL.D., the First Special Correspondent. By John Black Atkins. With portraits and illustrations. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10 net.

In the early summer of 1854 William Howard Russell, *Times* correspondent with the Crimean army, wrote privately from Varna to his chief, Delane:

> Part of one division . . . has got no tents. There is no beef for the men for the last three days, only mutton, which the doctors say will bring on dysentery. Just imagine this: the sappers and miners sent out to Bajuk to survey do so in full dress, as their undress clothes were not ready when they left. Am I to tell these things, or hold my tongue?

The question was merely rhetorical. Russell had no idea of holding his tongue. For months and all through the dreadful winter before Sebastopol Russell exposed the suffering of an army that without proper food, clothing, or hospital service was rapidly melting away. Such letters hit great folk both in the field and in the War Office, and it looked as if the rash young Irishman were writing the ground from under his feet. Remember that he had no status. Clothed in some odd semblance of a sutler's uniform, housed by tolerance outside the camps, without right of access to headquarters or privilege of drawing rations, the *Times* correspondent was regarded merely as a camp follower with the additional disability of being cordially hated by most of the officers high in command. Even to hold that position required nerves of iron, to improve it all the adroitness of one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his race and time. Gradually the regimental officers learned what the men had readily grasped from the outset that this big jolly critic of the army was really pleading their cause. Russell's various tents and huts on the Crimean plateau became so many centres of good fellowship, and incidentally of news. Then, although he was always tediously writing about blankets and greatcoats and tents and rations, he had also become the faithful recorder of the Alma and Inkermann, of Balaklava and the storming of the Redan. So in the face of bitter opposition amounting sometimes to persecution Russell made his position good. Parliament and the country confirmed his criticism by turning out Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, the army admitted that he had saved it from virtual annihilation, a verdict ratified by all historians of the Crimean War.

Russell's antecedents hardly account for such an achievement, though the mixture of Protestant and Catholic Irish blood in his veins must count for something. A fox-hunting and thriftless grandfather had taught the orphaned lad the valuable accomplishments of tilting his glass and singing his song. From Trinity College, Dublin, he gained the education of a gentleman, but oddly enough, made no lasting friendships at this time. While hesitating as to his profession, in his twenty-first year, 1841, there came to him the opportunity of reporting the Irish elections for the *Times*. He grasped at the chance, and proceeded not to the balloting place, but, remembering it was an Irish election, to the hospital, whence he wrote a vivid letter that was the subject of a leader. His services during these stormy elections commended him to the office, and when Russell went to London, ostensibly to read law, a place was made for him in that nursery of talent, the Press Gallery of Parliament. For a dozen years Russell sold his pen as he might, styling himself frankly a "mercenary." For the *Times* he reported Daniel O'Connell's trial, and after a trying journey back with his letter had the chagrin of telling the verdict to a bystander, supposedly a colleague, before the very door of the *Times* office. It was, in fact, an astute reporter of the *Morning Herald* which naturally got the "beat." Through all his career Russell occasionally committed glaring blunders of this type. It was a necessary part of what Charles Lever called his "Irishry." For a time the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Daily News* engaged his pen, but he always returned to his first master, the *Times*. For a brief space in 1850 he accompanied the Schlesswig-Holstein army in the revolt against Denmark, but his few letters from the field gave small indication of the Russell that was to be. In fact, his work was of the most general sort. Now he reported the potato famine in Ireland, now followed Kossuth; witnessed the funeral of the Duke of Wellington or the trial of the famous murderer Rush. Meanwhile his young wife had borne him two daughters, and he had become a member of those two convivial companies that Thackeray had gathered round himself in the Garrick and the Fielding clubs. Russell had become a man about town, with the corresponding expenses, and in 1853, being thirty-three years old, he ruefully sets down in his diary the fact that his income from the *Times*, together with his Dublin and Brussels correspondence, comes to barely £600 a year. It was at this time that Delane made him a handsome offer to go with the Guards to Malta, assuring him that it was a question only of a winter holiday, and that he should be back soon to his law practice. What began as a winter holiday is now written indelibly into the military history of England. Russell, who had left as an agreeable novice in Thackeray's set, returned from the Crimea one of the most famous men of the day, with every journalistic and social door ajar for him.

For a matter of two years, Dr. Russell—his own college gave him an LL.D. in 1855—served the *Times* in various capacities, reporting the coronation of the Czar Alexander II and revisiting the Crimea, but, in the main, repleted a shrinking family budget by lecturing. In the nearly forty years of active service remaining to him, he was somewhat under the disadvantage of seeming to repeat his Crimean exploits on a smaller scale. And yet to many readers, and we think to all journalists, his correspondence from India during the mutiny will seem the high-water mark of special correspondence and of Russell's career. Never were such opportunities, and never were they better used. Whereas Lord Raglan, in the Crimea, had never exchanged a word with the *Times* correspondent, Sir Colin Campbell offered him a permanent place at his table—a privilege prudently declined—and made the following remarkable compact:

> You shall know everything that is going on. You shall know all my reports and get every information that I have myself, on the condition that you do not mention it in camp or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England.

What the Commander-in-Chief for India thought of Russell personally and of the frequent charge that the Crimean letters had given aid to the enemy is sufficiently implied in this incident.

Havelock and the epic days of the first reliefs had already passed before Russell came to India. His task was less the reporting of campaigns than the ascertainment of facts of national feeling. In especial, he studied the policy of reprisals and the legends of mutilation of European victims of massacre. Here he did much to recall to reason and humanity a public opinion frenzied beyond belief. In his *Times* correspondence, and more strikingly in two private letters to Delane, he exposed with statesmanlike clearness the permanent difficulties of the Indian situation. Scorn of the darker skin was the original and enduring evil. The English official, for the native a terribly expensive luxury, soon forgets "the principles of his life, the rules of his religion, and the feelings of his civilization; he regards rebellion or insurrection not as a political offence, but as a blasphemy or sac-

rilege of ineffable magnitude committed against the Deity, whom he vicariously and imperfectly represents." Again Russell points out the danger of disregarding native customs and sentiments. We have disarmed the country, he writes, "but against the silent, steady action of the antipathy of nearly two hundred millions of people, once fairly excited, no power can stand." These two confidential letters to Delane contain a complete moral summary of the Indian question, and are as applicable to-day as they were when written fifty years ago. Russell went back to England determined to quit the field. He had spent himself too freely, and on sailing he wrote to an Indian friend,

> I go home to a sick wife, carrying from India no very pleasant memories, a damaged reputation, great popular enmity—the only Englishman, I believe, who ever left India poorer than when he came into it—with nothing to cheer me save the conviction that I did my duty according to the light that was vouchsafed to me.

Delane tried to send him to the Italian war, suggesting that for recuperation Lombardy was next best to Switzerland. Refusing, Russell tried his hand at leader-writing for the *Thunderer*, an ungrateful task, at which he succeeded but fairly well. One divines in his autobiographical notes the armed truce that exists in every newspaper office between the men of news and the men of views; how subtly their relations are tinctured with affection, admiration, and profound mutual mistrust. And naturally, since nobody so well knows the fallibility of news as he who daily converts it into opinion, whereas no one so clearly perceives the shifts and dodges of the manufacture of opinion as the confederate newswriter. It was Thackeray who warned Russell: "Don't wrap yourself up in *Times* foolscap . . . Try work for yourself." Circumstances never quite permitted Russell to do that. Yet when, in 1850, he founded the *Army and Navy Gazette*, an enterprise which occupied him for a matter of forty years, it looked like a divorce from the *Times*. The failing health of his wife again was a strong argument for keeping to London. But after a year, during which he was a contributing reviewer under Delane's stern tutelage, the *Times* reënlisted its famous correspondent and sent him to study conditions in the apparently disintegrating United States. If any serious correspondent were asked to tell his most habitual and deepest grief, he would certainly answer, "The gross misinterpretation in the editorial office of news laboriously gathered in the field." Russell in America was to drink this cup to the dregs. His letters from the South showed plainly the moral, physical, and functional weakness of the Confederate cause. His letters from Washington revealed the fundamental rightness and strength of the Union forces under momentary panic and reverse, but as these clear and persuasive letters were printing the *Times* actually passed from a fairly neutral to a doggedly pro-Southern position. So far as Russell was concerned, the whole American adventure was ill-omened. His honest account of the rout at Bull Run made him generally odious, an indiscreet dispatch to "Sam" Ward, after the Trent affair, made his position untenable. One can hardly pardon that "Irishry" which banished from American soil at the outset of the civil war the one pen in the world that was most likely to record the struggle with breadth, fairness, and vividness. Imagine Russell at Antietam and Gettysburg, and one may faintly realize the cost of that jocose dispatch to "Uncle Sam" Ward. Upon it the grim Delane made the fitting comment: "Remember that of all the weaknesses poor mankind is cursed with, good nature is the most dangerous." The *Times* soothed Russell's chagrin by alloting him a life pension, and he wrote proudly in his diary after Appomatox: "Had the *Times* followed my advice, how different our position would be—not only that of the leading journal, but of England. If ever I did state service, it was in my letters from America."

He was yet to see three wars. In the brief Austro-Prussian campaign he joined the staff of the unfortunate Benedek just after Sadowa and witnessed the second defeat of Olmütz. His praise of the Prussian needle-gun was quoted in Parliamentary debates. During the Franco-Prussian war, he enjoyed unique privileges at the German headquarters, acquired the confidence of the Crown Prince, Friedrich, and had the distinction of breaking even with Bismarck on an issue of veracity. The final act of the tragedy at Versailles and the investiture of the Emperor were recorded by Russell. His prominence at this time engaged the satirical vein of Matthew Arnold, who in the "Arminius Letters" describes "Dr. Russell of the *Times*" preparing to mount his war horse: "You know the sort of thing—he has described it himself over and over again. Bismarck at his horse's head, the Crown Prince holding his stirrup, and the old King of Prussia hoisting Russell into the saddle." It was the first time that a newspaper correspondent had incurred such ridicule, and the last time, perhaps, that the facts fairly justified the burlesque. In his sixtieth year, Russell again took the field with Sir Garnett Wolseley in the Zulu war. The *Times* had declined the services of the veteran correspondent and the *Telegraph* jumped at the chance. Russell characteristically became a keen critic of the conduct of the troops, and a champion of the South African blacks. The Imperialistic way of reckoning without the subject races always revolted him, alike for its impiety and its political folly.

But aside from his editorship of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, Russell had for some time been drifting away from militant journalism. When, in 1875, he became a member of the Prince of Wales's household for the Indian trip, Russell's colleagues generally professed to regard the act as a derogation. In fact Russell's long association with "the Prince of Wales set" may seem to require an apology. Yet it is hard to believe either that the hero of the Crimea finished as a snob, or that any of his more critical colleagues would have regarded a royal invitation as less than a command. Of the affection entertained for him by the Prince and his intimates, the letters published by Russell's biographer leave no doubt. In candor any blame or any defence of Russell as a favorite of Prince Albert Edward, implies a preliminary criticism of the "Prince of Wales set." That is a theme to attract an old-fashioned historian with a penchant for portraiture, but as yet the materials are not available nor the fitting hour struck. It is enough to say that what Russell did most Englishmen in his position would have been more than delighted to do. A widower of sociable parts gradually withdrawing from the most exacting of literary employments might have done much worse than become *raconteur* at large for a circle that whatever its defects knew very well when it was being amused.

By a distinguished second marriage in 1883, Russell confirmed the social triumphs he had won single-handed. His own university had made him a doctor after the Crimea, but it was not till 1893 that he was honored with knighthood. Official England forgot very slowly the worst scoring it had ever received. He lingered on, a genial and venerable apparition, until 1907, dying in his eighty-seventh year.

We have omitted certain minor activities that fall between literature and press agency. Russell wrote a novel, a belated imitation of Lever's rollicking vein; visited the nitrate fields of Chili, crossed the Atlantic on a cable steamer, toured the Canadian West. Books in every case resulted, and his bibliography, including pamphlets, runs to eighteen numbers. These *parerga* are significant, because they show how little war correspondence can be a career and suggest the enforced, desultory intervals of that militant occupation. John Black Atkins, himself a special correspondent of high repute, has gone most elaborately into all the details of Russell's avocations, using skilfully diaries and the fragments of an autobiography. For this fulness he apologizes on the ground that Russell's private correspondence with the *Times* constitutes a unique record of the relations of a

correspondent in the field with the home office. Whether any one but a journalist will fully appreciate this display is doubtful. An initiate cannot fail to enjoy the revelation of what may be called the temperamental element under the apparent objectivity of the *Times*. Here is Delane, a martinet, to be sure, but with many of the caprices and most of the prejudices of the educated Briton. Against Russell's admonitions from the field, he fails to see how the French can lose. Mowbray Morris, too, is delightfully considerate of his erratic correspondent. The whole office clearly regarded Russell as an *enfant terrible*, felt that he needed their loyalty and accorded it unstintedly. And to the credit of the *Times*, it should be recorded that for a generation, its greatest correspondent was unhampered though generally in disagreement with the editorial policy. The whole intimate correspondence suggests once more most vividly how much the normal condition of an influential newspaper office is that of an armed truce.

The master quality of Russell's mind was unmistakably sympathy for oppressed or neglected people. It is as if something had rubbed off in contact with his old foe, Daniel O'Connell. Whether it was the British private shivering or starving in the Crimea, the black slave in the American South, the Hindu overtaxed for the maintenance of a hated rule, the Zulu suddenly deprived of his customs and his King, Russell's sympathy flew to the rescue of the under dog, and his ridicule was ever ready for the growing superstition that Britain had been invested by God himself with a universal vicegerency over tinted helpless races. On the literary side, Russell had the modicum of rhetoric that befitted his calling. The vigor of strong feeling and keen vision his style seldom lacks, but he never sought or attained that surplus eloquence which has been the aim of much recent journalism. He launched but one phrase that has lived. It is the "thin red line" of Highlanders at Balaklava that held the Russian cavalry, and Russell proceeded to weaken his phrase by adding "tipped with steel." No stylist could have let this stand. Before Russell was an old man the telegraph had revolutionized and demoralized war correspondence. Over and over again, during the Franco-Prussian war, Archibald Forbes, writing for the *Daily News*, beat the *Times*. The case seemed unaccountable until Russell learned that it was merely a new dodge which was unhappily to become a precedent. Forbes got, in confidence, early notice of the plans of battles, and stored his home office with advance information as to positions and probable movements. Thus the marvellous dispatches of the *News* were chiefly an ingenious manner of prophecy. People little realize how much news "from the spot" is really *ante eventum*, nor yet how destructive of real journalism such competitive window-dressing has come to be. Nor is it generally understood how far the cheapening of the quality of news is due to the telegraph. From the Crimea Russell sent just one telegraphic dispatch, a brief note of the fall of Sebastopol, and when he complained of the difficulties of writing at the front, the office told him to take his time. It is safe to say that such advice rarely comes from any newspaper office to-day. The quantitative demand is imperative, and quality has to take care of itself. Russell frequently remarked that, as he had been the first, so he would be the last war correspondent. Battles, he felt, had outgrown the possibilities of record by a single intelligence. "The front" had become the least favorable point for observation. The hurry of telegraphic reporting made any worthy or deliberate record impossible. By and large this view is true. So far as following the strategy of the great Manchurian battles was concerned, an editor at New York or London was in a much better position than a correspondent in the trenches before Mukden. The exceptional conditions of the Nile campaign gave Steevens his opportunity for writing something that was literature without quite ceasing to become news; the skirmishing before Santiago elicited a certain amount of perfervid writing that may or may not have been literature, but certainly was not news in the broader military sense. In fact, the high-powered rifle and consequent extension of the terrain have reduced the possibilities of war correspondence to an ingenious impressionism frankly based on the most fragmentary observation. Mr. Atkins, who well knows the game, is satisfied that a reform is necessary. His suggestion is no less radical than to deny the telegraph to newspaper correspondents, and let the public have only such official dispatches as the home authorities give out. Such a course would put an end to an immense pretence, and would relieve the serious correspondent of conditions that almost force him into abject charlatanry.

It is interesting to remark in conclusion that Russell went unwillingly on nearly all his important missions. The glamour that is shed about his profession did not exist for him. A firm sense of duty drew him into what, superficially considered, looked like so many gorgeous adventures. In his character was an Aristotelian and most fascinating blend of opposites. To the volatility of the Irishman he added the Briton's sturdy desire for truth. He prophetically saw the folly of British Russophobia and Gallophobia, and yet mishandled his own personal controversies with boyish nonchalance. With the ease of the convivial worldling he combined a dose of the *sæva indignatio* of the reformer. In a fine sense he was all things to all men, and yet very much himself. Of the Victorian mood, which preëminently was that of mediation of apparently incompatible excellencies, he is a superbly typical example. Through a long life he managed to carry the principles of a Liberal alongside the instincts of a Tory, and that seems almost the recipe for a lovable and livable nature.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Corner of Harley Street. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The anonymous writer of these thirty letters belongs to the tribe of E. V. Lucas in his gentle reflectiveness, his literary good breeding, and his humane attitude. But he goes deeper than that other delightful writer in touching on a score of life's real problems rather than on its pleasantnesses and pleasantries. He figures as a doctor writing familiarly to old friends and young, to son and daughter and cousin and aunt. A slender thread of story appears in some of the letters; in all a clear reflection of the persons addressed. But the real and rare charm of the book is the doctor himself, with his grasp of the soul of things. He is an experienced physician who believes in God, in man, in boys and girls, in trout-fishing and cricket, in pictures, if not too abandoned to technique; in novels, if not too flimsy. To read his letters is almost to feel a premium laid on needing advice, so wise and genial are his counsels and affections. Did one know him, he might well become, as Henry James said of Lowell as a public speaker, "a convenience which tended to multiply occasions." To be admonished by Dr. Peter Harding, always premising a taste for leisurely, even discursive, admonition, would amply repay dilemma. It is not to be inferred that advice is all the book. The self-revelation of a charming personality, as full of humor as of sagacity, is brought about. The reader makes a new friend and is left with the not too often vouchsafed sense of an hour spent in the best company.

Dawn O'Hara: The Girl Who Laughed. By Edna Ferber. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Sprightly is the word for this tale of the adventures of a newspaper woman. Dawn is, to be sure, a far less inane young person than the colored frontispiece declares her, but her humor (and she is determined to be humorous) is of the "smarty" type—a little tiresome in the long run, unless to the ear of extreme youth. She is an Irish-American girl, who, at twenty, is making a living with her little "human interest" stories in the office of a bustling New

York newspaper. There she meets and marries a brilliant and dissolute newspaper writer named Peter Orme. He smokes expensive gold-tipped cigarettes, and has strange smouldering eyes, and easily wins the fair Dawn, who admires such things. But he is on the road to the gutter before he marries her, and presently drinks himself into Bedlam. Remains Dawn O'Hara Orme, alone but not free. For years she supports herself and her wreck of a husband. Finally she breaks down. Here is the natural turning-point: she falls into the hands of a great nerve-specialist, an imported German, and finds in him a second and kindlier fate. But there are excursions and alarums before the happy issue is permitted. Orme turns up, more or less cured, and the author is constrained to smash him up in a motor car in order to get him permanently out of the way. But the story will appeal to the reader or not according as he has stomach for the immitigable sprightliness of the girl who laughed.

Down Our Street: A Provincial Comedy. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The word comedy for once escapes being taken in vain, in the sub-title of this delightful book. It is a Cranford sort of book, though it is not to be numbered among the countless imitations of that blameless classic. Its unconquerable Mrs. Bean reminds one vaguely of our Mrs. Wiggs of recent memory. But she is a richer, ampler figure. The atmosphere in which she moves is blander if less bracing than that of the Cabbage Patch. Cranford is certainly not very far away from Our Street. It is, speaking brutally, a street of middle-class shabby gentility. Its little society is a mass of petty impostures. It has its snobs and its gossips, its mean ways of going about its small business. But it has its generosities and its magnanimities also:

> Two rows of dull houses—some grimy trees—
> That's all the eye of the stranger sees,
> But the heart that goes there is sure to meet
> Love, Pity, and Happiness down our street.

So reads the motto of the book, on title page and cover; and the promise it makes is fulfilled—more than fulfilled, since the writer's prose is vastly superior to her verse. Confessedly, this is a work of sentiment, but the verge of sentimentality is never passed.

The two leading figures are Sophia Watson, a girl in the first flush of healthy youth, and Mrs. Bean, incorrigibly young, in spite of small means and sizable causes for worry. Mr. Bean "travels in butter," and with a passion for solvency is always on the edge of debt. He is an outwardly matter-of-fact husband, with a deep underlying devotion for his wife and children. But Mrs. Bean is the great soul, the only dweller on Our Street who is not swayed by convention. Consequently she is made use of and more or less sniffed at by her conventional neighbors. Not until her life is threatened does the street understand her importance. Indeed, with all her absurdities, she is the life of the neighborhood, a queen in her own right, a rare and original figure in current fiction. We extend our homage.

PROBLEMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament. By James Moffatt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The eminent Scottish divine, to whom the editor of the International Theological Library has assigned the task of doing for the literature of the New Testament what Canon Driver has done with notable success for the literature of the Old Testament, brings to his theme a trained literary sense, an accurate knowledge of the life and literature of the period in which the documents now known as the New Testament arose, and an astonishingly wide acquaintance with the opinion of other scholars. Freed from the necessity of considering the canon and text, he devotes the space thus saved to historical tables illustrating the setting of Jewish, Christian, and pagan literature from the Septuagint to Ambrose and Theodore; and to a remarkably interesting Prolegomena in which among other things are discussed the influence upon the New Testament of Jewish literature, canonical and other, and some of the literary forms, such as the diatribe, homily, pastoral, letter, and apocalypse. After the Prolegomena, come five chapters: (1) The Correspondence of Paul; (2) The Historical Literature (in which the problems of the Synoptic Gospels and Acts are treated); (3) Homilies and Pastorals (including First Peter and Jude and Second Peter, Ephesians and Pastorals, Hebrews and James, Second and Third John); (4) The Apocalypse of John; (5) The Fourth Gospel, a Johannine Tract (First John), and the Johannine Tradition.

The conclusions reached agree in the main with those of Holtzmann, Jülicher, McGiffert, and Bacon, as the following brief summary will indicate: From the ancient canon of fourteen epistles of Paul not only are Hebrews and Pastorals excluded, but also Ephesians. The epistle to the Hebrews is a homily in epistolary form written to a household church of Gentile Christians in Rome during the reign of Domitian. In agreeing with Origen that the author is unknown, Dr. Moffatt foregoes "reluctantly the romance which the hypothesis [of Harnack and Harris, that Prisca is the author] would introduce into the primitive Christian tradition." Concerning the Pastoral Epistles he concludes that, although in their present form they are not earlier than the days of Trajan, there may be traces of Pauline notes in Second Timothy and Titus. The exclusion of Ephesians from the Pauline corpus (like the stout defence of the North-Galatian theory) comes as a surprise. Although the turns of thought characteristic of the religious experience of Paul are used in Ephesians with an accuracy of touch which was impossible for the author of the Pastorals to copy; and although the literary relation of Ephesians to Colossians creates less difficulty than that of Second to First Thessalonians (both of which in this volume are held to be Pauline); nevertheless, Dr. Moffatt regards the Epistle to the Ephesians, or, rather, homily in epistolary form, as a "Catholicized version of Colossians" written in the eighties to Gentile Christians, or, as he puts it elsewhere, "as a set of variations played by a master hand upon one or two themes suggested by Colossians." While it is true, as he avers, that the "synoptic problem is enough to show that the deliberate employment of a source was not incompatible with original work on the part of an early Christian writer," it is also to be remembered that the personality of the author, let us say, of the Third Gospel and Acts (who to Dr. Moffatt is Luke the beloved physician) is as different from the personalities behind the sources which he incorporates as the personality of the author of Ephesians is like that of Colossians. With due allowance here and there in Ephesians for traces of later ecclesiastical recension, it will appear to many, as to McGiffert and Bacon, that it is not simply a master hand that plays in Ephesians, but the master hand of Paul.

In his presentation of the Synoptic Problem, the Scottish divine steers a canny course through the waters of recent investigation; and though he accepts the prevailing opinion that the canonical Mark virtually as we have it now and Q (a collection mainly of utterances of Jesus almost identical with the Logia of Matthew, of which Papias speaks) are the two chief literary sources employed by the first and third Evangelists, he looks with suspicion upon the attempts to define with precision the order and extent of Q (some sixteen reconstructions are analyzed), or of the Petrine material in Mark. Furthermore, he is convinced that oral tradition is an important factor in the solution of the problem, and is unwilling to concede that the early verses of Mark betray a knowledge of Q, as if Q had a monopoly of the sayings of Jesus; or that, to explain the special material in Luke, it is necessary to postulate with

B. Weiss a single literary document accessible to Luke only. As to the dates, he concurs with the majority of scholars in holding that while the sources of the Synoptics are Palestinian and, in part, contemporary with Paul, the Gospels themselves are Gentile products, Mark being written about 70 A. D., Matthew before 90, and Luke somewhat later than Matthew, but before Acts, which last, since it shows acquaintance with Josephus, belongs at the end of the first century.

Passing by the conclusion that Peter with the help of Silvanus wrote First Peter, but that Jude and Second Peter and James are second century documents, we come to the last chapter, the Johannine Writings. In his findings at this point, Dr. Moffatt is essentially at one with recent German and New Haven tendency in affirming that Papias is correctly interpreted as implying that John the son of Zebedee was never in Ephesus and that consequently Irenæus has mistaken the only Ephesian John we know, the Presbyter, for the Galilean fisherman. Since, however, the Johannine writings betray an Ephesian origin, and since the name John of the Apocalypse, like the Hermas of the Shepherd, is not fictitious (as is usually true of Jewish and Christian apocalypses), it is easy to assign the Revelation of John to the Presbyter, and Second and Third John as well; for in both these notes "the presbyter" is mentioned. Literary criticism, however, makes it necessary to ascribe the tract known as First John to another author, and the Fourth Gospel, which is an interpretation of the life of Christ influenced by ideas drawn from Paul, Philo, and Stoicism, but not devoid of historical value, to still another author. Dr. Moffatt endeavors to establish some connection between the Gospel and First Epistle by the hypothesis that the author of the latter in the early second century edited the Gospel and added chapter xxi; and still further helps tradition by admitting the probability that John the beloved disciple may have been the original authority for some of the special traditions of the Gospel, both as to sayings and, to a lesser extent, deeds of Jesus.

In this extraordinarily learned work, Dr. Moffatt has given a compendium of more or less recent opinion which is without rival in any language, and at the same time has succeeded in indicating with fair-mindedness what conclusions of modern critical scholarship are entitled to be regarded as either certain or probable. In this respect, the student for whom our author writes has at his disposal an indispensable treatise. The defect, if there is a defect, lies not in scholarship, for that is sound and comprehensive, not in judgment, for that is well-poised and wonderfully convincing, but in the realm of pedagogy. It is difficult to escape the impression that many a student, in searching for the author's positive positions, will be bewildered by the constant reference to the opinions of others, and will grow impatient now and then because the author, instead of supplying the evidence in detail from the sources, states his own conclusions rather summarily, referring the student to literature not always easily accessible to him. This defect, if it is a defect, does not prevent the reviewer from commending the work as the best in English from the critical point of view. It is indeed an independent Holtzmann in English, revised and brought up to date.

The History of Trade Unionism. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.60 net.

This work, which was first published in 1894, has reached its tenth edition in 1911. No attempt has been made to bring the history down to the present day, a new introductory chapter of fifty-one pages embodying most of the fresh matter which the authors have seen fit to present. About half of this new chapter is given to a discussion of the Lords' decision in the Osborne case in 1909. Osborne, a member of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, was sustained in his effort to restrain that trade union from making a levy on its members, and from using any of its funds, for the purpose of supporting the Labor party or paying members of Parliament. This judgment is denounced by the authors of "Trade Unionism," who strive by arguments not lacking in shrewdness to prove it a *reductio ad absurdum*.

The seriousness of the Osborne decision, from the point of view of existing trade unionism, lends an importance to this new edition quite apart from that which attaches to the reprint of a work whose value has been widely recognized for many years. The judgment of the House of Lords, declare the Webbs, virtually tore up what had, since 1871, been universally understood to be the legal constitution of a trade union. "It is not commonly realized—certainly the six judges did not realize—how extensive and how varied are the actually existing operations of trade unions that are now rendered illegal." The Law Lords have decided that all trade unions must now be deemed corporate bodies, formed under statute, thereby bringing them under the principle of English law, that a body corporate, created under statute, cannot lawfully do anything outside the purposes for which the statute has incorporated it. Briefly, trade unionism has run up against the doctrine of *ultra vires* with a resounding crash, the result being a bad wreckage of its hopes. The expectation of the Webbs is that Parliament will come to the rescue of the trade unions, though they do not venture to predict what form the legislation will take. Their hope is, however, that opportunity will be taken to put the whole position of trade unionism on a satisfactory basis—to do, in fact, for trade unions what the Companies Act did for joint stock companies.

The last half of their new introductory chapter is concerned with facts and figures relative to the growth of trade unions, and with a discussion of some of the later problems that have confronted the unions. It is sufficient to add that all who have made the acquaintance of this work in its earlier editions will find themselves repaid for the study they may give to this 1911 edition.

A Paradise in Portugal. By Mark Sale. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

Students of social pathology may be interested in these autobiographical divulgements. The author, a woman who writes under a pen name, belongs to a class which is more numerous and more clearly differentiated in England than in the United States—the leisure class of narrowly limited means. This species of economic parasite, while exhibiting in a high degree all those delicate qualities of mind and heart that are the product of refinement and cultivation, retains no more than a vestige of the basic instinct of self-preservation. It knows but one way of meeting financial difficulty, namely to cut down expenses, and will die in blessed martyrdom rather than work with its hands. Such, with the added disability of poor health, are "The Philosopher" and his wife who were driven, by the loss of their modest competence, to seek an asylum in rural Portugal. Here where the problem of subsistence is reduced to its lowest terms, they figure that they "can live a couple of years" on their remnant of this world's goods, with a fair measure of tranquility and æsthetic satisfaction. "Our daily needs were of the simplest; and for occupation, The Philosopher painted, while I wrote," explains the guileless chronicler. In her opening chapters, the marvellous cheapness of food, rent, and service, the picturesque features of native life and scenery, and the mildly salubrious climate of the region are felicitously celebrated. Her appreciation of new landscapes and southern weather-moods is worthy of the "world-citizen" she claims to be; her vocabulary, however, remains that of the English exile.

> A most fair land! A land of pines and oaks and eucalyptus; of an infinite wealth of bracken, golden gorse and purple heather; of tiny fields of tall, green, ribbony maize; of lowly homesteads, nestling in the very heart of nature; of gorges, of streamlets, and crags of warm red earth, where mica glitters among the stones.

The avowed desire to "take the read-

er into my confidence" is indulged to the fullest extent; even the details of a carefully worked out vegetarian dietary are disclosed. In spite of this Thoreau-like combination of topics, occasional references to "our Walden" seem peculiarly inapt, that epithet being scarcely applicable to any ménage that does not rest on a sound economic basis. The shrewd Yankee calculation that balanced a minimum of productive labor by a Spartan frugality has certainly nothing in common with the spurious economy that combines a minimum of present comfort with the prospect of ultimate privation.

Later in the book, there is some turning over of extremely temperate opinions on political theory, religion, and the woman question; and other passages of more original interest are contributed from memory and introspection. The approaching end of the allotted two years is faced with suppressed uneasiness, and the evil case thus plainly stated:

> Unfitted by temperament, by health, by custom, to barter and wrangle and fight in the world's market-place, there is no possibility left for people such as we when money is gone . . . Better . . . to pass out in silence now, rather than to linger on, losing courage, dignity, independence—perhaps, even coming to accept a grudging charity.

The publication of the book encourages us to hope that these two gentle souls may yet be finding existence supportable. At the same time, we are bound to confess that we emerged from the enervating atmosphere of this "Paradise" with a renewed respect for hard heads and horny hands. Any banality about the dignity of labor would be positively refreshing after contact with a spiritual flabbiness that can contemplate letting life itself go by default and justify its quiescence in the names of Philosophy and Art. Moreover, we fear that the pathos of the spectacle is apt to be lost upon readers in America, where, as a last resort, one might even scratch a living out of the soil without sacrifice of "courage, dignity, or independence."

Ferdinand Lassalle. By George Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

It is thirty years since this work first appeared in book form, and thirty-seven since its publication in instalments began in the *Nineteenth Century.* It might seem, therefore, a work of supererogation to make extended comment on it at this time. Yet a generation is a long time in this crowded age of humanity, as is attested by the fact that Lassalle is now but a name to a vast majority of the class of which he posed as advocate, and even to the larger part of those who bring a fairly ripened intellect to bear upon social and economic problems. His work unquestionably lives after him, but a knowledge of the personality from which his great and lasting influence sprang, is, it is safe to assert, confined to relatively few.

And yet it was a personality of which the civilized world cannot afford to-day to be ignorant. The belief, so prevalent a quarter of a century ago, that no problem of real importance to the human race can properly be solved except by an appeal from metaphysics to history has lost some of its hold in these latter days. If this new edition of Mr. Brandes's "Ferdinand Lassalle" counteracts this tendency in any measure, the world will be indebted to him and to his publishers.

Lassalle's motives were hotly debated during his life, and even Mr. Brandes, who, while not blind to the man's faults, has nevertheless a genuine admiration for his spirit, does not succeed wholly in persuading us that fundamentally he rings true. It is hard to find for the bundle of contradictions of which he was mentally and morally compounded, the unqualified respect one instinctively feels for the calm, philosophic, and dispassionate temperament of Rodbertus, or for the inexorable intellect and flawless courage of Karl Marx. Lassalle, to a far greater extent than either Rodbertus or Marx, represented the spectacular in the agitation for social betterment of the mid-nineteenth century. That he was a person of great determination is beyond doubt; but whether that determination was exercised primarily in the interest of Ferdinand Lassalle or of the proletariat is a question which, for not a few, still remains unanswered.

It has been rather inaptly declared that Marx, with "Das Kapital," furnished Socialism its Bible. Never, however, was there a Bible more difficult to be understood: it is not for ordinary minds. Lassalle's words, on the contrary, were words of wit, if not always of wisdom. His mind was equal to the hardest intellectual effort, but his speech easily took on grandiosity and pomposity, and he was one who, if we may attach importance to a sly hint of Bismarck's, delighted in nothing more than to hear himself talk.

And yet Marx, who preached economic revolution with a courage that commands our respect, with historic insight that has always excited admiration, with economic subtlety that has ranked him with the best of thinkers, and whose preaching drove him into exile, failed of the substantial results achieved by the too often bombastic exhortations of that other splendidly endowed Jew, Lassalle. The International was a fiasco, but the Social Democratic movement in Germany, which owes its political bent to Lassalle's fiery sentences, has wrought astonishing changes in the economic and political life of the Fatherland.

Lassalle's qualities have fascinated Mr. Brandes, as they fascinated Heine and Humboldt and George Meredith. The strong appeal which the man, as man, makes to him is evident at every turn. As we read his eulogy, for his book is best described by that term, we may reserve judgment, but we are bound to admit that he charms us by the graces of his style, and stimulates us by the generosity of his spirit.

Notes

There is about to appear from the Oxford University Press "Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record." It contains a biography by J. J. Munro, together with contributions by various friends, including Henry Bradley, Stopford Brooke, E. Dowden, Beatrice Harraden, Anthony Hope, Henry Arthur Jones, W. P. Ker, Sir Sidney Lee, Sir James Murray, W. Poel, A. W. Pollard, G. H. Radford, W. W. Skeat, Mrs. Stopes, R. Whiteing, A. Brandl, J Schick, A Feuillerat, C. Chiarini, R. Dyboski, E. Flügel, J. M. Manly, and F. M. Padelford. The proceeds of the volume are to go to the Furnivall Sculling Club.

Admiral Alfred T. Mahan has completed his new work on "Naval Strategetics," which will be published in the autumn by Little, Brown & Co.

A. F. Calvert has added "Valencia and Murcia" to his Spanish Series, published by John Lane Co. The plates in this volume number 288.

In the preface to his translation of "The Iliad of Homer" (Baker & Taylor) A. G. Lewis confesses that the task has occupied the leisure time of more than twelve years. The blank verse which Mr. Lewis has chosen for his version shows evident care, and the result, as a whole, is respectable, but, much as we should like to commend so pious a work, we cannot say it is more than respectable. In turning the pages we have found no better passage, though we have met with many worse, than the scene at the end of the eighth book, on which Tennyson tried his hand. We transcribe it as a favorable specimen of Mr. Lewis's work:

> So, high in hope, all night the warriors sate
> In ranks, with many a watch-fire kindled round.
> As when about the radiant moon in heav'n
> The stars gleam forth resplendent, when deep calm
> Has stilled the wind, and every look-out place,
> Headland, and wooded vale, in light appears;
> When from the clouds bursts forth the boundless sky,
> And all the stars are seen, to fill with joy
> The shepherd's bosom; numberless as they
> 'Twixt fleet and Xanthus' wave the watchfires gleamed
> Kindled by Ilium's braves before their walls.
> A thousand fires were glowing on the plain;
> In each fire's glow sate fifty armèd braves;
> While by the chariots stood the steeds, and cropped
> Corn and white barley till the fair-throned day.

To their series of historical narratives of adventure and discovery told for boys, Scribners have added "Trails of the Pathfinders," by George Bird Grinnell. Wherever possible, the journals of the explorers themselves are quoted, apparently in an endeavor to give the old flavor. Alexander Henry

(Older and Younger), Alexander Mackenzie, Lewis and Clark, Pike and Fremont, are treated at greatest length.

The sentimental title of "From Memory's Shrine: The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylvia [H. M. Queen Elisabeth of Rumania]" (Lippincott), translated from the German, by Her Majesty's desire, by her former secretary, Edith Hopkirk, is not belied by the character of its contents. It consists of a series of chapters dealing with dead friends and relatives of the royal author, who, by her manner of writing, evokes the image of an elderly woman, clad in heavy mourning, walking among the graves of those she loved, and laying a cluster of immortelles upon each. There is something excessively intimate and *familiale* in this gushing outpouring of private emotion which offends scarcely less, though in another way, than those piquant memoirs of royal and other personages which Her Majesty stigmatizes, in a brief introduction to the present volume, as "but a superior sort of gossip —when they are not, that is to say, simply gossip of a despicable kind!" "No mysteries," she goes on to say, "will be here unveiled, no scandalous secrets dragged to light. I do not propose to draw back the curtain from before the picture gallery within whose sacred precincts I have until now allowed no other footsteps than my own to stray, so that all who will may render homage with me to the moral and intellectual value of the lives these portraits strive to commemorate." The bourgeois ideal does not, on the whole, mix well with the monarchical notion. Hence, although we may approve and commend the spectacle of domestic virtue and felicity in royal households, there is something smug, fatuous, and philistine in their celebration in such chapters as those on Grandmama, Two Old Retainers, A Group of Humble Friends, My Tutors, and My Brother Otto. The reason is, perhaps, that, in such records, so much importance seems tacitly attached to the mere social scale of the picture as a means of rendering worthy of note what is essentially insignificant. Extraordinary art would alone serve to render these rather self-conscious reminiscences of the slightest interest, and that the writer certainly does not possess; while only in one or two instances, as when she is dealing with Clara Schumann, Bernays, and Bunsen, are the figures evoked in themselves of sufficient personal distinction to raise the record of the associations of one-half a century above the level of the complete commonplace.

In "Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life" (Appleton) there is a chapter called Casual Stories, a caption which might properly be applied to the entire volume. Walter Seymour, the author of these rambling recollections, left his Pall Mall Club and spent several years in Argentine, Paraguay, and Venezuela. His two letters written from Paraguay in 1873, describing the unfortunate attempt to settle an English colony there, are interesting and instructive. So is his account of Oom Paul's method of keeping the English from controlling the Delagoa Bay Railway. But by far the larger part of the book is filled with tiresome personal anecdotes of a gay "old fellow," most of whose friends "died much too soon."

The tenth volume of "The Catholic Encyclopedia" (Robert Appleton), edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others, contains the usual number of important articles. Among them we have noticed particularly those on the Mass, an elaborate historical and theological argument from the orthodox Catholic point of view; on Mexico, very full and beautifully illustrated; on Miracles, a mere apologetic essay; on Missions, an interesting and useful account of Catholic Missions the world over; and on Monasticism, a careful and instructive treatment of the whole subject. The article on Cardinal Newman is sympathetic and not without discrimination, though over-laudatory in parts, as writers on Newman are apt to be. The article on Modernism naturally excites particular interest. The subject is a delicate one for such a work, but it should seem that the writer might have treated it in less polemic fashion without incurring the suspicion of heresy. The following definition of Modernism sufficiently indicates his attitude: "In this way then we may define Modernism as the critique of our supernatural knowledge according to the false postulates of contemporary philosophy." The insertion of the word *false*, adding nothing whatever to the elucidation of the subject, is unfortunate, and shows how little effort was made to treat objectively this most interesting of contemporary movements within Catholicism.

The Mediccan Society of London (P. H. Lee Warner) has added to the Bibliotheca Riccardiana a volume containing the poems of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. The text, from the standard Oxford editions of Ellis, Postgate, and Phillimore, respectively, is printed without any helps for the laggard in Latin, except an index of proper names; the book is, indeed, for the gentleman, if we may accept the old definition of a gentleman as one who knows his classics, and for the bibliophile. The paper is of the best linen (there are also a few copies on vellum), and the typography is clear and firm, with initials in pale blue. One lover of a clean page may record here the pleasure with which he read the golden first elegy of Tibullus and the exquisite third of Propertius in this fair new setting.

Two essays by G. Lowes Dickinson originally printed in the *Hibbert Journal*, together with the Ingersoll Lecture delivered at Harvard in 1909 and published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. in a slight volume called "Religion and Immortality." Mr. Dickinson is by no means at his best in this field, but his style has the usual mark of grace and suavity.

With the twelfth volume John Bassett Moore brings to an end his compilation of the "Works of James Buchanan" (Lippincott). This volume contains Buchanan's interesting but unconvincing defence of his own administration, first published in 1866, and now valuable only as the statement of the opinions of a man who had identified himself with a policy which had become hopelessly out of touch with constitutional development. A not very discriminating address on Buchanan by W. N. Hensel, hardly worthy of such permanent form, the unfinished autobiography, completed by a rather light and unimportant note by his nephew, James Buchanan Henry, and a very full and satisfactory index round out the volume. Buchanan's prominence as a politician and a diplomat deserved some recognition, and the editor has performed his task most thoroughly. Indeed, he has overweighted his subject by including much of very slight importance, whether judged by its personal or public value, and the twelve volumes could easily have been compressed into six. Buchanan was not a good writer, his speeches have a stump flavor, and his more formal addresses in Congress are too tinged by partisanship to be read intelligently apart from their context. As a letter-writer he is a distinct disappointment, but his diplomatic papers indicate his best qualities. He will be judged by his Presidency, and the more interesting earlier years passed in politics and in the foreign service will not receive the attention they deserve. This arises from his being only one of many of the same political type, who grew up under Jackson, who played their parts with that following, and who have been judged unequal to the responsibilities laid upon them. To no other of the group, however, has such a compliment been paid as is implied in these dozen stately volumes, prepared under such excellent editorship.

"The History of Parliamentary Taxation in England" (Moffat, Yard), by Shepard A. Morgan, is the second volume in the series of David A. Wells Prize Essays, published by the department of political science of Williams College. It is a study of parliamentary control over taxation in England, and is confined pretty strictly to the two subjects, Who or what the taxing authority was, and Whether the tax was laid in accordance with it. The practical workings of the tax laws, therefore, receive but little attention; and the book is of interest to the student of political history rather than to the student of finance. In Saxon times, Mr. Morgan shows that Danegeld was levied with the assent of the Witan, such assent being more or less formal according to the strength of the King. With the Normans came a period of almost arbitrary taxation by the King until Magna Carta, after which the custom of parliamentary grants was gradually established. Mr. Morgan discusses intelligently and interestingly the long struggle which ended with the Bill of Rights in 1689, but adds substantially nothing to our knowledge of the subject. He has utilized, with suitable acknowledgment, the best authorities; and, if he has not gone beyond them, has at least written a convenient work of reference. The theory of Germanic origins, with which the first chapter begins, fortunately does not affect Mr. Morgan's subsequent treatment of historical facts.

"Siren Land" (Dutton), by Norman Douglas, is devoted to Capri and the Sorrentine peninsula, and suggests deceptively the average descriptive book of travel. As a matter of fact Mr. Douglas has lived into his theme as travellers cannot do. He knows foot by foot the clefts and pinnacles of the land of the Sirens, has lived among the peasants, taken their folklore from their lips, and read their history in the local archives. Thus his book is in a paradoxical degree both erudite and temperamental. Mr. Douglas contrives to be archæologist, folklorist, historian, *flaneur*, and fantastic inviter of his own soul. In all these rôles he is terse, vigorous, a hater of mere phrases, and a shunner of nonsense. Upon

his reader he makes considerable demands. The book is written from an agile and well-stored mind, and presupposes a cultured public. Among the chapters none is more excellent than that which describes the bodily and spiritual stresses of Suor Serafina, an uncanonized saint, who lived in Capri only two centuries ago. Mr. Douglas's suggestion that Suor Serafina modelled her spiritual experiences on those of Saint Theresa is very interesting, giving a new hint in morbid psychology. A certain fine scornfulness in the book nowhere appears more effectively than in the study of the Emperor Tiberius, and his ancient maligners. Of pure description there is little; that is left sensibly to excellent illustrations. But always there is a blend of scenic, personal, historical, and legendary interests, which an alert reader will find as savory as it is unusual.

Charles Macomb Flandrau's endeavor in the booklet of essays called "Prejudices" (Appleton) seems to be to call a spade a spade, and the work suffers somewhat from the literalness of the procedure. Some Dogs, Parents and Children, In the Undertaker's Shop, Holidays, Writers, Servants, are characteristic subjects. The work is of oddly uneven texture. Quite admirable in a sordid way is the sketch Wanderlust, the story of two derelicts in Mexico. We liked the essay on servants, especially that admirable Parisian waiter "whose only function it was 'to pacify the guests.'"

Although dressed as a waiter, he never actually waited. He, instead, drifted about from table to table engaging one in conversation, soothing the complainers, lulling the impatient. He was tall and thin, with a long, intelligent nose. Balzac would have immortalized him. He had a genius for tiding over the irritation of red-faced men in a hurry. When he saw one that had almost reached the point of explosion, he would saunter up to the table and begin to talk. In a few seconds the impatient, red-faced man would be proclaiming his opinion on some burning question of the day, and before he had finished, his belated order would be served.

Excellent, too, is the reminiscence of a kindergarten, "Mrs. White's," where prevailed a dreadful professional cheerfulness, and, withal, a disgustful enthusiasm for what was esteemed to be "nature." Like the letter which Mr. Flandrau quotes to prove that Newport society is better than its repute, Mr. Flandrau is good in spots.

The "Third Annual Report of Reforms and Progress in Korea" (1909-10), compiled by the government-general of Chosen (the most ancient and most recent name of the new peninsular province of Japan), dated Seul, December, 1910, and well illustrated, is now at hand. The excellent map shows the railways, completed or in process of construction, lighthouses, mines, navigation routes, sites of battlefields, and other data which reveal the vast change that has come over the once hermit kingdom. Under seventeen heads, exclusive of copious appendices, tables, and illustrations, the work of reconstructing out of chaos and misrule a modern state is described in detail. Police in steam launches deal with pirates. The military operations in 1909 required the death of eleven Japanese soldiers and 3,001 Koreans. The natives wounded, captured, or surrendered numbered 3,021, the last being now employed on road-making. The payment of taxes in money, instead of in kind, abolishes much local corruption and stimulates traffic and the creation of banks. Afforestation, the reclaiming of waste lands, scientific agriculture, public sanitation, and manual training seem to be making notable progress. Of hospitals—unknown in former days—there were 149. The census shows a total of 12,934,282 souls. The text and English translation of the Amalgamation Convention of August 29, 1910, may be found in the *Revue de Droit Internationale* of Tokio for December, 1910. The mediatizing of the Korean princes and seventy-five peers cost Japan fifteen million dollars. Military conscription will be delayed for ten years. From the "Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japan" for 1911, it is seen that Japan has now a population of over sixty-five millions, with an area of 260,748 square miles, or 250 persons to the square mile, which is less than that in several of the countries of Europe.

The "Gerarchia Cattolica," the official year-book of the Vatican, reports that at present the hierarchy of the Catholic Church consists of 50 cardinals, 13 patriarchs, 297 archbishops, 1,257 bishops, 22 exempt abbies. The same year-book also states that this hierarchy holds sway over 285,912,838 Catholics. Of these, 182,437,522 live in Europe, with 177,385,844 belonging to the Latin and 5,051,678 to the Greek Rite. Asia has 5,422,641 Roman Catholics, 4,559,865 belonging to the Latin and 862,776 to the Greek Rite; Africa has 2,681,740 Roman Catholics, all but forty thousand belonging to the Latin Rite; America has 86,996,513, all but 345,000 of the Latin Rite; and Australia, 8,374,422, all of the Latin Rite.

According to official statistics, the eight universities of Austria-Hungary had during the past semester a total attendance of 28,662 students. Of these Vienna alone had 9,736, or more than one-third, the tendency being to flock to this city, as the students of Germany do to Berlin and those of France to Paris. Next came Lemberg, with 4,824; the Czech University of Prague, with 4,432; Cracow, with 3,308; Graz, with 2,063; the German University of Prague, with 1,844; Innsbruck, with 1,288; and Czernowitz, with 1,167. The distribution according to faculties was as follows: Theology, 1,500; law, 13,050; medicine, 5,319; and philosophy, 8,793. The number of women students was 1,036, of whom 949 were regular "Hörerinnen," while the rest were "Hospitantinnen." None of these women followed theology or law.

Science

Foods and Their Adulteration. By Harvey W. Wiley. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $4 net.

The National Pure Food law of 1907 was, perhaps, the most important hygienic measure ever passed in this country, putting us in some respects above European nations in regard to legislative steps in connection with food supply. Toward this reform, no one contributed so large a share as Dr. Wiley. Many are the successful tilts he has had with those who, to save trouble or expense, have supplied the markets with injurious or unpalatable foodstuffs; and even in cases where other experts have disagreed with him, the public has chosen to follow his advice, refusing to buy what he disapproves of; benzoate of soda, for instance, being no longer generally tolerated as a preservative of fish, meats, and canned fruits, as it was before he denounced it as harmful and unnecessary.

In the same year that the Pure Food law was passed, there appeared the first edition of Dr. Wiley's "Foods and Their Adulteration," the value of which to all who wish to preserve or recover their health cannot be exaggerated. The best medical opinion is to the effect that most of the minor ailments of mankind and many of the major ones have their origin in a disordered digestion, due to the amazing ignorance of most persons as regards the things they eat. Dr. Wiley's book gives, in untechnical language, a vast amount of useful, interesting, and appetizing information about all kinds of meats and meat products—fresh, canned, refrigerated, or otherwise preserved; about poultry, eggs, and game birds; fish foods, oysters, clams, terrapin; milk, butter, and cheeses; cereals, vegetables, fungi, condiments, and fruits; oils, fats, and nuts; sugar, syrup, honey, and confectionery. The origin and history of each important article are briefly stated, the methods of manufacture are described, the chemical and dietary aspects noted, the standard of purity indicated, and the common adulterations pointed out and denounced. It is, therefore, a book that should be in every household, for daily reference; a book indispensable to intelligent caterers and private buyers of foods, as well as to cooks; a volume that should be adopted as the principal text-book in those schools of domestic science which are multiplying and growing so rapidly.

It is also a book for those manufacturers and dealers who are sensible enough to understand that in the long run it is much less profitable to deceive the consumer, legally or illegally, than it is to give him always what is best for his health and gastronomic enjoyment and consequently makes him eager to buy the same article again. "In the end the true, the ethical, and the just in these practices will prevail," as Dr. Wiley puts it. England has firms that have made millions by following that maxim. Therefore, instead of antagonizing Dr. Wiley for denouncing "the crime committed against mankind in the debasement, adulteration, and sophistication of food articles," the makers, preservers, and purveyors of foods would show more commercial sense if they carefully studied his book and avoided what he disapproves of. While the Pure Food Law has brought about a salutary change, much still remains to be done ere the consumer is adequate-

ly protected; how much, is made manifest in this volume.

Until about thirty years ago meats were usually preserved with salt, sugar, vinegar, or wood-smoke. The mischief began when it was found that they could be preserved with certain chemical germicides, in a much shorter time and at a very greatly reduced expense. Consequently this method gained a great vogue, "not as a means of benefiting the consumer, but as a means of enriching the packer and dealer." Some of these chemicals are now forbidden, but that does not mean they are not used on the sly, while others are still tolerated by law. Fortunately, Dr. Wiley, besides being a chemical detective, is also an epicure. He emphasizes the fact (which his opponents shrewdly try to keep in the background) that even when certain methods of cold storage or of preserving foods with chemical germicides are not directly injurious, they are so indirectly by destroying the flavor of the food, making it unpalatable; which is a matter of extreme importance, not merely because it mars the pleasures of the table, but because unpalatable food does not stimulate the digestive glands to proper activity. Nothing is more likely to surprise the average reader of this book than the frequency with which the author calls attention to the fact that the value of this or that food is condimental rather than nutritive; and in all these cases the destroying of the flavor is, of course, particularly objectionable. Oysters are a conspicuous instance. The process of "floating" (soaking them in fresh water) is strongly denounced by Dr. Wiley as a species of adulteration, because it is "fatal to the flavor and palatability of the product."

The second edition, recently issued, omits some of the appendices that were considered no longer necessary, but includes, in lieu, about a hundred pages of new material, besides bringing all the chapters up to date, statistically and otherwise. The chapters on infants' and invalids' foods have been expanded, and an entirely new part is devoted to a description of simple tests for adulterations which any intelligent housewife may make in case of suspected viands. Among the features which will help to popularize the new edition are discussions of prominent topics of the day, such as the question whether the drinking of sour milk prolongs life. Repeated reference is made to the fact that the author is at work on a companion volume to the present manual, devoted to beverages.

E. Protheroe's "Natural History of the World" (Dutton) accomplishes the difficult task of giving a general survey of the animal kingdom in one handy volume. Contrary to the prevalent fashion in these evolutionary days, Mr. Protheroe sensibly begins his treatise with the highest forms and works downward. To do this is to start with forms of living interest to the reader. From the nature of his large plan, Mr. Protheroe makes an occasional trifling error. It would have been well if he had submitted the various grand divisions of his manuscript to specialists. In one important respect, however, he is well grounded. His scheme of classification seems to be generally correct and contemporary; and not only that, it is sufficiently Anglicized to be useful to the lay reader. The table of contents in itself should be of the greatest value. It is pleasing to find that the author has taken much pains to bring his work down to date. He includes among the most important mammalia of the world such rarities as the okapi, takin, tree-kangaroo, Grevy zebra, Prjevalsky horse, and markhor. In dealing with the insects, however, the author might well have paid his respects to the gypsy moth and the brown-tail, two species that the inhabitants of New England know to their sorrow, and of which other Americans live in constant fear. The illustrations are numerous, but mostly are poor. In every work of this kind, the pictures are, or should be, of equal importance with the text. It is indeed a skilful pen that in half a page of print can convey an impression of the form of any living creature that will even half way equal a good picture of a typical example of the species. There are twenty-four colored plates from drawings, some of which would have been the better for a critical overlooking previous to publication. Of the 291 half-tone pictures, made from photographs, many are poor, and some are absolutely worthless. For example, the sloth bear is a great, shapeless blur; the Malay bear is almost useless; the aye-aye is an annoyance; the ruffed lemurs are very incomplete; the head of the grizzly bear is bad; and the chacma is without excuse. On the other hand, a number of the colored plates of mammals are excellent. In fairness, though, it should be said that thin paper, which was necessary to make 564 pages wieldy, is a poor medium for half-tone pictures.

The need long felt of a brief manual setting forth the physical geography of the Holy Land and sketching Biblical history upon the background of geography, has been adequately met by a skilled teacher and observant traveller, Charles F. Kent, in his "Biblical Geography and History" (Scribner). With a mind alert to the requirements of students, he has concentrated attention upon the essential, and has told his story with movement. Excellent maps, appendixes, including a selected bibliography and a list of accessible slides for the purpose of illustration, and an index add to the general usefulness of the book.

Preliminary steps of a promising character have been taken for the establishment of a Vulcan Institute in Naples, by the well-known authority in this department of research, Immanuel Friedländer, who has given 100,000 francs for the necessary buildings and equipments, and for ten years will give 10,000 francs annually to maintain the institution. One purpose is to take regular measurements of the temperature of the gases and to observe their phenomena, as well as the registration of the local earthquakes in Mt. Vesuvius.

Drama and Music

Howard V. Sutherland describes his four-act comedy, "The Woman Who Could" (Desmond FitzGerald), as a play with a purpose, that purpose being a dramatic illustration of the responsibility of foolish, luxurious, reckless, and selfish women for many of the most flagrant evils with which modern society is afflicted. The theme is somewhat trite and obvious, but he exhibits so much sincerity and common sense in his discussion of it that his ignorance of theatrical necessity is a source of regret. Unfortunately something more than honest intent, familiarity with the chosen subject, and a certain amount of literary facility, is needed to make a good play. Mr. Sutherland's comedy is smartly written, contains the germ of an effective story, and is crammed with indisputable truths and excellent maxims, but, except at brief intervals, it is essentially undramatic. The personages, most of the time, are engaged in debates, which, if they bear some relation to the action, are not of it and retard rather than further it. In itself the dialogue, as a rule, is bright and significant, but it is not practicable stage talk. Nor are the characters, although they are clearly conceived, lifelike in their conduct. They would be more credible in the pages of a novel than in the glare of the footlights. As for the story, that is spoiled by the transparent clumsiness of its sentimental ending, which is not only exceedingly improbable, but is subversive of the moral which it was the professed object of the piece to convey. The foolish wife, who treacherously and secretly imperils her husband's fortune in a speculative deal in order that she may gain social advancement, is, after a brief period of anxiety and repentance, rewarded by the fullest success of her inexcusable investment. It is true that she is supposed to profit by the lesson, and that she and her feminine associate in folly resolve to be model wives and mothers hereafter, but this profession imparts no strength to an utterly futile and conventional development.

On August 11 the New Theatre of London, under the direction of William Poel, will give Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein," with some scenes from the "Piccolomini."

The Coburn Players will begin their third appearance at Columbia University in connection with the department of English in the grove at the university on July 25, and will continue the rest of the week, with a matinée on Saturday. The plays will be given in the following order: Tuesday evening, July 25, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Wednesday evening, the "Electra" of Euripides, translation by Gilbert Murray; Thursday evening, "Taming of the Shrew"; Friday evening, "Macbeth"; Saturday matinée, "As You Like It"; Saturday evening, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," by Percy MacKaye.

Particulars have now been issued of the Shakespeare summer season organized by the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon, under the direction of F. R. Benson. The season will last four weeks—from Saturday, July 22, to Saturday, August 19. The repertory will consist of the following plays: "A Midsummer Night's

Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," "King Henry V," "King Richard II," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Hamlet." The interesting thing about the performances of "Hamlet" is that Mr. Benson and his company will give the complete play, as they did at the Lyceum Theatre some twelve years ago; and these performances, which are to be given on Friday, July 28; Tuesday, August 1; Friday, August 11, and Thursday, August 17, will begin at six o'clock in the afternoon. Whenever possible the afternoon performances will be given in the open air.

The plays are not to be the only undertaking of this summer season, which is adapted for the needs and conveniences of those whose work prevents them from attending the spring festival, and primarily perhaps those interested or employed in education. On the opening day of the season, Saturday, July 22, Mme. Osterberg's students will give a display of physical culture exercises; on Tuesday, July 25, Mrs. Roger Watts will lecture on Ju-jitsu, with a demonstration; on Tuesday, August 1, Professor Cramb will lecture on "Tragic Thought and Tragic Drama," and other lectures will be announced later. On Monday, August 7, comes a twelve hours' entertainment, a flower show, with sports, a water carnival, and a masque, "The Merry Haymakers," to be performed by children from Lancashire.

Covent Garden will in all probability be the theatre at which Sophocles's "Œdipus Rex" will be produced for Martin Harvey. As the result of negotiations by Mr. Harvey on the one side and Frank Rendle of Covent Garden on the other, the production of the tragedy at that theatre is assured virtually for next January. Alterations within the theatre for the presentation of the play, in which between 500 and 600 people are to take part, have been agreed on, the most important of these being the raising of the floor to the level of the stage and the erection upon this of an arena for the movements of the actors.

Mr. Harvey has two English versions of "Œdipus Rex" to choose from, one a translation by Prof. Gilbert Murray, the other a translation by W. L. Courtney from a French version. Both have been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Harvey, if the proposals for Covent Garden are ratified, will have "Œdipus Rex" produced for him by Professor Reinhardt, whose name has already been made familiar to London playgoers by the beautiful and artistic "Sumurûn." In Berlin, the play, with 600 performers, was produced in a circus, and was a great success. Crowds packed the circus from floor to ceiling at every performance, and an average of £1,500 was the nightly return, the audience numbering from 3,000 to 4,000 people. Negotiations are about concluded for Professor Reinhardt to produce the tragedy in Paris in the autumn and in New York in the spring.

Josef Stransky, the new conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, is at Prague, where he is preparing the programmes for the coming season, and will arrive early in October in time to conduct an extended series of rehearsals before the opening concerts. The Philharmonic season will begin November 2 and 3 (Thursday evening and Friday afternoon) with the Russian violinist Zimbalist as soloist—his first appearance in this country.

Two Russians, Safonoff and Rachmaninoff, are among the musicians already engaged to help celebrate the one hundredth season of the London Philharmonic Society. Nikisch will be a third, and nine Englishmen have been invited to compose and conduct new works. The first of the concerts will be conducted by Mengelberg on November 7, with Rachmaninoff as soloist. The last concert will be devoted largely to Beethoven's ninth symphony. This was originally written at the invitation of the London Philharmonic, which offered him $250 therefor, on the condition that the symphony should be its exclusive property for eighteen months. When the MS. arrived it bore the following inscription: "Grosse Symphonie geschrieben für die Phibarmonische Gesellschaft in London von Ludwig van Beetboven." Subsequently, for reasons obscure, he dedicated the symphony to the King of Prussia and allowed it to be first performed in Vienna. Nevertheless, the London Philharmonic treasures the MS. score as its most valued possession.

The last number of the leading German periodical, *Die Musik*, which appears in magazine form twice a month in Berlin, is a special "Gustav Mahler Heft," devoting fifty pages to that great composer and conductor. His biographer, Paul Stephan, tells of his years of childhood and study. Richard Specht gives his reasons for calling Mahler the greatest artist of our time, the best conductor since Wagner. Ernst Decsey tells of the hours he spent with Mahler and the topics they discussed. Emil Gutmann describes his methods as an organizer, and his songs are discussed by Georg Göhler. In a "Review of Reviews" the opinions of leading critics are briefly summed up, and an extremely valuable Mahler bibliography of nine pages is contributed by Otto Keller. There are also portraits, caricatures, facsimiles, and a reprint of his song, "Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald."

Seventy-five thousand persons attended the organ recitals given during the last season in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York by Samuel A. Baldwin, head of the department of music. The number of these recitals was fifty-nine. The programmes have been reprinted in a pamphlet which may be highly commended to other organists. Brief descriptive notes are included.

Art

In the fourth volume, "Florentine Masters of the Fifteenth Century," of Langton Douglas's edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "A History of Painting in Italy" (Scribner importation), the name of G. de Nicola appears as assistant editor, and the publisher, John Murray, promises a prompt preparation of the two remaining volumes. In the Quattrocento, Mr. Douglas reaches his chosen field and strikes a better editorial gait. The polemical element which was so offensive in the earlier volumes is, if not absent, at least kept within bounds. The editor, too, is more brief and businesslike in this volume, and less inclined to spread his personal opinions at large. What is lacking is sense of proportion and accuracy. For example, if the charming personality reconstructed by Mr. Berenson and genially called Amico di Sandro is worthy of only a foot-note, Jacopo del Sellaio is surely not worthy of an especial appendix of more than two pages, but if Sellaio were raised to this prominence, at least the work should be made complete. In accordance with the system followed by the original editors, all the attributions to Sellaio should have been registered and discussed. Our own judgment is that a footnote would have sufficed. Certain characteristic inaccuracies of the editor reveal themselves clearly in his appendix on Pesello and Pesellino. Within three pages we have the ugly errors Laudino for Landino, and Charity for Chastity. There is no mention of Wernher Weisbach's authoritative monograph on Pesellino, nor of the Madonna by that master in the Metropolitan Museum. In the description of the Petrarchan Triumphs in Mrs. John L. Gardner's collection, the Triumph of Time is omitted. These are small matters but significant. In the life of Verrocchio, which has swelled from nine pages, in the Hutton three-volume reprint, to more than thirteen, Miss Crutwell's convenient book is ignored, and nothing is said of the Lichtenstein portrait which many critics have ascribed to Verrocchio. The insignificant artist Giovannibattista Utili is mentioned in a footnote, p. 248, without, however, the exact reference to Ricci's article, and the name Utili does not appear in the index. Again these are trifles, but it is precisely for trifles that one usually consults such a work as Crowe and Cavalcaselle. In the main, Mr. Douglas's part has been that of footnote retouches to the original work. In the case of such a life as that of Filippo Lippi, where the authors were about as wrong as possible, this produces curious results. In general, both as regards criticism proper and expertise in the narrow sense, these chapters on the Florentine painters were the weakest portion of the original work, and any attempt to bring it up to date must perforce be unsatisfactory. All that may properly be asked of an editor in such a case is accuracy and objectivity, qualities which Mr. Douglas seems to be very gradually acquiring and which we hope he will command in fuller measure in the remaining two volumes.

In the five short years of Sixtus V's reign (1585-1590) he established what was to be the semblance of modern Rome. Aided by his architect, Domenico Fontana, Sixtus V set four obelisks in the squares, built the Lateran palace and arranged its piazza, built the Vatican library, completed the dome of St. Peter's, encased Sta. Maria Maggiore in its primly classic marbles and added to it two chapels, put the Dioscuri of the Quirinal in their present position and provided a square worthy of them, brought the Piazza della Colonna into its present disposition, improved the Piazza del Popolo, and planned the Piazza Navona. By the highway that begins with the Via Sistina he linked together the Pincian, Quirinal, and Viminal, and so prepared the way for the upper city. Such characteristic monuments as the Quattro Fontane, midway in this new thoroughfare, were his creation. Prosper Bresciano's ill-fated Fountain of

Moses, near by, commemorates the bringing of Rome's most abundant water supply, the Acqua Felice, again to the city over the old aqueduct. Enough has been said to show that visible Papal Rome is largely the creation of Sixtus V. It was he who laid down the lines that were developed through the two succeeding centuries. If Rome never fully yielded to the exuberance of the baroque it was because he and Fontana had willed otherwise. The life of this restless pontiff, the foe alike of dirt and of the Barbary pirates and the local brigands, the zealot of order and of the Palladian orders, might well attract an historian of literary parts, and Dr. J. A. F. Orhaan in the monograph "Sixtine Rome" (The Baker & Taylor Company) has been more than adequate to his theme. He writes with full knowledge that has not impaired his zest, and has reinforced his narrative with illustrations from photographs, frescoes, and old prints, singularly well chosen. His frankly avowed hero worship keeps a suhhumorous detachment, and he does not attempt to palliate such vandalism as the destruction of the Septizonium. As a starting point for the study of that Rome which is neither an archæological survival nor a parliamentary project, Dr. Orhaan's book may he warmly recommended.

In the June number of *Die Kunst für Alle*, Prof. Paul Clemen of Bonn University has an interesting study, profusely illustrated, on the life work of George Grey Barnard, whom he calls "the greatest force among the American sculptors of today." While the essay contains admirable characterizations of Barnard's earlier works, such as the Two Natures or The Hewer, it is naturally ahove all concerned with the extraordinary groups designed for the main portal of the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrishurg. In them, Professor Clemen thinks, Mr. Barnard has achieved something superlatively great and something truly characteristic of the striving of American life. He does not deny that there is an element of forced wilfulness in Barnard's manner; he admits that the artist in him is often thwarted by the preacher; he recognizes the defects of his pictorial grouping, of his baroque hackgrounds of grottoes, flowers, and birds. But he insists that all in all this Harrisburg array of sculptures is one of the most stupendous achievements of our age: "There is something of a Walt Whitman in this sculptor singing hymns to the naked beauty of radiant human bodies." Professor Clemen protests against the comparison of Barnard's work with Greek art of the age of Pheidias. Whether his own likening it to the art of Pergamon is more fortunate, may be doubted. It seems surprising that a man of Professor Clemen's independence and originality of style should condescend to the absurd neo-German fashion of speaking of an artist's life work as his "œuvre."

The last addition to the Methuen "Classics of Art" (Scribner importation) is "Tintoretto," hy Evelyn March Phillipps. As a routine performance the work is not badly done, and the author has skilfully excerpted most of the relevant critical literature. Her own critical contribution is of the slightest. In fact, the chief merit of this well-printed and fully illustrated book is to hring before the greater puhlic some of those remarkahle tempera drawings by Tintoretto which have heen recently discovered and acquired hy the British Museum. One of Kenyon Cox's essays would have furnished interesting evidence of the employment of maquettes by Tintoretto. By an evident oversight in the documentary appendix Boschini (doc. viii) becomes an eighteenth-century authority and Palma Vecchio (doc. xii) appears as a witness to a paper signed fifty years after his death. These are pardonable trifles which will not mislead a scholarly reader, but it is no trifle to write about a painter of Tintoretto's kidney in our author's tone of gentle mediocrity.

From Dresden is reported the death of the historical painter, Heinrich J. M. F. Hofmann, in his eighty-eighth year. For a number of years he was professor in the Dresden Academy. His scenes from the New Testament are to he found in many German galleries.

Finance

PRICES AND PURCHASING POWER.

In the summer of 1897 the stock market began to discount the real recovery from the panic of 1893. Substantially as long a time has elapsed since the panic of 1907, yet it is hard to find those who profess to look for anything like a genuine stock market movement in the immediate future. About the most that any one will admit is that the market holds its own in rather remarkable fashion in face of dulness, gloomy crop talk, and the like. The panic of 1893 was one of our worst financial crashes, and was followed by four of the most adverse years in our history. And yet it almost looks as if in four years we had made less real progress in removing the débris of 1907 than was made after 1893.

It is not hard to discover the reason, or, more properly, the reasons. In the first place, we had not the means eighteen years ago for letting ourselves down easily that we have had in recent years. The phrase "mobilization of finance" had not been invented, nor the thing it stands for. The last ten or twelve years have brought about a much more effective coördination of the banking resources of the nation, and immediate and full liquidation of securities and commodities is not such an inevitable accompaniment of a financial crisis. In 1893 the securities and commodities markets were forced to recognize the logic of events. To-day we refuse to recognize the meaning of 1907, and consequently have delayed to do the one thing that must be done before we can find ourselves again on the way to maximum industrial activity. Until we grasp the fact that the cost of living is out of proportion to the purchasing power of the nation, we are quite likely to whistle in vain for a new wind of prosperity. Contrast the course of prices since 1907 with that witnessed after 1893. Commodities dropped abruptly in the early nineties. Government figures show that the relative retail prices of food throughout the United States were 104.1 in 1893, 100.3 in 1894, 98.2 in 1895, and 95.8 in 1896. Stated relatively, the wholesale price of raw and manufactured commodities dropped steadily from 105.6 in 1893 to 89.7 in 1897. Nothing like this happened after 1907. Prices, instead of falling, went materially higher, especially those for food. The last year has brought partial relief—the money pressure of 1910, conjoined with the fact that the masses could not meet the cost of living as then established, being the cause of considerable liquidation in foodstuffs. Yet when everything is said, the general cost of living remains astonishingly high. The purchasing power of the nation has meanwhile fallen.

There was never a clearer situation. But it is often easier to see a defect than to remedy it. It might almost seem that it was criminal negligence on the part of our captains of industry to keep on turning out commodities of all sorts at maximum prices in the last four years. A good deal is to be said for them, however. The industrial plant of this nation represents billions of capital, and its owners have every inducement to keep it in operation, even when profits are near the vanishing point. A mill deteriorates rapidly when idle, and the effective working force which has been built up through a period of years is quickly scattered.

Of course, producers of commodities have not in general fixed prices at the level of the last four years for the pure love of the thing. They have had to ask high prices in order to get out whole. The cost of production has advanced rapidly of late years. To say nothing of the cost of obtaining capital, producers have suffered from the public extravagance of the past decade, which has heightened their taxes, from the excessive high price of raw materials, and from the strong advance in the cost of labor. At this point attention may be called to another element in the high retail quotations of the last few years—the increased cost of distribution. Middlemen's expenditures have, of course, not stood still; and as for the retailer, he has made his shop more and more imposing, he has steadily improved the packing of the goods he sells, and has greatly enlarged the radius of his free delivery, all of which expense he must get back in his charge to the final consumer.

Still, it is a fact that prices are too high for purchasing power, and it is conceivable that the period of readjustment is not far distant. It must be remembered that the investment of capital represented by American industrial plants is large in comparison with that

of European industry, making it of prime importance to our mills to operate as near their maximum capacity as possible. It will make this point clearer, perhaps, if attention is called to the situation of our American cotton mills. American mills, as a rule, are capitalized per spindle considerably in excess of British mills, frequently almost 100 per cent. more. Though our exports of cotton goods are small in comparison with Great Britain's, we have 29,189,000 spindles, against her 53,859,000. In other words, we have a good deal more cotton mill machinery in this country than our own needs call for, and it is capitalized at relatively high figures. For a very considerable part of the annual product of American mills foreign markets must be found, if textile conditions are to be kept on a sound basis here. But that is just what the high prices which our manufacturers have been obliged to make have prevented. By far the greatest purchaser of our cotton cloths is China—China, in fact, may be called the safeguard of our cotton textile industry. Nothing is more interesting than to study the fluctuations from year to year in our cotton goods exports to the Celestial Kingdom. In the calendar year 1907, a year of high prices, China bought, roughly, 38,500,000 yards of cloth from us; in 1908 she took 79,600,000; in 1909 she jumped to 154,400,000; in 1910 she fell to 65,500,000.

It is obvious what this means. With our high industrial capitalizations and an industrial plant very considerably in excess of our own need, we are bound to be seriously affected by a high cost of production. Facts, as Agassiz used to say, are stubborn things. During the last three or four years we have tried as hard as possible to hide the facts of our industrial situation from our eyes, but such a policy cannot be kept up forever. The simple fact is, there is not sufficient prosperity throughout the world to-day to admit of anything like the full product of American industry at maximum prices. The problem now confronting us is to put prices on a rational basis with as little disturbance as possible.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Birdsall, R. Fenimore Cooper's Grave and Christ Churchyard. Cooperstown: Christ Church Chronicle. $1.

Catulli, Tibulli, Properti, Carmina. Bibliotheca Riccardiana. London: P. H. Lee Warner.

Communium Naturalium Fratris Rogerl. Edited by Robert Steele. Frowde.

Dilley, E. M. The Red Fox's Son. Boston: Page.

Dwight, T. Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist. Longmans, Green. $1 net.

Hugo's Poetry. Edited by J. Squair and P. Edgar. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.

Humphreys, John H. Proportional Representation. London: Methuen.

Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics, 1910. Twenty-ninth annual coal report. Springfield.

Shepherd H. E. The Representative Authors of Maryland. Whitehall Pub. Co. $1.50.

Tudor, A. The Case of Paul Breen. Boston: Page.

Helen R. Albee's

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1911.

The Week

The reciprocity victory in the Senate has so long been fully assured that the expression of the President's sentiments on the subject are more interesting than the announcement of the vote. His statement displays the extraordinary frankness which he has so often before exhibited; indeed, at one point it goes beyond mere candor and assumes a character of chivalrous generosity. We cannot recall another instance of a man in his position making the kind of acknowledgment of the merits of the party opposed to his own which President Taft says he feels called upon to make because otherwise he should be "wanting in straightforward speaking." He not merely acknowledges the obvious fact that without the steadfast coöperation of the Democrats the achievement of reciprocity would have been impossible; but he sets it down in plain black and white that they resisted all temptations to "play politics"—*i. e.*, to get credit for a pro-reciprocity record while creating a situation which would have resulted in a failure of reciprocity, with the burden of that failure on the President's shoulders. "They followed," says the President, "the dictates of a higher policy." All praise to the Democratic leaders who have earned this encomium for their party; and all praise to President Taft for his ungrudging and unqualified bestowal of it.

The President remarks that the bill was a non-partisan measure only "in a sense," because "the Republicans who voted for it probably did so on one economic theory and the Democrats who voted for it on another." This is certainly true if the Republicans who followed Mr. Taft's lead in their votes went with him also in their thoughts. The President is simply the continuator of a movement within the Republican party which goes back at least to the days of Mr. Blaine, and which found expression in the last public utterance of President McKinley. It is summed up in the designation of reciprocity as "the hand-maiden of protection." Blaine felt this so strongly that he looked upon the failure of Congress to recognize the hand-maiden as a portent of the imminent fall of the mistress; McKinley was later in coming to this view, but his Buffalo speech just before the assassination clearly foreshadowed his intention to urge it upon the country. And yet we are far from feeling sure that it will prove, in the long run, a correct view. Upon the supposition, indeed, that it is a mistaken view, the Democrats have been acting—and this doubtless Mr. Taft had in mind in the remark above quoted. Mr. Underwood and the House majority under his lead desire reciprocity with Canada not only as a thing desirable in itself, but even more because they feel that it will prove to be a wedge driven into the protective system as a whole. They see no reason to think that the country will be long content with the removal of burdens upon trade in one direction, when equally potent reasons exist for obtaining similar relief all round the map. But it does not follow that the Republicans who voted for reciprocity were wrong from their own point of view. The fact is, standpattism had become impossible; it was necessary to yield somewhere, and it is quite possible that the place where the yielding was calculated to be least threatening to the high-tariff structure was just the place Mr. Taft chose—reciprocity with Canada.

President Taft and Secretary Knox did well to assure the Cubans that Mr. Stimson's visit to the island does not mean annexation or intervention. That by this action Mr. Taft again strengthens the hands of President Gomez was as unavoidable as it is unfortunate. The opponents of the present corrupt régime have been alleging that if Gomez continued his present methods, or should be reëlected, intervention would inevitably follow. We are inclined to think that they are substantially correct; that a continuance of the Gomez régime would be so intolerable as to cause a revolt, and that intervention would again become necessary. It is idle to blink the fact that conditions are very bad in Cuba. The President is openly charged with peculation and grafting, and retorts upon his enemies by offering to let them examine his bank accounts—as if that would be convincing. The truth is that Gomez has no one's respect save that of those who profit by being of his *entourage*.

Careful reading of the decisions handed down Monday by the Interstate Commerce Commission on the long and short-haul cases leads to the conclusion that the real basis of complaint lies in the suppression by the railways of water competition. "A shipper," Commissioner Lane says, "finds it difficult to reconcile himself to paying $500 a car for the transportation of a carload of merchandise to his own city when that same carload will be carried from the same point of origin through his city to a point 500 miles beyond for $300." The cheaper rate, it is explained, was made primarily to meet water competition. But the question is then asked: "Has there been real competition between rail and water carriers, and what has been its effect?" According to Commissioner Lane, as the result of a bitter struggle between the railways and independent steamship lines lasting for twenty-five years, "one water route after another has been rendered innocuous. . . . After the railroad lines had killed off the San Francisco merchants' steamship line, losing thereby several million dollars, they came to an agreement with their Eastern connections as to a new basis of divisions and a new scheme of rate-making." Since the new system of rate-making has been applied, "rates which are said to be less than reasonable because compelled by ocean competition are made from points where we can find no such competition." In the meantime, according to Commissioner Lane, "the rate to-day from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast is 90 cents higher first class, 85 cents second class, 80 cents third class, than it was nearly twenty-five years ago." The railways are ordered to readjust their long and short-haul rates now for the reason that the all-rail lines "must soon meet a competition by water more intense than any that they have heretofore suffered, for within three years another route, one more important, searching, and determinative in its effect upon railroad rates than any other, will be

opened—a route all-water by way of the Panama Canal."

The fight over the reorganization of the Pennsylvania Democracy resulted in a split at the meeting of the State Central Committee at Harrisburg, where two conventions met and elected rival State chairmen. The "reorganizers," or anti-Guffey faction, virtually ratified the recent action of the Committee of Seven, which deposed Col. Guffey as national committeeman. The outcome of the split is likely to be a resort to the courts. But this is the least important result to be expected. What the Democratic party of Pennsylvania needs is leadership which looks after the party instead of after the leaders. This is especially true in Philadelphia, but it is not to be denied that Col. Guffey's liberality in financing campaigns has been of immense influence in keeping him at the head of the party in the State. If a split will arouse the voters to take a proper interest in their primaries, it will have been well worth while for its effect upon the *morale* of the party. Nobody knows just how much the Democrats of Pennsylvania could do under the right leadership. Meanwhile, the interesting fact stands out that the two factions agreed in endorsing Woodrow Wilson for President, and promised him the sixty-eight delegates from Pennsylvania.

Gov. Colquitt's prediction that Texas would give a majority of 100,000 against the prohibition amendment to the State Constitution is only something like 95,000 out of the way. The interest in the contest is vividly shown by the large vote polled, the 475,000 mark having been exceeded but once, in the Presidential election of 1896. The prohibition wave that has been sweeping over the South was halted in Florida last November; but, even though the figures from Texas show only a small majority against the amendment, they will be taken as a forecast of victory at the next contest. The character of this whole movement for State-wide prohibition in the South is not so revolutionary as at first sight appears, since large areas of these States have long been under prohibition, through the operation of county or some other form of local option. This fact, however, points strongly toward the ultimate success of the State-wide propaganda in such a State as Texas. There can be little doubt that the South of today wants prohibition. Whether Maine is going to continue her Constitutional disbarment of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants will be determined in September. It is pointed out that annulment of this article will not necessarily mean repeal of the statutory provisions against the traffic, but it will certainly indicate a change in public sentiment that would put them in peril.

The centre of population in the United States moved westward a distance of thirty-one miles during the last decade. According to calculations made by the geographer of the Census Bureau, this interesting, if imaginary, nucleus is situated 4½ miles south of Unionville, Monroe County, Indiana. For three decades that proud distinction has now fallen to Indiana, which is certain to retain the trophy for another ten years, since Unionville, at a rough estimate, must be at least seventy-five miles from the Wabash. The location of the population centres at each previous census has been as follows:

Census years.	Westward movement in miles.
1790—23 miles east of Baltimore, Md.	
1800—18 miles west of Baltimore, Md...	41
1810—40 miles northwest by west of Washington, D. C.	36
1820—16 miles north of Woodstock, Va..	50
1830—19 miles west-southwest of Moorefield, in the present State of West Virginia	39
1840—16 miles south of Clarksburg, in the present State of West Virginia..	55
1850—23 miles southeast of Parkersburg, in the present State of West Virginia	55
1860—20 miles south of Chillicothe, O..	81
1870—48 miles east by north of Cincinnati, O.	42
1880—8 miles west by south of Cincinnati, O.	58
1890—20 miles east of Columbus, Ind.....	48
1900—6 miles southeast of Columbus, Ind.	14

The Sugar Trust joins the Steel Trust in testifying that there is an excellent cure for dropsy. Neither corporation has the slightest objection to admitting, under oath, that when it first began doing business a decade ago there may have been a good deal of water in its system; ahem, yes, it recalls now that there *was* a good deal of water. But it is equally confident that the water has all been squeezed out and that the bondholders and stockholders nowadays revel in a delightful state of desiccation. It may be academic to speculate on what has been, but one cannot help trying to picture just what this anti-dropsy process could have been. The Steel Trust tapped itself into health by investing accumulated profits. The Sugar Trust probably pursued similar drainage methods, supplemented by such secret transfusion from the United States Treasury as the Custom House people have laid bare. In any case the squeezing-out process must have been carried on at the expense of the ultimate consumer and the original stockholder. This fact may well be kept in mind for reference whenever the Trusts are tempted to expatiate upon their new-born virtue.

The importance of the Universal Races Congress which opened in London on Wednesday of this week cannot be overestimated. It is the first time that representatives of the various races have come together on one platform to discuss their future relations on a scientific basis and in the spirit of mutual self-respect. The contraction of the world through the development of new means of communication has made it plain that already the East and the West are cheek by jowl. If the world is going to act on Mr. Kipling's theory that the East and West must always be twain, the world is laying up for itself an infinite amount of trouble, friction, and ill-feeling. This week's Congress is planned to combat just that sort of thing, and to spread information about the mental attitude and aspirations of the various races, the lack of which is responsible for most of today's misunderstandings. Significant, too, is the purpose of this Congress to discuss these relationships in the "light of the modern conscience." The conscience of past times construed its duties toward races of other colors as a call to rob, steal, murder, and rape—one has only to go back to that Christian expedition of 1900 to the relief of Peking for confirmation of this. The steadily rising power of the Orientals is plainest proof that this sort of thing must stop; that the doom of imperialistic control of the "lesser breeds" is sealed.

The tumultuous and surprising scenes in the House of Commons show nothing as to the ultimate strength of the last-

ditch men in the Unionist party, but it does testify to one thing as to which there had been a want of clear evidence. Again and again, during the development of the Constitutional crisis now drawing to its climax, observers and journalists have been struck with the apparent absence of any feeling in the nation at all commensurate in intensity or volume with the momentous character of the impending change. The obstreperous protests of the last-ditchers go far to show that there has been vastly more feeling on the subject than has appeared on the surface. English members of Parliament do not howl down a Prime Minister in the House of Commons simply because they feel like making a row, or even because their own personal sentiments are offended by his position. Their act is unquestionably a reflection of a state of feeling shared by a large proportion of those whose suffrages they represent.

It must be evident, however, to every responsible leader in the Unionist councils that the party can afford very little of this sort of thing. Of all parties, the Conservative is that which can least afford to present to the country the spectacle of falling back on noise and lawlessness to accomplish that which it had failed to compass by a Constitutional appeal to the electorate. To emulate the Irish Nationalists, in refusal either to acknowledge the sanctions of majority government or to observe the proprieties of Parliamentary conduct, would be a sorry and ridiculous rôle for those whose paramount claim to public support lies in their identification with the preservation of the great tradition of British government. They had their chance, and failed to rise to its possibilities; it is for them now to turn to the future with the resolution of men who acknowledge defeat, but neither admit nor court destruction. They are the second party in the State—a second party to-day which may be the first party to-morrow. To act as though they had no future would be the real surrender.

The presentation of details, as distinguished from mere general averages, of vital statistics, is worth while every now and then. Other things being equal, of course the lower the death rate the better the health conditions; but other things are frequently enormously unequal. In the first place, communities differ widely in having rapidly growing or comparatively stationary populations; and the more rapidly growing population (again, other things being equal) gives a lower death rate on the face of things, although the actual mean length of life is the same. And, secondly, the distribution of ages is very different in different communities. This last consideration is suggested with great vividness by such figures as those of the British Registrar-General, a summary of which, for the first quarter of the present year, was recently given in *Science*. From these it appears that the death rate in England and Wales for persons between the ages of 1 and 65 was only 8.7 per 1,000, while for the whole population it was 15.4 per 1,000. The contrast would, of course, have been still greater if 2 and 60 had been taken as the limiting ages, instead of 1 and 65.

Aside from the statistical interest of these British figures, they present that particular feature of human interest which one has come to expect as almost a matter of course in modern mortality data, and which is as gratifying as it is habitual. The deaths among children under one year of age were, for the quarter in question, at the rate of 115 per 1,000 per annum, which is 15 per 1,000 less than the average rate for the corresponding quarter of the preceding ten years. Those who are striving to eradicate the causes of avoidable infant mortality have a right to feel that, now for many years, and in probably every civilized country, their efforts have resulted in a degree of constant and marked success such as seldom attends on humanitarian effort. In New York, this improvement goes steadily on. If we turn back to the figures of 1890, confining ourselves to Manhattan and the Bronx, which then constituted the whole city, we find the infantile death rate (children under one year) to have averaged, in successive five-year periods, 227, 191, 169, 154. Thus, in the quinquennial period 1906-10, the death rate among New York children was less by almost exactly one-third than in the period 1891-5.

The prospect is that an arbitration treaty with France will be signed at about the same time as the treaty with Great Britain. Actually, the agreement with France encounters no such obstacle as the British treaty is bound to encounter from the considerable body of opinion in this country that is hostile to the English Government. It may be easy enough to discount the value of the arrangement with France on the ground that no imaginable cause of serious quarrel between the two nations exists. A treaty with France may have less present importance than one with Germany and Japan. But the essence of the matter is that the two nations, in concluding a treaty of arbitration, thereby express their hope and desire that the friendship now existing shall never be broken. It is preferring prevention to cure. Any untoward incident arising between this country and France under present conditions might or might not lead to trouble. An untoward incident arising after the conclusion of an arbitration treaty loses from the beginning half its capacity to do mischief.

When a famine occurs in China, our foreign mission and other agencies bestir themselves, collect money, buy grain, send it to the districts where it is needed, and then we hear no more of that particular famine. We know, nevertheless, that there will be others, as there have been with disheartening regularity for fifteen hundred years. It is therefore encouraging to read of an awakening of the sense of responsibility in connection with such occurrences among Chinese officials, who are reported to have engaged in the work of relief in the last famine with unusual readiness. Their change of attitude in this respect is due, apparently, to the force of outside public opinion, to which they are becoming increasingly sensitive. One governor, indeed, refused to allow supplies to pass through his province, but he seems to stand in unenviable loneliness. What is really required, however, is not merely a willingness to facilitate distribution of alms, but comprehensive systems of public works, including the dredging of rivers, the building of bridges, the draining of low lands, and the banking of lakes. The cost of such undertakings would be enormous, but what may be achieved is shown by the Punjab of India, converted from the poorest province to one of the richest by just such far-sighted, ungrudging expenditure.

THE WILEY IMBROGLIO.

It has come to look pretty clear that the real problem before the President in connection with the Wiley affair is how to let it drop with the least amount of disturbance and inconvenience. This does not imply that he will decide the matter without looking into its merits. His decision will not be made until he has personally examined the record. But it requires neither a gift of divination nor a preternatural command of legal intricacies to predict with a great degree of confidence that the recommendation made by the personnel board of the Department of Agriculture, and approved by Attorney-General Wickersham, will not be followed by Mr. Taft. Every day that has passed since that recommendation was made has furthered the belief that the punishment proposed is utterly disproportionate to the alleged offence—even supposing that offence to have been of precisely the character asserted; and has deepened the impression that the President is as well aware of this as anybody else. The Washington news, in papers of all opinions, has been steadily pointing in the direction of a smoothing over of the affair—not for Dr. Wiley, but for Mr. Wickersham.

Before the matter goes further, and the initial stages of it become hazy in the public mind, it is well to recall just what Attorney-General Wickersham did in the case. The personnel board of the Department of Agriculture had found that in the arrangement made by Dr. Wiley with Professor Rusby, an eminent pharmacological expert, the terms of a law limiting the compensation of experts employed by the Agricultural Department were violated. It was not alleged by anybody that Professor Rusby had been overpaid for his work; it was not alleged by anybody that Dr. Wiley's object in procuring his services was anything but that of getting the best possible results for the government. The charge was simply that the law made $4,000 a year the maximum pay for an expert, which, it had been decided, meant not more than $11 a day, and that Dr. Wiley had made an arrangement for an annual compensation of $1,600 to Professor Rusby, in such a way as to result in his getting a *per diem* compensation greater than this obviously inadequate amount. Now, nobody would have complained if Mr. Wickersham had informed the President that this was a violation of the law. Nobody would have found fault with him if he had expressed his opinion that such violation was a serious matter. But when he went outside his province as a lawyer and told the President that in his judgment this disregard of a peculiar regulation, in so small a matter, and without the slightest suspicion of bad motive, was reason for approving a recommendation calling for the resignation of a faithful and exceptionally able public servant, he invited just such criticism as that to which he has been subjected.

In deprecation of such criticism, the curious excuse is now offered that Mr. Wickersham's report was not intended to be made public, but was designed solely for the President's private information and guidance. This may be a good point for Mr. Taft himself to fall back upon, but it is difficult to see how it can do anything for Mr. Wickersham. If the report was one for the President's private ear, the President might, to be sure, throw it into the waste-paper basket; but that cannot have been the purpose for which it was originally destined. So far as in him lay, Mr. Wickersham backed up the personnel board's recommendation; and it is impossible to see wherein there is any less demerit in the advice to do an act of injustice because the advice was given in secret. To most minds, we fancy, that is an aggravation of such an offence, not an extenuation. And it is impossible not to recall the fact that in the unhappy muddle over the Lawler memorandum in the Ballinger case, in which Mr. Wickersham bore a conspicuous part, a bungling policy of secrecy was responsible for the worst of the trouble.

There is another analogy between the present affair and that of the Ballinger-Cunningham-Pinchot difficulty. In this case, as in that, the subject presents two phases; in this case, as in that, everything depends upon maintaining a sense of proportion between these phases. There is the view of the mere lawyer and the mere disciplinarian; there is the view of the man responsible for large and difficult affairs. It is not necessary to ignore the requirements of law or even the exactions of red tape in order to do justice to the larger things. But it is one thing to insist that even the most zealous and well-intentioned of officers must obey the law; it is quite another thing to permit the enemies that are constantly made by such officers to seize upon little errors, or technicalities, or violations even of official etiquette, as a means of getting them out of the way. Such work as that of fighting land thieves or food adulterators demands enthusiastic zeal and inexhaustible energy; if you are going to make the situation impossible for a man who has these qualities unless he combines with them an immaculate record upon every technical point, you might as well surrender at once to the land-grabbers and the adulterators. And it is because the plain people understand this that they insist upon having any such affair as the Ballinger case or the Wiley case uncovered from top to bottom. Any attempt to confine it within narrow or technical bounds is sure to fail.

THE MOROCCAN DIFFICULTY.

In face of a situation like that which at present involves Germany, France, and Great Britain in Morocco, the trained European diplomat suffers largely from the same disadvantage as the remote observer on this side of the Atlantic. Everybody finds it hard to get accustomed to the tone of German diplomacy. Whether Germany is determined to go to war or whether she has not the slightest intention to do so, she has a way of putting things that rasps the nerves of the nations. The bear who killed his master in driving the flies from his face might have evinced the same innocent surprise that German diplomats and the German press frequently display on the aftermath of an international crisis. It is the same innocent wonder which the Kaiser used to evince after his most startling speeches. Are you really frightened because we rattle the sabre and growl? Why, we only meant that we should like to talk things over with you in a neighborly fashion. Germany's bitter complaint is that she is constantly misunderstood.

That is the situation to-day. Things in Morocco may be very serious, or the cause of the trouble may not be Morocco at all. There is no telling from the German attitude in the matter. As a matter of fact, different interpretations

of that attitude have been made. So competent an authority on foreign politics as the Paris *Temps* believes that the Kaiser's purpose is simply to force the French Government into being friendly. Two years ago the French and the German Foreign Office were in amicable communication. A treaty concerning Morocco had been concluded which was regarded as putting matters on a lasting basis, and as opening the way to a readjustment of Franco-German relations elsewhere on a permanent and friendly footing. Parliamentary politics in France brought about a rupture of negotiations. Other than domestic causes were probably at work. The German policy in the matter of the seizure of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria naturally bred irritation in France. Russia's partial recuperation from her Manchurian experiences may have stiffened the attitude of her French ally. In any case, negotiations between Paris and Berlin did come to a stop, and Germany, to show her dissatisfaction, went to Agadir.

This is a view of the matter that can be defended by Germany's procedure in the past, and one that is quite reconcilable with the tone and substance of Lloyd George's warning. In 1905 Germany used Morocco as a means, first, of testing the friendship between France and Great Britain, and secondly, of protesting against the policy of isolation which she thought was being put into play against her. The test was successful in both respects. England stood manfully by the French Government. But the French Government in turn was not willing to face war in support of M. Delcassé's anti-German policy. Delcassé had to go. It can be no mere coincidence that this second challenge over Morocco should come at a moment when M. Delcassé is once more a Cabinet Minister. He is not the official Minister of Foreign Affairs, but there can be little doubt that his hand is felt in shaping France's foreign policy. England has done now what she did in 1905; she has pledged her support in unmistakable terms to the French Government. Whether the year 1905 shall repeat itself completely and M. Delcassé be sent once more into retirement, is probably one of the questions the French Government is now called upon to answer.

The situation would be really serious if we were absolutely sure that Germany, as has been rumored, has made a demand for a huge slice of French territory in the Congo as compensation for Morocco. Such a demand, insisted upon, would mean that Africa was no longer used as a pawn in European politics, but that the Kaiser had picked out France's African empire for his own. It has been Germany's grievance that very few vacant spaces of the earth have been left for her enjoyment. Until the day of reckoning with England shall come, the jingo appetite may be calling for satisfaction elsewhere; and undoubtedly France looked like easier game.

BULL RUN AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

Mr. Kenyon Cox has recently made the assertion that American historical subjects are particularly unfitted for pictorial treatment. But if the time comes when America shall have produced a great painter of military subjects, he will find in the first battle of Bull Run—fought just fifty years ago—a wealth of color and of picturesqueness with which to portray his representation of a nation of peace springing to arms. It was not only that the uniforms were striking, varied, and often bizarre, lacking wholly the deadly uniformity of the later days of the civil war. The ardor was high; the patriotic spirit of self-devotion even to death was stamped on thousands of young and resolute faces; precisely as it was on that of Mr. Cox's distinguished father when he took the field with his brigade in the West a week later. The camp followers, from the Congressmen down, who had come from Washington to see the easy Federal victory; the innocent inhabitants of the neighborhood, too surprised by the unwonted spectacle to seek safety in flight; and then the great beauty of much of the battlefield itself, particularly the Henry farm—what better material and setting could there be for the curtain-raiser of a fearful national drama? The painter who cannot turn back in his mind to Manassas, July 21, 1861, and feel thrilled and stirred by that spectacle of a citizen soldiery with the fate of the nation on its shoulders, lacks much, particularly the imagination to visualize an heroic history.

Half a century after Bull Run the facts about it are clearly understood. There are still echoes of the controversy between Gen. McDowell and Gen. Patterson on the Federal side, and between Beauregard and Johnston on the other. But the historians are united in drawing the picture of a combat which, in a sense, stirred this nation more than any other in the long years of warfare that followed. It was the first conflict of any magnitude; it was fought almost within hearing of the Federal capital, and it was the rudest kind of an awakening to those who, North and South, believed that the war was to be merely a summer's episode, an easy march from Washington to Richmond, or *vice versa*.

More than that, Bull Run was a dreadful shock to Northern pride. If in the South it confirmed the belief of non-military circles that one Southerner could whip two Yankees, in Yankee-land it was the first of a series of poultices to be applied to the inflamed pride of country—to that absurd and insular belief that Americans were kings among men and the rest nowhere. Naturally, victims had to be found, and there were two at hand, "Bull Run" Russell and the gifted, gallant, and able Irvin McDowell. Gen. Sherman has borne testimony to McDowell's ability by saying that Bull Run was "one of the best-planned battles of the war, but one of the worst fought." For the bad fighting McDowell was not responsible; he had begged for more time to drill his green soldiers, and they could not have been expected to do better. Indeed, but for Gen. Patterson's blunder, the flight must have been on the other side and in the other direction. As for "Bull Run" Russell, true to his high traditions of journalism, he but described the rout as he saw it, and the correctness of his version has since been confirmed by other and American observers. The torrent of abuse showered upon him was merely the venting of feelings of grief, anger, and wounded pride. There was no time then to inquire calmly into the truth.

The misfortune of McDowell was of serious moment to the nation, for it led to the calling to the chief command of George B. McClellan, certainly one of the costliest of generals. But whether the Union itself ought not to regard the defeat of Bull Run as a blessing and not a disaster is after this lapse of time much discussed by the Union veterans who assembled on the battlefield to listen to President Taft. Had early success come to Northern arms the question of the freedom of an enslaved race

must have been pushed into the background. The Emancipation Proclamation was forwarded, and not held back, by every Union defeat. There would certainly not have been that prompt recognition of the import of what was going on had the defeat not caused men to take serious account of the hour, and there might have been more serious defeats later. For no rout at Bull Run would have conquered the Confederacy any more than it conquered the North. The martial spirit of the South was fully awakened, and the battle gave it, besides victory, heroes to worship—Jackson, who there received his *sobriquet* of "Stonewall"; Beauregard and Johnston, men of rare ability, brought to the front, like Lee, at the very beginning; while the Northern army, politician-ridden, had a frightful punishment to undergo before there came to the front Grant, Meade, Sherman, Sheridan, and the other successful commanders.

To-day the battlefield is strangely little affected by time, for one so near a nation's capital. Others further away are national parks, spotted with monuments, mostly atrocious in taste and art. Some columns have been reared at Manassas. Indeed, the first monument built after the war, one erected to their comrades by soldiers before they were mustered out, still stands. But, surely, no monuments are needed to give the first Bull Run its own enduring fame. Even if no painter comes to portray it, the nation's fancy must ever regard it with something of the feeling it has for Lexington and Concord. For thither came men straight from the ploughshare; the weapons of peace were but hardly transformed into those of war, and the country hung breathless on the outcome of the day.

BOOKS AND POLITICIANS.

The political crisis in England is having its particular woes for publishers and booksellers. After the paralysis of business caused by the Coronation festivities, their hopes for a period of quiet are disturbed by prophecies of political excitement which will again submerge interest in books. Nor is this the extent of the grievance of the British literary world against the political. While Coronation honors fill six newspaper columns, the literary distinctions among them are contained in as many lines. All this is saddening, and one can only hope for better days, in which the supply of masterpieces will be such as to render crises less formidable, and the humblest writer, already invested with knighthood, will await with confidence the bestowal of the Order of Merit, admission to the Privy Council, and decoration with the Garter. There is a great fall in these unbookish times from that cultivated age when the path of preferment could be opened for an Addison by a poem that the world has willingly let die. But if our English cousins are not so fortunate as to be still living in the spacious times of mighty Anne, neither is there occasion for despair. Latin, and even Greek, are still heard in brief quotations in Parliament, while the continued familiarity of many of its members with the classics of their own literature would strike the normal member of Congress as almost uncanny.

Even in this country, indeed, the separation between literature and politics has never been quite complete. Motley and Lowell raised the esteem in which their countrymen were held abroad, John Hay had more than one volume to his credit, and, in our own time, Senator Lodge, Booth Tarkington, and Mr. Roosevelt have bravely kept up the connection. Nevertheless, for the most part not only has participation of writers in politics been lacking, and *vice versa*, but also that informal association between the two sets of men that gives such charm to English books of reminiscences. With us, Church and State have been hardly more rigidly held apart than these two interests. Politicians, and even statesmen, have usually looked with more or less good-humored contempt upon makers of books, when they have deigned to look at them at all, and their attitude has been reflected with a deepening of scorn by those whose power lay in their pens. What the politician thinks of the writer is shown by his reluctance to welcome the literary man's advice or assistance. What the writer thinks of the politician he has made plain in political novels, in which the man of politics is almost uniformly depicted as hopelessly sordid.

It is not this, however, that constitutes the painful distinction between us and some less democratic countries. Even in England the Lord Morleys are not numerous, and Disraeli the novelist is far outshone by Disraeli the party leader. We cannot blame our House of Representatives for not boasting a larger proportion of members who have dabbled in literature. Let it be freely granted that the two fields lie so far apart that success in one of them is almost incompatible with success in the other, despite a lurking suspicion that the lower levels of literature need not be forever above the reach of our most conspicuous statesmen. The thing that stands out is the downright ignorance of the men who direct our politics of the work of those other men, chiefly of other times and other nations than our own. The increasing proportion of college men in politics would promise more in this direction if it did not coincide with an abandonment of interest in books on the part of college authorities as well as of matriculants. It is not that we long to come upon *disjecta membra* of Aristotle or Plato, Virgil or Milton, lying in uneasy strangeness in the wilderness of the *Congressional Record*. We are not desirous of perusing something analogous to the rectorial addresses which are at once effect and cause of the familiarity of British statesmen with matters unrelated to politics, although such familiarity among certain of our statesmen would automatically raise the level of Chautauqua oratory in a considerable measure.

A closer acquaintance between books and politicians is desirable, not so much for the sake of what the politicians would get from the books—although this would be quite worth any trouble it might put them to—as for what such an acquaintance would signify. The vital thing here is not the number of books, nor even the degree of familiarity with them, but simply the love of them. It is as hard to love a good book without being in some measure like it as for a camel to do what no camel ever yet did. This is why we do not feel proud of our politicians' ignorance of literature. The ignorance is a minor defect. But what it indicates in reference to their mental fibre is not minor at all. Consider the case of Tom L. Johnson, a man who made a deep impression upon his fellow-citizens. Typical of his kind in other respects, he was not less so in the narrowness of his intellectual range. That the multitudes that followed him and held up his hands did not feel this want

merely widens the range of the indictment. The evil effect of the indifference to letters on the part of such men is particularly noteworthy because, more especially in a democracy, they are regarded as in a peculiar way the embodiment of the possibilities of the country. The literary leaven of the ubiquitous and speech-making politician would go far toward leavening the whole lump. Only, he must first be leavened himself.

THACKERAY AND OUR OWN TIMES.

I.

The author of the "Book of Snobs" would have derived a great deal of amusement and a handful of moral reflections from the tone adopted by the younger literary men of to-day in framing their estimates of the author of "Vanity Fair." The dominant note is querulous. Critics are frequently out of humor because they are frequently compelled to praise what they dislike. But in the present instance the critics are irritated because they feel themselves under the compulsion not to like Thackeray when at heart they do. We can see, of course, why the present-day successors of Arthur Pendennis and George Warrington should feel compelled to dislike Thackeray. The man was an Early Victorian; need we say anything more? In Early Victorian days life was a puppet-show, and men sat about on horsehair furniture discussing hollow moralities. In Early Victorian days young women bent over embroidery frames, blushed upon the slightest provocation, clung to their lovers as the vine does to the oak, languished, had vapors, read discreetly, wrote discreetly, and fainted discreetly, though not, perhaps, in coils. In Early Victorian days, young women simpered, old women gossiped, old gentlemen indulged in smug hypocrisies, young gentlemen sang sentimental ditties, and no one outside of the agricultural classes called a spade a spade. To-day we have any number of names for a spade, each uglier than the original, and not the worst of them makes our young persons faint. Literature to-day centres about the unquiet woman. Is it any wonder that the advanced critic should be angry with the man who not only gave Amelia Sedley to the world, but who actually was fond of her, and said so? The same man, it is true, gave us Becky Sharp; and that suggests a common difficulty with the Early Victorians. As a class it is easy to brush them away. Individually their writers had a knack of anticipating the things we are doing to-day, and of doing those things, after their own fashion, very well indeed. The situation is a perplexing one, and what is a modern critic to say under the circumstances?

Under the circumstances, the modern critic says a great many foolish things together with a great many unconsciously true things; the result being a delightful mass of inconsistency. Under the circumstances, the London *Nation* is driven to find fault with Thackeray because "no artist was ever more absolutely the mind and voice of his age, and none was so little conscious of the limitations under which he worked." This is startling censure in an age that cherishes poets because they are the unconscious bearers of strange messages. And how frequently have we been called upon to admire the scalawag whom a higher power has made the unconscious mind and voice of his age. The same journalistic pen that produced this arraignment of Thackeray in the *Nation* has very probably written again and again of Shakespeare that he is for all posterity because he wrote for Elizabethan apprentice boys and yokels. In the case of Thackeray it is a misdemeanor that he should have written for Early Victorians, and that he should have deduced his views on life from the life he saw. "Oh, that the gracious powers would send me an old aunt, a maiden aunt, an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage and a front of light, coffee-colored hair," prayed Thackeray on one occasion. "How my Julia and I would make her comfortable." Oh, that the powers might send me this sort of critic, the aspiring young writer might pray; a critic who shall damn me for being absolutely the mind and voice of my age, who shall accuse me of having the power to make men, fifty years after my death, breathe "the intolerably stuffy air" of the drawing rooms I describe, to make them suffocate with me when I suffocate, to make them admire the puppets I admire, and laugh at the antics I laugh at. How I would cherish such a critic; how I would send him free copies of my book; how my wife should invite him to our bungalow for the week-end; how my daughter should play Parsifal for him on the mechanical piano. Sweet, sweet vision! Foolish, foolish dream!

II.

They cannot forgive Thackeray his century. He was an Early Victorian, and the qualities which in the writer of any other age would be dismissed as trivial or irrelevant assume in an Early Victorian enormous proportions. The *Saturday Review* feels the period painfully. "Art for art's sake," it says, "has been a reality since the cave man sketched the mastodon. But to the Early Victorian outlook it was anything but that. Balzac he [Thackeray] declared 'unfit for the salon Dumas to be about 'as genteel as a courier,' and Victor Hugo 'profoundly immoral and absurd'; the nudity of Etty's Nymph he pronounced 'unfit for appearance among respectable people,' the contemplation of Greek art—and he had some of the best to look at—left him 'in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity.' For a man who wrote great books, he was curiously interested in inessentials."

For the critic of a writer of great books this critic is curiously interested in inessentials. What has art for art's sake to do with the author's personal outlook and tastes? The only proper question you can put to him is whether his men and women are alive. Thackeray might have been fond of taking his soup after his meat instead of before, and yet have given us Rebecca Sharp and Thomas Newcome. Becky and the Colonel are none the less vital because Thackeray did not hold our present views with regard to the nude in art. As long as the puppets amuse you what business have you peeping behind the curtain to see whether the performer has a beard or takes beer with his luncheon? This same *Saturday Review* critic would never have ventured to pick a quarrel with Rebecca West or Nora of the "Doll's House" because Ibsen disliked children and music and flowers. Let us be bold, but let us also be fair. Let us guard against the animus which one critic betrays when he blurts out that many people will be pleased to have a new edition of Thackeray with his "small world of indestructible existences—even if a fondness for other methods may have made them disinclined to repeat the pleasure of reading him." These are remarkable words in the mouth of a priest of art for art's sake, who would have the truth and the whole naked truth. It amounts to this: "You have created a number of 'indestructible existences,' you have portrayed Truth and given pleasure in doing so. But I don't like the way you went about it." That is apparently the difficulty with Thackeray. He tells the truth, but somehow it is not naked enough for our modern tastes.

One favorite way of expressing the sharp differentiation which the modern spirit draws between itself and the spirit of the Early Victorians, is to say that the Early Victorians loved phrases and that we to-day deal in grim realities. The distinction is clear cut and untrue. The Victorians loved phrases and circumlocution, but we, when we fall into the habit of sneering at Early Victorian smugness, stuffiness, and cant, are ourselves pitifully guilty of phrase-making. "He saw in his Victorian dolls," says one commentator, "formed and shaped and disfigured by the mental corsets of the period, the eternal feminine." This is typical of our phrase-mongering. When we speak of the women of fifty years ago we must say dolls and puppets, we must mention embroidery-frames and anti-macassars, wax-work under glass, Friendship's Garlands, and Rogers groups. Does it occur to the thoughtful critic that under these tem-

porary surfaces very real men and women must have lived in the age of Victoria and Albert? Yes, the truth does occur occasionally to the honest and thoughtful critic. The writer from whom I have just quoted is constrained to follow up his sentence about corseted dolls with a sentence that reads like a worse reproach, but is really an anchor dropped to windward. "His Amelia Sedley," it says, "was for him Woman; and if anything else was Woman it was Becky Sharp." But isn't that very much better already? Why not go on? If anything else was Woman to Thackeray it was Laura Pendennis; and if anything else was Woman to him it was Ethel Newcome; and if anything else it was Beatrix, and Rachel Lady Castlewood, and the Countess of Kew, and Blanche Amory, and Miss Crawley, and Mrs. Bute Crawley, and Sophia Alethea Hobson Newcome. We miss in the procession the figures of Thomas Hardy's Tess and Sue, of Anna Karenina, of Hedda Gabler, of Paula Tanqueray, and others of the modern, undisfigured, and uncorseted sisterhood. But not even in the presence of these women who are very real to him, can the modern critic call Thackeray's women dolls and puppets, without falling a victim to the cant phrase. There is no need of entering here on an elaborate defence of the Early Victorian age, that stuffy, suffocating age which witnessed the year 1848 and the triumph of European democracy. In that stuffy Victorian atmosphere Darwin devised the foundations of modern science, and Spencer created a stupendous philosophical system, and Cobden rebuilt English commerce. We in this country caught the manner of the English Victorians. Our women, too, embroidered and fainted. And yet American womanhood in that period rose to a height of idealism and courage and efficiency that no period since then has rivalled. Then were laid the foundations of the woman's movement, and women did their full share in lighting the fires of a great war in order to emancipate a race.

No, the Victorian men and women did live, though evidently Life then did not have the pungent, Bohemian meaning it has since acquired. "We read our Thackeray distracted and indignant," says one modern militant. "It is the world of the forties and the fifties described by a man who believed that it would endure, who believed, indeed, that it always had endured." But he did so, oh gentle critic, in the sense that he believed certain human passions and human reactions would always endure and had always endured. Thackeray did not believe that side-whiskers and crinolines and Wellington boots would endure. In those days, little boys when writing to their fathers addressed them as "Beloved Parent"; our little boys to-day probably write "Dear Pop." But we venture to believe that the splendor and the pathos and the tragedy that marked Thomas Newcome's love for his son Clive have not become impossible during the last fifty years. The things that Thackeray thought permanent he has indicated plainly enough. "What stories are new? All types of all characters march through all fables; tremblers and boasters; victims and bullies; dupes and knaves; long-eared Neddies giving themselves leonine airs; Tartuffes wearing virtuous clothing; lovers and their trials, their blindness, their folly, and constancy. With the very first page of the human story do not love, and lies, too, begin? So the tales were told ages before Æsop; and asses under lions' manes roared in Hebrew; and sly foxes flattered in Etruscan; and wolves in sheep's clothing gnashed their teeth in Sanskrit, no doubt." If our commentator is really exasperated by the contradiction he finds "between the Book of Life and the Annals of Early Victorian England," it really seems as if he should have to wait for a new and completely revised edition of the Book of Life.

III.

Like Thackeray the Victorian, Thackeray the writer is the sad victim of much hackneyed faultfinding. It is the proper thing to say of Thackeray that he moralizes. It is also the proper thing to say of him that he pictured only the narrow little world he saw. The two indictments are mutually destructive, but both are nevertheless the proper thing to say. It is the proper thing to say of Thackeray that he was a sentimentalist, and it is the proper thing to say that he was a cynic. The two characteristics are, on the face of it, mutually exclusive, but they are the correct things to say of Thackeray. Every critic of modern sympathies speaks of Thackeray's puppets, but every critic also points out at least one character or one book that is not puppet-work, but palpitating life. When you draw up a list of everything the various modern commentators like, you find that modern criticism finds nearly every character in Thackeray vital and indestructible; nevertheless the proper thing to say of Thackeray's characters as a whole is that they are puppets. This may not be quite consistent, but possibly consistency, too, is an Early Victorian virtue.

And the irony of this all is that we cannot even claim the credit of having invented the labels we apply to the man. Thackeray himself gave them to us. If he had not spoken, on the first page of "Vanity Fair," of his puppets, probably no modern critic would ever have had the courage to call them that. If he had not been in the habit of referring to himself expressly as a sentimentalist, a cynic, a Manager of the Performance, we should not now be babbling these phrases about him *ad nauseam*. With all our shrewd wisdom we moderns are fearfully naïve and very apt to take a man at his own estimation. And Thackeray professed not to take himself seriously. He did not announce that he was at work upon a Comédie Humaine. He did not, like Zola, proclaim a new literary method and proceed forthwith to build up an entire microcosm. He did not set to work after the dreadfully serious manner of our serious younger novelists to transcribe Life. We know how even the most honest of book-reviewers must work hard to escape the ready-made opinions supplied in publishers' advance notices. Thackeray was his own press-agent, puff-writer, interviewer, and reviewer. "The famous little Becky puppet," he tells us, "has been pronounced to be uncommonly flexible in the joints and lively on the wire; the Amelia doll, though it has had a smaller circle of admirers, has yet been carved and dressed with the greatest care by the artist." So critics have taken the man's word for it.

Could he really have meant all that he said in depreciation of himself? Was the ironist and cynic poking fun at us all this time? Was the Manager of the Performance peeping through a hole in the curtain and laughing at the critics whom he had fooled with his clever press-notices? Now and then the modern critic shows signs of suspecting the Manager's game. No, this is not a puppet world, he will admit; this is a real world, only it is a narrow little Early Victorian world. They call Thackeray narrow and grow angry with him, though they have no fault to find with the modern young novelist who picks out a little corner of a little country and plies his camera assiduously. Early Victorian or what not, to what extent does our present-day literature see life more clearly or more honestly than Thackeray did?

IV.

"Modern" is a difficult word to play with, for the reason that it means just what it says. The term is purely chronological, and not at all descriptive. The modern spirit is the spirit of recent years, and the only way to distinguish it is to say that it is opposed to the spirit of things that are not recent. The modern spirit is, as a matter of fact, proud of its faults and its inconsistencies; of these it has quite enough. It describes itself as a spirit of discontent, of ferment, and of ceaseless quest. But above all things, it is complex, which is to say, it sometimes does not quite know its own mind. The modern spirit embraces the hedonistic anarchism of Ibsen and the Christian anarchism of Tolstoy. In H. G. Wells it means the reorganization of society in a rigid Socialistic spirit, and it means also a standard of individual morality that

would be pretty sure to play the mischief with any social system. In Mr. Galsworthy it means humanitarian reform of the kind Dickens and Charles Reade advocated, and a poetic mysticism that has no care at all for progress and reforms. The modern spirit is on the side of the downtrodden masses and still yearns toward the ideal of the Superman. It puts emotion above intellect, temperament above character, yet loves to think of itself as scientific. Take the modern, intelligent young woman. She will admire, with a wonderful catholicity, Björnson's snow-white idylls and Wedekind's disgusting impudences. She will sigh with Mélisande and gasp with Salome, respond alike to the sensuousness of the Arab dance and to Parsifal, aspire toward the freedom of the pagan world and pursue vegetarianism out of horror of taking animal life. She will blend into one emotional confusion her sympathies for the working-girl, for woman's emancipation, for Japanese art, for the State endowment of motherhood, for Echagaray, for Whitman, for schoolfeeding, for trade-unions, for revolution, for the Greek costume, for aviation, for the nineteenth century B. C., and a few things besides. Whether such a concrete modern young woman as I have described is to be found outside of the books I don't know; I doubt it. But neither was there in Thackeray's time any one young person who fainted, embroidered, simpered, clung, etc., after the fashion we have made into a formula. In any case, I know that there are modern critics who study life through literature; and through their writing runs the same conflicting note, a vast Christian humanitarianism and a great longing for moral individualism. In t specific field of literary theory they are torn between the feeling that literature should be actual, purposive, progressive, combative, and the formula of art for art's sake.

Tested by this modern formula of art for art's sake, the moderns do not come off best against the Victorians. The greater part of Meredith, Hardy, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, Brieux, Hauptmann, Sudermann—all the great names in the modern catalogue—is thesis literature. The thesis may be an isolated problem or an entire life-philosophy. But rarely in these men is the character-painting so superior to the theme as with the Victorians. Which of them has written as completely about People as Thackeray did? The profoundest of the moderns may have depicted Life better than he did, but not living beings. In subtle psychologizing we have surpassed the Victorians; but psychological schemes are not men and women. When Meredith was a Victorian he drew living people like Richard Feverel and Nevil Beauchamp. When he grew modern he drew a puzzle picture entitled Sir Willoughby Patterne. Even in Hardy, who, among all the moderns, has most of the creative gift of the Victorians, the theme obtrudes.

I have tried conscientiously to find out why we of to-day should feel it our bounden duty to be disgruntled with Thackeray, and I can find only that at the bottom of the quarrel is simply a difference of mannerism and formula. Our honest critic said as much when he declared that "a fondness for other methods" makes us incapable of deriving from Thackeray the pleasure which as a great artist he should give us. We want the truth, but we want it proved to us in our own way. Well, that may be just enough. Only, if it comes to a question of standards and formulæ, our own have no higher sanctity than those of the Victorians. Imagine how a modern author would treat Sir Pitt Crawley of Great Gaunt Street and Queen's Crawley, Hants. Here is as fine an example of the satyr as the heart of the most modern realist could desire. Thackeray has not sentimentalized him; has not fallen into mealy-mouthedness; has displayed little respect for Mrs. Grundy. Yet what would the present-day writer do? It is easy to imagine how he would go at the business, the splendid emphasis on physiological detail, the detailed depictment of rampant animalism, the frank brutality, the use of medical terminology, the care to leave nothing to the imagination. I haven't the least doubt there are a dozen writers to-day who could make Sir Pitt a dozen times more disgusting than Thackeray made him. Whether he would be made more real is another story.

V.

But the most striking instance of how different our manner is from that of Thackeray's contemporaries is connected with the strange case of Amelia Sedley. Now, Amelia was a good woman, and to-day we are not interested in her kind. I do not mean to be unfair. I know there is a fine moral fervor in the way we work to extend the meaning of a good woman so as to include Thomas Hardy's Tess and Dostoievsky's Sonia. To do so is, of course, a special pleading rather than art; but let that pass. We are engaged to-day in proving that strength in woman, as in man, is better than passive goodness. This, too, smacks of special pleading rather than of art; but let that, too, pass. We are engaged to-day in ridding the world of the parasitic woman. That again is missionary work rather than art; but we will not press the point. Only this point must be remembered: because we are more interested to-day in restless women than in quiet women; we are not by that very fact any nearer to reality. Interest in the unquiet woman is not altogether a modern trait. They wrote about temperamental ladies in Greek, and chanted proverbs about her in Hebrew, and probably made epigrams about her in Etruscan. Thackeray himself has contributed more than one portrait to the gallery of bad women. But the great offence in the creator of Becky Sharp is that he sinned against the light; he could draw bad women, and he was fond of Amelia Sedley. Perhaps we might have forgiven him his doting fondness for Amelia if he had failed to do—what we moderns seem unable to accomplish—make this good woman interesting.

In the long run we shall be compelled to forgive Thackeray for being interested in Amelia Sedley, as we forgive Dickens for his Agnes, Balzac for his Eugénie, and Turgenieff for his Lisa. The type holds great temptations for the very greatest artists. It is not hard to see why. Consider the good woman. She loves, in the way poets have always longed for love, eternally. She suffers, in the way heroes strive to suffer, quietly. She has the strength of conquest and the higher strength of sacrifice. She knows temptation, but beats it down. She meets disillusion, and her smile yet remains. She does not challenge the moralities, but she wages fierce battles and wins silent triumphs between the kitchen and the cradle. She is Nature, because she embodies struggle beneath a surface of serenity. Her type in 1911, there should seem to be good reason for believing, is not extinct. Thackeray apparently proceeded on the assumption that some time would pass before the type would be extinct.

SIMEON STRUNSKY.

Correspondence

THE REAL MEDUSA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discovery of some archaic pedimental sculptures in the excavations at the Doric temple of Apollo (or Artemis?) at Corcyra in Corfu, in which the Gorgon Medusa, with her offspring, is the central theme, has suggested the timeliness of this preliminary announcement of certain conclusions I have reached in a study of the Medusa myth, which will soon be published in detail.

The universal belief among scholars as well as with the general public is that Medusa was for the Greeks an evil demon, a frightful bogey, and German specialists have seen in her the personification of the storm-demons, of thunder and lightning. Her snakes, the open mouth, gnashing teeth, and extended tongue, so common in archaic art, are all supposed to be features imagined in order to inspire horror. The horrible mask is supposed to have been first imagined, and then a body, a myth, and a bogey-slaying hero were invented.

My own conclusions are so different in almost every particular that I have some hesitation in announcing them without full

proof, which is all that I can do in this letter. The central idea of the Medusa was, in reality, for the Greeks, a great embodiment of fertility and fertilizing force, which, after being connected in early times with the great Mother Goddess, in her various forms and names, became associated at a later date, but still in prehistoric times, with the Sun and Apollo. When the main stress was thus shifted and the central idea, instead of being productivity with a solar connection, became solar force with its productive effects, there was gradually introduced into the Gorgon idea the element of the destructive as well as the productive energy of the Sun. Medusa became the carrier of the Sun, the solar caryatid, and this explains the kneeling posture and raised arms of many of her early figures, as well as the wings. This became embodied in the archaic age in some of the traits that gave the Gorgon a demonic aspect.

The idea of a subordinate deity or spirit, embodying the material force or energy of a more spiritual deity, was one of the theories adopted by the early Greeks from Egypt. The god Bes stands to the greater Sun God Horus in exactly the same relationship that I conceive Medusa to have stood to the primitive Artemis as Earth Goddess, and later to Apollo as Sun God. But this subordinate phase was not her first. The earliest phase is illustrated by the Cretan Nature Goddess of the Minoan age, who seems to have been worshipped in the triple form of Lion and Mountain Goddess (earth surface), Serpent Goddess (chthonic), and Bird Goddess (air). The Gorgon was connected especially with the Snake hypostasis, as appears from the later (Doric) gorgoneia of Cretan temples. Hence originated the snakes as the Gorgon's girdle, in her hands, and, in the decapitation scene, the two snakes drinking her blood. In this aspect Medusa became an *alias* of Demeter. She was not only a chthonic spirit, but a spirit of the fertile earth surface. In this aspect of the Mother Goddess, so prominent in the so-called Cybele and Persian Artemis types, the goddess is subduing the animal creation, birds and beasts, especially lions and water-birds, whom she holds by neck or tail or has as attendants. This type, at first unwinged, became winged under Oriental influences, especially Assyrian and Hittite. Now, the earliest separate plastic types of the Gorgon, perhaps as early as the eighth century B. C., and later, represent her as filling the same functions toward the animal creation as the Mother Goddess, Artemis or Cybele. She also subdues or holds or is accompanied by the same wild animals and birds. One of the latest embodiments of this type is precisely the pedimental sculptures of Corcyra mentioned at the beginning of this letter. Here Medusa is flanked by two large lions which mark her as the Great Mother Goddess, the alias of Cybele or Artemis, and between her and them are inserted, in much smaller size, her two offspring, Pegasus on her right and Chrysaor on her left. She reaches out her arms on both sides to embrace them, and they stand in the shadow of her great wings, Pegasus leaping up to her shoulder and Chrysaor, an athletic and heroic but small figure, stepping toward her though facing the spectator. Contrary, then, to the myth as Hesiod gives it, and far earlier and pre-Olympian, is this idea of the living Goddess with her two children in place of their birth at her decapitation. The hostile Perseus Saga of the Olympians is disregarded. In the Corcyra pediment, then, is a seventh-century embodiment of the primitive myth and I cannot but express the opinion that in it Chrysaor, the God with the golden sword, is Apollo. We are familiar with Chrysaoros as the epithet of Apollo. I have found other proofs that Apollo as Sun God was considered the son of Medusa. The later association of the two was merely another instance of the Hellenic subordination to the male of the previously dominant female.

The connection with Poseidon and the horse, embodied in the Perseus saga, goes back to a primitive connection between the Gorgon idea and the horse, in which Medusa is at first plain horse and then Centauress acting as beast-subduing Mother Goddess, and, finally, as Centauress being decapitated by Perseus, a legend popular in Bœotia, and one of the proofs of the Demeter connection. The very early votive offerings found in the shrine of Artemis Orthia at Sparta, some of them as early as the eighth century, where the horses outnumber all other emblems, and where the Gorgon is extremely and ritualistically prominent, show the general application of this double relation of the Gorgon and the horse to the primitive Artemis.

In the organization of the Olympian system the Gorgon idea was appropriated from the primitive nature myths; but in the same way as male deities were then set at the head of the cosmic system in place of the old supreme nature goddesses, and Zeus and Apollo succeeded the Great Mother in Crete, for example, so the Perseus saga was Achæan, or Dorian, and originated as a poetic rendering of this shifting of sex supremacy. The decapitation of the Gorgon was purely a ritual act; it marked the subjugation of the forces of nature to Zeus and his system. The resurrected Gorgon was subject to his will just as the resurrected Python at Delphi was subject to Apollo. The ægis and its gorgoneion stood for the atmospheric forces at the command of Zeus; the sun and the atmospheric conditions it produces; the clouds; the rain; the thunder and lightning. Strange to say, all Greek scholars have read into the Homeric descriptions of the Gorgon's head and the ægis ideas of horror that are largely fanciful or unnecessary. With Apolline supremacy spreading throughout the Hellenic world, the Gorgon, associated at Delphi with the Omphalos (guarded by Gorgons in Euripides's "Ion") and at Delos with the earliest statue of Apollo (by Iphicartides) became a common Dorian as well as Ionian symbol. She appears on numerous archaic coins of Greek cities as an alternate for or in connection with the head of Apollo. Henceforth she is the emblem both of Apollo and Artemis, and this will account for her later association with the moon. She became the protector of cities (Athens, Argos, Tegea), and an *alias* of Athene, with whose myth the Gorgon myth has so much in common that one can almost believe in a common original.

The simple idea of productive force, having become, as I have said, complicated through the new solar connection with the destructive and desiccating power of the sun's heat in the dog-days, gave rise to a sub-myth, which is reported by Diodorus in a passage of which no use has been made, though it is so illuminating. He makes the gorgoneion, as a terrifying monster, start in Phrygia on a devastating career, first southward across Asia Minor and Syria, then eastward to India, and then westward across Egypt and Libya to the home of the Gorgon in the farthest west at the setting sun, burning up the earth as she passes. It is the prototype of the Phaethon myth, and clearly symbolic of Medusa as the destructive sun; that the starting point is Phrygia, original home of the Mother Goddess cult, is significant.

As a representation of the opposite aspect, the fertilizing power of the sun, I will cite merely one very famous work, the Tazza Farnese, that wonderful sardonyx cup by an Alexandrian artist, which has on one side the allegorical scene of the Fertility of Egypt, and on the other, covering the same field, the Medusa head.

The fact that, as soon as Greek art was sufficiently master of its technique to create a type of ideal female beauty, it created in the early fifth century the type of beautiful Gorgon, and that from this time forward Greek art consistently represented Medusa as *beautiful*, does not seem to have conveyed any meaning to modern archæologists who have persisted in their ascription to her of nothing but horror and ugliness. A glance at the gems in Furtwängler's "Antike Gemmen" should have been sufficient to explode this fallacy. Yet the fact of her double nature ought to have been clear from the legend that the blood of Gorgon had the double and opposite properties of both curing and killing! I desire particularly to emphasize the fact that the intense type of the Alexandrian age which replaced the calm broad beauty of the Gorgon of the fifth and fourth centuries has been entirely misunderstood by modern critics. This new facial expressiveness has been dubbed "pathetic" and has been supposed to express the sufferings of Medusa. This supposed pathos is expressed in the contraction and overhanging of the brow, the accentuation of lines about the eyes, and their wide-open lids. Now, the real object of the sculptors in creating the new type was to express not suffering, but the forceful expulsion of the sun-rays from the eyes. It is observed commonly in heads of Helios and some late heads of Apollo, and finds its literary explanation in the legend reported by Apollonius Rhodius that all children of the Sun could be recognized by the rays that darted to a great distance from their eyes. There is good reason for connecting the tumbled and abundant hair with the clouds gathered by the sun, the wings and perhaps the snakes in the hair with the lightning, the open mouth with the thunder.

In this connection it is important to note that in the archaic type of Medusa, those elements that seem most horrible (and they were not by any means always used), and the surest indications of the artist's intention to portray her as an evil demon, are in reality nothing of the kind. They were due to the inadequacy of art at that time to convey in any better way the ideas of elemental force and activity which were ascribed to Medusa. The open mouth, hanging tongue, and bared teeth were nothing but an artistic convention for the thundering voice of Medusa. The one or two large snakes associated so often with her were chthonic emblems, and symbols of fertility

and resurgence, as well as emblems of the righteous dead, the *agathodemons*. There certainly was anything but an association of horror with these snakes, attributes of so many of the gods. Then, again, the serpents in the hair and around the head are so arranged in many archaic examples as to prove that they stood for the rays of the sun, and for nothing else; just the substitutes for those hundred dazzling gold tassels of the Homeric ægis that struck with wonder when shaken in the sunlight. In this corona of snakes, sometimes proceeding from a gold sun-nimbus that surrounds the Medusa head, the snakes are connected not with the head, but with the solar aureole, and radiate evenly from the entire circle! The medallion in which Medusa heads are so commonly enclosed is another form of the complete solar disk. To show the breadth and certainty of this solar connection, I shall add merely the fact that quite irrespective of any discussion as to the much-vexing relationship of Apollo and Helios, there can be no more question as to the reality of the connection between Medusa and Helios than of that between Medusa and Apollo. Of this I have many proofs, but will mention only one well established fact. The symbol of Sicily, recognized since Homer as the sacred land of the Sun, is the *triquetrum*, also the symbol of Lykia, the early centre of Apollo cult. Now, in Sicilian coinage, beginning with Agathocles (*c.* 315 B. C.) the *triquetrum* is given with a Medusa head in the centre, together with sheaves of wheat, and in one case the connection is emphasized by the addition of a bust of Helios in the ground. The double connection of Medusa is here given, with both Helios and fertility, and Sicily was noted for its fertility. To bring this down to Roman times I may mention an official consecration of Medusa as the emblem of fertility. It is a coin of Septimius Severus, with the legend *Providentia*, where the emblem is the Medusa head, whereas the common figure for this is a woman with a horn of plenty. Many hundreds of Hellenistic and Roman monuments can be cited in which Apolline emblems, solar and fertility ideas, horns of plenty, fruits and garlands and grain, are associated with Medusa. In fact, there is a virtually unbroken tradition from Minoan times, over a period of more than fifteen centuries, which presents Medusa as a great nature-force, evolving and varying as mythological points of view changed, and as the types of gods were developed. She throws light on the personalities and relationships of many gods; of the old Mother Goddess, of Cybele, Artemis, Demeter, and Erynis; of Zeus, Athena, Poseidon. Apollo, and Helios, and even of Nikê. It would not be impossible that she should give an accrued importance to Apollo as the predecessor of Dionysus and Orpheus, as god of the hereafter and the blessed Hyperboreans, as guide in the expiations and purifications that lead to the Elysian Fields. Medusa really stands out as what her name implies, the "Ruler" of the universe in so far as blind natural force is concerned, guided by the gods. She is no more an evil demon than Apollo.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Princeton, July 19.

THACKERAY AND "PETER WILKINS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In "Henry Esmond" (book iii, chapter 4), Beatrix, after an allusion to Desdemona's death, says:

"And I want no such ending. I intend to live to be a hundred, and to go to ten thousand routs and balls, and to play cards every night of my life till the year eighteen hundred. And I like to be the first of my company, sir; and I like flattery and compliments, and you give me none; and I like to be made to laugh, sir, and who's to laugh at *your* dismal face, I should like to know? And I like a coach-and-six or a coach-and-eight; and I like diamonds, and a new gown every week; and people to say, 'That's the Duchess. How well her Grace looks! Make way for Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre. Call her Excellency's people'—that's what I like. And as for you, you want a woman to bring your slippers and cap, and to sit at your feet, and cry, 'O caro! O bravo!' while you read your Shakespeares and Miltons and stuff. Mamma would have been the wife for you, had you been a little older, though you look ten years older than she does—you do, you glum-faced, blue-bearded little old man! you might have sat, like Darby and Joan, and flattered each other; and billed and cooed like a pair of old pigeons on a perch. I want my wings, and to use them, sir."

And she spread out her beautiful arms, as if indeed she could fly off like the pretty "Gawrie" whom the man in the story was enamoured of.

"And what will your Peter Wilkins say to your flight?" says Esmond, who never admired this fair creature more than when she rebelled and laughed at him.

"A duchess knows her place," says she with a laugh.

Thackeray took great pains to be accurate both as to local and historical color, yet in spite of his care there is a curious anachronism in this reference to "Peter Wilkins." In 1712, the date at which the action in "Esmond" is supposed to occur, the author of "Peter Wilkins" was a youth of seventeen, and his famous book was not published until 1750 or 1751. The introduction and dedication are signed R. P., but the identity of the authority was not suggested until 1802, and not established until 1835, when the original agreement for the sale of the copyright was bought by Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A. Paitock died in 1767. His book has elicited the admiration of Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, and it is worthy of all their apprcciation.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, Eng., July 12.

A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent from Lancaster who deplores the study of Greek and Latin because their literature was not founded on Christian ideals challenges comparison with the caliph of Alexandrian Library fame. "To know what the English, the Germans, and the French are now doing" (*vide* Kipling and Bernard Shaw, Zola and Anatole France, Haeckel and Nordau) is more valuable as training for the young than to waste time with such old fogies as Æschylus, Thucydides, or Demosthenes. The golden age of Carnegie and Mrs. Eddy has nothing to learn from the golden age of Pericles. Your correspondent who holds a brief for science as well as for Christianity should explain to what extent such non-Christian subjects as chemistry, physics, economics, or engineering can be permitted to crowd the literature of the modern Christian nations for whom the ancients must make way.

JOHN CADWALADER, JR.

Philadelphia, July 21.

Literature

ASSYRIAN HISTORY.

A History of Sumer and Akkad. By Leonard W. King. With map and illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.80 net.

Following close upon the earlier history of Babylonia in the new edition of Eduard Meyer's "Geschichte des Altertums," comes the elaborate treatment of the subject by Mr. King of the British Museum. The present volume is the first of four which are intended to cover the entire range of Babylonian-Assyrian history. The work will undoubtedly take its place as the standard authority on the subject, replacing earlier ones, and distinguished from Meyer's learned and brilliant exposition by its greater detail. The appearance of King's volume illustrates, on the one hand, the growth of the material during the past two decades for the study of the earlier periods of Euphratean civilization, and on the other the progress made in the interpretation of Sumerian texts, which constitute our main source for these periods. While much remains to be done before scholars will be able to read Sumerian inscriptions with the same ease and facility as those written in Babylonian, yet sufficient advance has been made to inspire confidence in the interpretations now proposed. The chief difficulties still encountered in the treatment of the earlier periods of Babylonian-Assyrian history arise from the many gaps which must be left to further excavations to fill out, and from the uncertainty still prevailing in regard to the chronology prior to 2000 B. C., while in the case of the history of the northern extension of Euphratean civilization known as Assyria, the uncertainty begins when we try to pass beyond 1500 B. C.

The general tendency of recent Assyriological scholarship has been to reduce the high dates which it was customary about a decade ago to assign to certain rulers of the south. The lower dates now assumed have been brought about chiefly by the discovery of some additional "synchronisms" between rulers of various districts of the south. Mr King himself has had a large share in these discoveries, and it is to him that we owe the more generally accepted fact that the so-called first and second dynasties of Babylonia did not succeed one another, but were in large part contemporaneous. The result has been to bring the date of Hammurabi (or rather

Hammurapi, as the name is probably to be read)—the great conqueror and law-giver with whom a new epoch in Babylonian history begins—down to about 1950 B. C.; and this involves carrying down still earlier rulers like Sargon and his son Naram-Sin several centuries even below the correction of one thousand years that was proposed and quite definitely established by a German scholar, Professor Lehmann-Haupt, about ten years ago. We may now say with tolerable certainty that Sargon's date is not earlier than 2600 B. C.; and the possibilities are that his reign is nearer to 2500 B. C. Mr. King's date of 2650 B. C. is certainly too high, for the assumption involved of an interval of 250 years between Sargon and the beginning of the Ur dynasty is hardly warranted. At the excavations at Nippur, the stratum of the days of the Ur dynasty was found immediately above the pavement of Sargon, and, since all indications point to a rather short duration of the kingdom of Agade established by this ruler, an interval of 150 years between Sargon and Ur-Engur, the founder of the Ur dynasty, would appear to be as large as can safely be assumed. With dates of Sargon and Hammurapi fairly well fixed, we are in a much better position to follow the general course of events in the Euphrates Valley. The significance of the conquests of Sargon, who obtained control of the entire Euphrates Valley and extended his dominion outside of these limits, consists in their foreshadowing of the ultimate triumph of the Semites.

What Mr. King has to say in his Introductory chapter on the relationships of the non-Semitic or Sumerian population of the Euphrates Valley to the Semitic settlers reflects on the whole the present view of most scholars. He goes perhaps a trifle too far in asserting that the Sumerian origin of the Babylonian civilization is "no longer in dispute," and that differences of opinion at present centre on the period at which Sumerians and Semites first came into contact. Questions of origins can never, or at all events rarely, be settled to the entire satisfaction of scholars. In the case of the Euphrates civilization a working hypothesis is the best that one can hope for. We are sure of one thing—viz., that at the earliest period to which we can trace back the history of Babylonia, the population was of a mixed character. Since civilization everywhere arises through just such a mixture, the more reasonable conclusion is that the culture of the valley was neither purely Sumerian as King supposes, nor purely Semitic as Halévy and his adherents (who deny the existence of Sumerians and of a Sumerian language) suppose, but Sumero-Akkadian, that is to say, of a mixed character, in which, to be sure, the Sumerian element at first strongly predominated. But it does not follow from this that the Sumerians represent the oldest and original settlers. On the contrary, a number of facts seem to point to the Semites as the first in the field, entering the valley at a remote period from Central Arabia and making permanent settlements, while the Sumerians, coming as conquerors from the mountainous regions to the east and northeast, furnished precisely that stimulus needed to promote the beginnings of a genuine culture. Be that as it may, the conditions presented at the time that historical records become available show the Euphrates Valley divided into a number of districts, each grouped around some city as a centre, and with both Sumerians and Semites in the land. Chief among these centres are Lagash (or Shirpurlc), Nippur, Umma, Uruk, Ur; but such is the dearth of material for the early period that only general glimpses of the course of events can as yet be secured.

Mr. King is to be commended for his reserve in using this material. Instead of indulging in speculations and elaborating theoretical reconstructions on slender threads, he confines himself to a general sketch of Sumerian civilization as resulting from the study of the early works of art, and to an indication of the relationship of these various centres to one another. From designs on votive offerings (chiefly religious in character), on stone, copper, ivory, shell, and the various materials used in the preparation of seal cylinders belonging to this early age, we can as a matter of fact obtain a pretty definite view of the stage of culture reached at about 3000 B. C. We know a good deal of the methods of warfare, of the weapons that were used by Sumerians and Semites, as well as their dress and something of the organization of the armies. Numerous business documents, forming to a large extent official archives of the temples in various centres, reveal the many-sided business activity—loans and sales, farming of lands, dealings in cattle, wines, oil, grain, and various field products—in all of which the temple organization had a share. The seal cylinders show us the modes of worship, the way in which the gods were pictured, the form of the temples, the style of the altars, and other furnishings of the temple; while in addition to this the designs supplement in important particulars our knowledge of the current myths as derived from the literary remains belonging, for the greater part, to the later periods. All this is set forth in an admirable manner by Mr. King, who with a complete mastery of all details skilfully weaves the mass of information to be gleaned into a picture at once fascinating and impressive.

When it comes, however, to filling out the general picture with historical details, the gaps in our knowledge become most painfully apparent. Thanks to extensive excavations conducted by De Sarge and Cros at Teloh—the site of the ancient political centre of Lagash—we can follow the fortunes of this place and its relation to other centres for a period of about one thousand years, but only in a very general way. The rulers of Lagash now appear as victors extending their dominion over a considerable portion of the southern part of the Euphrates Valley, but not able to make much headway towards the north, where the strength of the Semite settlements lay. Periods of triumph are succeeded by reactions in which the rulers are unable to disguise their forced submission to other centres. Leaving aside details which would carry us too far, we can trace a double movement in this earliest period, one toward a combination of the centres of the south, leading eventually to the formation of the empire of Sumer, the other a growing rivalry between the states of the south and those of the north, or, in other words, the struggle of the Sumerians and the Semites for supremacy.

A definite indication foreshadowing the ultimate triumph of the Semites is to be seen in the Semitic names borne by rulers of Kish—for a long time the most formidable rival of Lagash. Lying considerably to the north of Lagash, it was naturally more subject to the influence of the Semitic settlers, who gradually obtained control of it as well as of other centres. Despite the checks that the Semitic advance received, by the year 2500 B. C. an energetic ruler of Agade succeeded in obtaining control of both the northern and southern sections of the Euphrates Valley. With Sargon as the King of Sumer and Akkad a new epoch in the history of the district begins. To be sure, the kingdom established by Sargon and handed down to his son, Naram-Sin, was of short duration, so that within about a century after the latter we find a powerful Sumerian dynasty established at Ur, the five rulers of which (*c.* 2300-2200 B. C.) called themselves "Kings of Sumer and Akkad." But the conflicts between Sumerians and Semites continued almost uninterruptedly, and finally led to the complete eclipse of Sumerian control. Several centuries elapsed, however, before this was brought about; we find rulers of Lagash, though not assuming the title of "King," regaining a considerable degree of autonomy, and we see another Sumerian centre, Isin, rising to power after the downfall of the Ur dynasty.

The centuries following upon Sargon are marked by a striking advance in architectural and general artistic construction. Gudea, one of the *patesis* of Lagash, appears to have been particularly active in this respect, for in addition to his work on the great temple E-Ninnu at Lagash and other sacred

structures in that centre, he has left us no less than ten statues of himself, chiselled with remarkable skill out of the hard diorite imported by him from northern Arabia.

With the fall of the Isin dynasty and the rise of rulers distinctly Semitic, who had established their centre in the city of Babylon, the first volume of King's valuable work breaks off. The sixth member of this dynasty was the famous Hammurabi, who completed the work of his predecessors by the complete overthrow of the one serious obstacle still remaining to the Semitic domination of the Euphrates Valley—namely, the district of Elam to the east of Babylonia, which had always proved a troublesome neighbor and at various times, both before and after Hammurapi, had succeeded in gaining a foothold in the valley and, indeed, in controlling its destinies for a while.

The closing chapter is devoted by Mr King to a discussion of "Cultural Influence" of early Babylonia on "Egypt, Asia, and the West," and will be of special value to those interested in the general bearings of Euphratean culture on other ancient centres of civilization. Mr. King here reveals himself as a student and thinker in the best sense of the word. It is one thing to decipher inscriptions, and interpret them, but quite another to discuss satisfactorily the larger and often elusive problems of "influences." One must have, above all, an open mind to change one's views when the discovery of new material calls for this heroic task. So Mr. King was once inclined to ascribe to a supposed Semitic invasion some of the most characteristic traits of Egyptian art, architecture, and religious beliefs and practices, including the embalming practice. But he now modifies his opinion in view of the proof furnished by Dr. Reisner's excavations at Naga-ed Der and other early cemeteries in Upper Egypt, and by those of Naville in Abydos, which show a continuous development of civilization without any break between the Neolithic period and the early dynasties of Egypt. The resemblances between Egyptian and Babylonian civilization must, therefore, be accounted for in some other way. In part, they are due to those natural coincidences for which we must always be prepared, in part to the unquestionably Semitic elements in the earliest population of the Nile district. As in Babylonia, so in Egypt civilization is due to the stimulus exerted by one ethnic element upon another representing a different quality. This mixture, showing itself also in Egyptian speech, produces results in the domain of beliefs and practices as well as in tendencies of art that recall conditions prevailing in the Euphrates Valley. Much simpler is the problem of the mutual influence exerted by Babylonia and the districts lying to the east upon one another; and in an appendix Mr. King calls attention to some of the results of the Pumpelly Expedition in Turkestan (under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution), which point to a much larger centre of "Sumerian" culture extending far into the interior of Asia. The problem is hardly ripe for solution, but there is surely nothing improbable in the supposition that the "Sumerians" represent a chip of a very early civilization—crude, to be sure, in many respects—which spread at one time over a considerable territory.

Mr. King also touches upon the vital question of the extension of Euphratean influence through Western Asia Minor and thence to Crete. Here Syria forms a natural link, and there is no longer any reason to question the early contact of those heterogeneous groups of peoples known as the Hittites with Babylonia. As more and more Hittite sites are explored, the traces of direct Babylonian influences become more pronounced; and Dr. Ward has recently shown by his thorough study of the "Seal Cylinders of Western Asia" (Carnegie Institution, 1910) how in return Hittite views modified Babylonian conceptions of some of the indigenous deities. Without accepting the views of such extremists as Drs. Winckler and Jeremias, who would make all ancient civilization to a large extent mere modifications of Babylonian culture, King makes out a good case also for Babylonian influence in Crete in the introduction of writing on clay by means of a stylus, replacing the older practice of engraving the Minoan pictographs on seal-stones. Until, however, more substantial progress shall have been made in the decipherment of these pictographs, the further specification of this influence must be left in abeyance. Meantime it is of importance to have established, as King has done, that a supposed extension of Sargon's conquest as far as Cyprus turns out to rest upon the error of a scribe, who in a later copy of an account of Sargon's reign wrote "Sea of the West" (*i. e.*, the Mediterranean) instead of "Sea of the East," by which the Persian Gulf was meant. The evidence to be derived from the finding of Babylonian seal cylinders in Cyprus also turns out to belong to a later period than had been supposed—so that for the present the thesis that Euphratean culture made its way into proto-Grecian settlements by means of Syria and Asia Minor, and not by a direct extension from the Mediterranean coast at an early period, remains the most probable.

Scholars and all interested in the story of mankind's past will look forward with interest to the continuation of Mr. King s work, upon the thorough character of which he is to be warmly congratulated and commended. By his previous work, he has prepared himself for a task which no other living scholar—with the single exception of Eduard Meyer—could take up with greater assurance of bringing it to a successful issue.

COUNTRY-HOUSE FICTION.

Jane Oglander. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

John Verney. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Master Christopher. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

What would the current English novelist do without his country-house and its appurtenances?—its resident squire, its neighboring lords of the manor, its village ladies and curates, its questions of county precedence, its week-end parties and its politics? London now seems to be fairly discredited as a scene. People are understood to go there for the season, and it is of use as a general asylum for distressed persons, or for persons who are in the novelist's way at Dorset Major, or Lower Escombe—or whatever modified spot may be selected for the main action. To London the maiden flees when she finds herself on the brink of hateful marriage; to London fare hero and villain alike when the country becomes too narrow for their several pursuits. But the story only thrives in country air.

Three novels of this type have come to hand almost at the same moment. In "Master Christopher" Mrs. de la Pasture (or Lady Clifford, as the title-page now admonishes us to know her) represents another of her old-fashioned heroines, triumphing over the follies and improprieties of the modern world. May Thorverton is as slender and gentle and shrinking and, so to speak, feminish, as her prototypes. Her make-up is perfect: "How pure and clear was her coloring; how lovely the curve of her short chin and delicately cut rose lips; how finely pencilled the light brown eyebrows that met above the blue starry eyes on the bridge of a straight little nose." This novelist never permits her little heroines to marry young persons of their own generation. But Anthony Denys has a straight profile, and a handsome brow, and silver-tipped curls upon it, and wears an old brown velveteen shooting-coat, and dear little May falls in love with him at first sight. Anthony is the descendant of the owners of Moreleigh Abbey, now in the hands of a race of mill-made upstarts. May is daughter of that lowly clan, but her mother is a cousin of Anthony's. You see the outcome. It is for May's boorish brother to die, and for May to endow Anthony with her hand and his lost inheritance. That all this may not come about too

tamely, and that the meek excellences of her maiden may not lack a foil, the novelist gives us a picture of the modern girl, in the person of Erica Clow, daughter of a city knight, and consequently of vulgar spirit. But she has red hair and brains, and succeeds in enlivening the story not a little.

Erica is not really bad, and we gather that she is on the way to regeneration by virtue of marriage with a real aristocrat. The Athena Maule of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's tale is a far more dangerous person, a siren, or ghoul, if you will, of no small accomplishment. She is of Greek blood and of marvellous beauty. Years before the present action begins she has been married in Greece by an English archæologist, and has been unfaithful almost from the altar. She still ravages the quiet countryside to which her husband has brought her, with her unholy charms. Her husband is an invalid, and detests her as much as she despises him. With them lives Dick Wantele, a kinsman and partisan of Maule's. Virtually their only guest is Jane Oglander, a ward of Maule's, whom Dick Wantele wishes to marry, and both the Maules are fond of. She is simply a nice girl, though of a more robust type than Lady Clifford admires. General Lingard, though short of middle age, has distinguished himself in Africa, and has returned home to be a lion, and to win the hand of Jane Oglander. Chance then throws him into the clutches of the baleful Athena, and the game is on. The great general conducts himself, it must be owned, very much like a cad, and is really delivered from Athena only by the act of Mr. Maule, who drops poison into that enchantress's sleeping-potion, quite according to the best romantic traditions —only he is not caught.

The action of these two stories is purely domestic: politics are a leading feature in Mr. Vachell's novel. Verney is private secretary to Charles Desmond, party chief and member of the Cabinet. Desmond has a daughter, the beautiful Sheila, whom Verney loves, while she looks upon him as a brother. The story boasts a handsome villain instead of a beautiful adventuress. Of course, his birth is not what it should be. His father, having amassed a huge fortune in trade, is naturally a beast; and his son, though a university man, has inherited the paternal nature and morals. His brilliancy, contrasting with Verney's steadfastness, captivates Sheila. She has a great enthusiasm for the political career, and Scaife is apparently on the direct road to political greatness. He and Verney twice contest the same borough, and Scaife wins both times by a trick. Sheila and Scaife become engaged, but Verney is too much of a lady to tell the girl that Scaife is a cad and a rascal. However, in the end, the worm turns, and Scalfe is cast into outer darkness, so far as Sheila is concerned. The English political novel must always be an object of curiosity to the American reader, who, though he may not think himself above politics, does virtually think that they have nothing to do with his private life—or, at the very least, with the private life of his women-folk. This one is told with the quiet force which belongs to all of Mr. Vachell's stories.

MORBID PEDAGOGISM.

Educational Problems. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

The material for these two volumes, which are even larger than the two earlier volumes on "Adolescence," has been drawn from the author's seven hundred or more public addresses and several score of magazine articles, and covers a wide variety of topics: the pedagogy of the kindergarten, of music, of history, and the like; the educational value of dancing; religious, moral, and industrial education; the pedagogy of sex; children's lies, child-welfare agencies—in fact, everything pedagogical. Although the chapters as they stand have been newly written and recast, it is doubtful if they would have presented a connected argument even had the printer not interfered with their "obviously proper order." Much of the work suggests a card-catalogue, or outlines of literature furnished by the author's pupils, with a running commentary of his own. The index contains more than 1,800 names. In this welter of name and detail it would be strange not to find some useful information. Nor may we deny that on occasion the author performs a service in collecting the material; nor, again, that his criticisms of existing conditions are generally keen and well aimed, and that his ideas of educational policy, where no sentimental interest is involved, are often good. In particular we may name the long and instructive chapter on Industrial Education. But any confidence that we might have in his judgment is destroyed by the constant high-pressure of enthusiasm, tending frequently toward a maudlin emotionalism, not seldom erotic, which gives the tone of the work and renders the plainest proposition an object of suspicion. And in general it must be said that the deliverances of "expert" pedagogy are not noticeably more significant, or more deserving of authority, than the judgments of intelligent, though unspecialized, common sense.

The author is astonishingly resourceful in vocabulary, but no one acquainted with his previous works will expect him to write English; and for the uninitiated a few examples will suffice: "It [the miraculous] is neither foolishness to be eliminated and no whit less is it dogma or even necessarily fact, but something higher and more vital" (I, p. 179); "Although the plan of Columbia to train shop foremen to be teachers on the one hand, and while the labor unions on the other, might do very much, there will probably always be need for some intermediate institution to link the two" (I, p. 598); "He doubts Westermarck that this has been the chief fashion among primitive men" (I, p. 433). One is not surprised to learn that the work was written "with the printer at my heels," and only the author's statement prevents us from concluding from the state of the text that the printer denied the privilege of proof. But carelessness and slovenly construction are not the only faults. The style, like that of others who preach the failure of the humanities, is over-burdened with Latin derivations, including many originalities of the kind of "revenient," "feralize," "crassify," and "dedivinitize." A favorite word is "evirate." We might therefore hope to be spared the spectacle of an American university president who thinks that *vires* are "real men" (I, 674).

But why speak of form where form is despised? And if it be urged that good form stands for straight and coherent thinking, then still why? No law of contradiction rules the logic of emotionalism. It is thus quite in order that any impressive statement should elsewhere be toned down or neutralized. Nothing is more scornfully resented than the attempt to "intellectualize" the content of life; yet in industrial education, "training in manipulation under the most skilled artisans is not enough; the *intellect must be appealed to*" (the italics are the author's); and "to put thought into life is to idealize existence." Again (I, 6, 409, 424 ff.), race-suicide is alarming, but improbable (I, 673). Juvenile delinquency is grave, but very likely a matter of definition (I, 235). "These are educational Dark Ages" (I, 629), but a century ago the schools were far less efficient along their own line (I, 617), and along other lines things are booming (I, 564-588). The truth is that in the pragmatism of emotionalism the only meaning of a statement is its present thrill. And thus, in his enthusiasm for the teaching of the master-workmen in the trade schools of Munich, who are pedagogically untrained, the author quite unconcernedly gives the whole thing away when he says (I, 589), "Put a few bright boys in their earliest 'teens and a capable man in the forties who knows his business and loves it together, and we have perhaps the best possibilities of teaching and learning"—which is just what we have always thought.

The one clew to unity in the work is furnished by the principle that education must be in accord with nature.

This seems harmless enough; for doubtless few would now deny that education must be a development of the nature of the child, whatever revolution of nature this might be conceived to involve. But for the author it means the recapitulation in the child of the development of the race. And here, passing over the fact that the recapitulation theory is largely discredited among zoologists and accepted only with modification by palæontologists, let us note the motive. The race-experience is reproduced in the individual in his emotions. Accordingly, what is implied in the idea of recapitulation is the superiority of the emotional life to the intellectual; or, upon further analysis, the insignificance of the life of individual self-consciousness beside the unconsciousness of nature. "The unconsciousness of the child is rest in God"—thus Froebel. But the supreme occupation of nature lies in reproducing her kind (I, 446). And thus, as any page will suggest, the *Leitmotif* of the "Educational Problems" is that of sex.

Not content with two volumes of "Adolescence," the author offers us here, in the chapters on The Pedagogy of Sex and The Budding Girl ("the bud" is his more affectionate term), 193 pages of sexual detail which are not surpassed even by Krafft-Ebing or Mantegazza for quantity of nastiness and nudity of statement. The facts might be bolted (where they are facts), if they were served without the perfume of tender sentiment, but the combination nauseates. Nor is their relevance always clear. What, for example, is the pedagogic significance of those neurotic "confessions of representative mothers" (I, 530 ff.)? And what "representative mother" could have been induced to reply to the author's *questionnaire?* The purpose of it all, however, besides furnishing us with expert information about the "facts of life," is to set forth the need of a new curriculum, which is to be made up largely of botany, zoölogy, and anthropology, and the main theme of which in all the disciplines shall be the idea of sex. "In the higher pedagogy," we are told, "the altar of this new muse will occupy a very central place."

Nothing more precisely illustrates the author's turn of mind than this proposal to make sex, with all its embellishments and perversions (see I, 479 ff.), the central topic of discourse at a period when suggestibility is highest and self-restraint imperative. And yet there is probably no safer avenue to enlightenment in matters of sex than that offered by the biological sciences—provided always that the "vitalizing personal touch," of which the author is so fond, be carefully restrained. The corrupting power of the "vitalizing personal touch" is well illustrated in the work before us in the mingling of cold fact with heated sentiment, of physiology with pious superstition; and it is precisely this that renders it worthless as a guide to the pedagogy of sex.

At intervals in his recital of abnormalities, the author pauses to wipe away a tear and explain that, "It is painful to write these things." But we beg leave to doubt it. He dwells too long and lovingly upon the theme, too caressingly upon its nastiest aspects; and we are compelled to believe that "bathing in this cosmic ocean" of subconsciousness and sex is altogether to his taste.

Elkanah Settle: His Life and Works. By Frederick Clyde Brown. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

How amazed Dryden would have been could he have known that minute facts about the life and works of his contemned rival, Settle, would after two centuries be industriously gathered, that to satisfy the curiosity of Prince Posterity marriage registers and wills would be examined, and that even some of Doeg's most unimportant letters would be reproduced in facsimile! It is to be feared, however, that the genial founder of English criticism would hardly have understood the purposes which govern this present work. Here we have patient industry compiling facts about Settle's life, including the controversies in which he so contumaciously engaged, summarizing all his plays, and determining the canon of his works. Even as a mere compendium, the book, though useful, is not entirely satisfactory. The bibliography, for example, omits Professor Noyes's remarks on Settle in his editions of Dryden, and lists Gissing's "New Grub Street" without indicating that only in a particular passage thereof can anything appertaining to Settle be found. The date of the translation of Ovid's "Epistles," to which Settle, among more notable writers, contributed, is left uncertain; though the volume (important because containing the first work of Dryden as a translator) appeared unquestionably in 1680. In that year, furthermore, was issued "The Wits Paraphrased," with a parody on Settle's translation unmentioned by Dr. Brown.

Imperfections of this sort would be trifling, if the work aimed at more important objects. It professes indeed to be a "study" of Settle, but the term seems narrowly conceived; for of studious reflection on historical or critical matters there is little. This need not have been the case. Settle—a striking controversialist at the very time when English political satire was rising to its height, a victor over Dryden in a battle of books, and an introducer of exceptionally elaborate scenery—offers many interesting problems to the student of versification, of criticism, or of drama. To elucidate such phases of Settle's activity is, however, impossible without discussing questions of his relationship to previous and contemporary efforts in the same field. To what extent, for example, did the scenic methods of the Jacobean masque or of the drama of Louis XIV affect Settle? Again, what skill in satire, in metaphor, and in metrics made Settle's reply to Dryden rise conspicuously above such rival pieces as Shadwell's "The Medal of John Bayes"? Questions like these Dr. Brown ignores; yet until they are satisfied the peculiar character of Settle's work will remain indistinct. Settle's personality likewise is hazy. The data of his picturesque career are gathered, but from them is created no lively human being, no "Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made"—perhaps for mankind's sympathy as well.

Canada and the Empire. By W. R. Lawson. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

Since the turn of the nineteenth century there has been no country that has been more alive with interest for students of politics, and especially of economics, than the Dominion of Canada. Its settled area has been nearly doubled; its population has increased by at least one-third; new industries have come into existence under the stimulus of protection and bounties; and politics are more closely interwoven with trade and commerce and with transport than in any other Anglo-Saxon country. Moreover, while the Dominion extends over half a continent, all this development has been in four or five provinces—that of most interest in three only—and consequently within easy compass for the student of economics. But despite the abundance and availability of material for economic study, it has been left chiefly to Englishmen to undertake it, and Mr. Lawson's "Canada and the Empire" is an important and valuable addition to the books embodying such study.

Of noteworthy value are the chapters on Dominion, provincial, and municipal finance, where on the whole Mr. Lawson's criticism is distinctly favorable. The chapters on immigration and Dominion lands are more outspoken than any book on Canada written by an Englishman since H. R. Whates published his "Canada, The New Nation" in 1906. In view of the fact that the vast area of country between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains—the territory out of which Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta have since been carved—was a free gift by England to Canada at Confederation in 1867, Mr. Lawson is disposed to conclude that for the last ten years, at any rate, British immigrants have not had too liberal treatment. He

concedes that some Englishmen who have emigrated have been troubled with an excessive egotism and an inconvenient thirst; also that it was undoubtedly a mistake to send out thousands and thousands of Londoners without making sure beforehand that there were openings for them. But that, Mr. Lawson insists, was the mistake of the Canadians; and he holds that it was scarcely generous for them, when they discovered their error, to turn upon the misplanted Londoners and abuse them as undesirables. His answer to this abuse is a reminder to the Canadians that as regards labor supply they have had some cheap bargains from the old country as well as some bad ones. Mr. Lawson's book will not stimulate immigration from England, for he is positive in his statement that the northwest will soon cease to be a poor man's country, and that brain and muscle are no longer the only requisites for success in farming in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; and he is not more hopeful as regards opportunities in the cities:

> What has been going on for years in the preference of alien to British labor will extend gradually to all the skilled trades and the professions. The ideal Canadian immigrant is the man out of whom most work and the heaviest kind of it can be extracted for a dollar and a half or two dollars a day.

Ever since Canada went on a protectionist basis in 1858, Parliamentarians at Westminster and English writers have been candid in their criticism of Ottawa politicians. Mr. Lawson is no exception. Touching on the land policy, he declares that never in the history of colonization has public land been given away so lavishly as it has been by the Dominion Government. The trail of the politician and the grafter is over it all. Until 1896 the railway builder and the speculator had made most out of the magnificent heritage that the Dominion had received from England. In 1896, with the incoming of the Liberal Government, there was a change of policy. The watchword of the Liberal Government was "Not an acre more for the railways—all for settlers."

> But settlers is an elastic term, especially when the definition of it is left to a minister with hosts of political friends and clients. It does not necessarily exclude a good Liberal worker with electioneering gifts and a strong claim on his party; still less does it bar a member of Parliament with a good record for loyal voting and active electioneering. Hence it happened that while quarter sections were thrown open under severe restrictions to the poor homesteaders, large blocks fell into the hands of the clever politicians without any restrictions at all. It was "easy terms" all round for them; pay their own price at their own convenience; generally they were not called upon to pay until they had arranged a sale to some British or American syndicate at 500 per cent. profit or more.

The net result of these and other conditions, as Mr. Lawson sums them up, is that "there is a lot too much politics in Canadian finance"; that "three-fourths of the big fortunes conjured out of land, lumber, and railways have a political taint."

Notes

Harpers announce a new and complete edition of the works of William Dean Howells, in uniform style. There will be illustrations, and to each volume Mr. Howells furnishes a bibliography. The first issue, consisting of six volumes, is now ready. It contains: I, "My Literary Passions" and "Criticism and Fiction"; II, "A Hazard of New Fortunes"; III, "London Films" and "Certain Delightful English Towns"; IV, "Landlord at Lion's Head"; V, "Literary Friends and Acquaintance"; VI, "Literature and Life."

An Alphabetical Index of the nineteen volumes of the *Yale Review* from 1892 to 1911 has been printed. It is arranged in three parts: An Author Index of Articles, A Subject Index of Articles, and An Index of Publications Reviewed.

In a special Riverside Press edition Houghton Mifflin Co. has brought out "Some Family Letters of Thackeray, Together with Recollections by His Kinswoman, Blanche Warre Cornish." Mrs. Warre Cornish was formerly Miss Ritchie, and her Recollections are printed with the approval of Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie.

Hereafter the publications of the University of Chicago Press will be handled in Tokio, Japan, by Z. P. Maruya & Co., as regular agents.

F. R. Harris, who has had access to unpublished documents at Hinchinghroke, has written a "Life of Edward, First Earl of Sandwich, 1652-72," which is announced for publication by John Murray.

The second volume of Monypenny's "Life of Benjamin Disraeli" (Macmillan) will appear next October.

A valuable aid to the critical study of the text of the Bible is the reproduction of the ancient manuscript, the Codex Sinaiticus, preserved in the Imperial Library at St Petersburg. This is being made, by the collotype process, in facsimile from photographs by Professor and Mrs. Kirsopp Lake. The New Testament part, including the epistle of Barnabas and the fragment of the Shepherd of Hermas, was issued last month from the Clarendon Press.

In the green and gilt series of the Oxford University Press there now appears a page-for-page reprint of "The Kilmarnock Burns" of 1786. The text is reproduced literatim, except for three or four obvious typographical corrections, which are duly noted.

In the excellent series of Historical Guides, instituted by the late Grant Allen, and published by Henry Holt & Co., the volume on "Christian Rome," by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank, has been issued in a second edition, revised.

Those who have read the two volumes of Lady Holland's Journals, edited by Lord Ilchester, will welcome another volume from the same editor, which gives "The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland," omitted in the earlier publication (Longmans, Green & Co.). The substance of the present volume is an account of two journeys in Spain, the first in 1802-5, the second in 1808-9. It cannot be said that either of the trips furnished matter for the journalist as interesting as her earlier travels in Italy before her union with Lord Holland or as her later experience when she was mistress of Holland House. The narrative is rather abrupt and the anecdotes and characterizations somewhat hurried. Yet there is much to interest. The Hollands were travelling as private persons, but their position in the Whig party gave them a kind of official recognition wherever they went, and enabled Lady Holland to see and hear at first hand the scandalous doings at the court of Charles IV in Madrid, where the shameless queen and the iniquitous Godoy (the "P. of P.," prince of the peace, Lady Holland usually calls him) set the pace for a degenerate society. There is a good deal about Hookham Frere, who was then minister to Spain, and who, in Lady Holland's opinion, "was better employed for *his* credit and *ours* as editor and poetaster of the *Anti-Jacobin*." The second part of the journal was written down in the height of the Peninsular war, and, though disjointed, gives a notion of the confused state of affairs under the Junta, with the members of which the Hollands were in close touch. In the appendices are printed a group of letters, and in the preface the editor quotes from a document in the handwriting of Lady Holland, which relates how she concealed her daughter from Sir Godfrey Webster, her first husband, by dressing the child in boy's clothes, and thus smuggling her into Padua. Lord Ilchester has added notes where these were necessary to explain the text. Not the least interesting thing in the volume is a series of brief character sketches at the end of the first section of the Journal. We seem to be transported back more than a hundred years, when we read: "The D. and Dss. [of Medinaceli] are served at table by *gentlemen* on their bended knees. They are both narrow-minded and illiterate, and associate with none of their equals, being constantly surrounded by monks and priests."

An interesting feature of the Eighth International Prison Congress, held at Washington in 1910, was the publication and distribution of four volumes on "Correction and Prevention" (Sage Foundation) in the United States. Dealing respectively with "Prison Reform," "Penal and Reformatory Institutions," "Preventive Agencies and Methods," and "Preventive Treatment of Neglected Children," and including contributions from nearly two score of the leading American authorities on these different subjects, the series gives a clear and comprehensive view of the progress and present status of prison and reformatory methods in this country. Especially valuable are the last two volumes, the work of Prof. Charles R. Henderson, president of the congress and editor-in-chief of the series, and of Dr. Hastings H. Hart. A feature that is particularly pleasing is the entire absence of that boastful quality that

too often marks the utterances of Americans, even American scientists, when they have occasion to review our achievements for the edification of Europeans. The books are tastefully illustrated and elaborately indexed.

In his "Wider Use of the School Plant" (Sage Foundation) Clarence Arthur Perry has brought together interesting accounts of the novel uses to which school buildings have been put in different American cities. That the schools may advantageously be employed for evening classes and lectures for adults is now generally admitted. Mr. Perry demonstrates that they may be used successfully out of school hours, also as centres for organized play and physical culture, as headquarters for neighborhood social and political gatherings, and even as convenient locations for day nurseries, dispensaries, and child employment bureaus. As a description of current experiments in broad and enlightened school administration the book is admirable. Its usefulness would be even greater if the author had been willing to draw conclusions in regard to the relative value of these different experiments, but perhaps he was well advised to leave this difficult task to the discriminating reader.

The Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, America and West Indies, has reached its fourteenth volume with the issue of the portion relating to the year 1701. Mr. Headlam, the new editor, is making excellent progress with this indispensable work, but at best the advance is slow. In his treatment of his documents he is much more accurate and thorough than was Mr. Sainsbury, and in his prefaces shows none of that grotesque dislike of the colonists exhibited by Mr. Fortescue. The volume now issued is largely concerned with preparations for war and colonial defence, with pirates, with negotiations with the Indians, and with the political complications that arose in nearly every colony as the aftermath of the revolutionary movements of 1689. Mr. Headlam continues to record errors in Doyle's history and to point out the frequent inadequacy of its treatment. As illustrating Doyle's neglect of the opportunities that lay at his very door, Mr. Headlam can call attention to the fact that the official documents, the loss of certain of which Doyle lamented, were lying all the time among the records in the repository in Chancery Lane. In fact, no period of American history is so inadequately represented in printed documents as that which extends from 1695 to the middle of the following century, and there is not a treatise or monograph now written that will not need entire revision eventually, unless the writer has seen in manuscript beforehand the documents that Mr. Headlam is calendering. As Englishmen complain that American writers are unfamiliar with the niceties of English usage, particularly in the matter of titles, so we may complain of English writers that they take no pains to familiarize themselves with the proper spellings of American names. Wycoming (Wyoming), Cascobay, Depeyster, Schaackhook (Scaticook), etc., look strange to American eyes. Unlike his predecessors Mr. Headlam has an eye to language and philology as well as to government and administration. He calls attention in his preface to Bellomont's use of "on the carpet" earlier than any recorded in the Oxford English Dictionary, to Penn's writing "other provinces cut us out," and to the curious word "Corobeness," found in a Maryland document, which, from its context, Dr. Skeat suggests may have arisen from the running together into one word of the "*commonness* of the crime of *robbery*." The explanation seems as extraordinary as the word.

The double section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" (Frowde), running from Scouring to Sedum, is exceptionally barren of long and diverting articles, and at some points seems weak in illustrative material. For the word "scrapper," admitted as slang, and curiously illustrated by a passage from Mr. Riis's "Roosevelt," merely the meaning "a pugilist" is given. In all seriousness, "a person of pugnacious temper" should have been added as a derivative sense. The earliest quotation under "sectionalism" is taken from the Newark *Journal*, July, 1858, as cited by Bartlett. An earlier example may be found in the *Radical Abolitionist*, January, 1857, p. 55: "Strength there, will be loss at the North, and thus a party not obnoxious to the charge of 'sectionalism' may be attained." A more classical instance occurs in Lincoln's Cooper Institute address of 1860, where he speaks of Washington's warning against "sectionalism" in the Farewell Address. Washington, however, does not actually employ the word. "Secessionism" is another "ism" that became conscious of itself at about the same period. Oddly enough, the first case of its use recorded by Mr. Bradley is dated 1898. We note the occurrence of the word forty-two years earlier in a clipping printed in the *Radical Abolitionist*, November, 1856, p. 40: "We do not believe he [Col. Fremont] will have a man in his Cabinet who is tinctured or tainted with abolitionism or secessionism." Mr. Bradley takes his first instance of "seceder" as applied to the Southerners in our civil war from the *Saturday Review*, December 7, 1861. For earlier examples, see the *Principia*, edited by William Goodell: April 27, 1861, p. 604; May 4, 1861, p. 610; May 18, 1861, p. 628. The synonymous "secessionist," apparently a later coinage, is carried back by the help of Bartlett only to 1860, though an examination of contemporary newspapers would probably yield an earlier date. By 1861 the newspapers bristled with the new term; for an example, this from the New York *Times*, June 30 of that year, under the head-line, "Secession Deviltry in Kentucky": "A fight occurred between two Unionists and two Secessionists in Graves County, in which one Secessionist was killed and the other had his arm shot off"—three months after the fall of Fort Sumter. With the outbreak of hostilities, "Secessionist" and "secession" seem—though they are of course not wholly synonymous—to supplant "Disunionist" and "disunion." It is regrettable that some one with access to the periodical files was not set to ferreting out the history of these words, for in the search there would be much historical as well as linguistic edification. For two now delightfully fatuous editorials bearing on this subject we commend to the random reader the issues of *Harper's Weekly* for December 10 and 17, 1859. While the little Abolitionist organs with fiery voice are prophesying war, the imperturbable editor of *Harper's* announces that the serious business of the next Congress will be the banks and the tariff—"*As to disunion, both parties know too much for anything of the kind.*" The features of this number are an account of Mr. Ward in Pekin and chapters of novels by G. W. Curtis and Wilkie Collins. In very small type, under "Domestic Intelligence," the public is informed of the execution of John Brown and the readiness of South Carolina for secession. In the next issue this far-sighted journalist declares that "the disunion party—so far as we are enabled to learn—is no stronger in the South than the radical abolition party in the North. *Both are mere noisy minorities.*" All that is necessary, he thinks, to restore entirely good feeling between North and South is an intelligent interpreter, who shall point out that the teapot tempest is kept stirring by a "parcel of politicians."

The appearance recently of the last volume of the revised edition of "Goethe's Gespräche" (5 vols.; Leipzig: Biedermann; imported by the Bruno Hessling Co., New York) marked the completion of a worthy undertaking, and one that will be of great service to students of Germany's greatest writer. In our notice of the first two volumes (*Nation*, May 12, 1910), outlining the plan and scope of the compilation, attention was called to the probable share of the assistant editors in the work, as the announcement of their actual share was reserved for the preface to the last volume. From this preface it appears that they were all to serve in the capacity of advisers when called upon. Some idea of the amount of work involved may be obtained from the catalogue of sources and the number of items. There are above 3,900 items (the first edition had 1,800), drawn from nearly 600 publications, besides a number of manuscripts, many of which are here printed for the first time. Soret's diary records, hitherto accessible only in the German translation of Burkhardt, are here printed in the original French, from the Weimar manuscript. Having obtained permission to publish this original text, the editor has eliminated certain of Eckermann's conversations based on Soret's accounts.

In the treatment of his sources Biedermann's method is in general sound, though his text is not wholly free from small errors, and his omissions, always indicated by a special sign, cannot be said to have been uniformly well-advised. In a few cases the omitted words contain impressions of Goethe's personality or accounts of his doings, and ought to have been retained for the sake of completeness. His plan of relegating to the notes less important items and such as would interest only specialists may appeal to the reader more forcibly than his judgment as to the relative importance of specific items. But there is room here for difference of opinion. In the commentary he has modified considerably the plan followed by Lyon in the first edition, addressing himself to the less informed reader rather than to the specialist, and transferring biographical notices to the index of proper names. In view of some of these facts it is to be regretted that the editor did not engage the full collaboration of the scholars named on his

title page, since the importance of the work would have justified the extra cost of production. The admirable index of printed and manuscript sources, with a specification under each of the items drawn from it, including those scattered through the notes, is followed by a chronological index of the items, with a reference under each to its source, and a few corrections that would ordinarily be found in the list of errata. The next index is that of persons and places, which is followed by one of subjects, and another of Goethe's personality and works. This elaborate and helpful system of indexes, which greatly facilitates the finding of the material on specific topics, was inserted in spite of the admonition of the late Zarncke not to make it too easy to find things, and the editor is to be commended for ignoring such advice. The idea of a full index has been too generally scorned by German authors and editors in the past, and every departure from that attitude is greeted with pleasure on this side of the Atlantic. The new edition of the "Gespräche" is a vast storehouse of material, of varying biographical and critical value, and is indispensable to the study of German literature in general, and of Goethe in particular.

Under the title, "War Paulus Epileptiker? Erwägungen eines Nervenartztes," one of the best nerve specialists in Europe, Professor Seeligmüller of Halle, discusses an old problem, but with new results. The author analyzes carefully all that Paul says in his letters concerning his physical condition, and concludes that his ailments were not of an epileptic character, chiefly because epilepsy is a painless disease. The work, which is in part directed against Dr. H. Krenkel of Dresden, is published by Hinrichs of Leipzig.

In the Imperial Parliament building in Berlin there was recently an exhibition of the pornographic literature, pictures, and the like issued by conscienceless publication houses of Germany. It appears that there are no fewer than fifty-two firms in the Empire that are devoted entirely to the printing of such corrupting trash, and that these have fully 8,000 employees and 30,000 agents. Special interest was aroused by those specimens which were procured from such public institutions as orphan asylums and kindred establishments. The Germans have inaugurated a crusade against this nefarious business.

An unusually valuable *multum in parvo* is the sketch of fifty pages by Professor Ad. Deissmann of Berlin, entitled "Die Urgeschichte des Christentums im Lichte der Sprachforschung" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr). The author shows with marked acumen what light the technical terminology of primitive Christianity—such words as Messiah, Abba, Maranatha, etc.—throw on the origin and development of the Christian system. Naturally the pamphlet is only an outline, but it is exceptionally instructive and suggestive.

Not only has the recent increase in the number of students attending German universities been very great, but this is especially true of the female students, of whom there are now more than as many again as in 1908-9, when they were first admitted to Prussian universities. During the past year they have risen from 2,169 to 2,552. Of these, 2,100 are Germans and the rest (452) foreigners from different countries, including Asia and Australia, of whom nearly the half are Russians and about a third North Americans, while 30 are Austrians and Hungarians. The studies to which the women are now more and more inclined to devote themselves show on their part a strong predilection for branches of learning that will procure them the best positions in life, such as that of the head of a higher educational institution. Thus, during the past year the number selecting philosophy, philology, and history has increased from 1,217 to 1,438; mathematics and natural sciences, from 313 to 423; medicine, once extremely popular, only from 512 to 549, and dentistry from 31 to 38, while cameralistics and agriculture show a diminution from 56 to 55, jurisprudence from 42 to 26, pharmacy from 7 to 4, and evangelical theology from 6 to 4. The French universities had 4,000 female students last year in the following departments: philosophy and philology 2,149, mathematics and natural sciences 453, medicine 1,148, law 150, and pharmacy 54. Of these women 1,773 were foreigners, and in Paris alone 2,124 were matriculated. In France women constitute 12.5 per cent. of the whole body of students, in Germany only 4.4 per cent., of whom nearly a third (695) are in the University of Berlin, 250 in Bonn, 203 in Göttingen, 198 in Munich, 158 in Heidelberg, 155 in Freiburg, 129 in Breslau, 107 in Münster, 91 in Königsberg, 82 in Marburg, 81 in Leipzig, 78 in Greifswald, 69 in Jena, 51 in Kiel, 49 in Halle, 42 in Tübingen, 34 in Strassburg, 33 in Giessen, 28 in Erlangen, 12 in Würzburg, and 6 in Rostock. Besides the matriculates there are 1,212 women who attend lectures as "hearers" without being candidates for an academic degree, making in all 3,764 as compared with 3,395 last year.

Science

The Alaskan glacier researches during the summer of 1910 by the expedition of the National Geographic Society are described by its leader, Prof. Lawrence Martin of the University of Wisconsin, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June. The studies reveal an unusual activity in the glaciers, but whether the spasmodic advances and retreats are due to climatic or earthquake influences is still an unsolved problem. Though wonderful in size, and especially in height, in some instances they are but "shrunken remnants of their great predecessors." An enthusiastic account of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi is given by Dr. L. L. Seaman, who predicts that on the completion of the Cape to Cairo Railway to the Congo, a visit to them will be "among the popular pastimes of the day." George Shiras, 3rd, contributes an account of an albino porcupine and a 'coon, of whom he took many flash-light pictures, some of which are reproduced in the magazine. The leading feature, however, is the illustrations of a "geologist's paradise" in the Canadian Rockies, by Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The panoramic view, published as a supplement, is remarkable for its exceeding beauty and size. Among the most interesting of the other pictures are those of some crustaceans which he discovered, and which were buried in the mud fifteen to twenty million years ago, and have remained undisturbed.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have issued two new volumes in their Garden Library. In contrast with the English handbooks, which sell so widely in this country, but which, however satisfactory otherwise, are likely to mislead on account of climatic differences, these excellent little manuals are thoroughly suited to American conditions. Both volumes are well made and complete. On account of the scope of its subject, "Vines," by William C. McCollom, is from this very completeness a little crowded. We wish that the author had allowed himself more space for individual species. But the book is sensibly planned and clearly written. A valuable feature is its treatment of the culture of useful vines, from the grape to the cucumber, both indoors and out. The tables summarize the book, and should be of much assistance "Chrysanthemums," by I. L. Powell, having a narrower subject, is able to treat it more thoroughly. The amateur will find its cultural directions, which are supplemented by good illustrations, quite sufficient for the growing of show specimens, whether single blooms or many-flowered plants. Outdoor culture is discussed under both Southern and Northern conditions. The lists and tables of types and varieties are carefully made.

Somewhat late in the season "Home Vegetable Gardening" (Winston), by F. F. Rockwell, comes to the reviewer's hands. The time is unfortunate. In the late winter, when filled with anticipation of garden success, the reviewer's mood is mild; but with a spring drought, prolonged into July, and with every garden pest or disease harrying the struggling plants, he falls savagely on his prey. What does this writer say about the host of garden troubles? Yet this book, if its fundamental limitation could be accepted, is a good one. To be sure, it has its faults of book-making. In the illustrations a vegetable marrow masquerades as kohlrabi, and the San José scale as the eggs of the tent caterpillar. We are referred to a certain page for a certain picture, only to find it elsewhere. But these surface faults, which will be corrected in a later edition, need not obscure the merits of the book. Mr. Rockwell knows his subject, and his opening chapters, on vegetable gardening preliminaries, are as clear and sensible as we have ever seen. It is only when we find him, in the majority of his pages, hobbled either by a theory or by economy of type, that we realize that he is deliberately putting a restraint on himself. What we object to in this book is its parsimonicusness. It shows the fatal influence of the popular garden magazines; its chapters read like the ordinary article, limited strictly to twelve hundred words, in which only the surface of the subject can be scratched. In the case of the magazines this is of course due to the obvious policy of sacrificing individuality in the volume to variety in the several issues. All personality is planed out of the articles, and as a result the volumes of a garden magazine average the same in brief cycles of two or three years. Whether this policy is wise we are not prepared to say; but surely it need not hold with a book. Yet

in his "Home Vegetable Gardening," Mr. Rockwell effaces himself as nearly as possible. He does his best to do what has been done so many times before. It is our good fortune that here and there, when his better nature is too strong, he breaks bounds and gives the good "garden talk" that we long for. Perhaps we aim at higher things than garden publishers or editors believe practical; but we cannot but feel that the literature of this subject, taken in a better sense, is still largely to be written. We wish to make an appeal for it. All such literature is worth while, eventually even to publishers. There is something obscure in this special lack of it. Perhaps the ordinary writer on vegetables, who is nothing if not practical, repelled by the amount of gush written about flowers, has sternly limited himself—for the writer is usually a man—to the common-sense of his subject. In so doing he has failed to consider that while there surely is little sentiment to be extracted from vegetable gardening (as Hawthorne says, we pursue it only in order, like Saturn, to eat our own children), there is plenty of humor in it. Yet except for Warner's "Summer in a Garden," and a passage anent sunrises and squash bugs, buried in a Massachusetts Agricultural Report, the humor—we do not mean the burlesque—of vegetable gardening is almost lacking in print. Now humor is the priceless element which, mingled with common sense, will give life to the future book of essays that vegetable gardeners await. Surely such a book would sell. Certain passages in the present volume give us the idea that Mr. Rockwell could produce it, if only he gave himself scope.

Music

My Life. By Richard Wagner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols. $8.50 net.

Richard Wagners Briefwechsel mit Breitkopf & Härtel. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

The words "Authorized translation from the German" on the title page are the only information given as to the person, or persons, responsible for this English version of Wagner's autobiography. Whoever made it deserves the highest praise, for the work is superlatively well done; so well, indeed, that a person equally familiar with the two languages will find it more agreeable to read the translation than the original. In the German edition there is one paragraph which begins on page 477 and ends on page 487; this the translator took the liberty of breaking up into fourteen paragraphs; and throughout the two volumes he has improved the style by combing out, so to speak, the frequently dishevelled sentences. No liberties are taken with the text, but, simply, Wagner's sentences are, like his paragraphs, frequently subdivided, and the words and clauses rearranged for the sake of lucidity. Wagner was seldom, if ever, slovenly in his compositions, but in his prose writings he is often inelegant, although he could, when in the mood, write pages that Heine or Schopenhauer could not have improved on. The English index, furthermore, is a vast improvement on the German, which covers the names only, and gives figures without specifications, whereas the translator's index includes subjects, and gives sufficient aid to the reader in finding what he desires. Under "Wagner, Richard," which the German index omits altogether, the English presents, in twelve columns, a bird's-eye view of the contents of the whole autobiography, page by page; an invaluable help for those who lack time or inclination to peruse all of these 886 pages. Concerning the contents of these same pages, nothing need be added now to the four-column review of the original printed in the *Nation of* May 25.

There are ten brief references in "My Life" to Breitkopf & Härtel, who have been, for nearly a century, the leading German music publishers. When Wagner was eighteen years old he wrote a note in which he offered to correct proofs for them, or make arrangements for piano forte, at less than the usual rates. Twelve years later he offered them for publication the score of his "Flying Dutchman"; and from that date (1843) to 1874 there was hardly a year in which letters were not exchanged. A few were unfortunately lost; the others, 254 in all, form the first of three volumes which are to contain Wagner's letters to his publishers, as well as their answers. The second volume is to contain the correspondence with B. Schott's Söhne, the third the letters to and from other publishers. They are all edited, with the addition of brief but helpful footnotes, by Wilhelm Altmann, already known for his volume which, as its title ("Richard Wagners Briefe nach Zeitfolge und Inhalt") indicates, contains a chronological record of all of Wagner's letters, so far as known, with brief indications of their contents.

The correspondence with Breitkopf & Härtel includes some of Wagner's most interesting letters. Though primarily business documents, they also throw sidelights on Wagner's artistic career and ideals. They are particularly interesting when he asks for advance payments, and give his reasons for urgent need. Those who have laughed or sneered at him for his borrowing propensities may find in this volume plenty of facts placing him in a more favorable light. He was creating works of art which he felt sure would ultimately enrich publishers, managers, and singers, yet he himself was getting a mere pittance for his hard labors. He was virtually compelled either to borrow and beg, or cease composing "music of the future" and produce ephemeral pot-boilers, like Meyerbeer and others. The details regarding the scant earnings from his operas are pitiful.

In 1843 he offered Breitkopf & Härtel his "Flying Dutchman." They were inclined to accept it, but when he asked for a small honorarium they dropped the matter. He then wrote that since "the most honorable and wealthy music-publishing house in Germany" refused to pay him for his score, he would not offer it to any one else. Confident of ultimate success, he then borrowed money of three of his friends, and thus published "The Flying Dutchman," as well as "Rienzi" and "Tannhäuser," at his own risk. In 1848, in asking Breitkopf & Härtel to relieve him of this responsibility, he proudly reported that he had earned far more than the interest on the investment; he was now willing to let them take over the operas, without asking anything for himself; but this offer came to naught, as did the offer of "Tannhäuser" alone, eleven years later, although in this case, too, he wrote that he did not demand any honorarium for himself. In the meantime he had bought of this firm a piano for 224 Reichstaler, which he was unable to pay. In an eloquent and really pathetic letter, dated April 8, 1851, he next offered his "Lohengrin" (which during the next half-century became the most popular of all German operas) as an equivalent for that debt! This offer was accepted.

It would not be fair to blame Breitkopf & Härtel for their cautiousness in gratifying Wagner's wishes. His works were so slow in making their way to even the German opera-houses (foreign countries ignored them almost entirely) that they had reasons for their attitude. In all their letters they treat him with the greatest courtesy, and most of his demands for advance payment on "Tristan and Isolde" and his orchestral works were granted. They were also far ahead of the critics in appreciating Wagner's importance in the musical world. When the Nibelung Tetralogy was produced in Bayreuth, in 1876, most of the newspapers pronounced it a failure. Yet, twenty years previously, when Wagner hoped to complete these four operas in a few years, and wrote to Breitkopf & Härtel regarding their publication, they answered that "the publication of your 'Nibelungen' is indisputably the most important and honorable undertaking which the present time offers." Yet they were aghast at his demand of $7,500 for the publishing rights of "Rheingold," "Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung"! Being particularly eager for money at the time, he reduced his terms to virtually one-half that sum, whereupon they were inclined to close the bargain; but at the last moment they repented. They had read the poems, and had concluded that they

could not be practicably set to music. Wagner invited them to Zürich to hear Liszt play "Rheingold" and "Walküre" with the composer to indicate the vocal parts; but in vain. Ultimately, these "Ring" operas went to B. Schott's Sons.

Arthur Farwell's new "Hymn to Liberty," of which he wrote both words and music, was sung on the Fourth of July on the steps of the New York City Hall, following Mayor Gaynor's address, by a selected mixed chorus from the German singing societies of New York, under the direction of Mr. Albeke. Ten thousand copies of the hymn had been distributed among the crowd. It was also on the same day played by five bands in different parts of the city. It was worthy of this compliment, being far above the average of patriotic composition, and having a tangible melody and harmonies that, without being difficult, are not too obvious. The three stanzas of the hymn bear respectively the following titles: "The Birth of Liberty," "America," and "Prophecy."

Boston still harbors some of the most prominent American composers, and occasionally one or another pauses in his efforts to uplift his own community and undertakes a peregrination westward or to some other point of the compass. And thus it came to pass last month that the Berkeley (Cal.) Musical Association gave a reception to Arthur Foote. A programme of his compositions had been prepared, and its numbers were interpreted by several of the most prominent local artists. William Edwin Chamberlain sang a group of Foote's songs: "In Picardi," "Once at the Angelus," "I'm Wearin' Awa'," "Loch Lomond." Another group, sung by Miss Caroline Halstead, included "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," "A Ditty," "Irish Folk Song," "If Love Were What the Rose Is." Chamber music was represented by Foote's sonata for violin and piano, opus 20, and Ballade, opus 69, for the same instruments. These were played by Miss Elsie Sherman and Mrs. Marie Wilson Stoney.

Walter Damrosch will open the season of his Symphony Orchestra on October 27 and 29, with a Liszt programme (including the "Faust" symphony, with Harold Bauer as soloist), in commemoration of the centenary of Liszt's birth. Among the concerts to be given by this organization at the Century (formerly the New) Theatre, are a Friday "educational" series, designed for advanced students and lovers of symphonic music. The programmes will be devoted entirely to masterworks. An explanatory discourse of twenty minutes by Mr. Damrosch will precede each concert. The dates of the eight Friday afternoon concerts are October 27, November 10, December 8, January 5, 19, February 2, March 1, 22. The sixteen Sunday afternoon concerts will be given on October 29, November 5, 12, 19, December 3, 10, 31, January 7, 21, 28, February 4, 11, March 3, 10, 17, 24.

The late Gustav Mahler was one of the judges who were to award the $2,000 prize offered by the Vienna Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde for a choral composition suitable for its centenary celebration in December, 1912. In his place has been appointed Julius Korngold, the musical critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, whose thirteen-year-old son, Erich, is writing dissonances which make Strauss's seem mild and innocuous.

Mascagni is to be musical director of the Costanzi in Rome next season. He will conduct Puccini's "Tosca," "Bohême," and "Manon," three of Verdi's operas, Wagner's "Meistersinger," and two of his own operas, "Iris" and "Ratcliffe."

Art

In the autumn the Century Co. will issue Charles H. Caffin's "Story of French Painting." It will be a companion volume to the author's histories of "Dutch Painting" and "Spanish Painting."

In our notice, July 6, of Elizabeth E. Goldsmith's "Sacred Symbols in Art" (Putnam) this statement occurs: "The metaphors from the Song of Songs, 'inclosed garden, sealed fountain, rose of Sharon, tower of David,' etc., which were so fruitful of symbolism concerning the Virgin, will be sought in vain." This is a regrettable oversight on the part of the reviewer, as these metaphors, with many others, are given on pages 86-88 of the book.

To imagine a more complacently futile book than "How to Understand Sculpture," by Margaret Thomas (Bell-Macmillan), would be difficult. Its accuracy may be judged by the ascription of one of the Dioscuri of the Quirinal to Pheidias, or by the statement that "the largest collection of ancient Greek sculpture is in the Vatican," or, again, by the hint that *"cire perdu* is still much practised in Belgium." The taste of the performance may be divined by the dictum that "In the composition of figure or group right angles are disagreeable," or from the statement that in the Capitoline Venus "art has reached its extreme limit." Such books should not be published.

An interesting and characteristic example of the manner in which rare works of art are often undervalued and sold for a mere bagatelle is the following recent occurrence. In Moscow a poorly clad girl brought to the market-place for old wares a couple of portraits, for which she asked two rubles, or about $1.50. The dealer in second-hand articles examined them, but refused to give for them more than fifty copecks, or one-fourth of this price. The girl declared that they were good oil paintings and took them to an art-expert, who decided that they were original portraits of the celebrated poet Puschkin, who died in 1837. On both portraits was inscribed the statement that they were not copies, but had been taken from life. The girl was then advised to show them to the officials of the Archæological Institute, who, after a careful examination, pronounced them to be genuine. It was also ascertained that she had come into possession of them by inheritance without any knowledge of their origin and real worth. At the suggestion of the archæologists, the Princess Tenischer of Smolensk purchased them for her museum for 20,000 rubles, or about $15,000.

The long-announced official catalogue of art in Italy is about to begin with "Aosta," by Pietro Toesca. We have received a prospectus which shows that the "Catalogo delle cose d'arte e di antichità d'Italia" will surpass any similar government publication. The size is small folio, there are to be numerous cuts in the text and in plates, and, besides the succinct description, the bibliography of each object is recorded. The scheme of this great work includes some eight thousand communes. Comm. Corrado Ricci, director-general of fine arts, to whose energy the initiation of this great work is chiefly due, reports in an introductory letter addressed to the minister of public education that the lists for Verona, Padua, Monza, Piacenza, Parma, Ravenna, Fiesole, Pisa, Urbino, Offida, Terni, Città della Pieve, Tivoli, Terracina, and Monreale are ready. The section on Pisa, by Roberto Papini, is in the press. The foreign price is reckoned at 50 centesimi the folio of eight pages. Foreign subscriptions are received at the publisher's, E. Calzone, Rome, or at any international bookseller's, at the rate of 2.50 lire for each section of forty pages.

The second part of "The Herkomers" (Macmillan), by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, misses the definiteness, vivacity, and personal tang of the first volume. Sir Hubert's reminiscences become vague; opinion and comment of no very original sort replace fact. Much of the volume is given up to a disquisition on portrait painting. The operetta which the author not merely composed but orchestrated is duly celebrated. On the other hand, his inventions in reproductive processes, which for the sake of the record should be adequately described in a book of this sort, are passed with bare mention. When Sir Hubert held the Slade professorship at Oxford he introduced the novelty of painting portraits while he explained the performance to the audience. He heard Ruskin's last Oxford lecture, and felt that the sage played egregiously to the gallery. In building Sir Hubert's country house at Bushey his father, his uncle, and he himself collaborated, and he regards the result as one of his most characteristic and successful works of art, which may well be so. Our American architect, Richardson, designed the elevations. On the whole, this sequel must be called a disappointment. What is amiss with it need not be stated, but will appear unmistakably in an extract which describes the author's feelings on first seeing the Italians. He found them frivolous and lacking in deeper sentiment. No one trained in "the England of the later Victorian period" could be contented with Italy. For later Victorianism demanded

That truth in art should be enhanced by sentiment, and that sentiment should be made vital by truth. But for the expression of that truth I needed a people who felt deeply; a people on whom life, in its manifold struggles, left its impress on face and demeanor. This I found in the two peoples whom I almost exclusively represented in my art, the English and the Bavarian. . . . But in that southern race I missed just those qualities which so often stirred my mind to artistic energy. . . . Mankind . . . must mean the embodiment of emotion, which separates him from all other living creatures, and the page upon which man's emotions are written is his face, etc.

Charles Walter Stetson, artist, has died in Rome, Italy, aged fifty-two. He went to Rome about ten years ago, where he made his home. He was born at Tiverton, R. I. In 1878, two years after leaving the Providence High School, he began exhibiting in

Providence. Exhibitions of his work were made at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia; the Art Museum in Boston and the Boston Art Club, the Water Color Society and the Art Institute of Chicago, the Pan-American Exposition, the New Gallery in London and the exposition of the Belle Arti e Cultori in Rome in 1905. He also executed several etchings, examples of which are in the Boston Museum.

Finance

WALL STREET AND INDUSTRY.

The present situation is quite as interesting as that of a year ago, though far less spectacular. It is almost twelve months to a day since the definite turn of the tide in 1910. Last July was a period of unsettlement in financial markets, culminating on the 25th in demoralization. On that date nearly every active stock on the list dropped to the lowest record of the year. On the 27th prices were buoyant on reports that an international syndicate had relieved the Pearson syndicate of heavy holdings of Rock Island, Lehigh Valley, Wabash, Missouri Pacific, and Denver. The next day, on definite confirmation of these reports, there was a still larger advance, followed by a general upward tendency through August. August 29 was memorable for its advance in cotton to 20 cents, the highest quotation since 1873. As things became settled in Wall Street general business began to slow up, the lessened activity becoming quite noticeable in September.

Twelve months have wrought a substantial recovery in Wall Street quotations. General industry, however, has failed to respond. The hope exists, of course, that Wall Street is only a short distance ahead of the mercantile world in a return to genuine activity, but this hope is not held by everybody. Doubtless the stock-market recovery has been due in large measure to the growing stagnation of general industry. During the last part of 1910 and the first half of 1911 there was an unusually pronounced tendency on the part of the banks to curtail their time loans and to multiply their call loans. In other words, for the better part of the last twelve months industrial expansion has been discouraged and Wall Street activity has been fostered, not, of course, from any settled purpose to discriminate against the one in the interest of the other, but wholly in accordance with the law that if capital cannot be advantageously employed in one way, it must seek employment in other ways.

There is no good reason for believing that "the public" have traded freely in stocks since the great break in prices in 1910, and that the Wall Street recovery inevitably implies complete rejuvenation of the financial and industrial situation in the very near future. More probably the easy call money has enabled large professional interests to put the market where they would like to see it on paper; the real test of the situation will come with any attempt on their part to convert their profits to cash. The professional character of the market is shown quite clearly by the strong upward tendency of savings bank deposits in certain parts of the country where investment buying is usually very pronounced.

With general business as it is, and with so considerable a portion of the wage earners of the country in receipt of diminished returns, it is a tolerably safe assumption that the rise in savings-bank deposits during the past year represents in no small measure the withdrawal of money from the stock market by persons in more than moderate circumstances. It is a popular impression that the savings bank is the poor man's depository. While this is a fact, it is also a fact that institutions of this class are freely used by persons of large means. We should be surprised if we knew how many directors' fees, dividend checks, and the like were deposited here in the course of a year, pending employment in the stock market, in foreign travel, and in the purchase of luxuries. No doubt all these causes have operated to increase deposits this year, and not least of all the first.

On the whole, it cannot be reasonably inferred that the comparative strength of the stock market in recent months points inevitably to a speedy revival of general industry. So far as general trade is concerned, there are still a number of perplexing problems. Unquestionably there is going on at present a readjustment of commodity prices to meet the diminished purchasing power not only of the United States but of the entire world. In Europe, as well as in America, the cost of production has been advancing for some years, while the hours of labor have been curtailed. On their earning side wage earners have made no doubt a considerable advance. But their gain has been reflected in an excessive cost of living on the part of consumers generally, and wage earners themselves have at last begun to feel the pinch acutely on account of their enforced idleness. The Far East, which has become an enormous consumer of Western commodities, is feeling the hardship of the enhanced cost of living fully as keenly as Europe and America. It looks as if lately conditions had begun to rectify themselves.

The past year has been a flourishing period for industry in Europe, but during the last three months there have been evidences of a declining tendency in general prices. The same tendency has been noticed on this side of the Atlatic, though it does not appear to have accelerated the movement of commodities greatly. How much farther the price decline will have to be carried in order to accomplish this end remains to be seen. Recently there have been some drastic cuts in cotton fabrics, in several cases to figures said to represent not more than 10 cents a pound for raw cotton. To any one familiar with the cotton manufacturing industry this is a most significant occurrence. On the very eve of these reductions standard cotton goods were offered at prices implying a cost of more than 15 cents a pound for the raw cotton. Briefly, the new cotton crop, estimated by some of the best judges at not far from 16,000,000 bales, has in the last week or so, with remarkable suddenness and effectiveness, begun to make its influence felt in both the raw material and finished product markets. The presumption, of course, is that the readjustment of cotton and cotton goods quotations has not as yet by any means run its course.

The situation in cotton and its products, though more spectacular than that in other industries, is symptomatic. Wool has had a more gradual decline, and is to-day strikingly below the figures at the height of the boom. Early in the year the market for heavyweight wool fabrics was in the hands of relatively few large manufacturers, who procured their dominance by price concessions. Lately the lightweight season has been opening in a manner wholly disappointing to the mills, which appear determined to keep themselves in operation even at the sacrifice of profits. There are also signs of a rehabilitation of industry at certain points on the Pacific Coast, due to more active buying of real estate consequent upon reductions in prices, and to large shipments of lumber as a result of lowered quotations. Enough willingness to shade prices is noticed throughout the country to create the presumption that the logic of events has at last been grasped.

Still, even if this is a fact, the outlook remains far from clear. The price which the final consumer pays for a commodity is the product of all the costs which evolve the commodity from its raw material to its finished state. In order that a general price reduction

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may proceed along the line of least resistance, with a maximum amount of good to consumers and a minimum amount of harm to producers, it is necessary that all these costs should decline synchronously and proportionately. But this very seldom happens: a drop in the level of prices is apt to mean industrial dislocations. Another contingency is this: it is admitted that the banks have in recent weeks put their money freely into time loans—too freely, it is said by some—and there is a chance that when the crop demand for funds arises in earnest, the existing volume of call loans will have to be curtailed materially. This naturally raises a question as to the course of the stock market this autumn.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armfield, C. S. The Larger Growth (Mothers and Fathers). Dutton. $1.35 net.
Aspinall, A. E. The Pocket Guide to the West Indies. New and revised edition. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Bierce, A. Collected Works. Vol. VIII. Neale Pub. Co.
Blake, Mrs. W. An Irish Beauty of the Regency: Compiled from the Unpublished Journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789-1822. Lane. $5 net.
Buchanan, E. S. The Records Unrolled: The Story of the Most Ancient MSS. of the New Testament. London: John Ouseley, Ltd.
Burnouf's Indian Buddhism. Translated, with introduction, by W. Stephens. (Wisdom of the East series.) Dutton. 60 cents net.
Butler, J. G. Present-Day Conservatism and Liberalism. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Cooper, C. S. College Men and the Bible. Association Press.
Cooper, C. S. The Bible and Modern Life. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Cope, H. F. The Evolution of the Sunday School. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Cruickshank, J. W. and A. M. Christian Rome. New edition. Holt. $1.35 net.
Demarest, V. Nobody's: A Novel. Harper. $1.20 net.
Ennis, W. D. Flying Machines To-day. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Fitzpatrick, F. W. Fire and Fire Losses. Chicago: Amer. School of Correspondence.
Flitch, J. E. C. Mediterranean Moods. Dutton. $4 net.
Frankenburg, W. Das Verständnis der Oden Salomos. Giessen: Töpelmann.
George, Hon. D. L. The People's Insurance. From the Speech in the House of Commons, May 4, 1911. Hodder & Stoughton.
Griffith, W. L. The Dominion of Canada. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Hammond, M. B. Railway Rate Theories of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Harvard University.
Hansey, J. A., and Blackstone, E. M. New Standard Domestic Science Cook-Book. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.50.
Hervey, A. Franz Liszt and His Music. Lane. $1.50 net.
Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft. Berlin-Schöneberg: Langenscheidtsche Verlagsbuchhandlung.
Kester, V. The Manager of the B. & A.: A Novel. Harper. $1.20 net.
Leacock, S. Nonsense Novels. Lane. $1.
Locke, W. J. The Glory of Clementine. Lane Co. $1.30.
Malory's King Arthur and His Knights. Edited by H. B. Lathrop. Baker & Taylor. $1.50 net.
NeCollins, J. E. Glee and Chorus Book. American Book Co. 65 cents.
Nutting, H. C. A Latin Primer. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Paxson, S. Two Latin Plays for High-School Students. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Peabody Museum. Memoirs. Vol. V.—Nos. 1 and 2. Explorations in the Department of Peten, Guatemala, by T. Maler; Preliminary Study of the Ruins of Tikal, Guatemala, by A. M. Tozzer. Cambridge: The Museum.
Playground Technique and Playcraft. Vol. 1. Edited by A. and L. H. Leland. Baker & Taylor.
Ross, J. Leaves from Our Tuscan Kitchen, or How to Cook Vegetables. Dutton. $1 net.
Siebenhaar, W. Dorothea: a Lyrical Romance in Verse. London: Jarrold & Sons.
Singleton, E. A Guide to Great Cities, for Young Travelers and Others. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Smith, C. About Us and the Deacon. Philadelphia: Literary Bureau, Inc.
Sprague, R. From Western China to the Golden Gate. Berkeley, Cal.: Lederer, Street & Zeus Co. 85 cents.
Stewart, C. E. Through Persia in Disguise. Edited from his diaries, by B. Stewart. Dutton. $5 net.
Thackeray's English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. Edited by J. W. Cunliffe and H. A. Watt. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Thompson, M. de Kay. Applied Electro-Chemistry. Macmillan.
Unity Hymns and Chorals. Revised and enlarged. Chicago: Unity Pub. Co. 50 cents net.
Venable, W. H. A Buckeye Boyhood. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $1.25 net.
Vrooman, F. B. The New Politics. Frowde. $1.50.
Ward, G. O. The Practical Use of Books and Libraries, with Teaching Outline. Boston Book Co.
Webb, S. and B. The Prevention of Destitution. Longmans.
Webb, S. Grants in Aid: A Criticism and a Proposal. Longmans.
Wood, H. E. Echoes from Eden, or The Glorious Trio of Genesis. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.50 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1911.

The Week

The House Democrats have once more shown exemplary good sense in agreeing to the Senate's amendments to the publicity bill, and without even holding a conference. So drastic were these amendments that many Senators hoped that the House would decline to accept them. Particularly was this the case with the Southerners who opposed the restrictions affecting primary contests. But the gains for the party by accepting this legislation were so great that these and all other adverse considerations were waived. As a result, a far-reaching enactment to prevent corruption at elections goes on the statute-books. It is not, of course, as thoroughgoing as the English corrupt practices act, but it is a far greater advance than any one had dared hope for a couple of years ago. More than that, it ought to end promptly such scandals as the outright purchase of seats in the Senate and reduce in the future the membership of merely rich men. Surely, if the Democracy continues to display political acumen of this kind, the cartoonists will have to revise their ideas and credit the donkey not with stupidity, but with the wisdom of the owl at least.

If the standpatters have any spirit left in them, they will remind the President, more, let us hope, in sorrow than in anger, that they gave him ample warning at the very outset of all this reciprocity nonsense. It is easy to push Humpty Dumpty off the wall, but who is going to put him back again? Certainly not Representative Burleson of Texas, who has introduced a resolution calling upon the Executive to begin negotiations with Mexico "looking to freer commerce between the two countries." "Freer commerce," of course, is only another name for reciprocity, which itself is but a variant of free trade. The tragedy of the situation, as the standpatters will feel bound to point out to Mr. Taft, is that he has furnished the ammunition for any one who wishes to do what Mr. Burleson has done. If reciprocity with Canada is good, why not with Mexico? It is not easy to see what the President can say in reply. He has punched one hole in the sacred wall: others will be irreverent, too. There is one element in the Mexican proposal that will make it easier to advocate than the Canadian agreement: even Champ Clark will hardly suggest annexation of our southern neighbor. Altogether, it is almost enough to make an old-fashioned statesman despair of the republic.

The minority report made by four members of the Senate Census Committee, including its chairman, Mr. La Follette, assigns valid reasons for opposing the enlargement of the membership of the House proposed in the pending reapportionment bill. The general impression is that the bill will be passed by the Senate; largely, of course, in deference to the sentiment that the question is one upon which the House should be permitted to have its own way. In point of fact, however, the question is a perfectly legitimate subject for decision by the Senate purely on its merits, since the nation as a whole, and not merely the House of Representatives, is concerned in whatever affects the efficacy of that body.

Senator Bailey is more successful in resigning from the Committee on Privileges and Elections than he was in resigning from the Senate a few weeks ago. Perhaps he is more in earnest this time. At all events, he has the country with him, as he would apparently have had it if he had insisted upon the acceptance of his former withdrawal. We have too few instances of such political immolation. In Japan the *samurai* have long practised *hara-kiri* as the last emphatic protest against action which they cannot approve, but in this country the ill-fated example of Conkling and Platt has had few imitators. The risk is too great. The Texas statesman, therefore, while not hearing the testimony in the Stephenson case, will be on hand with his technicalities and his tears when the report of the investigating committee comes before the Senate. It is regrettable that his statement of the reasons which impelled him to resign from that committee shows an important omission. His quarrel is with the free and easy way of receiving evidence which Senate investigating committees have adopted. But the Senator is the champion of a technicality which even the severest law courts do not yet recognize, and that is the minimum amount of bribery necessary to imperil a Senator's seat. Doubtless he will further illuminate the doctrine when the report in the Stephenson case is made.

Representative Sherwood of Ohio, a Democratic Congressman, has recognized the approach of the Presidential election by a speech favoring the payment of a dollar a day to civil war veterans. He is careful to say, however, that he wishes these payments restricted to those who have really earned them. That would rule out a good many thousands of "dead-beats," men who never served at all, camp-followers, impersonators, etc. Mr. Sherwood himself is especially opposed to the pensioning of "spring pullets," who are, it seems, the young women who marry decrepit old soldiers in order to draw pensions as widows. This is one of the abuses which ought to be ended at once, as it could be by a simple enactment refusing a pension to widows whose marriage certificates did not antedate a given time. So tempting an administrative opportunity do the pension rolls offer to an Executive to make a great showing and save millions of dollars that we cannot see how Mr. Taft can resist undertaking this task. He need not even fear that it would affect the old-soldier vote, for the honest veterans could not but applaud his efforts. But Mr. Taft is so good natured that the stream of private pension bills flows on quite undisturbed by the wholesale executive vetoes that ought to be announced day by day during the sessions of Congress. Here are millions to be saved, and a scandal to be ended.

Bryan among the Democrats and La Follette among the Republicans fared equally ill in the Nebraska State conventions last week. Another thing about the Nebraska Democratic doings, which is almost as much of a novelty as the absence of Bryanism, is the presence of a point-with-pride declaration

that has something substantial to point to. "We view with pride," say the resolutions, "the splendid qualities of faithful leadership displayed not only by the Democratic leaders in Congress, but by patriotic and courageous Democratic Governors as well." There can be no doubt of the tonic effect that has been produced by the strong handling of difficult questions by the Democratic leaders at Washington, nor of the impression that has been made on the country by the personal force and ability of several Democratic Governors. In treating tariff reduction as the leading issue between the parties, the Nebraskans are doing what will pretty certainly be done by the party throughout the country.

Unqualified endorsement of the Taft Administration was the dominant note in the declaration of the Nebraska Republicans. Pride in the past found expression also, assuming the comprehensive form of a tribute to "the illustrious names of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft," leaving only poor Hayes and Harrison out in the cold; but glowing laudation of the past and unstinted approval of the present are not matched by any aggressive declaration concerning the future. The idea suggests itself that a political phenomenon may be here indicated somewhat akin to the law of the conservation of energy in the domain of physics. So long as the Democrats were a feeble and struggling folk, unprepared to lay a vigorous hold on the machinery of government, the Republicans laid down the law with the voice of authority and conscious power; they were the custodians of prosperity, the guardians of the nation, the repository of legislative wisdom, while the Democrats were manifestly nothing better than impotent pretenders, whose only capacity was their knack for mischievous meddling with affairs that they did not understand. But now that the Democrats have been successful in effecting a thoroughgoing reorganization of the House of Representatives, in presenting a clear-cut and practical policy on the tariff, and in steering President Taft's own chief measure through the shoals and narrows of two Congresses, there is a sudden lowering of the Republican note by an octave or two. The deep-toned references to the past are made to serve in place of the shrill notes of defiance and self-confidence which were so easily and naturally sounded in other days.

Now that the Standard Oil Company has announced its plan for complying with the recent decision of the Supreme Court, the point is raised as to what practical end will be attained by a dissolution of the New Jersey holding company. Control of that company has been exercised by a few capitalists through actual ownership of more than 51 per cent. of its stock; obviously, when the $100,000,000 stock of the parent company is exchanged for shares of the thirty-five subsidiary corporations, a majority of the shares of the subsidiary corporations will go to those now in control of the parent company; therefore, control of the business as a whole will remain unchanged. As the primary object of the Government's suit against the Standard Oil Company was to break up a combination which existed to suppress competition, what, it will be asked, has been accomplished?

Exactly the same question was raised in 1904, when the Supreme Court ordered the Northern Securities Company to divest itself of its Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railway shares. The object of that holding company, it was frankly admitted on the witness stand, was to form a corporation with capital stock so large that existing managements could not be unseated. And at the time the Government began its suit against the Northern Securities Company, plans were under way for the formation of a Gould holding company, a Vanderbilt holding company; eventually all of the railways of the country would have been merged into four or five holding companies. With the Supreme Court decision in the Northern Securities case, all talk of such plans abruptly ended. Through ownership of a majority of the stock of the Northern Securities Company, the same interests, as individuals, subsequently acquired control of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, and the like will happen in the present instance; but in the natural order of events such control will sooner or later terminate through the winding up of estates, and eventually, without having disturbed property rights, the primary object of the Supreme Court decision will have been carried out. In the meantime, it is worth recalling that all talk of billion-dollar industrial holding companies, such as the recently proposed copper combination of consolidated companies, has ceased. As for agreements and pools between the thirty-five separate oil companies, such proceedings would encounter the same difficulties at the hands of the courts as now confront the members of the Steel Wire pool.

Maryland is at it again. When, at this time of the year, in glancing at a Baltimore newspaper, our eye falls on a proclamation by the Governor of that good old State, we expect, as a matter of course, to find a disfranchising Constitutional amendment; and we are not disappointed. Just what, if anything, the present Legislature had done in that line, we had forgotten; but here it is in black and white—black and white, indeed, in more senses than one. Having made several attempts to circumvent the Constitution of the United States by various forms of the "grandfather's clause," the wise men at Annapolis this time took the bull by the horns. In the sapient scheme now to be put before the voters of Maryland, the right to be registered as a qualified voter is "limited to the following persons":

> First: Every male white citizen not disqualified by the Second or Third Section of this Article possessing the qualifications as to age and residence mentioned in Section 1 of this Article.
>
> Second: Every other male citizen not disqualified . . . who at the time of his application for registration is the bona fide owner of real or personal property, or both, in an amount of not less than five hundred dollars, is assessed therefor. . . .

By what miracle the framers of this measure expect it to escape annulment by the United States courts, we are at a loss to imagine; but they were undoubtedly driven into making so plain that race discrimination which is forbidden by the Fifteenth Amendment because of the fact that so many white voters had shown on previous occasions a strong suspicion that any other basis of disfranchisement might be used against them by the rascally Democratic ringsters.

If Gov. Marshall of Indiana is correctly reported, his sense of the fitness of things is acute. The laying of the cornerstone of a new court house has provided him with an occasion for ex-

pressing a sentiment toward the judiciary that is happily rare even among Presidential candidates. Of what he had to say of the double usurpation of the courts of his own State, those who heard him are best fitted to judge. Others will want particulars before making up their minds as to the refusal of judicial bodies in Indiana to obey the law providing that licenses shall be granted for the sale of intoxicants, and as to their assumption of authority to write commands for the Legislature. But it is difficult to conceive of qualifying expressions which can have lightened the sinister suggestion of such a demand as "The rule of reason is a fine thing, but whose reason is it?" The crowd, we are informed, "look upon the decisions of the courts sometimes as humorous, sometimes as corrupt." Did the Governor mean that people in general divide judicial decisions into these two classes, and did he think that the bulk of them are rightly to be so classified?

The report of the National Fine Arts Commission on the proposed Lincoln memorial at Washington reveals painstaking and intelligent study of the various problems involved. To plan an impressive monument in a city that already holds the Capitol and the Washington obelisk can have been no simple task, but the commission seems to have discharged it admirably. The recommendation regarding a site is the same as that of John Hay ten years ago. It is important, says the report, to give to a memorial of such significance complete and undisputed domination over a large area, together with a certain dignified isolation from competing structures, or even from minor features unrelated to it. "Upon no other possible site in the city of Washington can this end be secured so completely as upon the Potomac Park site," on the main axis of the Capitol and the Washington Monument. Without being so high as to bring the memorial into competition with the obelisk, this site is visible from great distances, with no danger of obstruction by buildings which are or may be erected upon private property. The same artistic appreciation marks the recommendation regarding the type of memorial. It should not include a dome, and should not be of great height, but rather characterized by strong horizontal lines. While President Taft and the Memorial Commission, of which he is chairman, will inspect all the sites that have been suggested for the monument before coming to a decision, it is expected that the result of their investigation will be the approval of the Potomac Park area.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's announcement of the agreement at the recent Imperial Conference in London for coöperation among the Imperial, Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand Governments with respect to the operations of navies, strikes a heavy blow at the main contention of the Chamberlain party. Englishmen have been assured for years that nothing but preferential tariffs could save the Empire from speedy dissolution, yet now the colonies find a rallying-point in the old idea of common defence. It is of interest to see the recognition accorded to the over-seas dominions in so vital and delicate a matter as the ranking of the officers in the combined navies. In cases where the colonial officers have a greater length of service than the British officers, they are to have the superiority. In foreign waters, or in time of war when the naval force of the colonies has been put at the disposal of the imperial authorities, it will form an integral part of the British fleet and be under the control of the Admiralty.

The general election campaign is already under way in Canada, and the Conservatives are plainly preparing to make their fight on the annexation issue. Possibly annexation is the best weapon the Opposition can lay hands on at present, but it is a terribly double-edged tool. To lay stress on reciprocity as the harbinger of annexation, is to befool the other argument which has been brought into play against a commercial arrangement with the United States, namely, the injury wrought to Canada's economic interests. The dilemma is this: If reciprocity brings on annexation it can only be because reciprocity will confer such decided advantages on the Canadian people as to make them anxious for a closer union still. The Conservatives, if they choose, may call reciprocity a form of experimental marriage, but they cannot argue that the experimental marriage will prove a failure, as far as Canada is concerned, and so will lead on to a state of permanent wedlock. From this dilemma the Conservative party will probably escape by dropping the economic argument and expatiating on patriotism. But even then the real danger of the annexation argument remains. At best it means calling upon the Canadian people to give up two birds in the hand for a bird in the bush.

The situation in England in August, 1911, recalls the situation in May, 1832, when the Reform bill had been repeatedly passed in the Commons and thrown out by the Lords, and the Duke of Wellington had failed to frame a Ministry and Earl Grey had been recalled by the reluctant monarch. On May 17, Earl Grey and Lord Brougham were received by William IV, who at once consented to the creation of as many peers as the Ministry might think necessary to carry the bill through the House of Lords. "Sire," said Lord Brougham, "I have one further request to make." "What," replied the King, "have I not yet conceded enough?" "I do not wish to ask any fresh concession of your Majesty," replied the Chancellor, "but simply to request you to put in writing the promise you have made us." William IV wrote:

> The King grants permission to Earl Grey and to his chancellor, Lord Brougham, to create such a number of peers as will be sufficient to insure the passing of the Reform bill—first calling peers' eldest sons.
>
> WILLIAM R.
>
> Windsor, May 17, 1832.

William Nassau Molesworth, from whose "History of England" we have drawn the preceding account, traces the steps to the final settlement. The same evening the King's private secretary addressed the following circular note to the most active of the Opposition lords:

> I am honored with his Majesty's commands to acquaint your lordship that all difficulties to the arrangements in progress will be obviated by a declaration in the House of Peers to-night, from a sufficient number of peers, that in consequence of the present state of affairs they have come to the resolution of dropping their opposition to the Reform bill, so that it may pass without delay and as nearly as possible in its present shape.

There were, in spite of the royal command, a number of peers who were determined to die in the last ditch. They died, accordingly, on June 4, when the Reform bill was read in the Lords a third time and passed by 106 votes to 22.

TAFT AND ALASKA.

The President's special message in reply to the Senate's resolution of inquiry concerning Controlier Bay is a vigorous, straightforward, and comprehensive statement of the facts. As an answer to charges in any way reflecting on his own uprightness it is absolutely conciusive. As a reply to accusations that there has been wrongdoing in connection with the affair on the part of any government officer, it seems equally convincing; though it is but fair to remember that, so long as the House committee of inquiry has not finished its investigation, something may still be forthcoming to put a different aspect on the case. The conduct of that committee, however, in suspending its sittings until October, without proceeding with the testimony of witnesses on phases of the matter which have been brought prominently before the public, is difficult to understand. It is possible that Mr. Stanley and his committee have good reason to believe that in the interval access may be had to information essential to the matters in dispute, and at present inaccessible; but on the face of it, the delay in putting Miss Abbott on the stand, so as to give an opportunity for the sifting of her special story of outrageous scandal, seems utterly inexcusable.

So far as regards the "Dick to Dick" letter, much less than what the President says would have sufficed to dispose of that, in the mind of any sen sible person; but Mr. Taft has done wisely to be so complete in his statements on this head as to reduce persons who do not answer this description to a condition of harmlessness. That the alleged postscript was a forgery was highly probable from the beginning; and if it was not a forgery, the hypothesis that it was a lie still remained—the conduct it imputed to the President was simply unbelievable. And Mr. Taft treats with equal fulness the charge that a favor had been secretly granted to parties seeking to obtain monopolistic control of a harbor essential to the exploitation of Alaskan resources. He replies to the accusation that the Government's action in the matter was secret. He states that he was personally responsible for the initiation of it; that for reasons which seemed to him eminently convincing in view of the public interest, he threw open 12,800 acres of land at Controller Bay, instead of simply granting 320 acres for the desired terminal; that monopolistic control is, in his judgment, amply provided against by legal safeguards which have in no way been transgressed. In a word, as Mr. Taft leaves the case, it looks as though nothing were left of it for scandal.

But it is not only as a matter of scandal that these Alaskan questions are of public interest. A great question of national policy has all along been interwoven with the mesh of charges and counter-charges about which there has been so much noise. Mr. Pinchot and his associates may have been wild or extravagant in some of their accusations, but it does not in the least follow that the policy for which they have been fighting is a mistaken one. The story of Ballinger and the Cunningham claims is instructive and significant. Throughout the long controversy, it was the constant endeavor of the anti-conservation organs to produce the impression that the only question at issue was whether Ballinger was or was not corrupt. The real question, so far as the great public interests were concerned, was whether Ballinger was a fit custodian of the nation's rights. The country undoubtedly came to the conclusion that he was not; and because of that verdict —the result of the unwearied fight carried on by Pinchot, Glavis, Brandeis, and the rest—the Cunningham claims were ultimately rejected. The same Dennett who, in writing to Ballinger, had spoken of the objections to the claims as foolish technicalities, found, in his report to the present Secretary of the Interior, that the claims were in flagrant violation of the law and could not be allowed.

This matter of Controller Bay ought to bring to a consummation the efforts of years to place the management of the natural resources of Alaska upon a basis of consistent and far-seeing public policy. It ought not to be a matter of maintaining or waiving the limitations of an antiquated law that has no relation to present-day conditions; it ought not to be a matter of the wisdom or unwisdom of a President, who acts from day to day, like some Oriental potentate, the part of a dispenser of abundance or scarcity. Least of all should it be a game in which against the necessarily spasmodic vigilance of the President or the public there is pitted the unremitting effort of great moneyed interests, ever alert to seize opportunities for gaining possession of vast natural resources. The weakest point in Mr. Taft's message is where he speaks of having taken the action he did with the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Interior; this sounds very fine until you remember that these are but other names for poor old Wilson and—Ballinger. The one thing certain in the case is that two years have passed since Mr. Taft entered the White House, and that nothing has been done to place the exploitation of Alaska's resources upon a basis at once adapted to the practical requirements of the present and just to the nation's rights for the future. Let us hope that Secretary Fisher's journey of inquiry will mark the inauguration of such a policy.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN REICHSRATH.

There was something pathetic in the exhortation of Francis Joseph to the Reichsrath, to abstain from factional strife. The monarch is in his eighty-first year, and he may feel that the new Parliament offers him a last chance of bringing about some sort of compromise between the Germans and the Czechs. A glance at the composition of the Lower House shows the nature of the change resulting from the elections throughout the Cisleithan half of the empire.

The crushing defeat of the Christian Socialists, who dominated the last Reichsrath, is only partly expressed in their numerical losses. They have now seventy members, as against ninety-seven in the former House; but the significant fact is that all their leaders were ignominiously defeated, and that the party was repudiated mainly in the cities, Vienna reëlecting but three out of thirty-three, so that the bulk of the Christian Socialists in the new Reichsrath consists of a clerico-agrarian group, without leadership or programme. The German-National Union (*Deutscher Nationalverband*), which is now the strongest party in the Reichsrath, is composed mainly of the old German Nationalists, with whom are allied the German Progressists (*Deutschfortschrittliche*), some liberal Agrarians, and scattered members of the Radical

and Labor parties—ninety-nine in all. This alliance, however, holds out but little prospect of permanent cohesion. The patriotic Progressists remember but too well the turbulent and sometimes anti-dynastic tactics of the German Nationalists, and see signs of coming dissensions in a certain overbearing attitude of the *Nationalverband* toward the *Deutschfortschrittliche* members. Still, there can be no doubt that, compared with the aspirations of the Christian Socialists, the *Nationalverband* will for the present show a united front.

The Social Democrats, who had eighty-seven votes in the old House, appear to have now only seventy, the losses coming mainly from Bohemia. It is doubtful whether the various groups of the party, separated as they are by racial and linguistic considerations, will always effectively combine, either against the Government or otherwise. The Czech Socialists are insistent in claiming the leadership of the party, while the Germans are more conciliatory. Throughout Bohemia and Moravia the Czech Clericals have sustained losses. In Galicia nine ecclesiastical deputies have lost their seats, and there is now but one Polish clergyman in the House—a member from Silesia. All told, there are twelve ecclesiastic deputies, as against twenty-three in the former House. The South Slavs are still preponderatingly clerical, twenty-four, as against thirteen Liberals. The composition of the various Czech groups—aside from the Bohemian Socialists—is not yet clearly defined. The difficulty which the Government will experience in recruiting a working majority with the help of the Czechs is apparent from the make-up of the Czech party in the House, which consists of Agrarians, Young Czechs, Czech Catholics, National Czechs, Old Czechs, Radicals, and Progressists.

The question of a compromise between Germans and Czechs has occupied the attention of every Austrian Ministry since Taaffe inaugurated his ill-fated "reconciliation policy" more than thirty years ago. Nominally, Baron von Gautsch, who has been called for the third time to preside over the Austrian Cabinet, will direct the negotiations between the Germans and Czechs. It is barely half a year since such negotiations were broken off, the leaders of both parties having proved equally obdurate. The question of the official equality of the two languages in Bohemia is, and is bound to remain, the principal stumbling-block. Hitherto the Germans have vainly insisted on German autonomy and a linguistic preference in certain German-speaking territories of Bohemia. These negotiations will, however, not be begun until the Reichsrath reassembles in the autumn, and it is currently believed in Vienna that the Gautsch Cabinet, which is not yet complete, will be merely a stop-gap, and that Prince Thun-Hohenstein is destined to become Gautsch's successor and, as such, the promoter of peace between Czechs and Germans. He is now Governor of Bohemia and was once for a short while Austrian Premier. He is not at all popular with the Germans, and not fully trusted by the Czechs, except the Conservative landed proprietors; but he is a forceful personality and enjoys not only the confidence of the Emperor, who has just invested him with the princely dignity—he was until then Count Thun—but, what is equally important, he has probably close affiliations with the heir to the throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose pro-Czech leanings are well known. It remains to be seen whether either Baron Gautsch or Prince Thun will be able to reconcile the hitherto irreconcilable and to create a situation that will make it possible for Germans and Czechs to work together amicably in the Prague Diet and the Vienna Reichsrath.

The Reichsrath will have to deal, besides matters affecting taxation and the banking system common to the two halves of the Empire, with the army question, which has just been brought before the Hungarian Diet with signal ability by the Hungarian Premier, Count Khuen. The Government proposes a reduction in the military service to two years, with a corresponding increase in the number of recruits, but what will doubtless succeed in Budapest—where the opposition to Government measures has died down into perfunctory protest—will probably evoke fierce criticism in Vienna, where the Social Democrats are opposed, tooth and nail, to any increase of the army.

The situation in Vienna is, however, far from clear. Elated as the Liberal elements were over the defeat of the Christian Socialists and Clericals—the first in twenty-five years—the lack of firm leadership within the ranks of the Liberals is painfully felt. It is one thing to have routed the party of Lueger, within a year of the death of that demagogue; to have forced out of the Ministry and the Reichsrath his protégé, Dr. Weiskirchner (whom he had designated, in his political testament, as his successor in the Mayoralty of Vienna); to have beaten at the polls Dr. Neumayer, the aged figurehead in the Mayor's seat; Dr. Pattai, the president of the last Reichsrath; Aloys Liechtenstein, the princely tool of anti-Semites—but the question who is to consolidate the new liberal forces is still an open one. The truth is, that the German Liberals in Austria, with all their culture and forensic ability, have never produced a single statesman able to cope with the peculiar difficulties presented by the Empire. It is forty years since the "citizen ministry"—a constellation of brilliant Liberal talents—went out of office, but the Germans have not yet furnished a successor to Herbst and Hasner; and even they and their colleagues failed utterly to grapple with the ever-present problem in Austrian politics—the relations between Germans and Slavs. As Gibbon recognized long ago, they understand practical politics better in Hungary, where there has been an unbroken line of statesmen of a high order for generations—the Andrássys and Tiszas and Khuens continuing the work of Deák and Eötvös.

SAN FRANCISCO'S EARTHQUAKE RELIEF.

More than five years after the great event, the American National Red Cross, through the Government Printing Office at Washington, publishes a detailed report of how the enormous fund collected for the relief of San Francisco's earthquake and fire victims was administered and distributed. For the specialist in welfare work, the report, with its wealth of detail, will probably take its place as a classic. But it is possible, too, for the general reader to find amidst the welter of tables and schedules and topical analyses many a curious sidelight on what we may call the human side of the story. How the country responded to the needs created by the great calamity, and how the national genius for organization set to work at the business of succor and rehabili-

tation, are clearly enough to be deduced from these formal and colorless pages.

In addition to some 1,850 carloads of food supplies and 150 carloads of clothing, bedding, and housing materials dispatched for the relief of the stricken city, there was remitted to San Francisco directly or through the National Red Cross the sum of $9,673,057. Of this amount $9,279,953 was disbursed from April 23, 1906, to May 29, 1909. To those who have forgotten what the difficulties of the situation continued to be in San Francisco for many months after the earthquake, it may come as a surprise that less than one-fourth of the relief fund was distributed before July 31, 1906. Or to put it another way, three and a half months after the destruction of the city the people of San Francisco were still in so deplorable a condition as to justify the expenditure of more than six million dollars for their relief. In the technical language of the report, the period up to July 31, 1906, was the period of preliminary organization and the period from August 1, 1906, to May 29, 1909, was the period of permanent organization. The large expenditure during this second period is in part explained by the fact that the relief authorities devoted themselves to the work of rehabilitation as well as immediate help. Nearly two and three-quarter millions of dollars were spent in the form of loans for clothing, household equipment, or rebuilding to others than those sheltered in the refugee camps. Thus, with the aid of the relief funds, there were constructed no less than 2,300 permanent habitations.

Even in the face of apparently overwhelming disaster, the spirit of faction asserted itself. There was bitter criticism of the methods pursued by the relief authorities, consisting of the San Francisco citizens' committee and the National Red Cross committee, which had merged into a single body. There was organized a corporation of United Refugees who contended that relief work was overburdened with red tape. This organization succeeded in creating a distinct feeling of mistrust in the country at large, with the result that money contributions fell off and the relief work at San Francisco was seriously hampered. A committee of the Massachusetts Association for the Relief of California, after a thorough investigation on the spot, reported in September that all such rumors were ill-founded in so far as incapacity or dishonest management was concerned. Red tape was too much in evidence and mistakes had been made, but the problem was one of unprecedented difficulty. What had probably happened was that the men in charge of the relief work, painfully conscious of our defects as an unsystematic people, had gone in too emphatically for system. Experience soon taught better.

The largest single contributor to the relief fund was the United States Government, which gave, by Congressional appropriation, the sum of $2,500,000. Canada sent us $145,000, Japan $245,000, and China $40,000. There were several $100,000 contributions, and from that amount subscriptions ranged all the way down to a remittance of 7 cents, which came from Fork Vale, Tenn., enclosed in the following letter:

To the Mayor of San Francisco:

SIR: I am sorry that such a disaster overtook your city, but it is the work of the omnipotent Lord that delivered the law to Moses on Mount Sinai. Probably it is all for the better. Mr. Mayor, you will enclosed find seven cents for the relief fund. I want you . . . to buy bread with this seven cents and give it to some poor widow woman that has got as many as three children, oldest child under seven years old. If I was a John D. Rockefeller or an Andrew Carnegie and E. H. Harriman, I would give thousands to the relief fund, but, Mr. Mayor, I am poor, not got much this world's goods, just married me a wife two weeks ago, and seven cents is all that I can handily spare. May 'Frisco rise to be another great city in the near future. Yours, sincerely,

_____.

Nor was this the only letter of its kind. Another such opportunity to point a moral and adorn a tale might not occur in a century.

Particularly interesting in the report is the detailed enumeration of contributions by States, towns, and villages. If any social philosopher is anxious to draw a humanitarian map of the United States, here are the materials. In comparing the following figures one must take into account, of course, the general level of wealth as well as the population. With that reservation in mind we figure it out that the people of New York State, in contributing the sum of $2,840,000, gave approximately 31 cents per capita. Other States gave in the following ratio: Massachusetts, 23 cents; Connecticut, 15 cents; Pennsylvania, 13 cents; Arizona, 11 cents; Maryland, 10 cents; Missouri, 9 cents; Illinois, 8½ cents; New Jersey, 8 cents. The South, an agricultural and poorer region, naturally gave less. Virginia gave 2½ cents, Texas 2 cents, and Mississippi still less. But what was the matter with Kansas, when, in the face of such dire need, it could spare only ½ cent per capita? Where were those rolling plains of alfalfa and those farmers rolling in automobiles in whom the heart of Mr. William Allen White takes delight? Florida, a State with only half the population of Kansas, gave more than three times as much. The city of Jacksonville alone gave $4,000 more than Kansas. Jacksonville gained the place of honor among the smaller cities, with a per-capita rate of 22 cents. Chicago gave 25 cents a head, Philadelphia and St. Louis 40 cents, New York city 60 cents. Boston gave more than a dollar for every one of its inhabitants.

EDWARD M. SHEPARD.

A man of widest culture, unquestioned ability, the highest ideals, and of an intense civic patriotism—the city and the State lose much by the premature death of Edward M. Shepard. Indeed, there is no little of the tragic about it. Only the other day he was the choice of an overwhelming number of Democrats, outside of the party workers, for Senator from New York. He had no press agent; he asked no friends to work for him; he pulled no wires; he curried favor with no editors or politicians. But when the vacancy came in sight, the brains and conscience of the party turned at once to Edward M. Shepard. Looking back, one may truly say that it was Mr. Shepard first and the rest nowhere, until there came into the contest an obnoxious candidate, the necessity for whose defeat superseded that for Mr. Shepard's election. That the result, the choice of an almost unknown judge, was a grave disappointment to Mr. Shepard, we have no doubt. He had an ambition for high office that was thoroughly legitimate and that would have been gratified in any other country under the sun. And yet his philosophy was of the highest, and that same serenity of spirit which carried him through other disappointments made it possible for him to rise above this. A man who is defeated because he is of

too fine a quality, and too independent for politicians in every way his inferiors, has no reason for heartburnings or chagrin.

More than that, Mr. Shepard had solid civic achievements to look back upon. He could ask public preferment because from early manhood on he had demonstrated that he knew how to work long and arduously against misrule. He was a tower of strength for good government in his early thirties; his was a conspicuous part in the freeing of Brooklyn from John Y. McKane and his ring. Free-traders, ballot and civil-service reformers, sound-money advocates, anti-imperialists, men of all causes that had to do with liberty and public honesty, learned quickly to turn to him, and never sought his aid in vain if his conscience approved. His service in representing the Pennsylvania Railroad in its negotiations for its tunnels and station in New York was in the highest degree unselfish and productive of good for the city. Thanks largely to him and to the late W. H. Baldwin, jr., no hint of scandal ever accompanied the transactions. What he has done year in and year out for the City College, with keen, far-sighted vision and modest self-effacement in the task, the city has yet to learn; but its debt is great indeed. Above all, his professional standing was of the highest. It could truly be said of him, as of Gov. Hughes, that while he had advised large corporations he had never put himself in a position in which one of them could dominate him. The measure of his spirit in accepting the Pennsylvania's retainer may be gauged by the fact that he took it despite friendly warnings that he ought not to be a "railroad lawyer." The opportunity to serve the city was what he saw, not the effect it might have upon him politically.

Why is it then that there must ever be a sense of disappointment in contemplating Mr. Shepard's career, as of a promise unfulfilled? Primarily, he was the victim of a vicious party system, with its boss domination. In England no man of his intellectual calibre could have been excluded from public life; his place must have been at one time or another on the Cabinet bench. During the Parker campaign, when the hopes of Democratic slate-makers ran high, his name naturally appeared as the man best fitted for the Secretaryship of State, which he would have adorned with the ability of Elihu Root, and with a broader view. Again, the blight of Bryanism, by driving his party out of power for most of the years of Mr. Shepard's active maturity, deprived him, like many another, of the opportunity to help direct the ship of state.

But it must be admitted that the fault lay in part with Mr. Shepard. He could never wholly free himself from the thraldom of party fealty. It was never given to him to feel the thrill of rebellion and to lead publicly a revolt against his own party when it went wrong. For all his independence, the spell of regularity lay upon him. It was that, as well as a belief that he might be the chosen instrument to undo Tammany Hall, that led him to accept Richard Croker's nomination for the Mayoralty in 1901. He had himself described Tammany misgovernment as "the most insolent and audacious, as well as the most reckless, assault we have yet known upon the welfare of Greater New York, and of the masses, especially the less fortunate masses." How could he square this with his acceptance of the Mayoralty nomination? Not even he, master of dialectics as he proved to be, comparable in skill and cleverness to the elusive and subtle Arthur J. Balfour, could reconcile the public to his position. But he was sincere throughout, and retracted nothing of his avowed hostility to civic corruption. To the *Nation* it seemed as if Mr. Shepard had made the mistake of seeking ends without stopping to consider the means he might have to use.

Never did independent editors more reluctantly oppose a candidacy or testify more readily to their opponent's high character and personal worth. To urge his selection, in later years, for Governorship and Senatorship was all the more a pleasure. He was the kind of scholar that ought to be in politics; and we can but regret that he did not give us more from a pen that wrote so masterly a story of the life and times of Martin Van Buren. It has been often said of him that he was austere and not a "good mixer," to use current political slang, and that this gravely affected his political career. Yet those who penetrated a slight barrier of shyness or modesty found sympathy and warmth of heart in abundance, as well as the mind of a true statesman. Best of all, they found a patriot second to none in his devotion to the public weal.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND HISTORY IN AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY, July 10.

Dr. George Brown is one of a devoted band of missionaries to whom science owes a debt of gratitude. He it was who discovered exogamy and motherkin in Northern Melanesia, as it was a missionary who discovered the classificatory system of relationship in Australia, and other missionaries who ascertained its prevalence over a large part of the globe. Dr. Brown, a few years ago, published an account of the more picturesque portions of his life-work in New Britain, Samoa, and has lately completed the survey by summing up its results ("Melanesians and Polynesians: Their Life-Histories Compared," Macmillan*). In a long series of analytical chapters he examines and compares every feature of the collective existence in the two groups of peoples; and on the ground of strong presumptive evidence comes unhesitatingly to the conclusion that both are descended from a common stock, of which the Melanesians are the oldest representatives. The conclusion is not that of certain other Australian inquirers, who hold that the Polynesian is of Caucasian race, modified by a negroid infusion at a comparatively late date. Dr. George Brown finds little else than identities between the two races, and he easily accounts for the differences. Thus, many of the Melanesian islanders have remained exogamous, while among the Polynesians consanguinity is the only bond. Yet there are still traces of exogamy in Samoa; the advance from uterine to agnatic descent can be followed; and it occurred by a natural process under changed conditions of life. The passage from the one to the other Dr. Brown believes to have been made through the gradual decay of the exogamous system and the consequent necessity of tracing descent through the father.

By papers published in the transactions of learned societies or in official reports, and in other ways, Dr. Brown has contributed no little to what is now, in England, denominated Social Anthropology—a term coined to avoid the hybrid Sociology. He has furnished the omnivorous Prof. J. G. Frazer of "The Golden Bough" with fresh facts concerning totemism. This theory is almost of Australian origin. The facts from which it has been extracted were first brought to light by two Australians—the savant Baldwin Spencer and the magistrate Gillen. One of them, Professor Spencer, the real author of the two now celebrated volumes on the

*A notice of this book was printed in the *Nation* of April 6.

"Native Tribes" and the "Northern Tribes of Central Australia," which are among the greatest single contributions made to our knowledge of a savage people, so stated the facts that (as Dr. Frazer modestly implies) the inferred theory almost emerged of itself from the statement. In a paper read before the Australasian Association, and in private letters to Dr. Frazer, Professor Spencer arrived simultaneously with him at conclusions that are virtually identical with his. The startling theory thus shaped has now been traversed in the country of its origin. It has a base that will surprise many readers. Incredible as it may appear, the natives of Central Australia, who yet have initiatory ceremonies at puberty, are stated to be ignorant of the nature of physical paternity. Alone in the world, for aught that at present appears, they are unaware of the father's part in bringing children into existence. How do they believe that children are begotten, then? By a process of immaculate conception. Spirits of their ancestors, lurking about near trees, rocks, water-pools, or other hallowed spots, enter the womb of a passing woman, and become the totem of the child then conceived, which was identified with its begetting totem.

Dr. Brown does not wholly accept such explanation of the facts; he finds a number of objections to a theory that seems to be little more than a transcript of the facts. How, then, can he doubt it? He does not exactly dispute the facts, but he is skeptical of their universality. He believes them to be abnormal, and therefore not typical or truly explanatory. Is it not enough to reply that the native tribes of Central Australia are possibly the most primitive people on earth, and therefore may well be the depositaries of beliefs older than the oldest yet known? He is on firmer ground when he objects that the theory fails to connect itself with still earlier beliefs. If religion has its taproot in ancestor-worship, may not that, in some unknown way, be the origin of totemism? And how did the Central Australians arrive at the idea of the entering spirit? Tylor and Herbert Spencer, by a marvellous dialectic, have explained its genesis; but among these primitive Central Australians the notion is already so mature that doctrine of transmigration is highly developed. Further, he asks: how was it to the advantage of primitive men to identify themselves with totem animals, plants, or objects? The conceptional theory, which explains totemism in Central Australia, does not explain it among other peoples where human paternity is known. Yet, may not the conceptional view be the earlier and the root of the later views?

Dr. Brown's opinion is that totemism has its origin in the belief and practice of magic. It dates back to a time when man grew conscious of a Power greater than himself, which he sought to coerce (coercion is of the essence of magic), for his own advantage or the benefit or injury of others. To make his own connection with this Power manifest, there must be some visible means of communicating with it, and thus an animal, plant, or other natural object was chosen for that purpose. On this base, we may add, far more readily than on the foundations laid by Baldwin Spencer and Frazer, a science of religion might be reared, as, indeed, it has been reared by Principal F. B. Jevons. Dr. Frazer now inclines to minimize the part of totemism in the evolution of religion. He holds that it is inferior in importance to ancestor-worship as an agent of religious development. Perhaps we may conclude that it will explain animal-worship, and that is much. Herbert Spencer's theory of animal-worship is understood to be the weakest link in his philosophy of religion.

In the domain of history, the younger scholars in Australia have been using the new, scientific methods with good results. A work called "The Coming of the English to Australia," by Ida Lee (Mrs. Bruce Marriott), and issued by Longmans, consists of a succession of vivid pictures of Australia in the first years of colonization. A diligent search among unused, or but partially used, sources of information has enabled the industrious authoress to shed a genial light over those dark, early days, and to recover facts that were unknown to the best-informed students of the period.

Another historic writer of importance is Dr. Marion Phillips, whose monograph on "A Colonial Autocracy" (Westminster: P. S. King & Son) gives the results of the most exhaustive inquest that has yet been made into a special portion of Australian history. An Australian, but working in London, where alone the manuscript records, the dispatches, and correspondence are to be found, she has filled up many a blank in a critical period and put a fresh complexion on the whole of it. She has drawn a speaking portrait of Gov. Macquarie (the "colonial autocrat" referred to), son of the sixteenth hereditary chief of Ulva in Skye, and colonel of the Highland regiment he took out with him to New South Wales in 1809. She describes the growth in him of the political and social ideal that governed his policy—the ideal of a convict community converted to right ways of living by good government, participating in important public works, sharing in pastoral and agricultural labors, and furnishing out of itself members of every trade and all the liberal professions. She narrates the battles that Macquarie fought to realize this ideal and his struggles with the believers in a very different system. She tells of its hopeless failure as the potent element that was to build up a new Australia came gradually to the front, and the squatter—at first identical in kind with the American squatter, but soon becoming the pastoralist proper—overflowed the acknowledged boundaries of the Colony, and, in spite of the resistance of the Government, home and local, founded sheep and cattle stations in the bush, thus gradually making Australia the foremost pastoral country in the world.

Dr. Phillips complains that she is unable to understand the "sociology" of the subject. It was a needless confession. She might have found the key to Australian history in the "Bush Essays" anonymously published in Edinburgh by George Ranken, some forty years ago, but she has found it by means of her own clear discernment, and she has skilfully applied it. For the first time the early history of Australia has been made intelligible. The able and laborious authoress has lighted up many an obscure passage in that history, corrected not a few accepted errors, revealed unknown incidents, painted the portraits of a number of now-forgotten individuals, and revived features of colonial life that ought not to be left in obscurity. J. C.

Correspondence

A VISIT TO SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Little more than a year ago I was privileged to visit Sir William S. Gilbert at his home at Harrowweald and to hear him talk intimately of his dramatic effort and aims. Some reminiscences of our conversation may be suggestive to those who have regarded Gilbert chiefly as the librettist of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" and as the author of popular comedies.

Gilbert's own interest lay primarily in his serious poetic dramas. "Broken Hearts," "Gretchen," and "The Wicked World" were, he said, his own favorite plays. As the talk turned on the question whether in "Gretchen" the heroine's sudden yielding to sin was probable, I was forced to confess that there seemed to me no natural reason for the change of character. I was quite taken aback at the answer: "Just so. The explanation is unnatural. It is diabolical power—the Satanic spell that Gretchen cannot resist. The Faust legend is sufficient authority for any improbabilities of dramatic action." As Gilbert went on to press the point, he seemed to suggest a reason why his poetic dramas are often unconvincing. He was content at times to let his characters escape irksome conformity to the laws of nature and to hold them accountable only to the lax laws of fairyland.

Of Gilbert's extraordinary sensitiveness to adverse criticism I had remarkable proof. Though he was scrupulously faithful to the minutest details of rehearsals, he confessed, to my amazement, that he had never

dared to attend a single actual public performance of even the most popular of his dramatic or operatic successes.

"'What, never!'" I ventured.

"'Well, hardly ever!'" he replied, with a twinkle. "In fact, really the sole exception that I recall was a production of 'The Mikado' in German. They persuaded me to go, and it was"—he leaned forward confidentially—"rotten." Then he added: "I have always been fearful of failure. In the theatre there is always something that may go wrong. The risk of seeing my own failure in public—no, I cannot brave that."

Other proofs of Gilbert's peculiar sensitiveness were frequent. He had just produced a new opera, "Fallen Fairies," based on his early poetic play, "The Wicked World," but the fairies had fallen upon somewhat stony ground. That his expectations had not been met fully had evidently cut to the quick. Again, I had just been reading the volume on Gilbert by Edith A. Browne in the series called Stars of the Stage. As the author's preface acknowledges a debt to Gilbert for biographical information, I ventured to ask his opinion of the work. "Don't ask me," he said. "Part way through the book she said some things that I couldn't bear about my poetic plays. I never read the rest of it. Usually, you know, Lady Gilbert is my press censor. She reads all the press notices, but lets me see only those she thinks I will like. I tremble at reviewers." Still another evidence of Gilbert's feeling came by merest chance. I had been speaking of a successful amateur revival of his delightful extravaganza, "Engaged," and to his passing phrases about its whimsical absurdity I thoughtlessly rejoined that nothing in the play itself seemed to me so absurd as the criticism on it which interpreted it as a bitter and cruel caricature of mankind. "Did somebody say that of 'Engaged'?" queried Gilbert. It was too late to retreat, and I had to tell of the pages in the book of Filon, the French critic, on "The English Stage," in which he finds something almost of Swift's *saeva indignatio* underlying the playful topsy-turvydom of Gilbert's fancy. "And they call that dramatic criticism in France, do they?" said Gilbert gently. "Could any one have misconceived 'Engaged' more perfectly?"

Another trait which Gilbert revealed was his attention to details. The themes of many of his operas, he said, had come to him by chance. A Japanese sword hanging on his library wall had suggested the picturesque setting of "The Mikado," a Venetian picture that of "The Gondoliers." The chromo of a beef-eater placarded as an advertisement at a railway station had been sufficient hint for "The Yeomen of the Guard." I remarked that such instances suggested intuition rather than accident. "Well," said Gilbert, "I suppose there is a knack in observing trifles. Most people are too busy to bother with petty details."

Since the advent of "Gilbert and Sullivan opera" the mirth-loving public has been loath to let its most delightful jester put aside cap-and-bells. Doubtless this English Yorick was a fellow of infinite jest, yet if I essayed to pluck out the heart of his mystery, I should take a hint from one who interpreted the English humorists of an earlier age. "Harlequin without his mask," says Thackeray, "is known to present a very sober countenance, . . . a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose Self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public." GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

Yale University, July 16

TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to your editorial in the *Nation* of June 22, allow me to state that our merchants are neglecting the best market tributary to the United States. Ever since the time when Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State, some of our ablest statesmen have called the attention of our merchants to the large and ever-growing trade of South America; the digging of the Panama Canal, Secretary Root's visit to South America, etc., have finally crystallized a sentiment in this country that we desire to get our share of the South American trade. But this determination will avail little unless our people make up their minds to do business in South America under conditions as they exist there. Otherwise we might as well stay at home, and not waste our time and money.

One of the reasons why the United States has such a very small share of this trade is undoubtedly the fact that our merchants and financiers are afraid of operating extensively in South America. This fear is due entirely to a lack of knowledge as to the conditions under which business is done in these countries. Our merchants and financiers should be aware that the English, German, and other European merchants who have been operating in South America for so many years, would not continue doing business there if it were not profitable. Failures in South America are very rare as compared with the United States. Some years ago an American consul reported that in the thriving commercial centre of Medellin, Colombia, there had not been a failure in half a century. A similar state of affairs (or very nearly so) can be found in other important South American commercial centres. Our financial institutions ought heartily to second the efforts of the merchants. The merchant and the banker must of necessity work hand in hand, if they wish to control or even get a share of a foreign market. Those of our banks that have sufficient enterprise to reach out for new and profitable fields should open branches in some of the leading South American cities, and then gradually extend their branches as English and German banks have done, to whom we now have to pay tribute on nearly all the business we do in South America.

A great many of our people, among them some of our leading merchants and financiers, seem to be under the impression that the South Americans have hardly emerged from the early Darwinian state of humanity, and that goods shipped down there will surely be lost unless payment is received before the shipments leave their home port. If the South Americans were anxiously waiting for our wares, it would be easy to compel them to buy on our terms. This, however, is not the case. The various South American countries are canvassed and drummed to-day as energetically and intelligently as any American State in the Union. This drumming for trade is done by general representatives and by local agents of European exporters. Our merchants should send competent men to those countries to study them, men who are familiar with the Spanish language, and who can meet the Latin American in his club as well as in his office. That a drummer has been successful in a logging camp does not necessarily qualify him to capture a foreign market. The impetuous and often free and easy ways of American salesmen are not appreciated by people who are by nature courteous and decorous. Many failures on this very account have come under my personal observation.

Numerous European steamship lines are plying between their ports and the various Latin American republics, and enough of them ply between our ports and South and Central America to take care of all the business we have to offer. While it would be desirable to have American ships carry our merchandise, this is not nearly so essential as the mutual efforts of our merchants and bankers, because ships will always be forthcoming if freight is to be had. Some years ago the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and the Chilian Steamship Company sent their splendid modern steamers from Valparaiso to the North Pacific Coast ports, but after losing a lot of money they had to give it up for lack of freight to load their ships.

J. B. HAVRE.

San Francisco, July 7.

GREEK AND A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to point out the extraordinary fallacy in a communication in the *Nation* of July 20, entitled "The Question of Greek." The writer argues that the study of Greek and Latin is doomed because a Christian civilization must get its spiritual nourishment from a Christian literature and cannot be "dominated by the literature of a pagan age and nation."

The fact is, of course, that there is nothing distinctively Christian about most of the great masterpieces of literature, modern or ancient, unless we except Dante, who has unfortunately an even smaller place in our curriculum than the Greek poets, and Milton, whose theology is the chief stumbling-block to his eminence. Certainly Shakespeare and Goethe, the accepted representatives of the culture of our race, are as essentially pagan as the Greeks themselves. Plato and the Neo-Platonists, Cicero and the Græco-Roman Stoics, may be said to have contributed more to Christian thought than all the modern masterpieces.

Above all, your correspondent seems to ignore the fact that the better part of Christian literature was itself written in Greek and Latin, and that the New Testament, the very foundation-stone of our civilization, is a Greek book. Christianity was born a Jewish child into a Græco-Roman world, and the Greek and Roman elements that have entered into its life are hardly less important than the original Hebrew element. But for them it could not have burst its swaddling-bands of Judaism, and spread among the gentiles on its world-conquering career. It is not without significance that the two greatest branches of the Christian Church still use the Greek

and Latin languages in their daily services. That little Greek book which we call the New Testament, whatever view we may take of it, is of such transcendant importance in the history of mankind that it alone, if all other Greek books had disappeared, makes the study of Greek the most important which our whole curriculum can offer—next, of course, to the proper mastery of our own tongue, which lies at the basis of all other intellectual achievement. Attacks against the classics from a utilitarian point of view are to be expected, until our public is sufficiently enlightened to know what true utility may be, but an attack under the pretext of Christian sentiment seems quite preposterous.

Meanwhile, those who took courage at the action of Amherst College have had further justification in the recent action of a representative part of the Cornell faculty. Perhaps, after all, the study of Greek and Latin is not doomed. H. H. YEAMES.

Hobart College, July 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I fancy that if the world was truly concerned with Christian civilization the battle of the Greeks were suddenly won, and that it would find in the literature of this pagan civilization of the ancients a most Christian teaching. At least the word "pagan" harks back to that "Nature" which it is all our fashion to-day to cultivate. It is in the Greek rather than in the modern classic that we find the clean fitting of word to vision which is the soul of truth, and which is the stylistic mark of the Nazarene's words. The world is not so much in need of a civilization that shall call itself Christian as it is in need of one that shall be objective and true as far as the perception of life is concerned, and equitable and just and courteous in the expression of it. That this will be essentially Christian probably no one seriously doubts; but this certainly is what modern civilization is not in its literary expression. Contrast the involved and conventional social organization of to-day, its traditional valuation of things, its uncertain and diffident estimation of men, on the commonplaces of which modern thought moulds its language, with the simple, graphic, primitive conception of man and his value on which the Greek builds his, and we easily discover the use of Greek in teaching fundamental thinking. This is no theory. It was no accident of history that the rediscovery of Greek foreran humanism and the origin of modern democracy. Moreover, if to see clearly, to act manfully, with due regard for the pious service of God, not forgetting the devoir toward man, be Christian, it is also Greek. For a young mind to live in thought the wonderful conceptions of the fine Greek spirit—and they do find habitation in the mind—is for it to grow strong and sane and devout, to be ready to hear and to obey the voice that called by the waters of Galilee. This is the wisdom of a Christian priest, who needs his Greek even as he needs his Bible.

Amherst College, true to its tradition of clear thinking and its emphasis on the things that make for real culture and intellectual fineness, is discovering that as a guiding thread in the blind labyrinth of modern culture Greek is, as it has always been, sustaining. And the happy mark for Amherst is that there are many not inexpert in the ways of the modern world, who think the Greek ideal, the *kalon k'agathon* has some educational value, and who wish their children to possess something of the culture of the ancient literatures.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

All Faith Rectory, Saint Mary's County, Maryland, July 22.

THE POPULATION OF OREGON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article by Burton J. Hendrick, entitled "The Initiative and Referendum in Oregon," in the July issue of *McClure's Magazine*, one finds this statement:

> In its settlement, Oregon drew upon many of the best elements in the American stock. The Western coast was settled largely by New Englanders, many of them seafaring people. There is a tradition that, when the time came to name their leading city, the pioneers tossed a coin to determine whether they should call it Boston or Portland; and Portland to-day, with its central green, its general atmosphere of quiet respectability, strongly resembles a New England town.

Without animadverting upon Portland, its name, or its "quiet respectability," I desire to call attention to an error, apparently common, regarding the elements of population which settled Oregon. While Washington would probably more nearly measure up to Mr. Hendrick's statement, Washington and Oregon have been very different, in elements of population, in forms of government, both State and local, in general atmosphere, till within the past ten years or so. Oregon drew its people but slightly from the Atlantic Coast: the belt of States, including Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri furnished, in the early days, the bulk of the population of the Willamette Valley, which, for many years, was virtually Oregon. Based upon nativity figures, as given in the United States Census, the above mentioned commonwealths contributed, in 1850, 30.6 per cent. of the total inhabitants of Oregon; in 1860, 22 per cent.; in 1870, 14 per cent.; in 1880, 12.8 per cent. If, for the same years, we add to this the quota afforded by Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, a group the southern portion of which contained much the same social elements as were to be found south of the Ohio River, we account for, respectively, 48.7 per cent., 40.2 per cent., 25.5 per cent., and 23.7 per cent. of the total population.

Perhaps it may be affirmed that, more than any other one commonwealth, Missouri shaped the early development of Oregon, primarily by furnishing a large portion of the people, and consequently by moulding its institutions. According to the census of 1850, of the 13,294 souls in the Oregon Territory, 16.5 per cent. were born in the Compromise State; in 1860, 10.8 per cent.; and it was not till 1870 that New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania together sent as many migratory spirits to the Pacific Coast as did the one Middle Western State. Hence, it is to be seen that New England alone played little part in the earlier days; in fact, in 1850 only 4.2 per cent. of the Oregonians were New Englanders by birth; and, by decades, the proportion from the northeast stood at 3.13 per cent., 2.5 per cent., 4.4 per cent., and, even in 1890, but 4.5 per cent.

Since 1890, the Atlantic Coast has contributed somewhat more in proportion than previously, yet the mass of incoming population—and it is estimated that between 25,000 and 30,000 entered the State during one "boosting" month of the past spring—continues to come from the Middle West, Kansas, and especially Nebraska, now vying with Missouri for the largest fraction. LESTER BURRELL SHIPPEE.

Forest Grove, Ore., July 22.

Literature

THE SCIENCE OF CRIME.

Modern Theories of Criminality. By C. Bernaldo de Quirós. Translated from the Spanish by Alfonso de Salvio, Ph.D. With an introduction by William W. Smithers, Esq. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4 net.

Criminal Psychology: A Manual for Judges, Practitioners, and Students. By Hans Gross, J.U.D. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Horace M. Kallen, Ph.D. With an introduction by Joseph Jastrow, Ph.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5 net.

Crime; its Causes and Remedies. By Cesare Lombroso, M.D. Translated by Henry P. Horton, M.A. With an introduction by Maurice Parmelee, Ph.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50 net.

Criminal Man according to the Classification of Cesare Lombroso. Briefly summarized by his daughter, Gina Lombroso Ferrero. With an introduction by Cesare Lombroso. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The first three of these books are a part of the Modern Criminal Science Series, issued by the care of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, which was organized in Chicago in 1900. The purpose of the series, under which nine titles are announced, is explained in a general introduction by Mr. Smithers. Criminal law, he holds, is to-day in the position of medical science of two centuries ago, when every disease was attributed to the will of God and almost the only treatment was calomel and blood-letting. In law it is still a dominant tendency to ascribe every crime to a vague and inscrutable "free will" and to treat all kinds of crime and all kinds of criminals simply with varying doses of jail or fine. Yet it is known that every crime, like every disease, has a specific natural cause. While, however, the search for these causes has been going on in Europe for forty years past, with the use of all the resources of science—"anthropology, medicine, psychology, economics, sociology, philanthropy, penology"—the American public and the legal profession in particular have remained either ignorant or indifferent. The purpose of the Institute is to educate the profession

and the public by procuring the translation of some of the more important treatises on criminal science in foreign languages.

It is one thing to point to the existence of a deficiency, another thing to define it, and still another to determine the remedy. It is true that toward the constructive development of law and punishment the legal profession has been strangely and perhaps culpably deficient; in which respect it presents a sharp contrast to the attitude of medicine toward health. We must therefore welcome any signs pointing to a consciousness of its position. It does not follow, however, that the legal profession must forthwith embrace "modern science." From the sober conservatism of the law to the tumultuous speculation of criminal sociology is something of a leap. And the calm confidence of the General Introduction, together with the list of works selected for translation, tends to suggest a rather naïve attitude on the part of the gentlemen of the law toward the possibilities of "scientific method."

This impression is deepened upon acquaintance with their first number, "Modern Theories of Criminality," by De Quirós. Under this hopeful title the reader will expect to find a digested analysis, with some constructive criticism, introducing order among the issues, so that a sober thinker may find his way. The only order perceivable is in the table of contents. This, indeed, presents an elaborately logical classification, which is also historical, tracing the science from its "origins" among the psychiatrists, Morel and Maudsley, and the statistician, Quételet, through the "innovators," Lombroso, Ferri, and Garofalo, to the "development," which is too complex for mention. But no sense of relationship is conveyed by the text. The theories of crime—virtually the whole criminological stock of ideas—are summarily disposed of in the first hundred pages, and are followed by an even more summary account of methods of punishment and detection. The author jumps quickly from atavism to degeneration, to epilepsy, to neurasthenia, from social to socialistic theories, with only a bare sentence of criticism here and there in the repetition of some clever remark, and the reader is left to wonder how far these multitudinous theories give the lie to one another, or whether, indeed, they have reached a speaking acquaintance. The one purpose served by the translation is that of a catalogue of material. Nothing could present the study of criminology in a much worse light, and the only excuse to be offered for the character of the book must be the present state of the "science."

While the criminologists have performed a useful service in calling attention to the facts of crime, it must at the same time be said that their theories of human life, even of criminal life, border mostly on the grotesque. And a review of the theories suggests that the science (nothing, if not empirical) is burdened by a more or less unconscious assumption, which is formulated by Mr. Smithers when he says that every crime, like every disease, has a natural cause. Now it may be urged that every intended human action has also its reason; and a reason differs from a natural cause, a crime from a disease, at least in the fact that it operates consciously. It is then not absurd to suppose that this consciousness of what one is doing must in some way characterize the action and the agent. And this is the ground, at bottom, upon which the older theories sought to connect crime with free will and responsibility. Whatever the difficulty of these conceptions, they are interpretations of a fact of human life—indeed, of its most conspicuous fact. Modern criminal science may then be almost completely characterized by the statement that it leaves this fact out of account. One may go through the theories represented by De Quirós and find every conceivable factor represented—heredity, physical degeneracy, social conditions—every factor but that of intelligible human motive. The truth is that any assumption of the efficiency of motive is repugnant to the "method of science." And this accounts for the grotesque; for what it all means is that a really scientific anthropology must ignore the feature most characteristic of man.

From De Quirós it is a satisfaction to turn to Prof. Hans Gross's "Criminal Psychology." The first German edition of this book appeared in 1897, the later edition, from which the version is made, in 1905. The title is somewhat misleading. For the "criminal psychology" considered in part ii concerns the criminal only as witness, or examinee, and is quite as much occupied with the mental conditions of the other witnesses, while part i, covering two-fifths of the work, deals with the reasoning processes of the judge. Briefly stated, his psychology is that of a function peculiar to the judicial system of the Continent, that, namely, of the examining magistrate. None the less, the work should be one of deep interest, not only to the legal profession, but to all who are interested in the weighing of human testimony; and, in spite of the rather crude, and not always idiomatic, English of the translation, it is entertaining and readable. Professor Gross displays little of the pedantry of "modern science." He is a "scientist," of course, but cautious. "Whenever people delayed in establishing the right thing and then suddenly tried for it, they went in their haste too far." (This might be recommended to the consideration of the American Institute.) In fact, if "science" is to stand for a thoroughly coördinated system of ideas and facts, he is hardly a scientist at all. What he really offers is an extensive survey of the facts and conditions of judicial investigation which is based upon personal experience as a judge, enlightened by a broad erudition, and well seasoned by ripe judgment and shrewd common sense. Two things are noticeable: first, that his psychology is nearly always relevant to his special subject—which is unusual in books of this class; secondly, that he regards the criminal as a human being and (not disregarding other factors) applies the assumption of human motive. "Who thinks to know the character of a man without knowing his view of the world?" Yet, he adds, "who [among the judges] talks of their world views with his criminals?"

Lombroso is at any rate picturesque. His theory of the born criminal has quite failed to convince, but it will doubtless continue to interest all those who are given to the search for congenital human types. "Crime: its Causes and Remedies," to which Professor Parmelee contributes a slightly cautionary Introduction, covers an extensive range of topics, and furnishes some interesting exercises in the logic of statistics. Published first in French in 1899, it offers a more mature and much revised statement of the views put forth in "Criminal Man," in 1876.

Lombroso's "Criminal Man" is too well known to call for comment. Yet, though easily the most conspicuous landmark of criminology, it has never been turned into English—possibly because of its three volumes. The present abridgment offers an easy and authoritative access to its contents, and useful synopses of other works of Lombroso are given in an appendix.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Valley of Regret. By Adelaide Holt. New York: John Lane Co.

The involved destinies of a strong man, a weak man, and a beautiful woman are by no means new topics for the writer of fiction. But in her somewhat inaptly named book, "The Valley of Regret," Adelaide Holt has created such life-like central characters and narrated their experiences in so plausible and direct a manner that the romance of their careers seems genuinely fresh and real. The development of Betty, the heroine, from a fanciful child to a woman courageous in love and self-denial, is told simply and logically and with much skill in the analysis of emotion. It is regrettable that so unnecessary and cheaply theatrical a character as Sebastian Oppenheim, an impossibly villanous Hebrew, should have been dragged into the story. He is introduced only to be murdered by Edward Charteris, Betty's dissipated young husband,

whose resulting term of imprisonment clears the field for the other lover, John Earle. This man is of the large, conquering type that some modern woman writers delight in describing, but in this case he is a human being and not a mere caricature of the superman. His love affair with Betty is described frankly, and its heroic and renunciatory termination is an episode of powerful dramatic appeal. The minor characters in the story—with the exception of Sebastian Oppenheim—are much more than the usual marionettes. One of them, a ritualistic priest of the Church of England, who devotes his talents to work in the London slums, acts as the confidant of Betty and of John Earle, and his kindly and wholesome personality plays an important part in the development of the plot. It is perhaps an unusual fault to find, but there are too many vital and interesting characters in this book. There is no background of commonplace humanity, no steadying chorus of the uninspired. The result is that one leaves the story with a suspicion that, in spite of its excellence, it is too intense, and that its author has yet to learn the lesson of restraint.

The Second Amendment. By Henry Clay Hansbrough. Minneapolis: The Hudson Publishing Co.

Thirty-two "chief characters" would seem to be sufficient for a five-foot shelf of novels, yet this, according to the list prefaced to the book, is the number of the main personages in Senator Hansbrough's story. It is accordingly scarcely a matter of surprise that their identities become hopelessly confused and that the heroic reader who perseveres beyond the first chapter finds himself lost in a tangle of virtuous statesmen, corrupt politicians, capitalists, desperadoes, editors, adventuresses, and superlatively beautiful young women. The author has endeavored to portray American Senatorial life and to predict the developments of American politics. He has elected to do this by means of the novel, a form of composition with the elements of which he is evidently unacquainted. The result is that the plot is buried under mountains of platitudinous sermonizing, tedious description, and dialogue of remarkable dulness. The story has to do with one Senator Twain, belonging to a new progressive party, barbarously named "Altrocratie," who is abducted by the agents of his political opponents in order to prevent his voting on an amendment. It is difficult to find just what the amendment was, but the original bill, apparently, was to authorize the exchange of the Philippine Islands for Canada. It is possible, but by no means easy, to trace the fate of Senator Twain through varied adventures to his final rescue and marriage, for, of course, there is a "heart-interest," put into the story with the laudable purpose of adding life and color. Unfortunately, this purpose is not attained, although the love-affair is treated in the best sentimental manner of Miss Laura Jean Libbey.

A Fair House. By Hugh De Sélincourt. New York: John Lane Co.

The explanation of the title of this novel is to be found in a stanza which follows the dedication:

> O Love, they wrong thee much
> That say thy sweet is bitter,
> When thy ripe fruit is such
> As nothing can be sweeter.
> Fair House of joy and bliss
> Where truest pleasure is,
> I do adore Thee;
> I know Thee what Thou art,
> I serve Thee with my heart,
> And fall before Thee.

The author's "Fair House" suffers here and there from want of plausibility. Toby Warren, a young playwright, going with the news of the completion of his latest masterpiece to his friend, John Camden the publisher, is stopped at the threshold by the housekeeper, whose orders are to let nobody in. After a little parleying Warren is shocked to learn the reason: "We buried young Mrs. Camden yesterday four weeks." It seems rather strange that so intimate a friend of the Camdens should first hear of the event in this way; but he does. He pushes past the protesting housekeeper and goes up the stairs to find Camden dead to everything, including the infant daughter, which lived in spite of the fate that took its mother. He sets himself to rouse his friend from this paralysis, and to this end proposes a week's walking trip. They take it, starting in a heavy rain, and it proves the beginning of Camden's revival of interest in life. Another spur to his deadened energies is the visit of an arrogant young novelist, whose first work Camden offers to buy—and burn. It is brilliant but pessimistic, and he labors to alter the author's philosophy. The result, however, is only to evoke the undisguised contempt of the young genius for him and for his ideas, and the arrogant but precocious youth goes out to become a very popular novelist. In the course of time the daughter grows up, responding with incredible cleverness to her father's manifold system for her intellectual development. The brilliant novelist comes into her life in a somewhat peculiar way, and it is their relations that are particularly unconvincing. He goes out of it again, and for a space there is gloom. Then young Tommy Gates, her father's right-hand man, suggests to Warren that she should take the leading part in Warren's new play. He is persuaded by Tommy's enthusiasm; she does take the part, makes a hit, but not too soon, and finds a lover to solace her for any woe from her other love-experience.

Tillers of the Soil. By J. E. Patterson. New York: Duffield & Co.

In a preface rich in archaic word-forms and squinting constructions, our author proclaims an adamant resolution not to be influenced by what critics have said regarding the formlessness of an earlier novel from the same pen. This is our old friend the cross-section-of-life theory, by which a story begins nowhere in particular and ends nowhere in particular. But the book in hand is a complete refutation of that theory. There are in it several real persons and two or three attractively worked out persons. With a plot to bind them together they might have produced no mean effect. But as it is, they move in pale colors across the pages and drop out of sight with the last one. As to the main current of the story, we doubt if an American public can be interested in psychological parallels between the Yorkshire farmer and the Essex type. Curiously mixed with realistic character portrayal runs a heavy strain of poetizing that reaches a ridiculous climax in the character of Lucian A. Kingdom, the young American who sings songs of his own composition to his lady love. But we would rather hear him sing than make use of the American dialect the author has provided him with.

AN AMERICAN IN THE EAST.

The West in the East: From an American Point of View. By Price Collier. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Mr. Collier, though adequately prepared by reading, did not enter upon his tour with the usual prepossessions of a Western radical. "The Oriental mind," he discovers, "has no conception of equality between men. Even in matters of justice he dislikes rules of procedure, laws of evidence. He prefers that the matter should be settled face to face between himself and the ruler. He cannot understand that superior standing in the community is of any value, unless it can be used even in the courts for his own advantage." The attempts of Hindu agitators to replace British control in India, which have many sympathizers in this country, fill the author with disgust because he regards their democracy as a sham, their plea for liberty as hypocrisy, and because their success, he thinks, would entail inevitable misery upon the great mass of the population:

> The Brahman has never been a fighting man; he has fattened upon superstition, and consequently has aided it, and continues to encourage it to the utmost, and holds, con-

sequently, the strange position in India of being a seditionist as against the English and a reactionary as against his own people. There is a harsher word than I care to use for this type of citizen, but whatever he may be, he is distinctly a stumbling-block in the present situation. Men who ask for larger representation in the government, knowing full well that they alone are sufficiently educated to profit by it, and who are inciting the weak-minded to assassinate, and the ignorant to balk, the alien reformers, are difficult to deal with, especially when one hears on every side from disinterested natives that they tremble at the idea of their future magistrates, having as much concern with the increase of their salaries as with their caste elevation, and who say: "It would be treason to humanity to place us by force of British bayonets under the yoke of those whose flesh creeps on their bones when they hear of war." I quote from a Rajput noble of Oudh.

The troubles of India are numerous enough, but now the country has to withstand a new danger, the "economic lymph of the West," the standard of money, from which England must try her best to protect it. In a land where people have always looked up to birth and holy living as ideals they are learning that one may be accounted great for what he possesses. "The social and even political tyranny of the irresponsible rich is yet to be their portion and their potion, and it will prove more unpalatable to them than any that has yet been forced upon them. They must go through all this, and then, alas! learn all over again that comfort is not prosperity, that luxury is not culture, and that a mind besmeared with odds and ends of learning is not education. Even England and America are only just beginning to see this." To meet the difficulties which beset them Mr. Collier detects two qualities that probably none but an American would adduce as helpful assets in the English character. In the first place, they are not too fine for the job. "Fortunately for the problem and probably for themselves, this hard-playing, unanalyzing, governing race of Englishmen, with unbounded confidence in themselves, take all these matters so lightly, ignore them so placidly, discuss them so flippantly, that for them they cease to exist. They come and stare at Benares like children at a pantomime, then return to deal justly and patiently with three hundred million wards, as though the whole spiritual and intellectual life of thousands of years and millions of subjects did not exist." In the second place, they succeed because, unlike the long series of their predecessors in the conquest of India, they refuse to settle in the country and become victims of climatic and social degeneration. What is often alleged as a weakness in the British relation to India may well prove its strength if the English continue to breed carefully trained experts in Asiatic administration and can keep them from being overruled by sentimental voters at home.

While much the most effective part of his book is devoted to India, Mr. Collier is not a bit less amusing and incisive in his comments upon conditions in China and Japan. In these countries, however, he does not appear to have been so well instructed. Like most recent travellers in the East, he yields to the current reaction against Japan, putting them far below the forceful and competent Chinese in ability and character. China, he thinks, is certain to come into her own again. So far the Japanese have succeeded in their task of national reconstruction through devotion to a divinely descended Mikado, but it is idle to contend that this is the only influence that keeps the nation together, or that "once the superstitious awe in which the Japanese Emperor is held by the people disappears, Japan will be like a study table covered with papers in a breeze, when the paper-weights have been taken away."

A few errors of statement have escaped the author's revision. Instead of half a dozen, there are 147 distinct languages in India; John Nicholson was not shot through the heart at Delhi; Hideyoshi was not the founder of the Tokugawa Shogun House; nor can it be fairly said that the poor Indian weaver is ruined for the benefit of the Lancashire manufacturer by an excise duty of 3½ per cent. The tax is a counterpoise to a similar customs duty paid on imported cottons. A terrible scoring of the "uninformed diplomacy that has dished us in the East," inspired by Secretary Knox's proposals as to Manchurian railway management, appears to have been founded upon a total misconception of the plan. Such slips, however, may readily be forgiven in a volume that is at once the most readable and the best worth reading of books on the Asia of to-day.

The Cabin. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated with photographs by the Author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People: Travel, Adventure, and Observation in the Far East. By Caspar Whitney. New York: Harper & Bros. $3 net.

To the many recent books on the Sierras Mr. White adds a characteristic miscellany of descriptions and narratives that centre about a cabin "in the far mountains, seventy miles from a railroad and a mile up in the air." Here he spends his summers in the company of Billy, of Flapjack, a shiny black mule, and Theophilus, an extremely wise and hungry-looking totem bird that commands the main avenue of the forest. There is no plot, there is not even a sequence of events; and the book has, as a result, only a wavering kind of interest. We are put down among big trees and bade forage as best we may. Unfortunately, the amount of enticing fodder is scant, for though every chapter is graceful and not without occasional happy touches, there are no unusually well-done stretches of narrative, description, or comment. One is inclined to feel that the author's affection for his cabin in the hills has dimmed his sense of what is interesting and what is not. Now and then he writes with an inconsequential garrulity that leads him into the schoolgirl naïveté of "We had the best kind of a time."

The fault accords with Mr. White's philosophy of life, which seems to be identical with that of California John, the old ranger—"just live along." In a discussion with California John he quotes Stevenson's couplet, "The world is so full of a number of things." "He's dead right," replies the ranger, "and to my notion in His eyes they're all one about as important as the other." Mr. White objects: "Do you mean to say that you really believe it's as important to ditch that meadow as to dig the Panama Canal?" "Not to Roosevelt," is the reply; "mebbe to me." And one suspects that Mr. White more than half agrees with California John.

A more rebellious soul is Mr. Whitney. In what he calls modestly, but accurately, his halting style, he confesses that he "would be free from the crying newsboys and the pressure of conventions." The pathless jungle is a "larger world of which our conventionalized smaller one is but the gateway." And so he wanders about Siam and the Malay Peninsula—he has exhausted the best of the remainder of the world—tracking the elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, buffalo, gnuadang, observing the ways of queer people and the ways of European Powers, and now reports for the advantage and delectation of those who helplessly chafe at routine and convention. His narrative is interesting throughout. Despite his frequently atrocious style, with its grammatical weaknesses, its abundance of cheap and slangish expressions, and worst, perhaps, its baffling and inscrutable punctuation, he writes with so much personal pleasure and humor that we follow him gladly. Though fond of the local term—klawng, plook-pee, namphrik, tumbuk lada, and the like—he does not bewilder the reader with exoticism. Like most jungle hunters, he asserts that he is not bloodthirsty, and, unlike many of these hunters, he is genuinely interested in pursuit and mastery rather than in gory success. He does not kill four lions in three days, but very often fails to kill anything. The buffalo he finds, as do most hunters, perhaps the most difficult trophy to get: after following the trail for many hours he is close to the beast; in the appallingly silent forest he must cut his way with the jungle knife, and the least

sound is likely to start the buffalo and necessitate another long pursuit. No less difficult is the seladang—"it is your life or his."

Mr. Whitney regards the colonial policy of the French and the Dutch as largely mistaken; for the English, however, he has nothing but praise. "It is worth a journey aronnd the Peninsula, if only to see the type of young men whom England calls out to help her solve Malay problems; and to see the type is to understand why England's colonial government is so eminently successful." The Chinese, he insists at intervals, are "the industrial backbone of Siam and of the Malay Archipelago." England could make no progress without them, and the United States, "Congress to the contrary notwithstanding," will find them just as essential in the development of the Philippines.

Notes

The latest addition to the excellent Centenary edition of Dickens, imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, is "Our Mutual Friend," in two volumes.

A volume of "American Addresses," by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, is promised by the Century Co. for this autumn. From the same house is to come Prof. A. C. McGiffert's "Martin Luther: The Man and His Work."

Henry Frank, author of "Modern Light on Immortality," is finishing a sonnet-sequence to be entitled "The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets." The book will be published by Sherman, French & Co.

George Moore, who has removed his residence from Dublin to London, is writing an autobiography called "Hail and Farewell," which will extend to two or three volumes. The first volume, dealing with his life in Ireland and on the Continent, will be published by D. Appleton & Co. this autumn.

In view of the swarm of imitations that have entered the field, it is interesting to hear that Henry Holt & Co. are issuing the fifty-ninth edition of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the twenty-third of "Rupert of Hentzau."

Prof. Albert Bernhardt Faust, head of the German department at Cornell, has just received the Louhat prize (3,000 marks) from the Royal Prussian Academy of Science for his work entitled "The German Element in the United States." The book is published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have a long list of titles for autumn publication. It includes in biography and history: "Robert Louis Stevenson in California," by Katherine D. Osbourne; "Fifty Years of Public Service," by the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom, senior U. S. Senator from Illinois; "Kansas in the Sixties," by the Hon. Samuel J. Crawford, Governor of Kansas; and "The Expedition of the Donner Party and Its Tragic Fate."—In travel: "A Motor Flight through Algeria and Tunisia," by Mrs. Edward Ayer; "Abroad in a Runabout," by A. J. and F. H. Hand; "A Garden of Paris," by Elizabeth Wallace; "Through the Heart of Canada," by Frank Yeigh; "America of To-morrow," by Abbé Felix Klein; "The Coming China," by Joseph King Goodrich, and "An Army Officer on Leave in Japan," by L. Mervin Maus, U. S. A.—In fiction: "My Lady of Doubt," by Randall Parrish; "As the Sparks Fly Upward," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "The Blood of the Arena," a translation by Frances Douglas of Señor Vicente Blasco Ibáñez's Spanish story of bull fighting; "Dr. David," by Marjorie Benton Cooke; "The Texican," by Dane Coolidge; "Out of the Primitive," by Robert Ames Bennet; "The Quest of the Silver Fleece," by Wm. E. B. Du Bois; "Something Else," by J. Breckenridge Ellis; "The Fusing Force," by Katharine Hopkins Chapman; "The Smile of the Sphinx," by Marguerite Bouvet; "Emerson's Wife, and other Western Stories," by Florence Finch Kelly; and "A Viking's Love and other Tales of the North," by Ottilie A. Liljencrantz.—Miscellaneous: "Arts and Crafts of Our Teutonic Forefathers," by G. Baldwin Brown; "Myths and Legends of Alaska," by Katharine B. Judson; "One Thousand Books for Children," by Penrhyn W. Coussens; "The High School Debate Book," by E. C. Robbins; "The Modern Railroad," by Edward Hungerford; "Searchlights on Some American Industries," by James Cooke Mills; "The Woman Movement in America," by Belle Squire; "Ship Subsidies," by Edwin M. Bacon; "Building Your Girl," by Kenneth H. Wayne, and a new enlarged edition of "The New Home Cook Book."

Among the miscellaneous books announced by Frederick A. Stokes Company for publication this summer and autumn are the following: "Industrial Depressions," by George H. Hull; "The Book of Love," by Arthur Ransome; "My Confession Book," "The Fortunes of My Friends," "Revelations of My Friends," in Thumbograph Series; "A Tribute to the Dog," by Gustav Kobbe; "The Woman with the Lamp," by Richard Dehan; "The Secret Garden," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "A Prairie Courtship," by Harold Bindloss; "The Fruitful Vine," by Robert Hichens; "Pandora's Box," by John A. Mitchell; "Advanced Auction Bridge," by the expert of the New York *Sun;* "The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm," by Jules Guérin; "The Great Adventure," by Louise Pond Jewell; "The Tragedy of St. Helena," by Sir Walter Runciman; "In Northern Mists," by Fridtjof Nansen; "At the Silver Gate," by John Vance Cheney; "A Roman Pilgrimage," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Across the Roof of the World," by P. T. Etherton; "The Danube," by Walter Jerrold; "The Fortunate Isles," by Mary Stuart Boyd, and "The South Wales Coast," by Ernest Rhys.

As with a good many other flowers, the glory of Count Albert d'Orsay was rooted in ill-smelling ground. As the accepted lover of Lady Blessington, it is not nice that her husband (who signed himself "Blessinton") should have promised to provide for him if he would abandon his career in the French army, and marry one of Blessington's daughters (by a former wife, it is pleasant to add). That, nevertheless, was the support of the Count's career, which is told with some sprightliness, falling at times into amateurish smartness, by W. Teignmouth Shore in his "D'Orsay, or the Complete Dandy" (Brentano's). There is not enough known of the Count to fill out the pudgy volume which English publishers think necessary for a biography, and as a consequence a considerable part of the book is really a life of Lady Blessington, with an account of the society which gathered in her salon. If the early career of Lady Holland kept a few of the more precise ladies of London away from Holland House, the unrepentant conduct of her rival in society, Lady Blessington, limited the circle at St. James's Square and Gore House almost entirely to men. But where Louis Napoleon, Thackeray, Disraeli, Dickens, and others of that kidney met, there was conversation, at least. Like Beau Brummel, our dandiacal hero suffered the ignominy of debts and ended his career in the shade, so that the tale of his life is as moral as it is entertaining.

There is not much political or military history in A. C. A. Brett's "Charles II and His Court" (Putnam), except that Charles's youthful adventures in the Rebellion are related with sufficient detail. It is the romantic and personal aspects of the subject that have appealed most to the author, and these he has set forth with sufficient knowledge and sober skill. He writes confessedly as a partisan of the Stuarts, and this is no bad thing in a popular book of this sort. Now and then he rather strains the note of partiality, as when he maintains that Charles received the French subsidies in a spirit of patriotism, or when, in reference to the Rye House plot, he observes calmly that "the rest of the Whig chiefs decided on attempting to kill the King"; but for the most part the story is told without distortion of the facts. Even for the general reader it would have been better if Mr. Brett had been more particular in stating his sources; it is sometimes irritating to read an extract from a letter or diary without knowing the name of the writer. Nor should Mr. Brett date the foundation of the Royal Society in 1663—it was founded in 1660 and chartered in 1662—nor is he quite precise in speaking of the Whigs before 1679.

In "The Great Epic of Israel" (Sturgis & Walton), Amos Kidder Fiske reports on his readings in Old Testament criticism for the benefit of a popular audience. How far his readings ranged, or on what writers he pins most faith, he leaves the reader to guess, for there are no footnotes, and in the preface the only reference is to the "Encyclopedia Biblica." The author's purpose seems to be to persuade a generation taught by "teachers and preachers who still shrink from teaching and preaching the truth freely and candidly" (p. viii), that there is no special inspiration in the Old Testament. He declares that "the consecrated writings of the Jews are here treated as an epic of the people of Israel," but he nowhere defines the meaning of "epic," nor does he seem to make any attempt to relate it to the Iliad and the others, except by constant insistence that it is the work of man and that it contains many myths and much fiction. His attempt to bind the heterogeneous contents of the Old Testament into a single continuous work in narrative form would be puzzling, we believe, to readers who know their Bible in the old-fashioned way; and hardly less so to those who have studied the higher criticism. The development of the history and of the religion of Israel was undoubtedly

continuous; but the literature has come down to us in fragments, which cannot be forced into continuous form without violence to their nature.

Brown Brothers of Philadelphia are putting forth a Modern Authors' series of translations in the form of thiu volumes averaging some forty pages in attractive blue-board covers. Modern is here used in the sense of advanced. The authors drawn from are mostly leaders of revolt. Upon the basis of the three booklets that have reached us, comprising three short stories from the German of Frank Wedekind and one from the Russian of Garshin, we are not yet prepared to say that the series meets a long-felt want.

In his "Greek Immigration to the United States" (Yale University Press), Henry Pratt Fairchild has swept the ground clear. The book was written as a Ph.D. thesis for the Yale department of anthropology, and it breathes on every page the love of the infinitesimal for its own sake. It goes against the grain to pick fault with so honest, so thorough, and so readable a contribution to social science. Inclusiveness is its virtue and its sin. Everything that could possibly be said about the causes of Greek immigration, about the mechanics of it, about its scope and character, about its effects on this country and on Greece, has been said. Nevertheless, the doubt will occur whether it was worth a trip to Greece and 120 pages of close text to ascertain that the Greeks come to the United States because Greece is a poor country, where the peasant wrings a scanty subsistence out of a reluctant soil, etc., etc. The architecture of the Greek Orthodox Church, at Lowell, Mass., receives three-quarters of a page. For the principal Greek colonies in Chicago, New York, and Lowell, there are detailed enumerations and censuses that come close to killing a small fly on a very big wheel. The time-honored grubbing of the Ph.D. thesis is here devoted to modern uses. But while a treatise on the leg structure of an obscure member of Coleoptera may be rather trying, it has a dignity that does not attach to an enumeration by States of the number of candy and fruit stores owned by Greeks throughout the United States. Mr. Fairchild has written a fairly useful book, but it would have been just as useful if he had made it shorter by two-thirds. With less space to cover he might have driven his analysis closer, here and there. Closer study, for instance, would have shown that the situatiou in Greece is not necessarily intolerable because "a laborer earning five drachmas a day will pay ten drachmas per month for a room for himself and his family." Two days' income for a month's rent is not a crushing expenditure. The ordinary laborer in New York probably pays out six or seven days' income as rent.

A real difficulty in the use of Latin beginners' books lies in the fact that the vocabularies and the sentences for translation are usually put together on the same page. To avoid this difficulty Miss Abby Kirk and Miss E. L. Bull have adopted a new device in their "First Latin Book" (Lippincott). The translation exercises are grouped together in the second part of the book, and the space thus usually occupied under the different lessons is left blank. From the mechanical point of view, the appearance of the book is therefore peculiar, for the authors have arranged that every lesson should begin at the top of the page, with the result that many pages are from one-half to two-thirds blank. The idea, however, is not a bad one, and gains a special point from the insistence nowadays that translation should be the test of knowledge rather than an end in itself. Otherwise these lessons are arranged with great care and with evident pedagogical insight.

"Spanish Short Stories" (Heath), edited by E. C. Hills and L. Reinhardt, contains fourteen stories, preceded by a concise but adequate introduction, and followed by notes and a vocabulary. Among the authors represented are Bécquer, Valdés, Alarcón, Pereda, Galdós, Ibáñez, and Emilia Pardo Bazán. The stories are well-chosen and interesting, and the editing is well done.

Miss Minnetta Taylor, a noted linguist, fifty-one years old, died at her home in Greencastle, Ind., yesterday, from injuries received in a fall a short time ago. She is said to have spoken forty-five languages, and was the joint author with Señor Biragua of New York of six Spanish-English textbooks.

Isaac B. Morris, a retired lawyer, died on Thursday in Brooklyn. He was born in Chester County, Pa., and was graduated at Miami University in the class with Horace Mann. He was a writer on many subjects pertaining to his profession and also on sociological and political questions, and was the author of "The Battle of the Standards." a work on bimetallism.

Robert Dewey Benedict died on Saturday at his home in Burlington, Vt., in his eighty-third year. He was once a prominent member of the American Bar Association, specializing in admiralty. He was born in Burlington, and soon after his graduation from the University of Vermont in 1848 he came to New York. He was the author of "Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the District Courts of the United States within the Second Circuit" (ten volumes), and also of many published addresses, and he edited "Benedict's Admiralty."

Edward Morse Shepard died last Friday night at his country home, Erlowest, at Lake George, after an illness of several weeks. He was born in New York on July 23, 1850. His father, Lorenzo B. Shepard, who died when he was six years old, was a conspicuous Democrat in the city when Democracy signified principle, patriotism, and civic spirit. He was an orator of power and of charm, a man of much learning and of marked qualities of mind. The boy was fortunate in the friendships that his parentage secured to him. Abram S. Hewitt became his guardian, as he had been the friend of the boy's father. This function coincided with the removal of the family to Brooklyn, and young Shepard was put in Public School 13, in Degraw Street. From here he went for a year to Oberlin College, absorbing some of the atmosphere which the great educator, Horace Mann, had there created. He then entered the College of the City of New York, from which he received the degree of A.B. in 1869. He also held the honorary degree of LL.D. from Tulane University, 1903; Washington and Lee, 1904, and Williams, 1907. Mr. Shepard studied law in the office of John E. Parsons, and was admitted to the bar in 1871. In 1876 he formed a partnership with Albert Stickney, an association which continued until 1890, when the firm of Parsons, Shepard & Ogden was organized. In 1902 Mr. Shepard became head of the firm of Shepard, Smith & Harkness. He was appointed civil service commissioner in Brooklyn in 1883, remaining on the board for two years and becoming its chairman from 1888 to 1890. He was State forestry commissioner in 1884-85 and also a member of the judicial commission to fix the value of the plant and franchise of the Long Island Water Supply Company. At about this time, in the early nineties, he was active in the reorganization of the Kings County Democracy, and did the lion's share in getting the disreputable characters, which made it notorious, ousted from that organization. In 1893 he came prominently before the public in the prosecution of John Y. McKane for ballot-box frauds in Gravesend. From that time his political activities extended from the city to the State, and from the State to the nation. Amid the distractions of politics and the tasks of law he found time for study and writing. His published books are only two: "Martin Van Buren" and "Memoirs of Dugdale," but he wrote also many articles for the magazines.

From Paris comes the report of the death of Hippolyte Garnier, the well-known publisher, at the great age of ninety-six. In 1833 he and his brothers started as booksellers in the Palais Royal.

Science

The Frederick A. Stokes Company announces the following science and nature books: "The World's Minerals," by L. J. Spencer; "Through Birdland Byways" and "Wild Nature Wooed and Won," by Oliver G. Pike; "The Wild Beasts of the World," by Frank Finn; "Flowers from Many Gardens," by H. Shaylor; "Roses"; "At My Window," by Ruth Johnstone, and "Joys of the Garden."

Lord Avebury announces a new work to be entitled "On Marriage, Totemism and Religion: An Answer to Critics." Meanwhile Longmans, Green & Co. issue a reprint of the sixth edition (1902) of his "Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man," to which Lord Avebury has added a new Preface touching briefly on these disputed questions.

To the third edition of his "Grammar of Science" (Macmillan) Karl Pearson has added a new chapter on our ideas of causation, and has included a chapter on Modern Physical Ideas by Prof. E. Cunningham. These increments have made it necessary to divide the work into two volumes, of which the first has appeared, with the sub-title: "Part I.—Physical." The second part, dealing with living forms, is promised for this year.

For those who retain the old-fashioned romantic interest in the starry heavens Mary Proctor has prepared an attractive little book called "Half-Hours with the Summer Stars" (McClurg). Science, history, legend, and poetry here join amicable

hands, though there is no improper confusion of one with another.

Volume IV of "Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution," though containing but three papers, maintains the excellent standard set by its predecessors. Of special interest to the morphologist is S. H. Pratt's discussion of "Monocotyle floridiana, a new monogenetic Trematode." Monocotyle is a genus of peculiar trematode worms, of which but two species have hitherto been known, both parasitic on rays. One of these is reported from Naples, the other from Japan. The third species, from the gills of the eagle-ray at Tortugas, is the subject of Dr. Pratt's study, which adds much of value to Goto's description of the Japanese species. Edwin Linton continues his studies of the helminth fauna of the Dry Tortugas by a consideration of the Trematodes. His paper is illustrated by twenty-eight beautiful plates, giving not only figures of the entire specimens, but of sections showing much anatomical detail. Something of the assiduity with which the work was prosecuted may be gathered from the fact that the collections upon which it is based were made in about three weeks each of the summers of 1906, 1907, and 1908. In all, sixty-four species are described, of which forty-six are new. So unfamiliar are many of these that the author has found it necessary to establish thirty-seven new genera. A key to the genera and species listed adds greatly to the value of the work. An elastic interpretation of the scope of "marine biology" admits to the series T. W. Vanghan's "Contributions to the Geologic History of the Floridian Plateau," but much of the completeness of this interesting paper is due to the facilities afforded by the laboratory, and its consideration of the agency of the coral in the building up of the plateau gives it a zoological interest. For some years it has been known that the land surface of Florida represents only about half the area of the Floridian Plateau. For instance, ten miles south of St. Augustine the total width of the plateau is 405 miles, of which only 135 is land surface. The agencies which originally shaped and subsequently dominated the development of the plateau are discussed at length, and many valuable data are presented regarding the source, quantity, methods of transporting and distribution of the sediments now being deposited, which consist mostly of silica and carbonate of lime. It is a popular belief that the land area of Florida has been built up primarily through the agency of the coral polyp, but from this view Mr. Vaughan, in common with most modern students of the subject, dissents. The more important limestones of the State are oölitic, the corals playing a relatively unimportant rôle.

One of the most interesting botanical regions in our country lies near San Francisco. It has been carefully explored by a good many botanists, both professional and amateur, and its treasures are more or less accessible in numerous treatises. One of the most convenient of these is Prof. W. L. Jepson's "Flora of Western Middle California" (San Francisco: Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch), a second revised edition of which has just appeared. The "key" to the natural families has been constructed in such a manner as to lead even a beginner by easy steps, and the descriptions, both generic and specific, are sufficiently ample. There are no illustrations, but the lack is not altogether serious. One could wish that, for the botanists coming from the East, rather more information had been given about trivial and yet interesting peculiarities, such as fragrance, exceptional methods of dissemination, and the like. The author has wisely adopted the sequence which places at the beginning of the book the families simplest in structure and lowest in the scale, passing thence to the more highly differentiated. He has not attempted to indicate by accents the pronunciation of the technical names of the plants, always a difficult and ungracious task, and one which is, on the whole, of little worth; nor, quite properly, has he contrived common names for the native species, although he has retained the good ones, like "cream-cups," "sand-verbena," "tar-weed," etc. Information concerning local words is given compactly and well. Thus, "Chaparral consists of Manzanita, Pickeringia, Buckbrush, Scruboak, or similar shrubs which form impenetrable and extensive thickets clothing densely the higher slopes and ridges of the Coast Ranges, and the foothills and middle altitudes of the Sierra Nevada." The handy volume of over 500 pages of small octavo contains a geographical index, a sufficient glossary, and a good index of names.

Music and Drama

Richard Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier. A Guide to the Work by Alfred Schattmann. Berlin: Adolph Furstner; New York: G. Schirmer. 50 cents net.

The attitude of managers toward new operas has changed considerably since the time when Richard Wagner gave his music-dramas to the world. In most cases he had to wait years before he could obtain a performance. Richard Strauss, in our day, sends his manuscript, as soon as the ink is dry, to the managers, and in a few months the première is ready. Shortly after the first performance of "Elektra," Hofmannsthal and Strauss put their heads together for another opera, to follow that harrowing musical tragedy. The poet rapidly sketched the scenario of the "Rosenkavalier," submitted it to the composer, and immediately proceeded with its elaboration. The book was written act by act, and as soon as an act was ready—indeed, in some cases, sooner—the manuscript was sent to the composer, who set to work on it. At the end of the full score the words "Garmisch, 26th September, 1910," are written. Four months later the opera had its first performance, in Dresden. The time would have been even shorter had there not been some delay due to a disagreement between the manager and the composer, who at first demanded not only an exceptionally large royalty but an additional guaranty of four annual performances of "Salome" and "Elektra," for a period of ten years, for the right to produce the "Rosenkavalier." At this the management not only of the Dresden Opera, but of the other German institutions, balked, because neither of those operas had held its own long after its sensational launching.

It was predicted when "Elektra" was produced that Strauss himself would be unable to go beyond it in vocal untunefulness and orchestral complexity and cacophony, and that he would therefore next compose a comic opera full of tunes. That was what he did. There is nothing gruesome in "Der Rosenkavalier"; it relates the adventures, mostly comic, of a baron who, shortly before his expected marriage to the daughter of a wealthy merchant, makes love to a young man who happens to be disguised as a chambermaid, and consequently gets into no end of trouble. The place of action is Vienna, in the early years of the reign of Maria Theresa, and Strauss could therefore introduce several Prater waltzes and a minuet in the manner of Mozart.

Apart from this, however, and the inclusion of an Italian tune and an oversentimental passage in Mendelssohn's style, "Der Rosenkavalier" is not so very different from "Salome" and "Elektra." A hundred players are needed for the orchestra, besides a band on the stage, and the score is such a complex woof of leading motives that the composer sanctioned the preparation of a special guide to the music, the English version of which, by Alfred Kalisch, makes a little book of eighty-eight pages. The compiler, Alfred Schattmann, says that the names given to the themes were in most cases decided on in consultation with the composer, wherefore his Guide may be considered official. It would have been well if he had begun with a brief synopsis of the plot, for in the detailed comments on the dialogue and music one who has not read the libretto must here and there lose the connection.

The number of guiding themes in the opera, according to this book, is 118. Wagner has only 90 in his four Nibelung dramas. Some of the names given to Strauss's themes are "Octavian," "The Princess," "Passionate embrace," "Tinkling of bells and menace," "The little black boy," "Polite conversation," "The noble orphans," "Servants of Ochs," "I'm glad I'll be married soon," "My son-in-law," "The Princess as a young girl." Musically, most of them are simple groups of notes, the merest tonal commonplaces, and there is no visible or audible reason why the "Young Princess" theme and the "Black boy" theme should not be exchanged—and so with most of the others. Perhaps the six notes of motive No. 29 do suggest "the coarseness and angularity of Ochs's character"; but such sentences as "Ochs is bleeding freely (72, with triplets and trills in the bassethorn, horn, and bassoon)," and "Now Faninal threatens her

with the convent 'for all her life' (85 and 55, trills in the horns)," and again, "'Hussy, you; off to the convent!' (55, vehement trills in the horns)," are apt to make a comic impression on readers who are not converts. However, for those who look forward to hearing Strauss's latest opera (which is to be produced in this country in the autumn), this guide will prove of value. The 118 leading themes are printed in the text in their proper places, and appended to the little book is a large sheet on which they are all brought together for convenient memorizing at the piano. Some of the waltz themes are ingratiating.

While the late Felix Mottl was a man of wide sympathies, he had, like Gustav Mahler, two specialties in which he excelled particularly—the operas of Wagner and those of Mozart. The death of these two musicians, following so soon that of Levi and of Zumpke, makes an irreparable breach in the ranks of the great Wagner conductors, all the more as the veteran Hans Richter has virtually retired, although he will wield the bâton once more at Bayreuth this summer. The situation is deplorable in these days when the operatic conductor has come to be regarded as at least equal in importance to the star singers.

Berlin is not the only German city which attracts American and English students of music in shoals. The Leipzig Konservatorium der Musik prints its prospectus in English as well as in German.

The next Strauss novelty is to be an orchestral tone poem entitled "Alpine Symphony." It will depict the climb of a lonely wanderer into regions where there are gullies, waterfalls, and other obstacles to surmount. A thunderstorm also occurs; but finally the summit is reached, and the first movement ends with a song of praise to the glories of the Alps. In the second movement, which is concerned with the descent, the wanderer grows skeptical, and is tormented by religious doubts. In the end, however, faith prevails, and the "Alpine Symphony" concludes with a majestic hymn.

The Hungarian Government has official charge of the Liszt Festival, to be held from October 21 to 25 at Budapest. On the morning of October 21 (Liszt was born on October 22, 1811) his Coronation Mass will be sung in one of the churches. In the evening there will be a performance of his "Legend of Saint Elizabeth" at the Royal Opera. Siegfried Wagner (grandson of Liszt and son of Richard Wagner), Weingartner, and Stephan Kerner have been engaged to conduct the orchestral numbers of the festival concerts, and among the distinguished pianists who will be heard are D'Albert, Friedheim, Lamond, Rosenthal, Sauer, and Stavenhagen. To the many American organizations which intend to give Liszt concerts next October, the programmes of October 22, 23, and 24 will be useful as models, all the pieces and songs on them being gems of the first water. The festival will close on the twenty-fifth with the singing of the oratorio "Christus," which is a combination of choral writing in the sixteenth century Palestrina manner with modern orchestral coloring, such as only the brilliant cosmopolitan genius of Liszt could have made.

Viennese operetta has once more won first place, not only in Germany and Austria, but in England and America. The situation is summed up by Ernest Mayer, director of the International Copyright Bureau in London, who gives the following really remarkable list of Viennese works that are now running or will shortly be produced in the United States and England: In London, "The Duke of Luxembourg" bids fair to continue its run through the whole of next season, when it will also be taken on tour on both sides of the Atlantic. Lehar's "Gipsy Love" is to be staged in New York in November, in London in December. There is to be a brilliant revival of the "Fledermaus" in London, where there will also be English productions of the "Förster-Christel," and Fall's "Schneeglöckchen" and "Brüderlein fein." Earlier works, like "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess," "The Waltz Dream," and "The Divorced Woman," are in the meantime being sung in the English provinces. Other Viennese operettas in preparation are Fall's "The Siren" and Lehar's "The Man with Three Wives," in a version made by Paul Potter.

The Coburn Players performed "Macbeth" last Friday night on the College Green at Columbia University. This marked the climax of a week's successful engagement—an annual event toward which summer students as well as the few theatre-goers left in town have come to look. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have associated with them this year a well-balanced cast. They have appeared to great advantage in the lighter Shakespearean plays, such as "Much Ado About Nothing" and "As You Like It." It cannot be said that their excursion into tragedy was as effective, although the acting was spirited, and Mr. and Mrs. Coburn themselves put much conscientiousness into their handling of the leading rôles.

October 16 has been set as the date for the first performance in the second season of Russian ballets under the Metropolitan Opera House management. There will be a three days' performance in the Madison Square Garden, which will be turned into a Russian village. In the company will be Mlle. Pavlowa, M. Mordkin, M. Moroseff, and Mlles. Pajitzkara and Bewickowa from the old company, and Mlles. Karsavina, Geltzer, Siedowa, and Kschenskaja from the Metropolitan Opera House. In addition there will be a corps de ballet of twenty-four couples, and the Imperial Russian Court Orchestra, under the direction of W. W. Andreeff, several instrumental soloists, and a quintet of Russian opera singers. Karsavina is the premier ballerina from the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg, Geltzer was popular at the London Alhambra this summer, and Kschenskaja is the chief soloist at the Imperial Opera House in Russia, but appears only when the Czar is in the house. She, too, danced in London this summer. Siedowa is one of the younger dancers, and has never been seen in England.

Maurice Hewlett's "Ariadne in Naxos" was performed a fortnight ago at the Little Theatre in London, under the direction of the Poets' Club. The piece forms the second part of "The Agonists; a Trilogy of God and Man." Regarding the production, the London *Times* says:

> The purpose of the whole trilogy is to relate three unsuccessful attempts at union between God and man as illustrated by the rise and fall of the House of Crete, a history more horrible than tragic. The scene of this second part is laid in the Island of Naxos, and is in brief the tale of the passion of the God of Wine for Ariadne. . . . The performance as a whole was undeniably distasteful; the heights of passion are levelled when all is done under the influence of frenzy that might not unreasonably be termed drunkenness. The spell of Dionysus is over mankind and this effect was enhanced by the dances.

Art

VASARI'S CENTENARY.

The Life of Giorgio Vasari: A Study of the Later Renaissance in Italy. By Robert W. Carden. With illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4 net.

In view doubtless of the four hundredth anniversary of Vasari's birth, July 30, this well-printed biography has been prepared. It is primarily a character study on a large scale, though sufficiently well-ballasted with facts. Insight, humor, and style make the volume most readable. Possibly the subtitle promises too much, for there is little general consideration of the later Renaissance, and the treatment of the famous "Lives of the Painters" is scant and scrappy. Here Mr. Carden has probably assumed that the facts are familiar, a hazardous supposition for any biographer. Still, the book gains in literary unity from such exclusions, and the temptation to treat merely the man Vasari was hardly to be resisted. So complete and on the whole so amiable an egotist is rare even in the most self-centred of callings.

Listen to him on the very day of Michelangelo's burial in Santa Croce. Vasari, having duly laid the Titan away, writes to Duke Cosimo and reassures him about the future of the arts. Vasari will look to it personally: "I shall spare no pains to keep these noble arts alive and to advance them by means of my paintings, my writings, and by every other means within my power." The indefatigable little man merely exaggerated somewhat the popular opinion of himself. To be sure, Benvenuto Cellini had snarled in good sonnet form at that fecundity which seemed ordained to fill the world with error—

> Per far nel mondo d'ogni sorta errore,

but popes and grand dukes had taken a different view. Vasari was good company, as many frank egotists are. The dour Buonarroti opened his heart to him, Cosimo in the last black days wanted him at hand, prelates and scholars gladly aided in the "Lives" or in the invention of the great historical frescoes. Messer Giorgio was friendly, and naturally much befriended. To oblige

the Cardinal del Monte, he took a wife, to solace her while he was absent in the great world of Rome or Florence he addressed to her numerous sonnets expressing his own distress. In best Petrarchan fashion he alternately burns and freezes, but alas! the work that is to immortalize himself and her must continue.

As to this work, most of it seems to day appallingly bad. All the squirming anatomical insistency of Michelangelo is in it without a whit of Michelangelo's nobility. One may hardly remain long in the frescoed great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, and one marvels at the taste that could not merely endure but admire these contorted lividities. Vasari had no qualms on the subject, for he printed a series of Dialogues in which to a princely hearer the artist expounded the perfections of these great battle scenes. With customary luck, Cavaliere Giorgio died too soon to hear the abuse that followed the unveiling of his last great work, the frescoes inside Brunellesco's dome. The satirist, Grazzini, better known as il Lasca, opines that the dome thus decorated is become a footbath or a washtub. Vasari is generally hated as a "public thief and assassin," and the Florentine people will never have an end of regret except through the aid of whitewash.

Now, barring the personal abuse, il Lasca's verdict was right enough. Whitewash is emphatically what the inside of the Florentine dome still needs, and, generally speaking, most of the walls decorated by Vasari's brush would better please in honest Tuscan plaster. As a painter, the man was a rank mannerist. Nothing much can be said for him on that score but that he shared with most of his Tuscan contemporaries a fair gift for portraiture. His bewildering success as a decorator merely indicates the fallen condition of the art of painting in Rome and Florence of his time. Mr. Carden gives over the painting and claims rank for his hero only on the ground of his work in architecture. And, indeed, the man who built the Uffizi Palace, and that of the Knights of St. Stephen at Pisa, deserves something more than a footnote in the history of art. Yet even the painting commands, if not approval, a certain admiration for its sheer athleticism. There never was so ready and competent a man.

For the world at large Vasari survives merely as the author of the "Lives," and here the world judges aright. One evening at Cardinal Farnese's in Rome, Vasari was present with many humanists. The talk drifted to a project of Paolo Giovio's to celebrate the artists from antiquity to the present day. Vasari noted that Paolo spoke well, but, after the fashion of the literary critic, very much in general and with frequent inaccuracies. As the group discussed the plan approvingly, the Cardinal turned to Vasari, who also approved, "provided that Giovio were assisted by a painter or some one who could put the facts into their proper order and explain the technicalities to him." The Cardinal readily divined that Messer Giorgio could name the painter. As a matter of fact, Vasari had been collecting old drawings from his boyhood, had visited Northern Italy in 1541, meeting the artists and taking notes, and presumably had already nourished the plan which he actually accomplished at the Cardinal's suggestion. It was like Vasari to wait for precisely the most picturesque moment at which to commence author. According to his own account, this evening with Giovio, Caro, Molza, and others of the Cardinal's set fell in 1546. The researches of Scoti-Bertinelli make it almost certain that Vasari misremembered by two or three years, and that the memorable conference must be set in the year 1543. About this range of doubt attaches to all dates cited by the author of the "Lives." In 1550 the first edition in two volumes appeared in the types of Torrentino and was promptly exhausted. In 1568 the revised and enlarged edition in three volumes appeared with the Giunta imprint. Almost immediately, for the author's airs had doubtless made him enemies, the charge was made that Vasari had favored Tuscan, and especially Florentine, artists and had filled his pages with legends and errors. To tax Vasari with gross inaccuracy has ever since been fashionable.

Genially interpreted, neither the charge of "campanilism" nor that of carelessness is true. Vasari was a singularly openminded chronicler. Born in Arezzo, a border town between Tuscany and Umbria, working much at Rome, varying his life at court with long retreats at Camaldoli, Vasari was capable of detached views. In spite of his prolonged and devoted service to the Medici, he was not a Florentine. Of his native Arezzo he became a Gonfaloniere; there he adorned the chapel of his family and there he was buried. The worst that can be charged against the "Lives" is that there is some harmless puffery of early Aretine painters. Vasari could not make bricks without straw. At Florence only he commanded a considerable amount of manuscript and traditional material; at Rome he knew the great personages of Raphael's following and Michelangelo's. His knowledge of Lombard and Venetian painting was perforce gained from two short trips. The embittered relations between Florence and Siena hardly admitted of research in the City of the Virgin. It is true enough that Vasari's account of Sienese painting is defective, yet it is also true that he praised generously the greatest Sienese artists—Duccio, Simone Memmi, Ambruogio Lorenzetti—gave full recognition to his own older Sienese contemporary, Baldassare Peruzzi, and loyally set down whatever was accessibly recorded about the neighboring school. Naturally, Vasari was limited by his opportunities; but his curiosity was universal, his temper remarkably catholic. In the days of express trains, photographs, museums, and centralized archives it is easy to make game of his achievement, but to mock him shows as great an absence of historic sense as of modesty. The charge of provincialism recoils from him upon his critics.

On the score of accuracy, Vasari cannot be held blameless, yet here to understand is to pardon. He had an unhappy habit of giving his approximations in exact figures. Instead of saying an artist died about seventy years old, he would say "in his sixty-eighth year." Sometimes such a statement is based on written authority, more often it represents a verbal tradition; occasionally, one must fear, it represents nothing but Vasari's surmise. This means simply that Vasari must not be taken arithmetically, and that is no shame to him. In his time nobody could have written a chronologically exact history of art. Even in our time it has taken two generations of scholarship partially to set Vasari's dates right. The moral is plainly, don't use him for dates, but for facts of another order. In all these matters we shall be able to judge more fairly when the "Lives" are cleared of the present litter of superfluous and polemical annotation and printed in a way to show the relations of the first and second editions, and of both to the literary sources. In its day, the translation with Dr. Richter's notes in the Bohn Library was excellent. The recent German translation rearranged under the categories of the arts is a model for economy and accuracy of annotation. We are soon to have a critical edition edited by Karl Frey, and the Florentine publishers of the Milanesi, which, however behind the times, is still the standard, have long promised a thoroughly revised reissue. The convenience of Blashfield and Hopkins's selection would justify a corrected edition on the basis of the new and forthcoming material. About the scholarly shortcomings of Vasari nothing new and important is likely to be learnt. His substantial merit will appear more clearly when we have conveniently set together his exact text and its sources.

That Vasari was a deliberate mythmaker is a more serious accusation. It has even been said that without verification nothing should be accepted from the "Lives." Now, Vasari was an uncritical compiler, but we do not think a single instance of mystification could be cited from the three volumes. More

frequently than is imagined, Vasari drew from written sources which were themselves inaccurate. Toward tradition of whatever value, so it were interesting, he bent a credulous ear. But what a service it was to collect even indiscriminately the artistic tradition of the sixteenth century, to make three generations of artists stand before us as breathing men! How grossly the inaccuracy of Vasari's tradition has been exaggerated, let a single instance attest. When Crowe and Cavalcaselle wrote the life of Fra Filippo Lippi they denied as legendary the seduction of the nun Lucrezia Buti and the paternity of Filippino Lippi. Vasari's culpable weakness for a good story was noted. The improbability of the scandal in itself was emphasized, its incompatibility with the beautiful spirit evinced in the Fra's paintings. *A fortiori*, the yarn that Fra Filippo had been captured by the Barbary pirates was smiled out of court. Well, the documents have since proved that as regards Lucrezia and Filippino Vasari merely told truly what was matter of common knowledge at his time. What is truly fantastic in the case is the skepticism of Crowe and Cavalcaselle and their egregious attempt to whitewash the errant friar. So much for one of Vasari's "legends." It would not be surprising if evidence of the Fra's Barbary captivity should some day turn up. Nothing contradicts the story, and Leonardo da Vinci, who could have had it from Filippino, was telling it before the year 1500. To attack Vasari gratuitously is dangerous, as we have shown above, and here we may imagine how those who are now assailing the Life of Cimabue would treat the story of the boy Giotto drawing the sheep by the roadside if Vasari were our only warrant for it. What an instance of Vasari's "novelistic" tendency this pretty legend would be if only it did not occur a century earlier in the "Commentaries" of Lorenzo Ghiberti.

And Vasari had inklings of the modern method. His sources were not to be taken wholly on faith, but were to be controlled by inspection of the works of art. "For long experience teaches careful painters to know the various manners of the artists not otherwise than a learned and experienced scribe knows the handwriting of his peers, and any man the characters of his closest friends and kin." Here is implicitly the Morellian programme. The second edition of the "Lives" shows constantly the advantages of growing knowledge and taste. On the side of taste, indeed, barring a very few of his contemporary judgments, Vasari was almost impeccable. Equally accessible to him were the Roman severity of a Mantegna, the idyllic charm of a Giorgione, the fantastic excellence of a Piero di Cosimo. Unlike Michelangelo, Messer Giorgio could do justice to the mannered beauty of Perugino. In fine, the just proportion of appreciation was set once for all by Vasari. What he lauds seems still admirable, where he is silent we generally have to do with secondary or merely recondite merit. It is doubtful if any of the many painter critics who have succeeded him have equalled him in true catholicity.

More important yet to an open-hearted reader is Vasari's vivid sense of personality, precisely that picturesqueness for which he is reprehended. He wrote at a time when old men still remembered Pollaiuolo, Ghirlandaio, Botticelli, and treasured the words of those who had seen Ghiberti, Ucello, Fra Angelico. Vasari caught the impress of these artists just as it was fading irrevocably. To him we owe such vivifying traits as Ucello muttering "O, fair Perspective!" Ghirlandaio yearning to fresco the walls of Florence, distraught Piero di Cosimo with his eggs boiled ahead for undisturbed days of fantasy, Masaccio oblivious of praise and pay, Angelico praying his way toward a new masterpiece. And if whatever of life and color has been transmitted from the *botteghe* of the fifteenth century to ourselves is largely due to Vasari, we owe him an even greater debt for his portraiture of such princes of art as Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo. Their achievements we might gather from other sources, though a life of Leonardo without Vasari's aid is almost unthinkable, but the impression they left, their pride and gentleness, their passion and restraint, their asperities and their charm, live in Vasari's pages as nowhere else. Quite incidentally, while writing a series of artist biographies, he has given us the picture of an age. Next to the incomparable Boccaccio, he is the most important source for the history of Italian culture, and possibly through his very limitations he got nearer the soul of Italy, whereas Boccaccio tends outward toward mankind.

Whether Vasari was a great man or not, his latest biographer declines to answer, but Mr. Carden's silence and the general tone of his book suggests that we must not take Messer Giorgio too seriously. The issue is possibly an unprofitable one, closely allied as it is to the still open question, How shall we take Boswell? It matters less, clearly, how we take these memorable ridiculous persons than that we do take them. To rule out Boswell for his foibles, or Vasari for equal weaknesses—or, more concretely, for bungling the lives of Masolino, Masaccio, Castagno—this merely proves lack of imagination and consequent bad literary breeding. Is not our proper attitude in either case profound gratitude without waiver of the right to smile? Vasari writes from busy days at Rome to Don Vincenzo Borghini, "Poor old Salviati has only had the pleasure of seeing me twice." The sentiment and the form of the phrase are eminently Vasarian. The reader may test his own quality by inquiring whether he has merely laughed at Vasari or whether he has also envied Salviati the high pleasure so narrowly measured out.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has the following art books on its list: "The Painters of Japan," by Arthur Morrison; "Corot," "Delacroix," "Boucher," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Montagna," "Perugino," "Van Eyck" (Masterpieces in Color), by T. Leman Hare; "The Old Clock Book," by N. Hudson Moore; "Chats on Farmhouse and Cottage Furniture," by Arthur Hayden; "Chats on Postage Stamps"; "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art," by Ernest F. Fenollosa; "Ceilings and Their Decoration," by Guy G. Rotheray; "Liber Studiorum," by J. M. W. Turner; "Fireplaces, Inglenooks, and Mantel Shelves," by Guy G. Rotheray; and "Albert Dürer," "J. R. Smith," "Watteau and Boucher," "Goya," "Van Dyck," "Montagna" (Great Engravers), by A. M. Hind.

Edwin Austin Abbey, who died in London on Tuesday, was born in Philadelphia April 1, 1852, and received his first instruction at the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. His first recognition came through his work as a pen draughtsman, but he also made many drawings with the brush. Some of the best of his most recent works consisted of tone drawings. The pictures depicting scenes from "The Tempest," both those in tone and the pen drawings, are commonly regarded as the best Abbey produced. It was to get pictures for the illustration of a volume of Herrick's poems for Harpers that Abbey made his first trip abroad in 1878. His associates in the art department of Harpers were John W. Alexander, Howard Pyle, and Joseph Pennell. With this search for local color Abbey became so fascinated that as soon as his contract with the American publishers expired he returned to England to stay. Soon afterward he received his commission from the Boston Public Library for the mural decoration of the delivery room, and his fulfilling of that contract with the Quest of the Holy Grail made him famous and popular in his own country. His compensation for that work was $15,000. The expenses of the undertaking probably exceeded that, but, as his friends put it, "his idea was not to make money; he accepted the commission for the love of the work, to set the ball a-rolling." Ten years ago Abbey received the royal commission to paint the picture of King Edward's coronation. The same honor was offered to him a year ago, when the preparations were being made for the crowning of George V, but he declined because of his unpleasant recollections of the previous coronation work. King Edward and Queen Alexandra had been considerate and reasonable; but with people of less exalted station he had had to suffer in the most exasperating fashion from their unpunctuality and from their well-nigh incredible vanity. Abbey's Edward VII coronation picture was received with much praise in the art world. The canvas is fifteen feet in length by nine in height, and the predominant colors are crimson, gold, and blue. The scene is at the crossing of

the transepts of Westminster Abbey, looking toward the south transept—a scene considerably altered from its usual aspect by the temporary removal of a tomb and the introduction of galleries or boxes, as they were called, between the great columns. Abbey's other great mural work, besides that for the Boston Library, was done for the dome of the Pennsylvania State Capitol. Penn's Treaty with the Indians, and Camp of the American Army at Valley Forge, the two large canvases for this place, were finished only a short time before his death. Of the character of his work as an artist we shall have more to say next week. He had received many degrees and honors, and was Member of the National Academy of Design, Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, Corresponding Member of the Institut de France, and president of the Artists' Cricket Club.

Finance

ENCOURAGING SIGNS.

Before the recent sale of Panama Canal bonds, the New York Clearing House banks had a gratifyingly large surplus reserve, on the strength of which there were many encouraging predictions with reference to our autumn financial situation. To-day, their reserve instead of being noticeably large for this season of the year is about on a level with the average of the years preceding 1907, when, in the opinion of many, there was too much inclination to sail close to the wind. The very marked decline in the reserve in consequence of the Panama Canal bond sale has focused a good many minds on a fact which, in the past, has been quite generally ignored, namely, that public expenditure has had a great deal to do with creating the situation of the last few years, and is having a great deal to do with retarding our recovery from that situation.

At the time the Panama Canal bonds were sold, it was generally assumed that the proceeds would speedily find their way back to the banks. Though it was understood that these particular bonds could not be used as a basis for bank-note circulation, their legality as a basis for deposits was plainly declared. It was, therefore, taken for granted that what the New York banks lost as private deposits they would get back in the form of government deposits. That hope has not been realized, nor is there any reason to believe that it is going to be. The money has gone into the Treasury's vaults, and there is the strongest ground for asserting that the Secretary of the Treasury intends that it shall stay there, except as it is paid out over Uncle Sam's counter in the ordinary course of business. The banks have by this time, no doubt, abandoned their expectation of regaining it for use during the crop-moving period.

Presumably, the Secretary of the Treasury chose the midsummer of 1911 to float the Panama Canal issue, because he thought he could do the best thing for himself with the least amount of harm to the money market. What he actually did was to steal a march on the industrial world by eliminating this great block of money market money, to use Bagehot's phrase. Considerably more than $50,000,000 that might otherwise have been loaned to merchants and manufacturers, to say nothing of Wall Street, has been locked up for the purpose of being paid out in comparatively small sums to countless persons in a great many different localities. Doubtless, if the financial situation should change radically for the worse, the Secretary of the Treasury would feel obliged to undo his work to the extent of depositing this money in the banks.

But short of some such necessity as that he is not likely to act. The need of such action later on is not exciting thought at this time. Nevertheless, while the absence of the money absorbed by the Panama Canal bonds may not, and probably does not, imply any new hardship to general industry, it is quite conceivable that it may play no inconsiderable part in delaying the return of general industry to its old-time activity. That it will have some effect in retarding the bond market is likely. It is no secret that the bond houses have expected that by this time there would be a slowing down in the movement of bonds, owing not only to the Government's withdrawal of more than $50,000,000, but also to the larger volume of discounts and purchases of commercial paper by the banks.

Heretofore the country has not given very much thought to the financial aspect of the Panama Canal. Here was a great public work that would benefit the whole world, and we, the builders, were an enormously wealthy nation. At last, however, we seem to have reached a point where the floating of bonds for only a small fraction of the cost has appreciably hampered the money market. In other words, this country is now having an object lesson in public expenditure, and is coming to see that the money which it is spending without stint is just so much capital withdrawn from the channels where the 90,000,000 Americans look for their bread and butter. A decade at least of extravagance in public expenditure, a large part of it far less justifiable than this particular item, has contributed as much as anything to the adverse condition existing in America and Europe in the last four years; and yet no very serious effort has been made to check the policy.

With our far from affluent bank reserves, what may we expect for business and speculation in the autumn of 1911? This is a natural question, but at best a futile one. In none of the many aspects of the situation have conditions yet declared themselves with sufficient clearness to admit of predictions. As regards money, for example, it is possible to obtain a fair idea of the state of our bank reserves on this side of the Atlantic, but it is not wholly plain just what our credit balance abroad is. Outwardly, it is large, and it is hard to avoid the conviction that when all that we owe Europe for interest, freights, etc., is deducted, we shall still be in a position to draw gold in liberal amount from the other side. At the moment, money is in abundant supply in Europe. On the other hand, if foreign crops are as deficient as some have led us to suppose, Europe, while drawing on us more freely for sustenance, may, perhaps, find herself unable to purchase our manufactures on as large a scale as heretofore. But such discussion is hardly profitable at this stage: it is necessarily characterized by too many "ifs" and "buts."

Still, while it is not easy to read the immediate future, there is strong ground for the conviction that basic conditions are improving, the change for the better being especially noticeable in the last week or two. There has been a manifest absurdity in the various attempts of the past few years to create a new industrial boom, with its attendant stock market effusiveness, on top of the inflated structure built up in the years prior to 1907. The most encouraging feature to-day is that more real progress has been made in the last few weeks toward a rational basis for a new prosperity than has been witnessed during the same length of time since the panic of four years ago. Inside of a week cotton has broken 11 cents. Where it will stop on its downward course, no one knows; but until there is a pretty general belief that it has struck bottom there is not likely to be an increase of activity in cotton manufacturing. Meanwhile, cotton goods have continued to sag in price on small sales, and some of the mills have found it advisable to pass their dividends. Tariff and other uncertainties have retarded the sale of wool textiles, but it is a significant fact that manufacturers seem disposed to abandon the thought of a profit, and even to accept a loss, in the hope of keeping their machinery measurably employed. Reports are conflicting with reference to steel, but here too it looks as if manufacturers were increasingly bent on enlarging their business by hook or crook.

This will bring about a genuine improvement in our economic situation quicker than anything else. It is doubtful if any one looks for a pronounced revival during the rest of 1911; first, because it may take longer than that for the cost of production wholly to adjust itself to new conditions; and, secondly, because in the crop-moving period the cash may not be forthcoming

for largely increased activity in general industry. Still, so far as the aims and methods of private industry are concerned, it looks as if a real tendency in the right direction had at last been created. It could be wished that the same could be said of the aims and methods of nation, State, and municipality. General business is suffering too much at the hand of the tax-gatherer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, F. R. In Sonnet Wise. Boston: Badger.

American Church Silver of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts, July-December, 1911. Boston: The Museum.

Annuaire de L'Un'on Interparlementaire. Première Année, 1911. Brussels: Misch & Thron.

Bandello, M. Le Novelle. Volume Quarto. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Bennett, A. Literary Taste and How to Form It: What the Public Wants: a Play in Four Acts. Doran. 75 cents; $1.

Brown, C. Dionis of the White Veil. Boston: Page. $1.50.

Brummer, S. D. Political History of New York State During the Period of the Civil War. (Columbia Univ. Studies, vol. xxxix.) Longmans.

Brunetière, F. Etudes sur le xviiie Siècle. Paris: Hachette.

Clifford, H. The Downfall of the Gods. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Constable, F. C. Personality and Telepathy. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner.

Coughlin, J. J. Osirus, and Other Poems. Boston: Badger.

Dickens Centenary Edition. Our Mutual Friend. 2 vols. Scribner.

Dudley, C. H. St. Paul's Friendships and His Friends. Boston: Badger.

Fromentin Une Année Dans le Sahel. Edited by L. Morel. Frowde.

Futrelle, M. Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Gioberti, V. Del Rinnovamento Civile D'Italia. Volume Secondo. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Harrington, G. W. A Reversion of Form and Other Horse Stories. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Vol. V, Part iii, Canada; Part iv, Newfoundland. Frowde.

Huntly, H. The Way of the Gods in Japan. Boston: Badger. $1.50.

Idarius, P. The Standard American Drawing and Lettering Book. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.75.

Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. vi, Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879, by F. W. Scott. Revised and enlarged. Springfield: Ill. State Historical Library.

Larden, W. Argentine Plains and Andine Glaciers. Scribner.

Liszt, F. Frédéric Chopin. Translated from the French. Boston: Ditson.

Lloyd, F. E. Guayule: A Rubber Plant of the Chihuahuan Desert. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Mawson, T. H. Civic Art: Studies in Town Planning, Parks, Boulevards, and Open Spaces. Scribner. $20 net.

Myers, G. W., and others. Teacher's Manual for First-Year Mathematics; First-Year Mathematics for Secondary Schools; Second-Year Mathematics for Secondary Schools. University of Chicago Press. 80 cents; $1; $1.50 net.

Osborne, T. B., and Mendel, L. B. Feeding Experiments with Isolated Food—Substances. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Porter, G. H. Ohio Politics During the Civil War Period. (Columbia Univ. Studies, vol. xl.) Longmans.

Report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner of the State of New York for 1907-1908-1909. Albany, N. Y.

Rickett, E. Twenty Nursery Rhymes Set to New Tunes. Boston: Ditson. $1.

Rogers, W. S. Garden Planning. Doubleday, Page. $1.10 net.

Ross, E. H. The Reduction of Domestic Mosquitoes. Philadelphia: Blakiston's Son. $1.75 net.

St. John, E. P. Child Nature and Child Nurture: A Text-book for Parents' Classes. Boston: Pilgrim Press.

Sheehan, C. The Queen's Fillet. Longmans.

Snell, F. J. The Customs of Old England. Scribner.

Strahorn, C. A. Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage: A Woman's Unique Experience. Putnam.

Umbstaetter, H. D. The Red-Hot Dollar, and Other Stories from the Black Cat. Boston: Page. $1.

Vico, G. B. La Scienza Nuova. Parte Prima. Bari: Giu. Laterra & Figli.

Warren, A. T. Experimental and Theoretical Course of Geometry. Fourth edition, revised. Frowde.

White, W. A. Harmonic Part-Writing. Boston: Silver, Burdett.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1911.

The Week

If the peace agreements with Great Britain and France are to meet with opposition in the Senate, such opposition cannot be based on the ground that the treaty-making powers of that body have been curtailed. Secretary Knox asserts that the Senate's functions under the new arrangement remain what they are under the present limited treaty of arbitration with Great Britain. His contention is completely borne out by the text of Article I of the new treaties, which declares that, whether a question be submitted for arbitration to the Hague Tribunal or to a specially constituted court, the method of submission shall be in the form of a special agreement, "which special agreement shall provide for the organization of such tribunal, if necessary, define the scope of the powers of the arbitrators, the question or questions at issue, and settle the terms of reference and the procedure thereunder." This special agreement shall be made, on the part of the United States, "by and with the advice of the Senate." The most jealous defender of Senatorial rights could find no peril in this, even in the Senate as we have known it.

With his characteristic modesty and absolute devotion to the Japanese Crown, Admiral Togo will doubtless accept all the courtesies which are shown him here merely as tributes to the supreme virtue of the Mikado. It was to that, it will be remembered, that the chief Japanese naval official attributed Togo's great victory in the Straits of Tsushima, in acknowledging receipt of the Admiral's report of his amazing achievement. But in the warm reception which the Admiral is enjoying, there is sure to be much of the personal. He is the greatest sea-fighter of the age, properly characterized as the Nelson of Japan, and he is the more interesting because of his reputation for silence and mystery. This characteristic of the man does not, however, prevent his being a genuinely forceful personality, as well as a great strategist. No one must think that his very silence failed to impress his subordinates or that he was merely the brains of the Japanese fleet, a marvellous sea-Moltke, cold and impassive, or a wonderful thinking automaton.

Mr. Carnegie has provided a pension for Andy Toth, the Hungarian who some time ago was released from the penitentiary at Pittsburgh, where he had spent twenty years of a life term for a crime which it was discovered he had not committed. But what sticks in the mind, in considering the tragedy, is the lack of any regular means of redress for errors of this sort made by society. The individual who injures us, though under a misapprehension, has to pay for his mistake; but legal procedure against the State for a similar act is impossible. Would it not have been the more suitable procedure for the late Legislature at Harrisburg to acknowledge the State's mistake, and to perform the only reparation in its power by providing the victim with an annuity? This course would have been consistent with its own dignity, and would have had the advantage of distinctly presenting the relief, which must at best be wofully inadequate, as an act of justice and not of charity.

As a practical proposition, Senator Owen's bill for the elimination of the Federal judiciary as an independent department of the United States Government does not call for serious consideration; as a sign of the times, it is distinctly worth attention. In proposing that Congress shall have power to remove any Federal judge at its pleasure, and without the assignment of any other reason than its own opinion of the requirements of the public good, Senator Owen goes far beyond what any body of public sentiment now worth considering would at all countenance; but the restiveness which, in his case, finds expression in this wild and revolutionary proposal is felt by many sober persons who are casting about for some means of curbing the power of the judiciary, and who, though reluctant, yet feel tempted to look to the recall, in some form, as the necessary remedy. The essence of the matter is the assertion, first, that the judiciary has usurped legislative functions; and, secondly, that by virtue of the finality which attaches to the acts of the highest courts, we have a system of government in which irremovable judges are clothed with unlimited power.

Take, however, that particular instance of Supreme Court "usurpation" which, more than any other, has aroused the indignation of the enemies of judicial autocracy. In the Standard Oil decision, the Court, we are told, takes a statute, and where the words appear "restraint of trade," it says "unreasonable restraint of trade" is meant, even though Congress has expressly refused so to limit the statute. Now, is there anything under Heaven to prevent Congress from passing a law, in a score or so of words, declaring that the Sherman act prohibits *all* restraints, whether reasonable or unreasonable? Yet Congress will not do it. It *did* refuse to insert the qualification in so many words; but it will also refuse to put in the *denial* of the qualification in so many words. The Court thinks Congress could not have meant to prohibit *all* restraints, because that would result in the sort of thing which was the undoing of Shylock; the Supreme Court refuses to take the position of Portia, though perhaps that may have been literally nominated in the bond. But nothing would be easier than for Congress to leave the Court no alternative. Until Congress does so, the Court's suspensory veto—if veto it is to be regarded—will hold good; the moment Congress decides to go the whole length of the literal prohibition, it can have its way.

If anybody was expecting Mr. Roosevelt to give but a half-hearted approval to his own action concerning the Steel Trust's absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, he must have been sadly disappointed on reading the statement presented to the Stanley Committee last Saturday. The Colonel enthusiastically approves everything the President did in 1907; he finds it perfect not only in purity of motive and soundness of judgment, but in all its consequences, immediate and remote, direct and collateral. But while four years of opportunity for contemplation have thus failed to reveal to Mr. Roosevelt any possi-

bilities of defect in the little transaction of November 4, 1907, between himself and Messrs. Gary and Frick, upon other minds inconvenient doubts obtrude themselves. It took him only the brief space intervening between his breakfast on that morning and the opening of the New York Stock Exchange to decide that if in the future the steel magnates should be charged with having been actuated by any monopolistic motive, this would not represent "what could honestly be said, but what might recklessly and untruthfully be said"; and yet there are to-day great numbers of people who are not in the least either reckless or untruthful, and who think that no other supposition really fits the facts.

Counsel for Lorimer, at Monday's session of the investigating committee, worked "for all it was worth" the fact that the witness Beckemeyer, who confessed that he had taken a bribe, had at another time denied that he had done so. Mr. Hanecy made Beckemeyer brand himself a liar, over and over again. That may have been fun for Hanecy, and it was certainly hard on Beckemeyer; but it does very little for Lorimer. A man that will take a bribe is very likely to lie about it; and the fact that he actually did lie, however thoroughly it might be established, would leave the matter just about where it would have been without it. The case is very different from that of Hines; if Hines could be proved a liar, the bottom would drop out of his defence against the charge of bribe-giving. It is unfortunate, but true, that a man's denial of having committed a crime is not entitled to the same degree of confidence as his acknowledgment that he did commit one. And as for this Lorimer case, it is further unfortunate for the challenged Senator from Illinois that there are a number of separate and distinct persons who have confessed to receiving bribes, and also a formidable array of witnesses whose statements agree in pointing to Hines as the collector and distributor of a big corruption fund.

Only six years old, the Dreadnought type of monster battleship is doomed, if the report is correct that the Admiralty has decided upon smaller armored ships. Ever since the launching of the first Dreadnought, which set all the major countries to building imitations, the Admiralty has each year planned a bigger and faster battleship. The Dreadnought itself was nine per cent. larger than its predecessor, having a displacement of 17,900 tons. But within five years the Lion appeared with 8,450 tons more of displacement, and a length 170 feet greater. This ship is but 40 feet shorter than the gigantic 700-foot ocean liner. Hence, it is easy to understand the excitement in British and foreign naval circles when it was rumored that the 1911-12 battleship is to be smaller than the Dreadnought by 400 tons and inferior in size by nearly 9,000 tons to the Lion and her sister ships. No official announcement has as yet been made as to the exact changes, but naval opinion has accepted the report that these smaller ships will carry only six monster guns, presumably of fifteen-inch calibre, as opposed to the eight 13.5-inch guns of ships of the Lion class, the reduction being, of course, necessitated by the smaller tonnage.

Prospects of further trouble between the Des Moines City Railway Company and its employees are now said to be small, "except in the courts." As the courts are the places specifically established for the reception and settlement of such troubles, the situation in this respect is just as it should be. The injunction which interrupted the strike was prematurely assailed by Mr. Gompers, who was unaware that it was directed against the company rather than against the men, and who seized the opportunity to fulminate against all injunctions as intended to bring workingmen "into a condition of slavery." It is now attacked by the president of the company. If the statement of the president of the Des Moines carmen's union is true, however—and it seems to be undisputed—the duty of the company is plain. An agreement has been in force, he is reported as saying, between the company and the union, requiring that disputes be arbitrated. The company, he asserts, refused to arbitrate the case of the discharged conductor which brought on the strike, and the court's order reinstating him and compelling the company to submit the matter to arbitration followed. If the result of the dispute and attempted strike should be to compose the difficulty peaceably, other cities will envy the Iowa capital its good fortune in having such an agreement to swing over the heads of both corporation and employees.

The highly regrettable election of ex-Governor Vardaman as Senator from Mississippi will probably have one good result—to put John Sharp Williams on his mettle to maintain the dignity of the State which he represents. If he succeeds in doing this in spite of what his colleague does to the contrary, he will be a leader indeed. Outsiders will wonder why the present incumbent, Senator Percy, should not have been re-elected. True, he is almost alone in his attitude toward charges of bribery, returning promptly to the Mississippi capital when such allegations were made against his managers and demanding a new primary; a demand which was not granted simply because his enemies could not produce enough evidence to warrant the expenses of his reëlection. He has not been long enough in the Senate to be a notable figure. Moreover, Senator Percy is simply a gentleman, an able man, a lawyer of unusual merit, fair-minded toward all people and both races—as different from the Vardaman type as a man could well be. His successor may be expected to run a close race with Jeff Davis for the position of chief Senatorial demagogue and buffoon.

The popular notion that the owner of the soil owns everything above and below it, says a writer in *Case and Comment*, has no well-founded support in law. No exclusive right can be had in either light or air. All that there seems to be in the maxim *Cujus est solum ejus est usque ad cœlum* is that ownership to the sky means preferential use of the space by the owner of the soil, and that such use is interfered with only when the enjoyment of the soil is diminished. What, then, are the landowner's rights with respect to aviation? May he prevent flights across his land on the theory that they constitute a trespass by interfering with his beneficial enjoyment of the soil? According to one theory, set forth in a Paris journal, one has a claim to sunlight, and is entitled to damages for shadows of aeroplanes that are cast upon him. Presumably, airships flying at a great height would not be much bothered by this restriction. Another

theory limits vertical ownership to three hundred metres. This is even more fanciful, if anything, than the preceding view. The idea that seems likely of adoption lies between these two. It is that the ownership of the soil extends into the air as far as it is of use. The higher we build the higher our ownership reaches. But there will always be a point where ownership ceases to have any meaning, and where the owner ceases to have a right to hang out a No Trespass sign. This view, which is that dictated by common sense, has already been taken by the Swiss Civil Code.

It was Mr. Balfour's contention in the House of Commons on Monday that Mr. Asquith has wrought damage to the dignity and prestige of the Crown by obtaining the King's coöperation in the struggle with the House of Lords. But the plain facts in the case are that Mr. Balfour has done great harm to the prestige and dignity of the Crown by dragging the person of the King into the sphere of parliamentary debate. Every man in Parliament must have known what Mr. Asquith was finally forced to state in blunt terms, that there never was any question of the King's accepting the advice of his Ministers to create peers; "the system was cast-iron." Every English schoolboy knows that the King, so far as the play of the great political forces is concerned, is but a figurehead and that sovereignty abides in the House of Commons. But loyalty and decorum and reverence for ancient form have continued to invest the monarch with the traditions of power that he does not really enjoy. It remained for the Unionist leader to bring out, in unmistakable terms, the impotence of the Crown. Mr. Balfour's motion of censure against the Ministers for having abused their power over the King is another way of saying that the Ministers have made wrong use of the tool in their hands.

The tariff bill now pending in the Dutch States-General makes a classification of manufactured goods into three great divisions—partly manufactured, nearly finished, and fully manufactured; the duties ranging from 3 to 6 per cent. in the first division, going as high as 10 per cent. in some cases in the second, and reaching a maximum of 12 per cent. in the "fully manufactured" class. With raw materials free, and with an extreme limit of 12 per cent. for manufactured goods, it is difficult to see how those poor Dutchmen will manage to survive. It is well known that they have the misfortune to be more prosperous than most of their neighbors, and it is distressing to think of what the pauper labor of Belgium or Austria will do to them, with nothing but a duty of from 3 to 12 per cent. to keep the country from being flooded with foreign goods. Or rather it would be distressing if one did not remember that, contrary to all common sense, they have hitherto persisted in trying to live along without any protective tariff at all, and have actually succeeded in keeping up a very good show of prosperity. Their foreign trade, for example, has for many years been growing at an astonishing rate, and the total of exports and imports—not counting transit trade—now exceeds two billion dollars annually; a tidy sum for a nation of barely six million people.

The maxim "Few die and none resign" is as inapplicable to Haytian Presidents as to French, although the resignations bear a larger proportion to the deaths in the West Indian republic than in the European. Gen. Simon was elected by the National Assembly in 1908 for the seven-year term, the method of choice and the length of service again suggesting France. Last year, however, there was a plot to depose him and put in his place Gen. Firmin, who recently deserted his post as Minister to Great Britain to join the present successful revolt. The failure of the one a year ago was due to the death of the aged General and ex-President Nord Alexis, who was furnishing the funds. He had been luckier than his successor was destined to be, for it was not until the last year of his term that he was compelled to leave the position which had given him a fortune. Haytian history offers as good an illustration as could easily be found of President Lowell's figure of government as a stage-coach whose horses are running away, and whose driver has as his chief concern, not the safety of his passengers or the bringing of them to their destination, but the keeping of his seat. Just now the question is who will get the one from which the latest unsuccessful driver has been pushed.

It should now seem as if the very gloomy situation in Albania a few days ago were only the darkness that precedes the dawn. The Albanian tribesmen had had their taste of Turkish promises, and were not disposed to try again. The Government of Montenegro was openly encouraging the hostile tribesmen. The tone of the European press was hostile to Turkey. All the elements of a conflagration were present, yet Turkey's ultimatum to Montenegro, instead of supplying the incendiary spark, has cleared the air at one stroke. The hostile tribesmen have accepted the concessions offered by the Turkish Government only under orders from the Montenegrin Government. And inasmuch as it was King Nicholas of Montenegro who kept the revolt alive, he was undoubtedly the proper person to order a halt. Behind Montenegro is supposed to have loomed up the sinister influence of a great Power eager for trouble. But whoever the party to the quarrel may have been, Austria or Russia, it is apparent that the prospect of a general war on account of Albania was very much more than it bargained for.

Predictions are made of the retirement of the Katsura Ministry in Japan and the organization of a cabinet by Marquis Saionji, who was Katsura's predecessor in office. Thus parliamentary government in Japan seems tending toward the two-party system on the English model, although Japan has no two parties corresponding to Conservatives and Liberals, and there is no responsibility of Ministers to Parliament. One thing that may be expected with the passing of Premier Katsura is a relaxation of the rigorous policy of suppression which has been felt in the field of literature, art, and economics, as well as politics. Significant indications of an extraordinary state of affairs in the Mikado's Empire are continually breaking out in the Western press. Workingmen's organizations are being persecuted, books and the theatre are censored, the newspapers are under strict supervision. The recent so-called anarchist trial with its wholesale hangings aroused a sense of horror all over the world. The rulers of Japan will find it harder to meet the ideas of the West than they found it to meet the West's battleships and cannon.

THE OUTLOOK IN CANADA.

In attempting a forecast of the results of the approaching parliamentary elections across the border, we are in danger of overestimating the importance of the specific issue of the moment and underestimating the general drift of Canadian party politics. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has dissolved on the question of reciprocity and is making his campaign on that platform. Yet it is essential to remember that reciprocity is being advocated by the party which has been in control of Canadian affairs for a decade and a half. The predominant question to-day is whether or not the Liberal party has run the length of its tether. If the Canadian people are tired of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, reciprocity will hardly save him. If they have no desire for a change on general grounds, reciprocity will hardly destroy him.

The two-party system in Canada has worked more along the lines of our own political evolution than that of England. Even in the mother country the theory that one party in power succeeds another in swift rotation has seldom been realized. The tide will run Conservative through several Parliaments and then set as steadily in the Liberal direction. Nevertheless, the cycles of party supremacy and party eclipse in England are much shorter than they have been with us or with the Canadians. Our own record of half a century of Democratic ascendency followed by half a century of Republican ascendency has almost been paralleled in Canada. From the establishment of the Canadian Federation in 1867 to 1896 the Conservatives were out of power for only five years. From 1896 to the present day, the Liberals have been in control. The Manitoba school agitation was the specific issue upon which the Conservative party went to pieces in 1896, but the real cause was rather senile debility. It cannot be said that the Laurier régime has reached that stage.

It does not detract from the prestige of the Canadian Liberals that the Liberal party should be so largely Sir Wilfrid Laurier. For that matter, the Conservative party during its long period of supremacy was largely Sir John Macdonald. It has been Sir Wilfrid's good fortune to have behind him oldest Canada and newest Canada—Quebec, in which his influence is largely a question of blood-descent, and the great Canadian West, whose marvellous development, fortunately for the Liberals, began just when that party was coming into power. To that development Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his followers were wise enough to lend the very heartiest encouragement. The political advantage they have derived is therefore the honest reward of opportunity well seized. How fast the Canadian West would have grown under a Conservative régime is not a practical question. The average voter does not look behind the returns. With us it has taken a quarter of a century to knock a breach into the widely accepted dogma that it is the Republican party that makes the corn grow. To Alberta and Saskatchewan the Liberals are in a position to point with pride. And it is fair to presume that as the influence of the West continues to increase, the fortunes of the Liberal party, speaking broadly, are likely to grow with it.

That reciprocity will prove, in the present campaign, to be one of those dynamic issues that work political revolutions seems highly improbable. For one thing, as a practical question, it is not old enough and has not bitten into the public consciousness deep enough to produce a nation-wide upheaval. The sentiment for reciprocity is, we believe, a good deal stronger than the sentiment against it. The farmers of the West have spoken with no uncertain voice on the matter. But even among those Canadians who favor reciprocity, we miss the passionate zeal with which the great majority in this country has approached the question. To us reciprocity is a great deal more than a commercial arrangement with a neighboring nation. In a more intimate sense, it is a domestic problem. This first breach in the tariff wall is something more than a tariff measure. It is an assault upon the spirit and the scheme of things of which the tariff is only one manifestation. It is an assault directed against the entire practice of private gain at public expense, whether the public's loss be actual dollars and cents or the corruption of our institutions by the agents of private interest. To millions in this country, the tariff wall is a symbol in the same way that the Bastile was a symbol. The occasion is one for passions to run high.

But Canada has little reason to feel about protective tariffs as we do. To our neighbors, the affair is an economic one, to be judged and decided by a balancing of diverse economic interests. The Conservatives have tried to impart moral fervor into the discussion by raising the issue of annexation and the integrity of the British Empire. Their manœuvre promises to be as futile as the great imperialist call to arms in favor of tariff reform, sounded by the Chamberlain party in England. Obviously the English elector likes his economics and his patriotism separate. The argument of imperial unity failed before the argument of swelling trade returns and increased employment. It will probably fail in Canada, and for the same reasons.

Fought out on its merits as an economic policy, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the reciprocity issue can cut down Sir Wilfrid Laurier's substantial majority. We have seen that the Liberal strength is concentrated in the Province of Quebec and in the new provinces of the West. In both sections, the predominant interests are agricultural, and consequently in favor of a measure that throws open the vast markets to the south. Opposition to reciprocity centres in Ontario, the stronghold of the Conservative party and the principal seat of Canadian manufactures. The division is fairly clear-cut. Anti-reciprocity may gain seats in Ontario. Reciprocity will probably gain seats elsewhere.

MOROCCO AND EUROPEAN PEACE.

Reports now agree that France and Germany are to arrange their quarrels amicably. The details of the settlement may be some time in coming out. For that matter we do not even know with certainty the general lines along which negotiations have proceeded. The only thing that is certain is that the much-touted war for supremacy between Great Britain and the German Empire, with France as a pawn and Morocco as an excuse, is not to come off this time; and this for at least two reasons. One is that in a general European war France would be much more than a pawn, and the other is that for the purposes of such a war Morocco would be a very poor excuse.

Germans are in the habit of complaining that their ambitions and their methods are sadly misunderstood. And they are right to this extent, that we

have fallen into the habit of looking upon Germany as a fighting machine that needs only the pressure of a button by an irresponsible autocrat to be set into irresistible motion. As a matter of fact, however confident of the German army the Kaiser and his ministers and generals may be, it is childish to suppose that they take nothing but regiments and batteries into account. The War Lord and his advisers know very well that in war there is such a thing as a cause and such a thing as morale. They know that their soldiers are not automata who will fight with just as much devotion for Morocco as they fought for national unity and independence in 1866 and 1871. We may be sure that before the rulers of Germany set out for Armageddon, they will see to it that the nation behind them is inspired by something more than a few hundred square miles of Moroccan desert or a hundred miles of Kamerun coast-line.

There are several other serious problems connected with war which Wilhelm II in all probability does not dispose of as glibly as the ordinary Pittsburgh millionaire who spends two days in Berlin and announces that the French nation is doomed. War has its accidents, and even with sixty millions against forty millions there is no telling what a nation of forty millions will do when driven to desperation. France has before this developed a Joan of Arc and a Napoleon, and it is a far cry, indeed, to Calais and Boulogne as German naval harbors, threatening destruction to Great Britain. Germans may outnumber Frenchmen in the ratio of 3 to 2, but numbers are not infallible. Germany had only a little larger population than her opponent when she beat France to her knees in 1871. Prussia had a smaller population than Austria-Hungary when she overwhelmed the Hapsburgs in 1866. Neither in 1866 nor in 1871 did the German rulers have to reckon with the forces of internal discontent represented by some three million Socialist voters. Take it all in all, the very fact that German prestige stands so high today must be a powerful argument against going to war on any but the most serious grounds.

This does not drive us to the conclusion that Germany's recent action in Morocco was merely a "bluff," and a "bluff" that Great Britain has "called." It is not necessary for Germany to threaten war in order to win respect for her claims. These claims she has put forward in that rough, nerve-racking tone that is unhappily the manner of German diplomacy. Here was France obviously preparing to absorb the greater part of Morocco. Here was Spain scrambling frantically for her own share. No rival Power could stand by without putting in its own demands. Other Powers might have done it politely, though firmly; Germany sent a warship. Just what the Kaiser has asked for we do not know. The early rumors that he wanted all of French Congo have been liberally discounted. What Germany has asked for probably depends upon what she thought France was getting for herself in Morocco. If any one were to accuse Germany of trying to force war on the French Government, Germany might with good reason ask why she should be discriminated against in the distribution of prizes.

Undoubtedly the Agadir incident had its wider phase. Germany was once more testing the strength of the Franco-British friendship. Why she should have done so at this time is at first puzzling. The German Foreign Office could not have been so ill-informed as to believe that Great Britain would refuse to stand by France. The Liberals are supposed to be rather lukewarm to the French alliance; yet it is notorious that Unionists and Liberals hold alike to the principle of a continuous foreign policy, and that in no case would a British Government abandon a virtual ally under pressure. But the German procedure becomes comprehensible if we take the object to have been not to try whether Great Britain would stand by France, but whether France would hold to Great Britain. It was a renewal of the policy of 1905, which was described as one of "Love me or I'll knock you down." In other words, once in so often it seems a part of German policy to remind France that a desirable alternative exists to the Franco-British understanding, and that is a Franco-German understanding. There is in France a considerable body of public opinion that favors a reconciliation with Germany. England's sincerity cannot be taken for granted—when it comes to the pinch, she may pluck the fruits of victory over Germany, and France would have to pay the costs. German diplomacy reinforces this argument by frequent "tests," serving to remind the French people that they must choose between a British understanding with constant vexation and a German understanding with peace.

French pride, undoubtedly, chafes under the necessity of falling back on English support. At the beginning of the present crisis, the Parisian press was loud in asserting that the question was one that concerned France and Germany only. When it came to the test, however, the unfortunate tone of German diplomacy apparently asserted itself. France was asked for sacrifices which she could not concede, and the result was Mr. Lloyd George's speech. This speech was on the face of it a declaration of England's readiness to stand by France, but at the same time it was a declaration that France was still determined to look for friendship to England and not to Germany. Viewed in this light, it is no paradox to say that the latest Morocco crisis did more good than harm to the cause of European peace. France detached from England and in alliance with Germany might easily have brought on a conflagration. France with England behind her can hold Germany in check.

MR. BRYAN'S MISADVENTURE.

The extraordinary scene in the House of Representatives on Wednesday of last week may or may not prove to be the *coup de grâce* to Mr. Bryan as one of the potent forces in American politics. He is doing his best to make irremediable the damage done to his standing by his reckless and malignant attack on Chairman Underwood. Instead of making a manly retraction of the charge whose baselessness Mr. Underwood so convincingly demonstrated, he refers to a Washington dispatch in an Omaha paper as the source of his information, and entirely ignores the exposure made by Mr. Underwood of the falsity of the charge. As that gentleman gave a detailed and undisputed statement of the facts on the floor of the House, as these facts were in diametrical contradiction to the assertions of the obscure Washington dispatch to which Bryan so readily pinned his faith, and as Bryan's own close friend Congressman Kitchin declared, in support of Mr. Underwood, that there was "not a word of truth" in Bryan's charges, and expressed his regret that his cherished

leader should have been so grossly misled—the stupidity of Bryan's falling back on his precious "information" is only equalled by its audacity. The affair leaves the peerless leader in a far worse position than any in which he had previously found himself.

And that is saying a great deal. The Nebraskan is fresh from two blows to his prestige, each of a kind which no leader of his pretensions can easily afford to suffer. That the party in his own State has turned the cold shoulder to him is bad enough; but a worse thing happened to him a few weeks ago, when the instructions on the wool tariff which he gave to the Democrats of the House in his old-time dictatorial manner were incontinently rejected. The disastrous repulse which his second attack on the House leader encountered derives its significance less from the matter immediately involved than from the circumstance that it was evidently an attempt to recover the ground lost in the first encounter. In his game with Mr. Underwood, Mr. Bryan was playing for double or quits; and the result was not only a doubling of his losses, but an additional stroke of ill-fortune that cannot have occurred to his imagination as possible. That Mr. Underwood might set up a successful defence, Bryan may have been prepared for; that the occasion should have been turned into an ovation for the Alabama man, in which the whole Democratic membership of the House enthusiastically joined, must be a staggering blow to the Nebraskan's self-esteem.

To say that this curious performance is characteristic of Mr. Bryan may be going too far; but there is more than one aspect in which it throws an instructive sidelight upon his nature. Granted that he has not been fundamentally insincere, there is a certain streak of humbug that runs through his career. It can be seen in the cross-of-gold and crown-of-thorns speech, which suddenly made him a national figure; though there it may perhaps be forgiven as a superbly successful oratorical flight. It was more distinctly in evidence four years later, when he refused to part with his stock-in-trade as the unyielding champion of free silver; though here, too, there was something to be admired in the splendid audacity with which he relied on his hold upon his admiring followers. But it was after the silver issue had died out that the streak of humbug became most plainly visible. One "paramount" issue was always in readiness when another had failed; if it was not destruction of the Trusts, and not Government ownership of railways, then it was guarantee of bank deposits that must be attained if the nation was to survive. Always some shibboleth must be ready, failure to pronounce which in true Bryan fashion brands a man as a traitor to his party and an enemy of the people.

It was not, then, altogether an accident which led Bryan into his attack on Mr. Underwood. Mere misinformation, however complete, does not account for it. The denunciation smacked of something else than simple condemnation, the result of opinion or conviction. There was in it something of the artificial ferocity of a "new Messiah" scenting danger to his supremacy in some mystery-bound organization. Silver was gone; bank guarantee was under a cloud; Trusts were not an immediate issue; the tariff was the one thing just now to the front. And so the tariff had to serve; it was possible, even upon wool and steel, as formerly it had been on silver or the Trusts, to commit the unpardonable sin. I will unmask Underwood, and he shall be cast into the outer darkness—that is what one reads in Bryan's statement. And that is what he cannot wipe out by any explanation. If the Democrats of the country have their wits about them, they will find in this incident an excellent opportunity for shaking off what remains of the grip that this persistent exploiter of panaceas so long maintained on the party.

THE ROMANCE OF LEARNING.

Now that the status of higher education in this country is being considered in the numerous informal sessions and conferences which every summer creates, it is pleasant to note how far the discussion of the problem has progressed in the past year or two. Amid confusion of thought and promiscuous laying of blame, it was easy at the outset for college faculties to take to self-pity and to insist that undergraduates, with their athletics and worldliness, were quite willing to trample education in the mire. Then came the muck-rakers with the message that the real pearls were the students. There followed a contagion of apology which led to wild utterances. To one well-known scholar came a voice saying that he not only did not teach, he fuddled. Another found a scandalous moral in the rare organization and discipline of athletic teams as compared with the loose running order of the ordinary college course. And a leading university barely escaped the humility of issuing buttons, ribbons, and banners with the purpose of luring students back to the poor business of college life, as who should say, as the Pléiade said of themselves, "La Docte Brigade."

The discussion has reached a more hopeful stage. Loose thinking has been replaced by the general agreement that neither student nor faculty has been criminally neglectful, but that both have suffered from a natural, if mistaken, policy. It is seen that the mischief has been done by a tendency as wide as the nation—intense specialization—and that if the traditional inner ideal of the college is not to be lost, there must be a spirited reaction. For the college can never, while still remaining a college, employ the methods of technical schools, since its chief function is, by definition, to give a general education. The reaction, as every one knows, has already begun. At Amherst more than elsewhere, but at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, too, there is now a resolute facing about.

That good will come from broadening students' programmes there can be little doubt. But the problem is, of course, deeper seated than mere curriculum, and can be met only by a constant struggle with the impulse which is behind specialization—the spirit of immediate utility. Just now, while there is discontent with the plan of preparing students narrowly and exactly for after-life, it is not hard to grow enthusiastic over the probable benefits from a study of the remote or intangible. In academic discussion Greek civilization is assuming almost its old-time importance. But when the talking is over and remade schemes of study have begun to operate, the danger is likely to reappear, along with the well-known cry, "What's the use of taking Greek?" Or, at any rate, "Economics 13," let us say, will continue to be more easily justifiable. The danger is increased by the attitude, or language, of many of those

who are keenest for reaction. They speak of Greek and like subjects as admirable mental discipline, and allow the inference to be drawn that they are nothing more. It may be desirable that all courses should be regarded from the standpoint of discipline merely, but this is not likely to happen. So strictly preparatory are certain courses to various occupations as to have an almost measurable money value. They and their kind are increasing, even at institutions which in general policy have faced about.

So long as the distinction is allowed to persist, the struggle is but half won. To be sure, some headway has been made by carefully compiled tables showing the relative success, in and out of college, of those who have had Greek. The tables are impressive, and should remove Greek from the defensive and warrant a positive faith in it. But what is most imperative is not the study of Greek as such, or of any other subject as such, but an enthusiasm for ideas, for the magic of thought, for abstract speculation. It is especially needed in this country. Here students are more conservative and conventional than elsewhere. The American, having been given a campus, playgrounds, in short a little segregated community which he may call his own, proceeds to make it as much like the outer world as he can; whereas the European, excepting the Englishman, has no such separate domain, and yet wrings from city blocks and halls and walls a world that is distinct and sequestered. Universities in Europe have always been looked at by the people at large with some apprehension, because of their free thinking. Who in this country fears that students will put into practice theories a little too advanced? This is not a plea for such hot-headed outbreaks as sometimes occur in a country like Russia. But when a little learning—the only amount which an undergraduate can acquire—ceases to be a dangerous thing, one may suspect that the sort of learning that is got is not only harmless, but futile. Greek, philosophy, science, to gain an eager following, must profess something more than disciplinary value; they should be shown to have transcendental possibilities.

The task seems, no doubt, titanic. The American outlook is said to be literal, and students are young America. Yet students are protoplasm, too, possessed of tendencies, hardly yet of traits; and, in common with all youth, of imagination. The situation, also, of a large number of boys living together for a good part of four years is in itself romantic and capable of being vastly impregnated. Not that all youths can be made frequently to pursue midnight searches for the philosopher's stone. Yet if those who are so inclined were separately encouraged, there would undoubtedly be formed those cults of far-and-wide thinking which are so necessary to every great college, and which could not fail to influence even the plodding common run of students.

FRENCH NOTES.

PARIS, August 1.

I have already noticed at some length (*Nation*, August 18, 1910) the important studies undertaken by Albert Mathiez in the history of the French Revolution, particularly in all that concerns Robespierre and religious legislation. "Rome et le Clergé Français sous la Constituante" (A. Colin: 5 francs) is the most important general work yet published by M. Mathiez; and to this must be added his recent particular study, "La Déportation des Prêtres et la Sécularisation de l'Etat Civil—conséquences du 10 Août, 1792" (E. Leroux). The documents concerning the Constitutional clergy have been examined by him completely and competently; and M. Mathiez is incapable of any *suppressio veri* where there is question of the refractory or Roman Catholic clergy properly so called. But he is guided by his antecedent judgment that the Pope, as head of the Roman Catholic religion, could, if he would, accept the Civil Constitution of the clergy. In connection with the similarly civil constitution of worship or "cultual" associations attempted by the late Separation Law, which was also refused by the Pope, and has left the Roman Catholic religion outside of French law, this gives a controversial bearing to what should be documentary history. The like unintended consequence of New York State legislation for church trustees, long since fallen into desuetude, shows the impossibility of transforming by law the Roman Catholic Church into something contradictory of Roman Catholic religion. In the *Annales Révolutionnaires* (Ernest Leroux, 5 numbers yearly, 22 francs) for 1910 and January, 1911, M. Mathiez has published other papers of considerable interest. "Robespierre et le culte de l'Etre Suprême" (30 pages) accurately situates his work in controversies which are inevitable, yet necessarily unending, since each party uses the essential terms of the Revolutionary vocabulary in varying senses. Even if words should be made to signify the same things in all mouths, the disputes would, in their last conclusions, prove beyond solution because the parties do not agree as to what is and what is not right or wrong in government and revolutions of governments.

Among those whom Mathiez calls "republican historians" he is chiefly opposed to Aulard—"the personal enemy of Robespierre." According to Aulard, Robespierre used the Supreme Being to serve his own purposes, whereas the preceding Revolutionary worship of Reason was a means of intellectual "emancipation" for the people. For Mathiez, the later worship was only the earlier "continued and perfected." Robespierre, indeed, charged his opponents with "atheism"; but his "fears were exaggerated, his accusations ill founded. The feasts of Reason were in no wise atheist. Their organizers, whose whole ambition was limited to replacing the Catholic mass by a civic mass, did not believe that the people could get on without some kind of worship. For the most part they were not more *advanced*—not more *laïques*, in our sense—than Robespierre himself." What would M. Mathiez think of the language of Goldwin Smith, whose work has been supposed in England and America to make for intellectual emancipation, and who yet applied the term "atheist" to the *laïque* training of France under the present Republic?

According to Mathiez, the deist worship of Reason and the Supreme Being was but the second step in the "de-Christianization" of France undertaken by the Revolution, the first step having been the attempt to found a Constitutional Catholicism. "The essential in the Revolutionary religion was the adoration of the Republic, of liberty, of equality, new words whose prestige was still quite intact; the rest, metaphysics, was a side-issue." Robespierre's greatest discourse—his report urging these religious feast-days on the Committee of Public Safety—sums up the Revolution: "Everything has changed in the physical order; everything should change in the moral and political order." New England never imagined an authority in the American Revolution competent to work a change in its existing moral order.

The *Annales Révolutionnaires*, published by the society of Etudes Robespierristes, includes in this year's subscription the fascicles of Robespierre's works which the society is publishing. English readers who have retained their interest in Carlyle's intuitive history of the "sea-green Incorruptible," or in G. H. Lewes's philosophic defence of Robespierre (to which may be added Belfort Bax's unphilosophical "Marat") both books apparently un-

known, perhaps for documentary reasons, to French students, or in the serene judgments, based on critical study and the English sense of liberty and government, just published from the pen of the late Lord Acton, ought to appreciate as keenly these rehabilitating studies of Robespierre as they have done the equally one-sided work of Aulard for Danton.

One of M. Mathiez's papers, which has been published apart, has immediate interest for American students of their own history. The thirty-four pages of "Lettres de Volney à La Révellière-Lépeaux (1795-1798)" contain new material which has been accessible to research only since the first of January, 1910, in documents left by La Révellière's family to the Bibliothèque Nationale. Before the Revolution Volney had met, along with the philosophers who came to the house of Madame Helvétius, Franklin and Jefferson. It was he who presented Bonaparte, after the fall of Robespierre, his protector, to La Révellière, who passed him on to Barras, with the result that all the world knows. Volney made a first attempt to escape to the United States during the Terror, but failed. In 1795 he sailed at last, "to seek a refuge of peace for which Europe no longer offered him hope." His travels had their main conclusions set down in his well-known "Tableau"; but these letters add suggestive notes:

> I saw in the South the *slave régime* and its moral effects; in the West, the state of society at its birth; in Upper Canada, Frenchmen of Louis XV become half-Indians; in the East, English of the last century already an old nation, the only one here which has a formed character.

The representatives of Revolutionary France, with whom he did not agree, called him "aristocrat, because I see everybody and have dined with Alexander Hamilton and Mr. Jay." A speech of John Adams "breathes hateful and hostile dispositions" toward France; in fact, Adams is "at the head of the very great number who have a taste for the Constitution of England" in the "quarrel of English principles against French principles." More penetrating views of this philosophic outsider in regard to the fundamental difference between East and South, the necessity of expansion in the near future, and the divergence of "Federal and Republican" may be gleaned in these few pages.

"Américains et Barbaresques—1776-1824" (Roger et Chernoviz; 357 pages, 8vo, 5 francs), by Emile Dupuy, is a complete and documentary history of the first attempt of our American Republic to regulate the other half of the world. It was all in our own interests, of course, more perhaps than the latest and more self-glorious efforts in the Philippines and others to come in Liberia and farther afield. The successive defeats of the Barbary Powers by the youngest of the nations was a revelation to many, in diplomacy as well as in war. The whole story is told in these pages with great detail and much sympathy and respect.

An appendix gives the "treaties of peace and friendship" signed by the United States with the Barbary Powers —Morocco, 1786; Algiers, 1795, 1815, 1816; Tunis, 1799; Tripoli, 1796, 1797, 1805. The chapters of the book take up in order events from the capture on a Charlestown sailing vessel, in 1778, of a doctor of Harvard College who was hurried away into slavery in Algiers and never came back; through our early imitation of Europe in tribute-paying and buying back of captives; peace negotiations, followed by our first navy with its operations against Tripoli down to Decatur's cruise; to the last period when "the representatives of England had to recognize the ease presiding over relations between the United States and the regencies," and confided British interests to the American Shaler. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The origin of the modern temperance movement is traced by some historians to Dr. Benjamin Rush's "Inquiries into the effects of ardent spirits," a tract which he published in 1785 and which was reissued in 1793, and in many subsequent editions. It is a notable fact that he had called attention to the subject many years earlier in a small volume which is now of great rarity.

Two editions have been consulted, and the two title pages are interesting from their variations, and from the evidence they show of intercourse between America and the old home in the late colonial period. Another instance is that Rush's tract was published in full in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1785 (vol. LV, pt. i, p. 696). The titles read:

> Sermons to Gentlemen upon Temperance and Exercise.
>
> Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre lavatur, Gutture sulphureas lente exhalante mephites. Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidumque triental Excudit e manibus, dentes crepuere retecti Uneta cadunt laxis, tunc pulmentaria labris, Hinc tuba—candelæ.
>
> Persii Satyra III.
>
> Vitam sub Dio-agat. Hor. Lib. III. Ode II.
>
> Philodelphia: Printed by John Dunlop, in Makket (sic) Street M. DCC. LXXII. (pp. 44).

The English edition has this title page:

> Sermons to the Rich and Studious on Temperance and Exercise with a Dedication to Dr. Cadogan. By a Physician. (The same mottoes as in the American edition) London: Printed for Edward and Charles Dilly, in the Poultry. 1772. (pp. 80).

Both editions contain the Dedication, but the American has also a Preface of a dozen lines from which we learn, without surprise, that the sermons were never preached.

Both editions were anonymous, or "to speak by the card," the American edition is anonymous, while the English one is pseudonymous. The "Sermons" are duly credited to Dr. Rush in Evans's great work on "American Bibliography." Further evidence, if such were needed, is given by the colonial binding of the writer's copy which has been lettered "Rush's Sermons." Neither edition is in the British Museum Catalogue. The "Sermons to Gentlemen" are admirable expositions of the eighteenth century virtue of Moderation. There is an absence of enthusiasm, and the whole appeal is to the spirit of enlightened selfishness. Dr. Rush quotes the saying of Plato: "I have beheld a monster in Nature, a man who eats two hearty meals in a day," and he strongly advises that the principal repast should be in the evening and followed by sleep. He draws a melancholy

> picture of a man who has spent part of his life "among eaters of flesh" . . . Better, far better would it have been for him, had he [in the words of our text] "put a knife to his throat" or even plunged a dagger into his heart, the first day he gave himself up to his appetite than lived to endure such aggravated misery.

The second sermon deals with wine and strong drink, and shows that Rush was then still satisfied as to their usefulness in old age and in certain forms of disease. But he strongly advises that they should not be given to children or be the indulgence of the studious. Moreover, "Wine should not be used by young people, or such as are under five and thirty or forty years of age," except in the case of the diseases he has already named.

To give you an idea of the dreadful consequences of excess in drinking, let me beg of you to accompany me to the bed chamber of a man afflicted with the gout. Be not alarmed at his groans—Let us go in—Is this the man who a few years ago was the life and soul of every company he went into?—Is this he who boasted of the quantity of liquor he could drink without being intoxicated—who spent his youth in a constant round of gayety and pleasure?—How is he changed?—It is now eleven years since he has been a prisoner in his chamber. His physicians have long since deserted him; nor is it any reproach to their art that they cannot cure him, any more than it is that they are unable to raise the dead. He is a burden to his friends. In vain does he seek relief from wine—food—physic—company, or even from philosophy. His only amusement is to number the days of his misery on the wall with the chalk which grows on the ends of his fingers.—Death, the last friend of the wretched, refuses to come at his call—He lives—I retract the word—He has ceased to live ever since his confinement—He breathes shorter and shorter, till at last he closes his eyes for ever in the silence of death. This is not exaggerated picture. We have all seen it at some time of our lives.

In the third sermon he speaks of slavery as a reproach of the American colonies and of humanity—"a crime compared with which every other breach of the laws of Nature or nations deserves the name of holiness." He recommends walking, dancing, fencing, and swimming, but thinks running "too violent to be used often or continued for any length of time." He has praise also for "Skeating," jumping, tennis, "bowles," quoits, and golf which last he describes as "an exercise which is much used by the gentlemen in Scotland. A large common, in which there are several little holes, is chosen for the purpose. It is played with little leather balls stuffed with feathers; and sticks tipped with horn. He who puts the ball into a given number of holes, with the fewest strokes, gets the game. The late Dr. McKenzie, author of the Essay on Health and Long Life, used to say that a man would live ten years the longer for using this exercise once or twice a week." While "riding in a chariot has but few advantages," "riding on horseback is the

most manly and useful species of exercise for gentlemen."

The little book ends with a fable in the full-bottomed wig of the eighteenth century. The goddess Hygeia appears in the island of Ceylon before a company of invalids each possessed of a pet disease and a pet medicine for it. By her directions "the gouty man broke his vial of elixir, threw his powders into the fire, and walked four or five miles every day before breakfast," and all his afflicted friends did something reasonable. They were all cured, and "joined in offering sacrifices to Hygeia. Temples were erected to her memory, and she continues to this day to be worshipped by all the inhabitants of that island."

The Philadelphia issue of the book as already mentioned is duly credited to Dr. Rush in Evans's "American Bibliography," but both editions are now very rarely seen even by collectors.

Correspondence

SEGREGATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are certain features about the segregation law recently adopted by so many Southern cities, which differentiate it from previous legislation touching the race problem.

First, it is a municipal ordinance, and not an act of Assembly; which is tantamount to saying that it is local and not general in its bearing. Hitherto, all important Southern legislation relating to the negro has been of Statewide application. Such was the case with the statutes forbidding the intermarriage of whites and blacks, their coeducation in the public schools, and their occupation of the same steam railway cars; and such too was the case with the statutes that indirectly abridged the franchise. Now we have a measure designed like these to enforce the separation of the two races, but, unlike these, wholly municipal in its scope. It is only when each Southern State shall grow to be as densely populated as Belgium that this municipal ordinance will be superseded by an act of Assembly applicable as well to rural as to urban communities—in short, to all the communities of the State.

Secondly, all the previous Statewide measures to separate the two races have had the unanimous approval of the Southern white people. On the other hand, this new municipal measure has not the unreserved endorsement of certain important sections of that people. At least, it can be said that the wealthier classes look upon the law with indifference. There is with regard to it none of that community of feeling so perceptible in the attitude of the whites toward the intermarriage, the coeducation, and the co-transportation of the races. The evils of these are presumed to come home to all the white people everywhere; on the other hand, the evils which domiciliary segregation are supposed to remove, come home only to a few white people residing within certain local bounds. The ordinance was passed at the instance of small white householders, who, more for social than for pecuniary reasons, objected to the intrusion of negroes about them. Now, the large white householders reside in a part of the city which is virtually removed from the possibility of such encroachment. For them, the question has no social side whatever. Nor are they likely to be seriously injured pecuniarily should they own tenements in the quarters which the negroes are invading. In the long run, negro tenants of the better class pay more rent than white for houses of the same character; as a rule, they pay just as promptly; and they are much less troublesome in their demands on their white landlords. For these reasons, though negro occupants are in the mass more destructive and neglectful, a considerable proportion of white property holders in the South prefer black to white tenants. In reality, the bulk of the white population assents to the passage of domiciliary segregation laws simply in a spirit of sympathy with a vague racial feeling. Many thoughtful citizens, however, put aside the suggestions of this feeling, and question the practical advisability of such an ordinance even should it be upheld in the courts. They look upon it as a blunder because it further restricts and complicates an economic situation already confused by the presence of two races which can never be amalgamated.

Thirdly, it is quite possible that domiciliary segregation will ultimately prove to be for the negro a means of recovering a certain measure of political power. Indeed, he may, through it, attain the full possession of the right of administering his own local civic affairs. With the rapidly growing black population of every large Southern city rigidly confined to its own residential area, there must come a time when that population will form a single compact body that will count its numbers by the hundreds of thousands. The spectacle will then be presented of a great black city, joined on to a great white city, as Buda is joined on to Pest. The first result of this concentration will probably be the urban negro's acquisition of complete control over his local public school system. That system would, under these circumstances, be directed by a negro general superintendent, responsible, not to a white board, but to a black. At present, the negro schools, though each has a negro presiding officer, are overlooked by a white general superintendent, and a board of white trustees. On the other hand, a segregated negro population would manage their own public schools, the white population theirs, and the only bond between the two would be the central white authority that governed the entire city.

But the political probabilities of domiciliary segregation go beyond the educational. When the size of the concentrated negro population of any city shall justify it, that population is quite certain to be permitted to exercise a large degree of municipal power within their own area—to have their own street-cleaning, building, and health departments; their own policemen; their own magistrates; their own police justice; and even their own local councils. The next step would follow inevitably—they could not be prevented, even if it were sought, from choosing persons of their own race to represent their own districts in the State Legislature; and, if the black population was sufficiently large, from electing a member of Congress. As the constituencies of these public officers would be exclusively composed of negroes, no objection could or would be urged by the white people. Under the operation of the law of domiciliary segregation, the experiment of negro self-government would have a much better chance of success than it has had in Hayti or Liberia, for these black urban communities would remain under the direct influence of the white communities in their immediate vicinity, and would always be subject to the firm supervision of the central authority, Mayor or commission, that administered the general affairs of the city.

Philip Alexander Bruce.

Norfolk, Va., July 30.

TOM L. JOHNSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Commenting editorially upon books and politicians, you make this statement:

> Consider the case of Tom L. Johnson, a man who made a deep impression upon his fellow-citizens. Typical of his kind in other respects, he was not less so in the narrowness of his intellectual range.

The *Nation* seems to have what amounts to genius in its ability to misunderstand Tom L. Johnson. So far as this particular statement is concerned, it is true that he was deprived of the advantage of a college education, and that is as far as the statement even approaches the truth. He was surrounded by college bred men, and was the centre around which their intellectual activities played. His intellectual range was enormous. The sciences, both on the practical and purely scientific side, were his constant delight. He studied and fairly mastered French during the busiest part of his mayoralty in Cleveland. He read with interest both philosophical and historical works, and had rather better judgment upon some questions of a purely æsthetic character than most of those who were constantly with him. He knew his Gibbon far better than any of us, and when the last hours came and he was too feeble for personal exertion, friends and employees entertained him by reading Plutarch.

Mr. Johnson did not regard himself as either a scholarly or learned man, but it was very perilous for anybody else to act upon such an estimate of him.

Newton D. Baker.

Cleveland, O., July 31.

If we have misunderstood Mr. Johnson, we have erred in company with some of his avowed friends. For example, on page 127 of Carl Lorenz's recent life of Johnson, statements may be read which support all that we have said. We may add that the *Nation* has not failed to recognize Mr. Johnson's sterling qualities.—Ed. The Nation.]

A SMALL FRENCH UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The comparative merits of the small and the large school have been so thoroughly discussed in the United States, and champions of the small school have been so numerous there, that one wonders at finding them so rare among American students who go abroad. Of compatriots

who have studied in France, I think I could name some dozens who went to Paris, one or two who chose Grenoble, and that is pretty nearly the list. There are fifteen universities in France, all under the same national control; and while the great Paris school is, of course, furnished, in general, with the best men and the best equipment, the difference is probably not nearly as great as the Parisian would have the foreigner believe. As far as I have been able to learn, all the schools offer special courses for foreigners, and some of them at least have become much more active within the last year or two in encouraging foreign attendance. Montpellier, where I am, and the neighboring Spanish University of Barcelona are now negotiating a system of exchange professorships on a grand scale, to be put in operation for the first time this coming school year. Half a dozen professors from each school are to go in a body and spend a considerable period lecturing at the other. It will not be the fault of the university managers if a number of other French universities besides the one at Paris do not rapidly acquire an international character.

With a summer in the Alliance Française at Paris as my only means of first-hand knowledge of French higher education, I had reached the somewhat hasty conclusion that Paris was France, educationally as otherwise. Turned almost by accident in the direction of the ancient *alma mater* of Rabelais and the home of Auguste Comte, I found it necessary to revise that judgment. There are libraries in these provincial universities which no American schools save a half dozen of the wealthiest can match; there are excellent instructors, of whom some are internationally known; and, most significant of all, the small number of foreigners in attendance makes it possible to come into such personal contact with members of the faculty as would never be possible in Paris. There was a certain profit, of course, in sitting at the back of a large room and sharing one of René Doumic's piquant lectures with five hundred other foreigners; but there is much more in a tête-à-tête with a critic who is not a René Doumic, perhaps, but is none the less a thorough and well-furnished scholar. There was profit in listening to the Abbé Rousselot as he discussed his experiments in phonetics, but there is more in half an hour of individual drill under the direction of a phonetician who is not as widely known as the Abbé Rousselot, but has won the respectful attention of scholars beyond the limits of his own country.

The frequenting of a particular school puts the student in touch with regional peculiarities, which may in some cases prove a help, in others a hindrance. Montpellier, in the heart of the sunny and garrulous Midi, warm in winter and tempered by seabreezes in summer, is one of the most curious and pleasant of places for twelve months in the year. The language of the natives is a variety of Provençal, and even the educated inhabitants speak French with an accent that is a long way from the "pure Parisian." This fact frightens some foreign students away—why, it is hard to see, inasmuch as the difference between the French of Paris and the French of Montpellier is the merest trifle compared with the difference between the French of either and the French of Cincinnati or Chicago. On the other hand, it is a distinct advantage to the student of Romance who is interested in the dialects of Provençal to work with them where they are spoken, even if the visitor does not go to the extreme of the young German who entered this institution for a regular course in modern French, but who ate of the lotus of Mistral and Bigot till he forgot his purpose entirely and came out a disciple of the Félibriges.

Of a total attendance of a thousand there are some fifty foreigners (exclusive of a number of Spaniards, Algerians, and others who have spoken French from childhood and take the regular courses). Half of this number are Russians, with several Germans, a small group of English, a few Poles, Norwegians, Swedes, and one American. In view of the advantages of a small school which is at the same time a good school, the wealth of historical, archæological, artistic material in one of the oldest corners of Europe, the unrivalled charm of Mediterranean France, the climate advantages, the low cost of living in a modest provincial city, it seems as if the list of Americans might be a little longer.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Montpellier, July 12.

"PAMELA" AND SHENSTONE'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in *Modern Language Notes* of May, 1911, calls attention to a connection between Richardson's "Pamela" and the second of William Shenstone's letters in Volumes III of "Works in Verse and Prose" (London: Dodsley, 1777). He points out that this letter is a parody of a letter in "Pamela," yet bears at its end the date "Leasowes, July 22," and at its head "1739"; that "Pamela" is noticed in the Register of Books of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of November, 1740, as item 18; that his letter indicates that Shenstone was on July 22, 1739, sufficiently familiar with "Pamela" to write the parody; that Shenstone may have seen the novel in MS.; that, however Shenstone became familiar with "Pamela," Richardson's statement that he wrote "'Pamela" between November 10, 1739, and January 10, 1740, is incorrect, or that Mrs. Barbauld, in her "Richardson's Correspondence," misquoted the novelist's statement, or that the accepted date of publication of "Pamela," November, 1740, is untenable. The writer finally states that apparently "Shenstone's letter has not been noticed by any of Richardson's biographers and critics, though the reference to 'Pamela,' explicit as it is, if it does not prove that the novel was in circulation as early as July, 1739, makes it incumbent upon the student of Richardson to show beyond a doubt that the letter is incorrectly dated."

Does not this last declaration go too far? Must not one rather say that Richardson's own statement of the date of composition is intrinsically credible and must be shown beyond a doubt to be incorrect, especially when challenged on the basis of a dating by an eighteenth-century editor of letters; as must also the *Gentleman's Magazine* registry of the appearance of an edition in November, 1740 (it is to be noted that the *London Magazine* and the *Scots Magazine* also record this publication in their November, 1740, issues); and as well the announcement of a forthcoming "second edition" of "Pamela" (the novel being characterized as "publish'd but last month") in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of January, 1741; and likewise the announcement of issue of the "2nd edition" in the same magazine of February, 1741?

Shenstone's letter reads as if he wrote from knowledge of a printed book for a person who had knowledge such as would be obtained from a printed book. Men are unlikely to write parodies of MSS. passed from hand to hand, and not in print. Further, we have no evidence that the MS. was read by or to Shenstone or his correspondent. The burden of proof is to be borne by him who opposes the accepted dates of composition and printing of the novel. If any considerable doubt as to the correctness of the dating of Shenstone's letter can be shown, the accepted dates of "Pamela" must stand.

In an article shortly to appear in print, I shall show that this same extraordinary foreknowledge of facts is manifested in a number of Shenstone's letters, as they are dated in Dodsley's edition. In other words, I shall show beyond doubt that Dodsley's dating of a number of the letters (among them iii, iv, v, vi, vii, x, xiii, xxi, xxix, xxx) is incorrect, in several cases by as much as two years. The letter under discussion is probably misdated as are these. JOHN EDWIN WELLS.

Beloit College, July 12.

"CURIOUS TO KNOW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has been of late an eruption in Chicago of the expression, "curious to know." One popular newspaper writer of the city is so fond of the locution that he uses "c2k" as an ordinary abbreviation for it.

Irritation at the persistence of this phrase led me to look into Murray's dictionary for information that might afford mental relief, but I was horrified to find that the only appearance of it noted in that monumental work is credited to E. E. Hale's "In His Name," with the date of 1873, thus implying a recent American origin for the atrocity. If the lexicographer's reader had turned back a century further he would have found in Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," in the entry for August 30, 1773, the following sentence: "Dr. Johnson was curious to know where she slept"; and in the course of the narrative of Prince Charles Edward's escape from the Highlands, attached to the entry for September 13, "I was curious to know if he had really heard," etc. The great doctor himself came perilously near adopting the offensive neologism of his entertaining follower, when in his own story of the tour he said: "The political tenets of those islanders I was not curious to investigate." In his dictionary, however, he gave no sign of trying to affix the meaning "inquisitively anxious" to the word "curious," as he must have done if he had thought his own and Boswell's use of it legitimate in the sentences above cited.

Perhaps examples of the use may be found dating before Boswell's time. I should like to have it as far removed as possible from liability to the imputation of American origin.

THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., July 12.

SAINTE-BEUVE AND MACAULAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am not aware that Sainte-Beuve and Macaulay had any personal acquaintance, nor do I remember that Macaulay ever alludes to his French contemporary. Their lines of work were in some respects similar, but their methods were as different as possible. Sainte-Beuve called himself "a naturalist of souls." Perhaps Macaulay, for all his brilliancy, was rather "a showman of souls."

Sainte-Beuve has at least one passage referring to Macaulay, which is exceedingly interesting, because it deals precisely with this difference of method:

On lui a prêté un peu plus de physionomie qu'il n'en a eu peut-être, selon le spirituel et périlleux conseil de M. Macaulay, qui est fort suivi aujourd'hui: "Les meilleurs portraits, a dit ce grand peintre historique, sont peut-être ceux dans lesquels il y a un léger mélange de charge. . . . Quelque chose est perdu pour l'exactitude, mais beaucoup est gagné pour l'effet. . . . Les lignes moins importantes sont négligées, mais les grands traits caractéristiques s'impriment pour toujours dans l'esprit." C'est ainsi qu'on raccommode apres des siècles et qu'on refait bien des personnages!

This passage occurs in the "Premiers Lundis," Vol. III, p. 163. I should be very grateful if any one could point out to me the work of Macaulay from which Sainte-Beuve quotes. As the French article was written in 1864, after Macaulay's death, any of his writings may have been referred to.

Gamaliel Bradford, jr.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., August 2.

Literature

PLEASURES OF A KING.

King Edward VII as a Sportsman. By Alfred E. T. Watson. With an Introduction and a chapter on "Yachting" by Captain the Hon. Sir Seymour Fortescue, C. M. G., K. C. V. O. Contributions by the Marquis of Ripon, G. C. V. O., Lord Walsingham, Lord Ribblesdale, and others. With 1 photogravure plate, 10 plates in color, 12 Rembrandt-gravure plates, and 79 half-tone illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

If for nothing but its outward dress, its quality of paper, typography, illustrations, and binding, every collector of the literature of sportsmanship will want this volume on his shelves. Any one who expects to find the text dull and perfunctory, however, will be agreeably disappointed. Edward's sporting successes, both as King and earlier as Prince of Wales, had to be won on merit, as was shown when his apparent winning of the Grand Military Gold Cup, in a steeplechase near Sandringham in 1887, was successfully contested on the claim that he was not at the time an officer in active service, and hence should not have been allowed to enter.

Mr. Watson's opening chapter gives a brief sketch of the Kings of England as sportsmen. Even the saintly Edward the Confessor delighted to follow the hounds. Angling, however, makes but a poor showing, possibly because it is a sport which loves more of the contemplative and solitary than the pomp and circumstance of royalty can admit. On one occasion, when the late King was shooting at Bradgate, the country place of Lord Stamford, the moving of the party to a second covert was declared by the keeper to be virtually impossible because of the presence of about four thousand spectators in the space between the two coverts. Imagine an attempt to whip a trout stream under such circumstances! King Edward is said occasionally to have tried for trout during his sojourns in the Highlands, but he never manifested a real taste for the sport, and is said not infrequently, and with a certain degree of acquiescence, to have quoted Dr. Johnson's description of angling, "a worm at one end and a fool at the other." The rod excluded, however, Mr. Watson claims for his subject a unique place as a sportsman. Most English gentlemen hunt or shoot, he says; some keep race horses or steeplechasers, others are yachtsmen, and a limited number have shot big game in other lands. But "very few have gained distinction in all these sports alike, and there is no record of any one who has approached the wide range and high degree of success achieved by King Edward VII." And yet at the one point in which personal skill counts most in the sports to which the King devoted himself, the use of the gun, exceptional skill is not claimed. "As a shot King Edward was somewhat variable, at times distinctly good, though never approaching the very front rank, in which King George, Lord Ripon, Lord Walsingham, the Hon. Henry Stonor, and a few others stand by themselves." His comparatively poor shooting is more than once excused on the ground of mental preoccupation with weightier matters, which would seem to indicate that the zest of sport for its own sake never completely got hold of him. Sport was a relaxation to him, the author says, not an end in itself. He was distinctly averse to any attempt to make records in game shooting, and for that reason Mr Watson tells us comparatively little of the material results of his days with the gun on the preserves at Sandringham, Windsor, Balmoral, and the various other places where he sought recreation of this kind. The few figures that we do get, however, are occasionally far too large to make pleasant reading to any American sportsman imbued with the newer ideas of sporting methods.

In the three chapters dealing with Sandringham, Windsor, and Balmoral, as scenes of the King's sportsmanship, the author has interwoven a great deal of matter of historical interest. One owner of the Sandringham property, Col. William Cobbe, suffered temporary sequestration at the hands of the Parliament for his alleged devotion to the cause of Charles I. Through the old Flemish family of the Hostes and then the Henleys the estate came into the hands of the famous Pierre Antoine Motteux, the story of whose death gives a lively idea of the rugged character of *ex tempore* sports which might be indulged in no longer ago than the middle of the eighteenth century. While celebrating his birthday some roystering companions hung him up by the neck just for fun. Unfortunately, a procession passed down the street, and off they are rushed to the windows. When the procession had passed, they discovered to their consternation that the spirit of their swinging host had passed, as well. By a descendant of Motteux the estate was bequeathed to the Hon. Spencer Cowper, and by him sold to the Prince of Wales, in 1861. Windsor, in the form of "Wyndleshora," was acquired by William the Conqueror from Eadwin, Abbot of Westminster, by exchange for lands and mansions in Essex. It was from Windsor, in the thirtieth year of Henry III, that a writ was issued to the sheriffs of London commanding them "to provide a muzzle, an iron chain, and a cord for the King's white bear, to use the same bear to catch fish in the waters of the Thames," a story which makes one wish that the ubiquitous kodak enthusiast of to-day could have happened along when this angling bear of the royal tackle-box was in action. Windsor was King Edward's chosen place for entertaining his royal guests at shooting, and the Kings of Italy, Portugal, Greece, and Norway, as well as the Emperor of Germany, have all enjoyed the shooting there in recent years. With Balmoral King Edward had been associated from childhood. Queen Victoria had acquired the reversion of the lease of this estate in 1848 and purchased it from the trustees of Sir Robert Gordon, brother of the Earl of Aberdeen, in 1852. It was here as a little boy, in 1848, that the future King had his first introduction to deer-shooting, going with the young Queen and the prince consort to the heights of Craig Daigh, where the three concealed themselves in an artificial cover of hurdle-work interwoven with fir and heather. Victoria's description of the scene, which the author quotes from her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," makes a good companion-piece to the younger Pliny's famous letter on his wild boar hunt, in which he tells of taking his writing tablets along with his luncheon-basket and wine flask, that he might not return empty-handed even though the game should fail.

One suspects, however, that the King's heart was more deeply interested in his extensive participation in the sport of

horse racing, to which two long chapters of the volume are given. For the first eight years of his efforts in this field, ending with the season of 1893, his winnings in stakes had amounted to less than six thousand pounds. The next six years, however, formed an era of distinguished success, culminating with winnings of nearly thirty-two thousand pounds in 1900. But the nine remaining years, in spite of the large number of entries and horses in training, aggregated only a little more in stakes than this one season. We are told, however, that the King's racing establishment as a whole was remunerative. A cheque for £1,000 was handed by him to Lord Marcus Beresford, when he was put in charge, and he was never called upon for another shilling. On different occasions he drew large sums from the profits of the royal stables, and at one time about £60,000 was standing to his credit. His interest in yachting had an early start, since as a youth of ten years he stood with his parents on the deck of the royal yacht Victoria and Albert and saw the schooner America round the Needles with a good lead over her English competitors in the first race for the America Cup. It was more than forty years later that he was to have the Britannia built, wnich contested successfully against Mr. Gould's Vigilant, in the season of 1894, finally to yield to the German Emperor's cutter Meteor.

It should be said to the credit of Mr. Watson and his collaborators that King Edward himself stands out in their work as a well-defined, thoroughly human, and interesting personality. Considering his position, they might easily have been afraid to get close enough to him to make this possible. The illustrations are lavish in number and chosen to illustrate the text, not simply to attract the eye. They are well-executed, too, with a little possible reserve as to the success of the coloring in some of the reproductions from paintings by Archibald Thorburn and Miss M. D. Hardy.

CURRENT FICTION.

John Sherwood, Ironmaster. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. New York: The Century Co.

John Sherwood learns to be an ironmaster and not much else, and unlearns the lesson in the Maine woods. His uncle owned an iron-foundry, and he himself had a natural instinct for machinery. At nineteen he was a successful inventor, and at thirty the proprietor of the works in which he had been trained. With no love for money in itself, he liked to manage men and to out-do rivals. In short, he lived the life of the successful American. "If, at times I had doubts as to the entire wisdom of my life and vague thinking about what I might do on that some day or other with which the never-quite-satisfied American toys at times, I never set myself seriously to the task of planning any other life." He is American in giving up exercise, after a very active youth. At thirty-five he is pulled up short by tuberculosis, and takes to the woods. So begins a regeneration, mental and spiritual as well as physical. John Sherwood's life in the wilds does not entail hardship. He retains all the real comforts, including his body-servant. But he feels the charm of nature for the first time, the imagination and zest of a child return to him, and, instead of a mere hard-driving force, he becomes a man.

He is not so much alone on his thousand acres that there is no chance for the expression of his new nature. There are several squatters on his land, whom he befriends out of simple good feeling, such as, though known as a philanthropist of sorts, he has never experienced before. One of these people is a madman who thinks he has killed his wife, and has fled to the wilderness for asylum. The upshot of the story, so far as these pages can be said to make up a story, is that the madman, after again trying to kill his wife, falls over a cliff, and, in due time, John marries the widow. But the merit of the book is independent of its story. We suppose Dr. Mitchell's popularity as a writer is due to his optimism. His interpretation of human character is always cheerful and wholesome. His style continues to be rather awkward; it is the kind of style that deals with "individuals" instead of persons, and in general is content with words as rough counters. On two pages, examined at random for evidence of our impression, we find such sentences as these:

> At last I took ample apartments in the city and joined the older club with as little change of life as it was in my power to avoid.
>
> One day we will become transparent to that terrible physical confessor, the doctor.
>
> I fully realized that the complete social isolation I liked was clearly impossible for a man in my position.

For "it was in my power to avoid" read "necessary"; for "will," read "shall"; and omit the word "clearly," and you have sentences which will pass muster. But the chief fault of this writer is not a matter of correctness: it is a certain thickness of speech amounting almost to an impediment.

The Story Girl. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The many admirers of this author will welcome her new book. And those who, in the cases of the later Anne and of "Kilmeny," found cause to temper praise with comparison will give double welcome to a story which returns to the plane of the author's best work. The scene is still in Prince Edward Island, the actors are a group of merry children spending their lives or their vacations on ancestral acres. The acres bloom in the old picturesque and fragrant way. The children are of all sorts, except very bad. Inevitably one of them must be dowered with a fantastic soul, and this one is the Story Girl who has the gift of remembering, inventing, and, above all, of telling. Fairy tales, Norse legends, the family ghost stories, the domestic ancestral joke are alike fuel for her fire. She becomes, in a way, the mouthpiece for much anecdotage, but through it all preserves a marked personality, compounded, in the author's agreeable manner, of fancy, fun, loftiness, and perversity. She is the leading spirit, but there is no lack of individuality among the boys and girls with whom we spend the summer, and pass long hours in the old grand-paternal orchard, where every member of the clan is represented by a tree. We go to school, do chores, gather apples, burn potato stalks, and after the manner of youth attack the problems of the universe. To sit in the grassy aisles of the orchard with the cousins and listen to the Story Girl's witching voice, to assist at counsels of mischief, at the drolleries, scrapes, and inter-squabbles of the young folk, and to have clear if brief glimpses of the elders is to be left with a lively sense of lively and actual acquaintance.

The Stolen Singer. By Martha Bellinger. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The hero of this medley is fresh from Lynn, Mass., and the shoe business, the heroine is snatched from the concert stage, the second lady and villain are imported from the court of a small imaginary European principality, while a number of minor characters are supposedly indigenous to the "down in Maine" village where, under the guidance of chance and the author's will, the principals foregather. The arrival of the shoe manufacturer and the lately stolen singer on the wild New England shore is in itself a complete aquatic idyl of a most exceptional order. A comfortable nocturnal tête-à-tête of two castaways floating with one life-preserver between them—what better opportunity could an author's ingenuity offer for a kidnapped lady and her self-appointed squire to make each other's acquaintance, compare experiences, discuss life, death, and eternity, and match quotations. How naturally ensue the shoe manufacturer's heroic and almost fatal exertions to reach terra firma with the exhausted lady, and his not too hasty convalescence under her grateful care.

The author's style adjusts itself to geographical demands with amazing elasticity. In Lynn she is far more sophisticated than in rural Yankeedom; in New York she becomes positively ur-

bane, and on the beach reverts to the limpid simplicity of the desert-island romance—the resuscitation of Agatha being quite classic in its tone:

> Then he gave her food in little bits from a basket and sweet water out of a bottle. Agatha's soul revived within her and her heart became brave again.

The Revolt at Roskelly's. By William Caine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Yule, benign embodiment of the democratic holiday spirit, goes to pass Christmas at Roskelly's, on the "Cornish Riviera." The "best people" finding his easy camaraderie most obnoxious, relegate him to the society of the "plebs," who of late years have come to infest the resort with too noisy mirth and too promiscuous friendliness. Among this outcast people and a few free spirits who belong to neither class, but are just natural human beings, Mr. Yule contents himself. Jovial and lavish as a man of his name and Santa Claus aspect should be, he heartens the despised plebs with sweetmeats and tobacco, with "dumb charades," a holiday dance, and a Christmas tree; and after playing Cupid in a grandfatherly way and showering the disdainful ones with works of art too choice for their appreciation, he confounds them all by producing a title to which every snob must perforce bow the knee.

The effect of the whole story can best be summarized as something between "The Third Floor Back" and Dickens's "Christmas Carol." As a satire on caste consciousness, while full of happy strokes, it is not more remarkable than the performances of numerous other young English writers, with whom this theme is nowadays very much in favor.

THE DUBLIN PARLIAMENT.

The End of the Irish Parliament. By Joseph R. Fisher. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Fisher has scarcely done himself justice in his title. The title suggests a book on the lines of Dr. J. R. Ardill's "The Closing of the Irish Parliament"; but Mr. Fisher's volume is more than this, and might better have been called "Ireland in the Last Thirty Years of the Dublin Parliament"; for Mr. Fisher has taken Townshend's tenure of the office of Lord Lieutenant—1767-72—as his starting point, and has carried the political and to some extent the agrarian and social history of Ireland from Townshend's struggle with the undertakers—otherwise the bosses of the House of Commons—down to the Union in 1800.

From every point of view, Mr. Fisher's starting point was well selected. Ireland in the eighteenth century had no Parliamentary history so long as the undertakers were in control, Poynings's law in operation, and the Lord Lieutenant non-resident. All the Parliamentary history of Ireland that has any significance was compressed into the period that lay between the Lord Lieutenancy of Townshend and that of Cornwallis. This was the period of the Octennial Act, Grattan's Parliament, the rejection of Pitt's commercial proposals, the trouble over the regency, the liberation of the Presbyterians from the fetters of the Test act, the enfranchisement of the Catholic forty-shilling freeholders, the movement for Parliamentary reform, and the movement for complete political emancipation of the Catholics that was to keep both Ireland and the United Kingdom disturbed until the breakdown of the old Toryism on this question in 1829.

The Irish Parliament as a representative institution has little interest for Mr. Fisher. Nowhere does he give even a description of it, or describe the franchises on which the House of Commons was elected. This omission is a defect, because it was the franchises, all modelled on those of England, and in the eighteenth century warped from their original basis as much as those in England, that put the Irish House of Commons so easily under the control of the large landed proprietors. The political strength of these magnates—particularly after the octennial act and the repeal of Poynings's law—lay in the number of members they could return to the House of Commons, and the power they could exercise over their docile nominees and through them over the lord lieutenants, who after Townshend's time were charged with the disagreeable and sordid business of House management. Mr. Fisher takes it for granted that his readers are familiar with all this, and familiar also with the social, agrarian, and ecclesiastical conditions of Ireland up to 1769, and after an introductory chapter in which he recalls the narrowly sectarian character of the Irish Parliament and the origin of Poynings's law, he proceeds with the history of the Parliament from 1769 to 1800. He goes over ground that has been travelled by Froude and Lecky and other writers on Ireland in the eighteenth century. But he imparts much freshness and value to his treatment of this period; for he has drawn upon the Dropmore, Carlisle, Rutland, Charlemont, and other manuscripts which have in recent years been published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission or have otherwise been made available. In particular, Mr. Fisher is the first writer on Irish history to draw to any extent on the Macartney papers; and as Macartney was Chief Secretary for Ireland during Townshend's struggle with the undertakers, much new light is thrown on this contest, on the character of the men with whom Townshend had to deal, and on the cost of the struggle which made his three years at Dublin Castle memorable. The victory, that in the long run meant so little—for other lord lieutenants and chief secretaries had to continue the sordid business that he took over—cost the Irish Treasury half a million sterling, with the creation of five new peerages as a make-weight.

More valuable still is the new light that Macartney's correspondence throws upon the social condition of the Irish people and the methods by which the landlords used the influence they possessed in Dublin and in county government to throw their burdens on the luckless and starving tenantry. The troubles of Ireland, apart from the never-ending struggle among the ascendancy group in Parliament for offices, sinecures, and peerages, even at this time, were agrarian rather than racial or religious. The landlord, the parson, and the priest all preyed in turn on the peasantry, until "the poor reduced wretches have hardly the skin of a potato left them to subsist upon." The outflow of rent to absentee landlords resident in England was, in 1773, estimated at above £700,000 a year. But when Blaquière, who succeeded Macartney as Chief Secretary, proposed a tax on the incomes of the absentees, Burke put his pen at their service; they were numbered among the Rockingham Whigs. The remonstrance which Burke wrote was signed by five great Whig peers. It killed Blaquière's proposal—"not the first, nor the last time," adds Mr. Fisher, "that Burke in his party zeal did a bad day's work for Ireland."

No Englishman nor Irishman who has written on Ireland in the last half of the eighteenth century has evinced a greater contempt than Mr. Fisher for the Irish Parliament and the Irishmen who worked that institution to their own ends. Macartney who helped Townshend to break down the undertaker system, and Castlereagh who was foremost in the work of sweeping the Parliament out of existence, are the only Irishmen of the period for whom Mr. Fisher has much admiration; and like other students of the subject, he regards the Parliament as too hopeless to have been reformed. But the value of his book does not lie only in the fresh light he has been able to throw on the Irish Parliament and its management; it lies also in his sidelights on the social and agrarian condition of Ireland, on the wretchedness and social squalor of the period, most of it due to corruption, vested interests, and mismanagement, for which, in the final result, ministries and Parliament at Westminster were responsible. England to-day is paying the penalty. Most of the social problems which are now pressing on Parliament had their beginnings in the England of this period of 1769 to 1800, and most of them were aggravated by the inpouring into England of Irish, who left home

because of misrule and started a long-continued migration thither.

The Religion of Beauty in Woman. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The essays and studies collected in this volume deal with the love theories of the *dolce stil nuovo* and of the Renaissance. Many of the essays were already well-known and highly valued. They gain by collection: the lights of definition and allusion interplay most effectively throughout the volume.

The criticism of Cavalcanti forms perhaps the most notable portion of the work. Professor Fletcher's translation and exposition of the *Donna mi prega*, together with the admirable essay on Guido's philosophy of love, afford a welcome illumination of a poetic personality very rich in itself and very different from that of Dante or that of Guinizelli. To Cavalcanti love was necessarily desperate, deathly; for he felt, beyond all partial fulfilment, the insatiable craving for the fusion of soul with soul, and he had no faith in a divine all-blending love. From the thwarting actuality he turned, like Leopardi in a later age, to the contemplation of the ideal reflection of beauty within himself—an image, but an image utterly possessed.

Dante's love, on the contrary, was profoundly religious, and its essence was self-renunciation. Imperfect, uncentred, at first, while he enjoyed the salutation of Beatrice, it reached its centring when he had banished all thought of his own welfare, and the end of his love had become solely the versing of his lady's praise. One may question, however, whether the mature religion of Dante was as essentially an outgrowth of his love for Beatrice as Mr. Fletcher thinks it to have been—whether the "Vita nuova" and the "Divine Comedy" are directly continuous. Was not the vision of Dante wrought by the intense intellectual activity of the years in which the memory of Beatrice was darkened, and even betrayed? Is it fair to say that Dante's love reached out from Beatrice "to all humanity, and from humanity, by the leading of faith, to humanity's God?" It is true that in the early days of his love the salutation led him to think no man his enemy; but in later life he seems, like Giovanni Selva, rather to have loved men because they are God's children than to have loved God because He is man's Father.

Mr. Fletcher rightly takes the words

> Io mi son un che quando
> Amor mi spira, noto,

to imply that Dante regarded a certain spontaneity as the distinctive quality of the Sweet New Style, but says nothing of the fact that such spontaneity is hardly to be found in the verse of those whom Dante called his father and his betters in poetry. The love doctrine of Guinizelli was, in fact, a deliberate, even scholastic, product, and was accepted and developed as such by his lesser followers. But to the young Alighieri, truly gentle, rich in imagination, the curiously fashioned doctrine seemed a vital thing, and in the ardor of his fresh idealism he carried into life the beauty of what had been a poetic abstraction: the dry theory came to blossom, like the rod of Aaron. Naturally enough, then, Dante read into the poetry of gentleness a breathing of love that was in reality all his own.

The same miracle appeared in the Platonism of the Renaissance, and of its manifestation there Mr. Fletcher writes fully and with discernment. The Platonic doctrine, fostered in Medicean Florence, had its versified *summa* in Benivieni's "Ode of Love." This poem Mr. Fletcher prints, with an excellent translation and clear analytic comment. The doctrine spread swiftly through the brilliant circles of the Renaissance. Bembo was its pontiff, Castiglione its acolyte, Spenser its missionary, the whole courtly train its devotees. But while it remained for the most part a matter of literary interest and of social fashion, two men made of it a living gospel: Michelangelo, in old age, and Sidney, in his youth. For Michelangelo Mr. Fletcher has only passing references. The essay on Sidney is one of the most finished in the volume.

Such breadth of reading and such alertness in assimilation as Mr. Fletcher possesses are not without their perils. The essay on Dante and Beatrice represents an unfortunate yielding to the temptations that beset a writer so endowed. It seems to have been the noting of a certain similarity between the phenomena of the religious ecstasy of Methodist Bradley, as recorded in James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," and the phenomena of the ecstasies of Dante's love, as recorded in the "Vita nuova," that led to the writing of the essay. The comparison yields more loss than gain. Is it not self-evident that the psychological tatters of all ecstasies will be similar? Furthermore, the thesis of the essay as a whole is this: *any one* may find responsive truth in the "Vita nuova," for the experience there recorded is essentially that of "every Jack in love." Dante would have resented such a thesis. The little book was written for the few who truly have intelligence of love, and the experience it narrates is that of a sensitively aristocratic heart and mind. The comparison of Dante in his love for Beatrice to "any small boy who, unintimidated, resigns the core of his apple to another small boy," to "Nancy Sykes dumbly devoted to her abominable Bill," to "the rake of De Musset's poem suddenly pitiful of his poor hired drab," evinces a regrettable carelessness of real values and real distinctions.

This essay, and the preface and introductory essay that precede it, are marred by a flippancy of phrase and allusion to which the dignity of the subsequent studies offers a welcome contrast. To advance comparisons such as those just quoted, to advertise modernity by dint of uncalled-for references to Bernard Shaw, pragmatism, and "It Never Can Happen Again," to multiply, even with such apology as quotation marks afford, words and phrases like "stuffed with sawdust," "beauty-show," "puppy love," and "damfoolishness," is to captivate the sophomore, no doubt; but it is also to risk the esteem of a maturer audience.

The Business of Congress. By Samuel W. McCall. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.

By revising and publishing these lectures, delivered at Columbia University two years ago, Representative McCall has produced a volume which usefully supplements the existing sources of information concerning his subject. It is neither a parliamentary manual nor a political history nor an essay on the philosophy of government which he has given us, but a book which pleasingly blends the qualities of all three. Intended to give a working knowledge of the way in which Congress actually transacts business, the lectures necessarily went at some length into the organization of the House, the choice and powers of committees, the introduction and advancing of bills, together with much relating to rules and practices; but a great deal of concrete and personal detail is given by way of illustration, while genial or shrewd remarks on the political interpretation of changes and events in Congress are frequent. Nearly all of Mr. McCall's pages are readable and many of them are filled with instruction or fruitful suggestion.

The Massachusetts Representative is continually in this book adducing English precedents. By so much he makes his study one in comparative government. Looking for likenesses or equivalents, he is fond of showing how differing forms come to the same thing in effect. An instance of this is his maintaining (p. 50) that Congress has virtually as much benefit from the advice of Cabinet Ministers in the matter of supply bills affecting their departments as has the House of Commons. The advice is given, to be sure, not on the floor of the House, but in the room of a committee; but the American plan is not so far away from the English as some suppose. Later (p. 193, *seq.*) Mr. McCall takes a somewhat different line, and argues for the

superiority of the British system, which he would like to see more closely imitated in this country. He justly observes that if our members of the Cabinet were compelled to attend the House and to be prepared to explain and defend their policies, it would make impossible some of the appointments to the office which we have had. Equally out of the common view is the author's contention that it would be a good thing for the House of Representatives if we could have in it, like the House of Commons, captains of industry and some men of great wealth—he specifies Morgan, Carnegie, and others—since, "where all classes are directly represented, the whole circle of fact will be known and one class will not be so likely to fatten upon the others."

Resisting the temptation to cite further, we merely point out that, in the matter of the rules of Congress, the hair has grown while Mr. McCall was shaving, the radical departures made by the Democratic majority in the Sixty-second Congress having made some of his statements antiquated. In a few cases he has been able to indicate this in footnotes.

Notes

The text of "The Lure of the Garden," announced by The Century Co., is furnished by Hildegarde Hawthorne, and full-page illustrations in color are prepared by Jules Guérin, Maxfield Parrish, Anna Whelan Betts, Ivanowski, and others; there will also be illustrations in black and white from photographs.

The Century Co. also has in hand "Four Months in Spain," by Harry A. Franck; "Toddie," by Gilbert Watson, a Scotch author, and "Written English," prepared in collaboration by John Erskine and Helen Erskine.

Romain Rolland's "Life of Tolstoi" will be brought out this autumn by E. P. Dutton & Co. The same firm will publish Arnold Bennett's "Hilda Lessways" and Pierre de Coulevain's "Heart of Life."

"More Mastersingers," by Filson Young; "Favorite Poems in English," compiled by Burton E. Stevenson, and the translation into English of Rolland's "Jean-Christophe in Paris," which is the sequel of "Jean-Christophe," are in preparation by Henry Holt & Co.

The second volume of A. Maurice Low's "The American People, a Study in National Psychology" is promised by Houghton Mifflin Co. for the autumn.

Clayton Hamilton is at work on a life of Stevenson. The book will be issued by the Baker & Taylor Co.

In "My Own Story," which the Putnams promise before long, Princess Louisa of Tuscany gives the history of the events which led up to her flight from the court of Saxony.

Among the autumn books announced by Thomas Y. Crowell Co. we note three for boys: "The Aeroplane at Silver Fox Farm," "Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods," both by James Otis, and "The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales," by Dr. William Elliot Griffis.

The Tennysonian celebrations which are now going on at Somersby, England, include an address by the Oxford professor of poetry, Dr. Warren, on "Tennyson: the Poet in the Poet's Land"; "Memories of the Tennyson's at Somersby," by Canon Rawnsley; speeches by J. Cuming Walters and E. Hartley Coleridge, and recitations of several of Tennyson's poems.

The two journeys of William Morris to Iceland, in 1871 and 1873, were, it is well known, the turning point in his life, dividing his literary composition into the works that go with "The Earthly Paradise" and those that go with "Sigurd the Volsung." It has been known, too, that he kept a diary of these, to him, momentous travels. "This diary," says Mackail, in the Biography, "scribbled from day to day on the spot, was carefully written out by him when he came home, and afterwards revised and written out again with some idea of publishing it. This idea, however, considered and deferred more than once, was finally rejected by him towards the end of his life. The extracts here are from the revised manuscript given by him to Mrs. Burne-Jones in 1873." Of the four new volumes now added by Longmans, Green & Co. to their superb edition of "The Collected Works of William Morris," the greatest interest will, therefore, attach to the eighth, which gives in full form the two "Journals of Travel in Iceland." Much of the narrative, it must be admitted, consists of that continuous and changing description of natural scenery which palls very quickly on the reader, and it may be for this reason that Morris himself withheld the Journals from publication; but the brave, romantic character of the man is revealed on every page, and there are many amusing stories of his impulsiveness and absent-mindedness. Volume VII of this edition contains a number of translations from the Icelandic, and the Introduction, by Miss May Morris, tells the story of Morris's acquaintance with Magnússon, and of their work together. Not the least interesting thing in these two volumes is Miss Morris's account of the family life at Kelmscott, while the master of the house was in Iceland. Rossetti was occupying the famous Tapestry-Room, and working in his strange, lonely way. "I can see the rather broad figure," writes Miss Morris, "tramping away doggedly over the flat green meadows, in search of exercise and air enough to keep in health for the day's work; I can see him returning after dark with a burden of weariness upon him—even the young child in pauses of happy playhours felt the loneliness of it."

The other two volumes (V and VI) of the present instalment give the concluding parts of "The Earthly Paradise." As in the Introductions to the earlier volumes of the poem, Miss Morris writes a clear account of the growth of the various tales and of the various forms they passed through. A good deal of rejected material is printed, whether wisely or not we need not say. Three of these rejected stanzas, designed presumably for the month of October or November, may be transcribed:

Come forth, O love, to-day, although the earth
Is pale and sad with death of many things
And shrouds the memory of her months of mirth
And dulls the thoughts of coming winter's stings
With haze of morns and faint gray evenings
Of windless rain: come forth and drive from me
These dreary thoughts of what my life may be.

With hardened heart to pass the once loved place
Where I have felt the unforgotten kiss,
With hardened heart to think upon the face
Whose sight filled day and night for me with bliss,
With hardened heart to live alone—for this;
The praises of the careless world to hear,
Listless with fear of death, and death anear.

Ah it may be, but while we both forget
That we and all our love were made to die,
While fear our foe is not our master yet,
Unsatiate of life, we pensively
May watch the lives of other men go by,
In listening the tales that have been told
For we are young, although the years grow old.

It is certainly too early to pass final judgment upon the woman suffrage agitation in England; perhaps, also, it is too late to treat the movement with either irritation or contempt. Whatever one may think about it, however, the account which E. Sylvia Pankhurst gives in "The Suffragette" (Sturgis & Walton Co.) may at least be credited as a first-hand and, so far as it goes, truthful story of this extraordinary episode. We say truthful so far as it goes, because, while Miss Pankhurst's sincerity and devotion are evident, she hints not the least suspicion that even the most extravagant doings of the suffragettes violated either decency or good manners; but, on the contrary, relates in fullest detail all the numerous exhibitions of lawlessness with characteristic soberness, and without even a saving dash of humor. As an arsenal of facts, at least, the book has distinct value. In one important respect, moreover, quite apart from its bearing on the suffrage question, the volume is a fearful indictment of present-day England, its government, and its people; and that is in the matter of prison administration. Miss Pankhurst's circumstantial recital, in effectively simple language, of the foul conditions of English prisons, of the brutal and inhuman treatment of some of the suffragettes, and of the horrors of forced feeding, is enough to stir the blood of the most indifferent. For what is virtually a revival of torture, joined, in case of some of the suffragette trials, to direct intimations of the kind of rulings expected from the courts, the home secretary, Herbert Gladstone, seems to have a good deal to answer for.

"Daniel Webster: A Vindication, With Other Historical Essays," by William Cleaver Wilkinson, is published by Funk & Wagnalls Company. Professor Wilkinson is the author of many books on biblical and classical subjects, of which the best known is perhaps the "Preparatory Greek Course in English." Something above half of the present work is devoted to Webster, the "other essays" having been added apparently to fill out the volume. At least, apart from the long essay on Webster, it would be hard to justify the publication. The vindication, however, will have its use, though it might easily have been shorter. It has obviously been a labor of love. Professor Wilkinson admits frankly that he is a passionate admirer of Webster, and if this has its disadvantages, it has also its advantages, for it has made him an ardent collector of Webster ma-

terial during a long life. The essay is about equally divided between a vindication of the public and the private life of Webster. The vindication of his public life centres in the justification of the Seventh of March Speech, with the result that Webster's conduct is found to have been conscientious, consistent, patriotic, wise, and right. Most historians now admit that Webster acted conscientiously and consistently, while the author's passionate defence of his conduct as patriotic, wise, and right will leave the present generation, which cannot remember the heated controversies of the civil war period, a little cold. The vindication of Webster's private life was rather more worth doing. Professor Wilkinson has given immense pains to tracing to their source the innumerable stories of Webster's alleged intemperance and immoralities, and he makes it reasonably certain that the stories have no sufficient foundation in fact. That the book will do much to destroy the popular tradition is hardly to be expected, for popular traditions are difficult to destroy when they are once well fixed, and few are more firmly fixed than that of the laxity of Webster's private life. However, it is well worth while to have a careful analysis of the evidence upon which the tradition rests.

To see Mexico as Mary Barton has represented it in her "Impressions of Mexico" (Macmillan) is almost to share in a discovery. It is a land for the artist; and she does not hesitate to compare the atmosphere enveloping Popocatapetl with that of the Alps, or the gorge of Necaxa with the panorama of the Himalayas at Darjeeling, or Lake Patzcuaro with Como. In the series of twenty reproductions from her paintings, exhibited in London, as in the narrative accompaniment, there is a charming display of temperament and personality; in both, an antipathy for the Mexican commonplace; in both, an absolute honesty of expression, allied with a sublime faith in the British point of view. The result is an engaging combination of whimsical impatience at the human incidents of Mexican life and breathless adoration of the soft blue of such mountain peaks as Orizaba. The keynote of the whole story is color, and the printed page often recalls to mind the experiments of Stephen Crane. What one misses is the absence of comment on the work of Mexican painters. Ceramics no longer stands for the national art of Mexico; and Cabrera, Ramírez, and Parra have won recognition in France for precisely those aspects of light and transparence in Mexican waters and skies which appeal so strongly to the author. Her opinion on the reputed Titian at Tzintzuntzan, which she could have seen without much difficulty, would have been worth having. In spite of deficiencies of this sort, and in spite of her hasty judgments on the music and drama of the country which was for a time the home of la Malibran and of Barill, Adelina Patti's uncle and teacher, this book does much to reveal that better Mexico so generally neglected by writers.

Hidden away in volumes of the Nueva Biblioteca de Autores Españoles there has been appearing, for some years past, a study of the origins of the novel which, though of the first importance, does not seem to have attracted general attention. Professed Spanish students have, of course, reckoned with it; but its scope is far wider and should appeal to every one interested in European literature who can at all find his way through simple Spanish prose. It consists of the introductions prefixed by Menéndez y Pelayo to the three volumes which have so far been published (1905, 1907, 1910), of reprints of early Spanish novels supplementary to those that had already appeared in Rivadeneyra's original Biblioteca. Yet, to speak of them as "introductions" is hardly to deal adequately with their weightiness. They occupy the whole of the first volume, a large octavo of 532 pages, 140 pages of the second volume, and 289 pages of the third. A concluding part will come with the fourth volume and will deal with the picaresque novel and other analogous forms, such as satirical colloquies. The whole will form an imposing study of the history of the novel in Spain and of its affiliations by origin and influence throughout Europe and the East, worthy to stand beside its author's "Historia de las ideas estéticas en España," and form with the reprints of novels in these volumes and in others of the Biblioteca a worthy pendant to the series of volumes of his Antología de poetas líricos castellanos. Beginning with a sketch of the novel in classical antiquity, he passes to the Oriental tale and its transmission through Spain to the Western peoples. This, though not written by a professed Orientalist, is easily the fullest and clearest statement of the whole subject and its tangle of problems. Then follows the influence of these stories in mediæval Spanish literature, where we meet the picturesque figures of Raimundo Lulio, Fray Anselmo de Turmeda, and the Archpriest of Hita. Of the two Franciscans, the missionary and the pervert to Islam this is by far the best and fullest easily accessible account. The same can be said of the history, above 170 pages in length, of the rise and fall of the romances of chivalry in all their cycles. It is a learned and delightful commentary on the catalogue of Don Quixote's library. The question of the origin of the "Amadís" is handled with especial wealth and keenness. The novel of sentiment, such as the "Carcel de Amor," the historical novels which played such mischief among the earlier historians of the reconquest, and the pastoral novel, the "Dianas" and the rest, leading up to the "Galatea" of Cervantes, follow in order. The introduction to the second volume deals with collections of stories and short tales, mostly under the influence of the Italian novelists; that to the third is an elaborate and illuminating treatment of the "Celestina" and all its descendants.

It is impossible to give a list of the texts reprinted in the second and third volumes. They are professedly supplemental to those already printed in Rivadeneyra, those which are to appear elsewhere in this new series, and those which are generally accessible in other modern reprints. To Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo it was evidently a relief that for some of the "Celestinas" he could refer to the collection of Libros Raros y Curiosos, and with regard to those that he does reprint he hopes that the antique orthography and learned apparatus will be a kind of thorn hedge to ward off "el profano vulgo." But some mention should be made of another series of volumes in this Biblioteca which are bringing reprints of important romances of chivalry. Two have appeared, edited by Prof. Bonilla y San Martín, and a third is promised which will contain an elaborate historical study of chivalry and its romances, of their introduction into Spain, and of the different Spanish cycles. A bibliography down to 1615 will be added. So far reprinted are the "Baladro del sabio Merlín" and the "Demanda del Sancto Grial," "Don Tristán de Leonís," "Tablante de Ricamonte," and "Carlos Maynes" from an Escurial MS. In the second volume are "Palmerín de Inglaterra," the "Destrucción de Jerusalem," "Roberto el Diablo," "Clamades y Clarmonda," "Oliveros de Castilla y Artús Dalgarbe" (with a great many wood cuts), "Hystoria del rey Canamor y del infante Turian su hijo," "Conde Partinuples." A glossary is added, variant readings to the "Palmerín," and an index of proper names. "Tirant lo Blanch," with a Spanish translation, is promised, for a separate volume of the Biblioteca.

Lippincott publishes a second edition of Lieber's "Manual of Political Ethics." The work has been revised and edited by Prof. Theodore D. Woolsey, and President Nicholas Murray Butler has written an introduction, in which he points out that, although the book was written nearly three-quarters of a century ago, its principles, disquisitions, and ideals have immediate application to the political action of our own day. The work has been very little changed from its original form. Of the notes prepared by Dr. Lieber, only those which were of primary value or which modified or corrected the text have been inserted, and a very few notes by the editor have been added.

Three writers of some distinction have died recently in France: Viscount Albert Révérand, an authority on the subject of French peerages, who for a number of years edited the "Annuaire de la noblesse de France" and produced a "Dictionnaire historique" of about ten thousand titled persons beginning with the opening of the eighteenth century; Maurice Maindron, the author of several romances, whose setting is laid chiefly in the sixteenth century; Jean de Mitty—his real name was Golfineanu and he was born in Rumania—a student of Stendhal who discovered and published the original manuscript of "Lucien Leuwen."

The death is announced of Prof. Georg Wenker, the chief librarian of the University of Marburg, aged fifty-nine. He had written a number of works on the German dialects, among them "Verschiebung des Stammsilbenauslauts im Germanischen," "Sprachatlas von Nord- und Mitteldeutschland," and "Sprachatlas des Deutschen Reiches."

The death is reported from Monteagle, Tenn., in his eighty-second year, of the Rev. Oscar Penn Fitzgerald, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and author of the following works: "California Sketches," "Christian Growth," "Glimpses of Truth," "Life of McFerrin," "Dr. Summers, A Life Study," "Centenary Cameos," "Bible Nights," "Eminent Methodists," "The Whetstone," "The Epworth Book," "Judge Longstreet," "The Day and the Word," "Sunset Views," and "Upper Room Meditations."

Science

The Newer Spiritualism. By Frank Podmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

It is our good fortune that before Frank Podmore went to join Gurney and Myers and Hodgson and James in the ghostly realm where at least guessing ceases, he left us his own last guess on spirit communication in a volume which worthily completes his long study of this difficult question. Indeed, the word "guess" is quite inappropriate to this book, for it is a careful exposition and judicious analysis of the recent evidence on the subject and is marked by an entire lack of that obvious prejudice and easy wit which rob so many books on each side of the spiritistic controversy of much of their value. The volume has no surprises and its outcome is exactly what one would be led to expect by the author's previous works. It simply brings the discussion of the question up to date; but certainly it is of no small interest to know exactly what Podmore thought of the more recent discoveries of psychical research.

The book overlaps to some extent the author's previous work on the same subject, "Modern Spiritualism." This appeared in 1902 in two large volumes and covered the whole period between the witches and the "controls." Both books deal with Daniel Douglas Home, and the present one takes up the story of Eusapia Palladino and of Mrs. Piper where the previous work had left it. "The Newer Spiritualism" falls naturally into two parts: the first devoted to physical phenomena, the second and more important to the question of trance messages. In the former, the two most striking of the physical mediums —Home and Palladino—are taken as typical and studied with some care. Podmore's treatment of Home is particularly characteristic of his keenly critical but open mind. In contrast to some writers who refuse to consider Home at all on the ground of unsatisfactory records, Podmore devotes over fifty pages to a careful analysis of the records that we have. And in equal contrast to other writers who have accepted Home's cases of levitation (largely on the ground of his moral character), our author is able to point out exactly where the evidence is weak, and ventures to show that the famous medium's reputation for strict honesty rests on very flimsy foundations. Eusapia Palladino fares no better before his keen analysis, and the final conclusion to which he leads the reader is that the physical phenomena of spiritualism may be amply explained by sleight-of-hand on the part of the medium and an occasional lapse of attention on the part of the sitter.

No such easy explanation is to be sought for in the case of the purely psychical phenomena. And with fraud eliminated, there are evidently three possible lines of explanation open. One is the naturalistic which seeks to write down all that seems startling as due to the regular laws of normal or abnormal psychology, and relegates all that cannot be treated thus to a possibly faulty record. The second uses all these means but finds certain outstanding facts for whose explanation it appeals to telepathy. The third hypothesis is, of course, that of "spiritualism." Podmore's treatment of the subject is remarkably open-minded, and he recognizes that the question cannot yet be fully answered; but he does not hesitate to uphold stoutly his own tentative explanation, which is that involving telepathy.

The naturalistic hypothesis our author does not consider directly and in detail, but his exposition of the phenomena makes such an explanation seem quite out of the question—unless, indeed, one falls back upon the easy appeal to a "faulty record" wherever one meets with difficulties. The spiritualistic hypothesis is taken very seriously and tested with care. Some of the evidence (especially in the case of cross-correspondencies) might be put more persuasively, but, on the whole, a strong case is made out for the spirits. And yet in every instance but one he shows that the hypothesis of telepathy would furnish at least an equally satisfactory explanation. The exception referred to is the "Lethe Incident," which occurred in the spring of 1908, and in which the "Piper-Myers" exhibited an acquaintance with an obscure story of Ovid's which (so far as could be ascertained) neither Mrs. Piper nor the sitter nor any one connected with them had ever read. Podmore points out two subordinate features of the case which somewhat weaken its evidential value; and it is barely possible to explain it on the theory of subconscious memory with telepathy—or, of course, by a much more sweeping kind of telepathy or by clairvoyance, once you admit such things. But the spiritistic hypothesis would certainly seem the simpler, if the case were only reinforced by others equally good. Podmore's comment on it is as follows:

> It must, I think, be admitted on all hands that the method of answering the Lethe question was well devised; that this is precisely the kind of evidence demanded for the proof of spirit identity; and that, though no single case can, of course, be conclusive, yet that if evidence of this kind were multiplied the presumption in favor of the reality of spirit communication might at length become irresistible. Taken by itself, however, the new evidence can hardly be claimed as strong enough appreciably to weaken the presumption against the authenticity of these spirit messages derived from the whole experience of the past. . . . The improbabilities involved in any of the suggested alternatives are at least equally serious. The wisest counsel, if also the most difficult to follow, is to hold our judgment in suspense.

To some extent this case is counterbalanced by the interesting "Sevens Incident," which also occurred in the spring of 1908, and in which a most beautiful cross-correspondence was completely explained by telepathy from the living—namely by an idea in the mind of Mr. Piddington himself, which he had embodied in a "posthumous letter," written by him at the time. This case is one of the most persuasive pieces of evidence on record for the existence of telepathy; and incidentally also it "invalidates by anticipation all evidence for the agency of the dead which might have been derived from 'posthumous' letters, and has thus deprived us of what would have seemed an important, though not, of course, a crucial test."

But while Podmore regards the evidence educed by psychical research as quite insufficient to prove spirit communication, he by no means regards the investigation of these phenomena as worthless. On the contrary, the prospect of really valuable discoveries in the field seems to him particularly bright.

> The most promising line of inquiry at the present time would seem to consist in the possible indications of a directing and organizing intelligence to be found by careful comparison of the scripts of the several autonomists. . . . The evidence so far presented will not, it seems, admit of a positive conclusion. But even while the investigation is still incomplete it is clear that the results so far attained are worth all the labor that has been spent upon them. If a final verdict must be deferred until further investigation shall have enlightened our ignorance, and shall enable us to give a decisive answer to the question whether these dark sayings proceed from the dead or the living, we need not wait to recognize that even now there are other, if perhaps less momentous, issues involved which concern our immediate interests. . . . If we reject for the present, at least, the explanation suggested by many of the utterances themselves, that of communication from the dead, we must seek for some other cause adequate to the effects. There remains only the agency which has been provisionally named telepathy, but which no one has yet ventured to define in other than negative terms, as communication apart from the recognized sensory channels. The establishment of such a faculty, if only as a vestige of a primitive mode of sensibility, now superseded by articulate speech, would surely be a result worth all the labor spent in the vineyard.

"Stories of Useful Inventions," by S. E. Forman, is in the Century Company's list of autumn books.

Lieut.-Col. Lawrence Laurenson Bruff, Ordnance Corps, U. S. A., died on Friday of last week at Philadelphia, aged fifty-nine. He was for a number of years an instructor

at the Military Academy, West Point, and was the author of several books, among them "Gunpowder and Interior Ballistics," "Exterior Ballistics," and "Ordnance and Gunnery."

Drama

NOTES ON GERMAN DRAMA.

Carl Hauptmann's latest dramatic work, "Napoleon Bonaparte" (Munich: Georg D. W. Callwey), is of vast proportions. It is in two parts, the first devoted to the citizen Bonaparte, the second to the Emperor. The prelude on the coast of Corsica effectively introduces to the reader the parents of Bonaparte, fugitives in the revolution which convulses the island, and suggests qualities later to be consummated in the son. With its rugged shepherd types against the background of a rough cave among jagged rocks, its atmosphere of unrest within and danger without, it attunes the reader to the storm and stress of the hero's future career, who is at the time peacefully slumbering in a basket suspended from the donkey that carried his mother to safety. The first act begins with Bonaparte's conquest of the fascinating Josephine and presents a vivid picture of the lightsome and frivolous spirit of the Directoire. As the poet follows Napoleon through his triumphant Mediterranean career, he loses no opportunity to show the profound impression made by the Corsican's imperious personality upon the wily men of the world whom he meets in diplomatic conference, upon the soldiers whom he inspires with his own ambition, courage, and energy, and even upon those whose kingdom is not of this world, as is amply illustrated in the scene in the convent of Tolentino. A peculiar conceit of the poet is the "pale young man in chains," who, invisible to any but Bonaparte, appears before him at critical moments and warns him—it is his starved and fettered conscience. It is he who wrings from him the promise of a truly democratic constitution for France, which Bonaparte calls the first and last idea and the only legacy of the great Revolution.

In the second part, of four acts, the author dramatically groups the events which took place during the brief reign of Napoleon as Emperor of France and sovereign of the greater part of Western Europe, until his enforced abdication, and the postlude brings his death on St. Helena. The spirit of the work approaches classical standards more closely than any other historical drama that has come from the pens of the Young Germans. The poet's conception of his hero is human; he pictures the Corsican superman in his towering strength, but also in those moments when he proves his kinship to the humblest mortal. Of the numerous characters, the most important stand out against the shifting background with remarkable vitality. The style, too, is almost entirely free from the mannerisms which usually mar the beauty of the author's prose. Viewed as a whole, the work seems to indicate a turn in the road of Carl Hauptmann's development, full of promise to those who have faith in his genius.

Hermann Bahr's comedy in three acts, "Die Kinder" (Berlin: S. Fischer) is based upon a problem which he has treated in his story, "Die Stimme des Bluts," and at the beginning might well be taken for a domestic tragedy. For the two young people who so charmingly play at the duel of sex have hardly agreed to be married when the father of the girl, a physician of peasant descent, tells the suitor that he is his son. But the supposed father of the young man, the old count who formerly owned the castle which the doctor has transformed into a villa, had already been summoned, and on learning of the difficulty in the way of his heir's happiness, is also forced into a confession and admits that he is the father of the girl whom the doctor supposed to be his daughter. Thus the tragedy is averted and the conflict dissolved in a comedy of errors speedily brought to a happy ending. It is easy to note the undercurrent of satire in the juxtaposition of the girl who is proud of her father's plebeian origin and the qualities of character which made him achieve professional fame, social position, and wealth, and the young man who represents the staid conservative traditions and conventions of an old aristocracy. But Bahr adds another strong touch of satire in the introduction of a visitor who seeks an interview with the doctor and is revealed to him as the offspring of a long-forgotten student's love. This Bayerlein, a curiously unconventional, hale and hearty fellow, is one of the author's most original creations; he does not come to reproach or make any claims upon the father hitherto unknown to him, but simply to pay his respects to the illustrious progenitor whose career the mother had followed in the papers with no little interest. His mother had brought him up singlehanded; now he was taking care of her, had assured her comfort, and both with philosophical acceptance bore the doctor no grudge. The work is really delightful and sparkles with the bright and graceful wit which distinguishes all of Bahr's plays.

Ludwig Thoma's one-act farce, "Erster Klasse" (imported by G. E. Stechert), is an admirable specimen of the author's broad, rollicking humor. The scene is a first-class car in a Bavarian express train, and many of the funny situations are possible only in that locality. But the *dramatis personæ* are cleverly divided among Bavarians and Prussians whose racial characteristics challenge amusing comparisons. The main interest, however, centres, as usual, in the native rustics, portrayed by the author with an amazing understanding for their robust and jocund good-nature.

Daniel Frohman announces that the Lyceum Theatre will reopen the first week in September with a new American comedy, "Thy Neighbor's Wife," with Arthur Byron, Frederick Tilden, Pamela Gaythorne, and Alice John in the cast.

Rehearsals of George Bronson-Howard's new play, "Snobs," with Frank McIntyre in the leading part, have begun at the Hudson Theatre, where it will be seen on September 4.

Henry B. Harris will open the Harris Theatre, formerly the Hackett, on Thursday, August 31, with Rose Stahl in Charles Klein's new play, "Maggie Pepper."

John Cort announces his plans for the coming season, which include a revival of "Two Women" with Leslie Carter and "The Earl of Pawtucket" with Lawrence D'Orsay. New plays are "Sadie," dramatized from Karl Harriman's novel, by Rupert Hughes, with Theodore Roberts, Thurlow Bergen, Frank Campau, and Fernanda Eliseu in the cast; "Jingaboo," a musical farce by Leo Ditrichstein, with music by Arthur Prior, and "The Fox," a detective play by Lee Arthur.

William A. Brady will start the preliminary season at his new theatre, The Playhouse, on Monday, August 28, with Douglas Fairbanks in "A Gentleman of Leisure," by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse. Early in October he expects to begin the first season of the regular company, headed by Grace George. Other members will be Allan Aynesworth, who has played leading parts in London for fifteen years, and Lyn Harding, a well-known English character actor. The opening play will be "The Earth," by James Fagan, with Miss George in the part played in London by Lena Ashwell, and Messrs. Aynesworth and Harding in their original parts. This will be followed by "Much Ado About Nothing," and for this performance the company will be strengthened. Mr. Brady hopes to establish a repertory theatre, with constant changes of bill, and to that end is making arrangements for the production of new plays by George Broadhurst, Thompson Buchanan, Granville Barker, Cicely Hamilton, and Margaret Mayo, as well as a new fairy play at Christmas time. He will revive "Divorçons," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The School for Scandal," and old comedies by Molière and Congreve. Other plays to be produced under his management include Justin Huntley McCarthy's "Charlemagne, the Conqueror," in which Robert Mantell will be seen, and the same author's "The O'Flynn"; a new play, by Harrison Rhodes, for Thomas A. Wise, and George Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For," for Charles Richman. In November, at the Manhattan Opera House, he will produce a new American melodrama, and will also have two musical comedies, "The Violet Widow," by Dorothy Usner, and "The Merry Bachelors."

According to the critic of the London

Times the production of Karl Schoenherr's "Glaube und Heimat" at His Majesty's Theatre by the German Play Society was well worth the effort.

Music

The Edward MacDowell Memorial Association announces a music festival to be given on its pageant stage at Peterborough, N. H., on August 16 and 18. There will also be a concert in the Town Hall on the 17th. The orchestra will be led by Eusebius Hood and W. H. Humiston.

Maurice Renaud was a tower of strength to Oscar Hammerstein during his four years of opera at the Manhattan. He was engaged for forty performances in the last season, but Hammerstein found him so strong a magnet that he gave him fourteen more appearances. He has now procured him as his leading artist for the performances next season in his newly built London Opera House, up to January, when the great French baritone returns to America. Lina Cavalieri, Marguerite D'Alvarez, and Orville Harrold will also be taken over from his former New York company. The names of the other singers engaged by him are less familiar. He pretends to have three "Carusos," the list of his tenors including, besides Harrold, Mario Ansaldi, Frank Pollock, Fred Régis, Fernand Leraux. The sopranos will be Cavalieri, Isabeau Catalan, Victoria Fer, Aline Vallandri, Eva Oldhanski, Felicia Lyne, L. Merlin. Mezzo-sopranos and altos: D'Alvarez, Tinka-Joscki, Jeane Duchêne, Nina Ratti, Antoinette Kerlane. Baritones: Renaud, José Danse, Georges Chadal, M. Figarella, Arthur Phillips. Mario Ellandri. Basses: Jean Perkin, Enzo Bozano, Fred. Combe, Giuseppe de Grazia. Among the novelties to be presented are "Quo Vadis," "Don Quixote," and "The Violinmaker of Cremona."

A great treat evidently awaits the lovers of good singing and good songs in the impending appearance in this country of the famous German lieder singer, Elena Gerhardt, who will make her American début at Carnegie Hall on January 12. She is as popular in England as in Germany, and at her last appearance in London not only was the hall full, but many were unable to find seats. One reason for her success is that she sings songs by the composers who were masters of melody, among them Jensen, Rubinstein, Liszt, and Franz. Nikisch paid her the significant compliment of playing the piano parts, as he had done before.

Of Cadman's charming song, "Land of the Sky-Blue Water," tens of thousands of copies have been sold. The royalties enabled this promising young composer, who was seriously ill, to go to New Mexico, where he completely recovered his health. Lillian Nordica is particularly interested in him; in her Western recitals last season she sang several of his songs, and commissioned him to write a cycle for her on Homeric texts. This is now completed, and bears the title, "To Odysseus."

At last New York will hear Liszt's wonderful Dante Symphony, which Weingartner regards as even more powerful than his "Faust" symphony, and of which Wagner said it was "the creative act of a redeeming genius," "one of the most astounding deeds in music." It will be performed by the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall next December, under the new conductor, Josef Stransky. The choral part will be sung by the MacDowell Chorus. The soloist of this concert will be Arthur Friedheim. It will be the great event of the musical season.

The MacDowell Chorus, Kurt Schindler, conductor, has completed plans for the season of 1911-12, and the directors announce that the first concert will take place in Carnegie Hall, on Monday evening, December 12, when the chorus, assisted by the Philharmonic Society and prominent soloists, will present Liszt's "Legend of St. Elizabeth," in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. The second concert will be given in March.

For forty years the late Albert Schatz of Rostock was at work on a history and dictionary of operas from the earliest time to 1900. Some years ago the United States government purchased his collection of more than 12,000 opera librettos. During his recent trip in Europe Mr. Sonneck, chief of the Division of Music of the Library of Congress, purchased also the entire collection of Schatz's manuscripts, data, and correspondence, which makes this one of the most precious treasures of that library. The chief value of these records lies in the complete and authoritative information given regarding the early history of opera. One of the details is a chronological record of performances of Wagner's operas.

Hans Richter, having virtually ended his career as conductor, has purchased a residence at Bayreuth, where he intends to start a school for dramatic singing. He is one of the conductors during this summer's Wagner festival in the Bayreuth Theatre, to which, by the way, automobiles may, for the first time, ascend this summer.

Art

EDWIN A. ABBEY, N.A., R.A.

The late Edwin A. Abbey made one of those perfectly normal successes that seem to belie the romantic traditions of the painter's craft. At an early age the young Pennsylvanian was already a popular illustrator. For the grace and petulance of young womanhood he had an understanding eye. Indeed, it is doubtful if in his later years and in his most ambitious mural paintings he ever did anything more wholly charming and more artistically complete than the two series of pen drawings in which he evoked the heroines of Shakespeare and Herrick. Of these idyllic designs his historical and decorative painting was merely an expansion. Under the stimulus of his growing fame he essayed the larger dramatic themes, and always with a conscientiousness that was impressive; but many of his admirers regretted the admirable illustrator that was submerged in the Royal Academy exhibitor. Would not the Grail decorations in the Boston Public Library look better in the old sensitive penstroke and opposite the necessary explanatory text? The thought qualifies one's admiration for those beautiful decorations.

Unlike the greater number of his American contemporaries Abbey was exempt from the influence of Paris. Whether consciously or by some inconscient atavism, he continued the mood and the manner of the Georgian and early Victorian illustrators. Stothard might have been his grandfather in art, "Dicky" Doyle his granduncle. His affinity with such draughtsmen as Du Maurier and the illustrators of *Punch* generally was clear enough, and the readiness with which he attached himself to the later Pre-Raphaelite tradition is significant. In maturity Abbey tried to paint about as Millais had painted in his teens. These analogies are suggested not to belittle a charming talent, but to define it, and more especially to show that when Abbey moved to England he came in a sense to his own. His success was immediate. His qualities were more highly appreciated in England than they would have been here. For years his Academy contributions shared with Sargent's the acclaim of the public and the press. His admitted superiority in historical painting made it natural that he, rather than an English artist, should be commanded to paint the coronation of Edward VII. In fact it is doubtful if he would have had the chance to execute his monumental designs for Boston and Harrisburg had not his London fame rebounded to his native shores.

In many respects his brilliant career recalls that of his predecessor and fellow Pennsylvanian, Benjamin West. Quite as West rose to fame by carrying out the precepts of Sir Joshua Reynolds and furnishing a kind of art that won the theoretical approval of the judicious, Abbey prevailed by frankly accepting the established traditions of the Academy picture while enhancing it by a more learned and conscientious workmanship. It was the second time that an American had outacademied the Royal Academy, and in both instances British magnanimity applauded the feat with enthusiasm. We have already shown that an act of adaptation which in most American artists would seem a recreancy was in Abbey merely the legitimate outcome of his temperament. On the other hand his place in art will be decided largely by the worth of the tradition to which he attached himself. It is the fashion to decry the British anecdotal picture, and the glamour of the Pre-Raphaelites is distinctly waning. Abbey's repute as decorator and historical painter will rise no higher than that of his sponsors, and any complete rehabilitation of these British schools seems unlikely. We feel that the Her-

rick and Shakespeare illustrations will outwear the mural paintings and that notable succession of Royal Academy sensations.

If anything Abbey was a victim of his success, and yet the word implies too much. In greatest repute and prosperity he never relaxed his ideal. He put forth nothing that did not represent superior thinking and high skill of hand. He painted nothing that was not instinct with a certain noble gentleness that was quite his own. The transparent loyalty of the man is written in every stroke of his brush and pen. He has left a sweet memory among his colleagues. We may regret that in a time of artistic confusion he was drawn into tasks not wholly compatible with his powers. A similar mischance, it will be recalled, made for the nonce a monumental painter out of the delightful Stothard. But we cannot withhold admiration from the spirit in which Abbey undertook these imposed tasks. His achievement may not seem to rank very high on an absolute scale, but it increases one's respect for the human intelligence. Finally we shall not be suspected of chauvinism when we rejoice that America had the best of Abbey and the perceptiveness to recognize that best promptly.

From Berlin comes the report of the death of Prof. Reinhold Begas, the distinguished German sculptor, at the age of eighty. His first great work was a group, Hagar and Ishmaël, which showed that his talent was of a different character from that of his master, Rauch; the difference became clearer with the appearance of his group, Psyche and Amor, in 1856. In 1857 he went to Rome and was a student of ancient and modern works, in company with Feuerbach, Böklin, Lenbach, and others. The result of his studies and his work in Rome was shown in his Pan Consoling Psyche, which was completed in 1858, and an heroic group representing Borussia Protecting Commerce, Agriculture, and the Arts, which was placed in the Boerse at Berlin. Begas was chosen instructor in the Weimar Art School in 1861, but served in that capacity only a short time, and then upon entering once more into active work in his profession became a competitor in the international contest for the Berlin Schiller monument. After a long and stubborn artistic controversy, his plans were accepted and the monument, which was unveiled in 1871, justified the decision of the judges. In the meantime, several groups and figures had been produced in Begas's studio, all of which attracted attention and showed a continued improvement. Early in the seventies he began to devote time to new subjects, and his figures became less ideal and more lifelike. His chief works of this period were a Mercury and Psyche under a palm tree and the fountain in the Schloss court in Berlin, with figures of Neptune, centaurs, mermaids, and sea gods. Soon after these works were completed he made the statue of Wealth for the Reichsbank, Berlin, and then an heroic Borussia and two herculean figures representing Strength and the Science of War for the arsenal. With these he established a reputation for thoroughness and fertile imagination. Many believed that the strong personality and individuality of the man were most clearly shown in his portrait busts, among which the most notable are those of the Empress Frederick, Countess Bismarck, and Moltke. Popularly he was best known as the designer of the Kaiser Wilhelm Denkmal in Berlin.

Finance

A HISTORY OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The Stock Exchange. By Francis W. Hirst. A short study of investment and speculation. (Home University Library). New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents net.

The editor of the London *Economist* applies himself, in this concise handbook, to set forth exactly what is the history and function of the Stock Exchange in modern finance. Premising the absolutely indispensable work performed by the institution in these days, the author remarks that the philosopher might wonder "why, with their baths, their theatres, their courts of law, their shops and markets and banks, Athens and Rome never invented or possessed a Stock Exchange." His answer is that interest-bearing paper, in the modern form of securities, was first invented to finance the Continental wars of William of Orange. Even under Charles the Second, the English Government borrowed on what were known as "goldsmith's notes," on which ten, twenty, and even thirty per cent. was exacted by the close corporation of wealthy lenders. Charles's repudiation of £1,328,526 of the public debt (outstanding at 6 per cent.) disclosed the fact that "not merchants only, but widows, orphans, and others, became suddenly deprived of the whole of their property." The upshot, when a government with stability and principles had been provided, was the Bank of England and government securities on the modern basis.

The use of the stock-issue device, on an enormous scale, followed in the days of the South Sea Company, copied from John Law's "Mississippi Bubble" in France, and the civilized world was fairly launched in "booms," "panics" and stock exchanges. Mr. Hirst traces the rise of the London Stock Exchange from the days when brokers met in coffee houses or in the street to the present day. It was the foreign government loans between 1818 and 1832 which brought the institution into public notice (with unpleasant results); but the first rise of the Stock Exchange to a distinct place in the business organism of the day came with the movement to capitalize the railway movement of 1844 and 1845. The history of the London Exchange is in fact made up of a succession of such chapters, each converging chiefly on a new field of financial exploitation. The Argentine craze which culminated in 1890, the South African gold mine craze of 1895 and the four subsequent years made up its field of principal activity. The "Rubber mania" of 1910 was only a repetition, on a smaller scale, of numerous previous episodes of the sort.

Mr. Hirst surveys and compares the stock exchanges of other cities than London. Wall Street does not escape its share of criticism; the secret of its supremacy "lies in the power of its banks as manufactories and curtailers of credit. Hence it is not merely a market of bonds and shares, not merely a recorder, but a manipulator and controller of prices.' The use of our Stock Exchange by exploiting "syndicates," the general restriction of its interest to domestic enterprises (despite the talk of 1901 that New York was becoming the "central money market of the world"), and the part played by "margin speculation" and professional traders, are treated with illuminating insight, from the London point of view. It is interesting to note that Mr. Hirst approves the system of daily settlement for purchases and sales of stock on the New York Exchange, as against the London system of fortnightly adjustment of accounts. This, he concludes, "is doubtless one of the causes why failures or defaults are so commendably rare." It may be so; but the system of daily settlements is also in a large degree the cause for the convulsions in the "call money" market which occur on a sudden outside demand for money when bank reserves are low and an active speculation is in progress on the Stock Exchange. Such an outside demand may be merely temporary; it may be such as can be readily offset by gold imports, Treasury operations, or remittances from other markets. But the stock broker must be able to renew his loans at the daily settlement, and that is precisely why, on occasions of the sort, one hears of Wall Street bidding 10, 25, or even 100 per cent. per annum for one day's use of money.

Concerning such pregnant questions as how to judge what are good securi-

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ties, and as to what it is that regulates Stock Exchange prices, Mr. Hirst has much to say. His advice, like that of most experienced observers, is either to judge by the market's own valuation, or else to engage in thorough study of a really intricate subject. He is severe, but not unjustly so, on the unwarranted and indiscriminate prestige which has been won in America by the term "first mortgage bonds." Concerning the securities of our "billion-dollar steel trust," he has a kindly word to say. He believes that the value of iron is more likely to rise than fall, and that the company's position would be helped rather than hurt by sweeping reduction of the tariff.

In discussing movement of prices for securities, Mr. Hirst does not add much to the late Sir Robert Giffen's excellent monograph on the subject. But he has some very suggestive words—based in the main on Wall Street's recent history—regarding that factor in values which is popularly known as "manipulation," and which made the New York stock market of 1905 and 1906 something very near to an economic absurdity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, G. Florence. Revised by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. Holt. $1.35 net.
Aristotelis. De Arte Poetica. Frowde.
Arnoux, C. E. d'. Poems. Boston: The Poet Lore Co.
Benedict, R. D. Stories from the Old French Chronicles. Boston: Badger.
Bidwell, D. D. As Far as the East Is from the West. Third edition. Hartford: The S. S. Scranton Co.
Blan, L. B. A Special Study of the Incidence of Retardation. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1.
Coffman, L. D. The Social Composition of the Teaching Population. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1.
Gladden, W. The Labor Question. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Home University Library. Introduction to Mathematics, by A. N. Whitehead; Evolution, by P. Geddes and J. A. Thomson; Medieval Europe, by H. W. C. Davis; The Animal World, by F. W. Gamble; The Science of Wealth, by J. A. Hobson. Holt. 75 cents net, each.
Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. vii, Governors' Letter-Books—1840-1853, by E. B. Greene and C. M. Thompson. Springfield, Ill.: Ill. State Historical Library
Kildare, O. and L. Such a Woman. Dillingham. $1.35 net.
Kirk, F. M. Junior Geography Questions. Frowde.
Kirk, W. F. Right Off the Bat: Baseball Ballads. Dillingham. 50 cents net.
Macaulay's Essays on Warren Hastings. Edited, with notes, by V. A. Smith. Frowde.
Murray, G. The Rise of the Greek Epic. Being a Course of Lectures Delivered at Harvard University. Second edition, revised. Frowde. $2.50.
Orpen, G. H. Ireland Under the Normans, 1169-1216. 2 vols. Frowde.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. ix, Team—Tezkere. Frowde. $1.25.
Rabenort, W. L. Spinoza as Educator. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1.
Raine, W. M. A Texas Ranger. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Smith, D. E. The Teaching of Geometry. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Spencer, H. P. A Rape of Hallowe'en. Boston: Badger.
Stebbing, W. Truths or Truisms. Frowde.
Stockley, C. Virginia of the Rhodesians. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.25 net.
Studies in Honor of A. Marshall Elliott. 2 vols. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $7.50.
Thackeray. Some Family Letters, together with Recollections by His Kinswoman, Blanche W. Cornish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Woodbury, W. A. Beauty Culture. Dillingham. $2 net.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911

The Week

President Taft's message vetoing the joint resolution to admit Arizona is powerfully written. It is evident that he is deeply stirred by what he considers the dangerous impairment of a fundamental principle of our government, involved in the recall of judges, and deals with the whole question on the highest grounds. Both for vigor of statement and elevation of tone his message will rank high among state papers, and ought to have a marked effect. Mr. Taft is under no illusion as to what the people of Arizona may do if they choose. They may procure admission without the judicial recall in their Constitution, and afterwards incorporate it by amendment; and in that case the Federal Government could do nothing, since it is not contended by any that the recall of judges is inconsistent with "a republican form of government." But it was the immediate utterance of important political doctrine and a sense of high official duty which moved the President, and he spoke whether men would hear or forbear. His fellow-citizens ought certainly to give ear to the vital principles which he utters in words of truth and soberness.

Senator Frye's death is chiefly significant as marking the passing of a generation, as well as of a political dynasty. With Blaine, Reed, Hale, and Dingley, he continued the traditions of Fessenden and Hamlin. It was a remarkable group, but one whose vision narrowed steadily as the years passed. The selfish spell of protection was upon them; it became their idol, and almost everything else was subordinated to its safety. Their period was the high-water mark of the system, under which the whole country was exploited for the favored few, while corruption ran rampant throughout our political life, the favors of the Republican party being openly for sale. Senator Frye lived to see the foundations of this edifice begin to crumble; he survived to hear a Republican President fling away the same Chinese wall idea which was as the Scriptures to Blaine and his associates. At least, it was given to him to die in harness; he escaped the fate of his colleague of thirty years, Mr. Hale, who retired to avoid the defeat he saw before him. Able Mr. Frye was, and learned in diplomatic relations and in the law-making procedure of both Houses of Congress, and yet the adjective "great" is not of those that suggest themselves in any review of the long, and in several ways very useful, career recently ended.

The vote of the Senate on Monday fixes the 8th of next January as the date for the report of the Monetary Commission and terminates the life of the commission at that time. This decision was made through an amendment to Senator Cummins's bill of last spring, in which the date had been placed at December 5. When the Cummins measure was introduced it was commonly supposed, inasmuch as its author was an insurgent Senator, to be a move in antagonism to the Aldrich currency plan. In a subsequent statement, however, Mr. Cummins disavowed any such purpose, and frankly expressed his approval of the essential features of the Aldrich scheme. The action of the Senate is based partly on the ground that after the Monetary Commission has been in existence four years it is only reasonable to ask for a formal report, and partly on the belief that it is time, in the interests of banking and currency reform itself, for the matter to be placed, without more ado, in the hands of Congress for legislative consideration and enactment.

The testimony of Dr. Dunlap, who is described as the pro-benzoate member of the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, furnishes most damaging evidence of animus and unfairness toward the man whose place he took in the latter's absence. It was while acting as head of the Bureau of Chemistry in Dr. Wiley's absence that he discovered the arrangement with Dr. Rusby by which the expert was to be compensated in an irregular way. Dr. Wiley returned shortly afterward, and then was again away for a single day. This was the day upon which Dr. Dunlap presented his memorandum to Secretary Wilson, first having taken the precaution to dictate it in the office of the friendly solicitor instead of in his own office. Now, there are times when such secrecy is all-important. In the case of a Tweed ring or a Sugar Trust fraud, to allow the suspected persons to get wind of the fact that they are being watched would be to make the watching a waste of effort. Even in such cases, however, there is no particular reason for preserving secrecy after the proof of guilt has been obtained. But in the case of Dr. Wiley it was apparently necessary to go this length. He had employed an expert in a way contrary to the letter of the law. Such a man was dangerous; so dangerous that he must not be permitted so much as to hear that his crime had been discovered until he had been tried and convicted. And to think that he might have appointed a dozen experts in the same way without the slightest peril if only he had taken the proper view of benzoate of soda!

Caught in a whirlwind of state dinners, ceremonial receptions, and breathless sight-seeing tours, our distinguished Japanese visitor must have felt a longing, more than once, for the comparative quiet and repose of the days when the Russian batteries were busy in Port Arthur. To this self-contained and simple-hearted soldier, his ten days of frenzied holiday-making in the United States must have been something of an inferno, and we shudder to think what opinions may have formed themselves in Admiral Togo's mind regarding the ultimate fighting qualities of so emotional and precipitate a nation. That, however, is a risk that had to be run. However grotesque our tempestuous hospitality may have been at times, it was the right kind of reception to be offered by the American people, because it so faithfully expresses the national temper and outlook. In Japan they do things differently; with them it is quality rather than quantity of entertainment that marks the reception of a distinguished visitor. When Mr. Taft, as Secretary of War, visited Japan, he was greeted by a little army of school-children who sang the "Star-Spangled Banner." The idea was Oriental and characteristic. We in turn have taken Ad-

miral Togo and rushed him off his feet. That, too, is characteristic.

Liverpool joins Coatesville in demonstrating how thin is the veneer of civilization over ferocious human passions. Writers for the press describing the bloody riots in the English city are aghast at the terrible beings in the shape of men and women who throng the streets crying for blood. Their revelation of brute instincts in full force, their mania for destruction, their reveling in blood-spilling and death are as startling in their way as the sudden flaming up of the mob spirit, in forms of fiendish cruelty, which has smitten us all full of shame at the fearful crime in peaceful and Quaker Pennsylvania. Such things come to us as the uncovering of the pit and the letting loose on earth of the awful creatures seen by Milton and Dante. We have no fear that modern states will not be able to make head against such outbursts of the animal. But the task set them is both hard and urgent. The community must act as a man does who sets about taking himself in hand. It must be incessantly on the watch, must not glory in its strength or boast of its immunity from sudden temptation. And just as the individual sternly puts down abhorrent passions that sometimes rise in his heart, so must society move relentlessly against every display of mob fury, and make its ministers of justice understand that they do not bear the sword in vain.

Gov. Harmon is to be congratulated on the possession of an extraordinarily active and efficient press agent. It may be doubted whether any candidate for high office in this country ever had publicity worked up for him by a man combining to so exceptional a degree the gift of epigram, of invective, of hortatory appeal, and, above all, of concentrating the attention of a vast public on the person he is engaged in exploiting. And the remarkable thing about it all is that Mr. Harmon avails of the services of this unrivalled press agent without the outlay of a single dollar or the expenditure of a single thought upon the subject. It is not every candidate that can sit back with folded hands in complete confidence that everything that can be done to bring his name in full prominence before the country will be done. If in the course of the next few months there still remains any community or any individual citizen who is ignorant of the fact that Judson Harmon is a figure to be reckoned with in next year's Presidential campaign, it will not be the fault of William Jennings Bryan, whose magnificent efforts to emphasize the importance of Ohio's Chief Executive are bound to be all the more productive of results because they are unsolicited and unrewarded.

Wilbur Wright's condemnation of spectacular aviation is timely. Is it not more than time for the police to take charge of affairs of this kind? When Count de Lambert circled the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, he was arrested and fined, not only because of the danger to the man in the street, but as an assertion of the right of the municipality of Paris to sovereignty in the air above. Although the enforcement of penalties has at times been greatly relaxed, the Prefect of Police has lately served notice on the powerful Aero Club of France that he will adopt drastic measures to remedy the evil. At the opening of last year's aviation season in Germany, Robl flew over Stettin, and was fined $35 for so doing. Shortly thereafter, Frey winged his way over Berlin by map, following a predetermined course, going up one street and down another and turning corners with the precision of a delivery wagon. As soon as he finished this fine piece of work, the police promptly took him into custody. He was fined the same sum as Robl, and further warned that imprisonment would be the penalty for a similar exploit. That ended over-city flights in Germany. To-day, when an aviator journeys from one German city to another he must procure in advance a permit from the chief of police at his intended destination to make a landing in some selected safe reservation. Just before King George's coronation, Parliament enacted a law to prevent heavier-than-air machines from menacing the attendant crowds.

Patriotic Americans must have felt a thrill of pride when they read that the German court, as, indeed, all Berlin, is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new Ambassador from the United States. It is a satisfaction thus to have our great men get their due abroad. But the eagerness with which the Germans are counting the days till Mr. Leishman reaches their capital is a trifle peculiar. They are not expecting him to outdo Bancroft in culture or to eclipse Motley or Marsh or Lowell or any other of the famous diplomats we have sent to Europe. No; what they are on tip-toe with curiosity to find out is whether the American Ambassador is going to throw into the shade the lavish social entertainment with which Mr. Tower, and especially Mrs. Tower, delighted them when at the Berlin Embassy. It is known that the Kaiser described Mrs. Tower as "the Moltke of society," so that it is at once evident that a high standard has been set for the Leishmans. Will they be able to attain or even surpass it? That is the question now agitating German official circles, and it naturally dwarfs any such petty affair as an arbitration treaty. Mr. Leishman's "past performances" are such as to encourage the hope that he will do everything within the power of mortal purse to meet the high expectations formed in Germany, and if his money holds out we may look for his winning a great diplomatic success. It is even possible that his social glitter may soon enable his friend and patron, Secretary Knox, to announce the conclusion of an arbitration treaty with Germany. The first reciprocity treaty with Canada was "floated through on champagne," and if we only have an Ambassador at Berlin rich enough to dissolve pearls in each glass, who can doubt that the haughty Germans will speedily capitulate?

The changes imminent in the English parliamentary system amount to something more than a Constitutional revolution. They mark the triumph of a force which, for want of a more precise term, we may describe as the spirit of democracy. England before this has experienced profound Constitutional changes, but, in the last resort, the same class has continued to exercise authority under the new forms. It has been the constant grievance of the English radicals that under Tory or Whig ascendency, Conservative or Liberal, the destinies of the kingdom and the empire have been shaped by members of the leisure classes; the fact that England's prosperity has been ascribed to

the high quality of political leadership it has enjoyed has not been allowed to invalidate the argument that the functions of government have been the monopoly of the few. Birth and breeding have been almost as important a qualification for leadership among Liberals as among Conservatives. The Shaws and the Chestertons are fond of dilating on the lack of essential differences and the essential community of interest between the Nokeses on one side of the House of Commons and the Stokeses on the other, with a case like that of John Burns as an occasional striking exception.

The personality of the "strong men" in both parties clearly illustrates the movement away from upper-class ascendency in England. Only a few years ago the most dynamic figure among the Liberals was Mr. Winston Churchill, of whom it was predicted that a few years would find him Prime Minister. This would have been in accordance with the old traditions. For all his vehement radicalism, the fact remained that Mr. Churchill is the son of a lord and the grandson of a duke. But the prestige of that ardent young statesman has paled of late before the personality of Mr. Lloyd George, a man of the humblest origin, in temperament and outlook totally different from the older type of English Cabinet Ministers. The strong man of the moment, on the Unionist side, in the recent flurry, was not Mr. Balfour, nor yet Mr. Austen Chamberlain, but a comparative newcomer in the person of Mr. F. E. Smith, whom a press dispatch describes as a man of "no particular family." And Mr. F. E. Smith, like Mr. David Lloyd George, has little use for the old, bland methods of party warfare when men fought resolutely but always with the consciousness that they were English gentlemen. English democracy was long content to be ruled by its social superiors. It is now beginning to choose leaders from among its own ranks. It should seem to be the day for the leader of "no particular family."

French art is more gallant than French science. Only a few months after Mme. Curie's rejection by the Academy, the Prix de Rome is awarded to Mlle. Lucienne Antoinette Heuvelmans over the heads of her male competitors. This is not the first prize for the successful contestant, as, besides minor honors at the end of every year since she entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts in 1904, she won the second Grand Prix two years ago. Yet it is but two decades since an outcry was raised against the daring novelty of even admitting girls to the school, and more than one artist of prominence is still unreconciled to the idea of sending a young woman student to Rome with a purse from the state. But it is not easy to deny ability or opportunity merely because it appears in unaccustomed guise, and the future at least is secure for women artists in France. There is a difference between the cases of Mme. Curie and Mlle. Heuvelmans which is not unimportant. The scientist lost the distinction of membership in the Academy, but there is nothing in that to hamper her in making further discoveries. The withholding of the Prix de Rome would have been the denial of a most valuable opportunity to an artist who had shown herself worthy of great encouragement.

Who would have guessed that Paris was noisier than London? Or New York quieter, or rather, less noisy, than either? These are among the discoveries credited to Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the anti-noise crusader of this city, who is making observations of the problem abroad. The auto horn is her latest object of attack, and she is reported as planning a campaign to reduce the range of its notes from the present five miles to a block. Equally productive of noise is the frequency of its use. In Paris she found that her own chauffeur blew his horn fifty-five times in less than two minutes and a half in a street that was not crowded, and in London she counted 488 such blasts in the twenty minutes between 8:30 and 8:50 P. M., while an hour later, during the comparatively quiet time before the theatres are closing, she counted 656 blasts in thirty minutes. Whether these numbers are much larger than they need to be, a series of comparisons would soon show.

European ignorance of American geography is equalled only by American ignorance of the way things are arranged on the map of the Old World. It is hardly possible, however, that many of our citizens have reached the height of misinformation reported to have been displayed by Mayor Fitzgerald of—Boston. At Hamburg he made a gracious reference to "Dusselberg," by interpretation Düsseldorf, and then spoke of the keen interest with which he and the hundred members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce who were with him looked forward to seeing the German capital, and after it "those other great German towns, Budapest and Vienna." We are not altogether certain that this last was ignorance. What more subtle compliment to his Hamburg hosts could be conceived than an apparent belief that the Empire stretched to the farthest banks of the Danube? The Kaiser, we are sure, was flattered, and only wished that the American's gracious words were as true as they were pleasing. It is a little difficult to put the same aspect upon Admiral Badger's recent toast to the German fleet while being entertained by Danish naval officers at Copenhagen.

No one will pretend that conditions in Mexico have reached a state of permanent equilibrium. Until a President of the republic has been legally elected and recognized by a solid majority of the Mexican people the opportunity for mischief will never be absent. Yet the outlook is good, and especially in the fact that the late revolution has brought to the front at least three men who rank far above the level of Spanish-American politicians. One man is Madero; another is De la Barra; another is Reyes. Of Madero, it may be said at once that he is giving evidence of excellent powers of leadership. At the beginning of the revolution it was customary to sneer at him as a visionary and a fanatic. Worse than that, he was a spiritualist and a vegetarian. But if a cool mind under adversity, self-restraint, firmness, and insight count for anything, we need not attribute Madero's success to spiritualism and spinach exclusively. His behavior in the recent dispute between his own immediate follower, Gomez, and Acting-President De la Barra has been courageous and honorable. De la Barra is officially conducting his office in the spirit of the peace agreement that brought him into power. Reyes, though a candidate against Madero, is so openly. And that is what the country needs —men who shall play the game aboveboard and abide by results.

THE RISKS OF PEACE.

We often speak of the hazards of war, and nations and statesmen are ready, on fit occasion, to face the uncertainties of an appeal to arms; but it is not so freely admitted that there must also be risks in great plans for peace. In these, too, we must be willing to take our chances. Even the most carefully drawn arbitration treaty cannot take a bond of fate or foresee everything in the future. If we were to wait for a treaty till it was absolutely flawless and danger-proof, we should never get one at all. The thing that sensible men will do is to look the whole document over with an eye to its main intent and effect and then, sure that no human work can be perfect, stand ready to face the possibility that some part or clause may yet make trouble. In other words, enlightened and humane public men will hazard something for peace. They will not leave to those who go to war the monopoly of a cheerful spirit in the presence of unpleasant contingencies.

To this course, however, the United States Senate has been averse. The Foreign Relations Committee has taken up the arbitration treaties recently signed between this country and both England and France, and reported them favorably, to be sure, but with one important and even vital clause stricken out. This is the last part of Article III by which agreement is made, in cases where the two countries cannot decide whether a dispute is arbitrable, to leave the question to a joint high commission of inquiry. This seems, and it is so regarded by President Taft, as the necessary conclusion of the whole matter. It completes and clinches the treaty. Without this provision it could not be said that the nations were committed to the policy of arbitrating *all* controversies that were capable of settlement on the principles of law and equity. So that the Senate committee, by rejecting the clause referred to, has done what it could to destroy the character of the treaties as universal and all-inclusive.

The reasons given by Senators are of two kinds. They allege that the Constitutional functions of the Senate in treaty-making are infringed upon. Here is an outside body which may determine whether a particular question is of a sort that should be submitted to arbitration. The Senate, it is said, with the President should decide. But the Constitutional prerogative of the Senate is solely to give or withhold its advice and consent to a treaty laid before it; and that is carefully preserved in the President's scheme for all-round arbitration. On each agreement to arbitrate the Senate will retain unimpaired its right to pronounce. You may lead the Senate to a given arbitration treaty, but you cannot make it drink against its will. All this has been clearly set forth by Secretary Knox, and the Constitutional argument is conclusive. Indeed, it is urged by the Senate destructives with only half a heart. What they most bank upon is the assertion that the clause they object to is dangerously vague. Under it a joint commission might some day conceivably decide that questions connected with the Monroe Doctrine ought to be arbitrated; that would, of course, mean the end of all things! But even in that case, the power of the Senate to reject a treaty would remain just what it is, so that unless patriotism—or jingoism—runs up in the Senate, the country will be safe from a recreant President.

It is hard to believe that Senators are entirely sincere in all these horrible imaginings about the future. Some of them, at least, act like men who have motives which they dislike to avow and would cloak in any fair-seeming disguise. They do lip-service to the cause of peace, but at heart are against any agreement wholly removing possible sources of friction between this country and Great Britain, and cast about for some kind of excuse for their hostility to the treaty. We note that some of them, in their desperate clutching for a justifying argument, have been so petty as to intimate that Ambassador Bryce has been craftily plotting, by this treaty, to shear the Senate of a part of its Constitutional powers. Pages from his books are gravely cited in which he accurately describes the ways of the Senate in dealing with treaties, and Senators, too astute by half, point out the possibility that Mr. Bryce overreached our negotiators for the express purpose of humiliating the Senate! What is really needed for such Senators is a joint commission to pass upon the state of their intellects.

There can be little doubt that the Senate means mischief with the arbitration treaties. President Taft has a warrant for being disturbed by this preliminary action. Better than anybody else he knows its significance as a display of hostility, both to his Administration and to all-embracing arbitration. And the dispatches make it clear that the President is roused and ready to join issue with the Senate, if need be. His friends report him as minded to appeal to the people against the opposing Senators. He could not ask for a better cause. No act of his Administration has commanded such general applause as his efforts to eliminate all fear of war by a series of treaties agreeing to arbitrate even questions of national "honor," and there can be no doubt of the overwhelming response he would get from the churches and the peace-loving masses if he called upon them to come to his aid. The common sense of the people is not artfully hair-splitting, and does not need to be jealous of imagined attacks on its own importance. Nor would it go with the Senate in being unwilling to venture something if only peace might lie in level shafts of light across the land.

GOV. WILSON'S CANDIDACY.

Since the opening of a bureau in New York city for the promotion of the nomination and election to the Presidency of Gov. Woodrow Wilson has taken place with his knowledge and apparent consent, it is now fair to speak of him as an avowed candidate. As such, it must frankly be admitted, he is to-day interesting the general public far more than any other man whose name is now being mentioned on the Democratic side. We are aware of the strong hold Gov. Harmon has upon public respect and good will, especially in the Middle West, but it would be idle to assert that he has appealed to the imagination of the masses as has this newcomer in the East. It must also be recognized that Gov. Wilson towers far above such aspirants as Gov. Marshall, ex-Gov. Folk, and the Speaker of the House, none of them of Presidential size. We, therefore, are viewing a close parallel to the career of Grover Cleveland during the first year of his Governorship. Not that we wish to imply that Gov. Wilson is certain of nomination. It is a far cry to the final ballot in the next National Convention, and it must not be forgotten that it seemed at one time as if Gov. Hughes might go straight from Albany to Washington.

It is to be presumed, too, that when he is asked by responsible people to announce his candidacy formally, he will respond with the same frankness and plain speaking with which Gov. Hughes presented himself to the public during the winter before Mr. Taft's nomination. The same honorable ambition has actuated both men. They desired to go higher, and have not hesitated to let it be known. To say that the aims of these two men have not been dissimilar is only to carry the parallel a step further. At the same time there is no question that the New Jersey Governor is much the more radical and that his social programme reaches further, just as he has been more successful in actually unhorsing the bosses and their tools who have opposed him. Gov. Hughes concentrated all his efforts—unsuccessfully—upon the direct nominations issue as a step toward restoring to the people the power over elections wrested from them under the boss system. If we interpret Gov. Wilson's attitude correctly, that would be to him only a first step. He is deeply aroused by the failure of representative institutions to represent, and he is prepared to go far, it may seem to many people too far, in his desire to make these institutions over.

Indeed, his recent utterances have chilled the enthusiasm for him of many admirers—his Harrisburg address on the money power, which to some has appeared like Bryanism, and his recantation of his former opposition to the initiative and referendum. However open to criticism these addresses may be, the Governor is at least not to be charged with any failure to be frank. It was courageous of him to avow his changed beliefs, for he must have known that he would be charged with flopping for political purposes only—a criticism that ought to be weighed with his refusal to approve—even in California—of the recall of judges, which to-day seems so popular in the Far West. As for his speech on the money power, there will always be two ways of looking at it. Some will decry it as an attempt to stir up the groundlings, while others will see in it only an effort to be frank—weakened, perhaps, because there was no constructive remedy advanced for what was an alarming portrayal of certain financial conditions.

Why is it that a man so recently come into our public life has already impressed himself so markedly upon the country? It is not merely that he is a new figure and that he has achieved single-handed, as it were, the defeat of long-intrenched bosses by fighting them in a straightforward way and letting the whole State know what was going on. At bottom we have here merely another illustration of the most salient fact in our political history, that the American people love beyond all else a man whom they believe to be fearless and sincerely devoted to their interests. But there is still another reason to explain the way in which the whole country is watching the Governor's career. The tide of insurgency, of revolt against present party conditions and the boss system, is running more strongly than ever, not only in the West, but in the East. No one need be deceived by the weakening of the Republican insurgent movement in Congress, by the doubts cast upon the sincerity and unselfishness of its spokesmen by their course in the present tariff struggle. The significance of these leaders lay never so much in their own actions or in their own opinions as in the fact that they represented a great stirring among the masses of their people, who came to realize that they were being exploited by selfish politicians.

It is because they have found in Gov. Wilson's speeches a kindred striving after more democratic institutions as well as appeals for the abolition of special privilege that men everywhere listen to him so carefully. In Texas and Pennsylvania he has actually proved a peacemaker, in that the warring wings of the party have united to endorse his candidacy. It is the kind of candidacy to be welcomed, whether one is Republican or Democrat, progressive or stationary. Here is a man who has come straight from an academic career to bring his own stimulating note into our public discussions and national life. How will he wear? How will his present popularity affect him? Is he unselfish? Is he sound as well as radical? Has he really thought out the questions of the day? Upon the answer to these queries depends the progress of Gov. Wilson's candidacy in the regard of thoughtful independents in both parties. They know him to be fearless and wholly devoted to the democratic ideal, whether as college president or Governor, and they are beginning to give him their trust.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.

Going abroad was once a holiday. It has now become a function of high public importance. The act of engaging passage on a six-day steamer transforms an ordinary American citizen into an authority on politics, finance, literature, art, and ethics. He is interviewed on the pier and usually improves the occasion to fire a parting shot. Hiram K. Jones, who is in the bicycle business at Dayton, Ohio, declares, as he walks up the gangway, that Mr. Taft has utterly lost the confidence of the country. Leaning against the railing of the promenade deck, Harrison Smith of Indianapolis asserts with confidence that business will never revive until the great Middle West is emancipated from the control of Wall Street. A former Mayor of Ogdensburg pauses long enough in his search for a cabin trunk to express his belief that the divorce evil can be speedily suppressed if only the problem is approached in the right spirit. A detached view is essential if one would see things in their true light, and many American business men fall into this detached attitude from the moment they engage passage on a boat for Europe. We need no longer look to the intelligent foreigner for a frank and penetrating judgment on American civilization. The truth is to be had by waylaying any outward-bound passenger on a North River pier and setting down the thoughts that possess him as he prepares to leave the natal shore.

Once landed on the other side, our traveller immediately acquires a vast insight into European affairs. This he does without losing his importance as a critic of conditions in America. Hiram K. Jones, when accosted in the midst of a jolly little dinner party at a West End hotel in London, affirms without hesitation that the loyalty of the British people to the Crown is as widespread and as sincere as it has ever been since the time of the early Tudors. This knowledge Mr. Jones has obtained while riding in a first-class compartment on the boat train from Fishguard to the capital. Mr. Jones furthermore declares that the British nation is clamorous for war with Germany, and that the outcome of such a war can hardly be doubtful. Germany might score a few preliminary successes, but British pluck will assert itself in the end and the

German navy will be swept from the seas. To this Mr. Harrison Smith of Indianapolis adds that the outbreak of war between Great Britain and the German Empire would at once be followed by the invasion of Belgium and Holland by the Kaiser's troops. In both countries the people are eager to cast in their lot with Germany, and Antwerp and Rotterdam are bound to be transformed into German naval harbors. France will play an insignificant rôle in the struggle, because, as we learn from James P. Brown of Ogdensburg, who is found sipping a green liqueur at the Café de la Paix, the French nation is utterly decadent. This he ascertained while motoring up to Paris from Dieppe.

The future of the American theatre is a subject that lies close to the heart of Sunday newspaper readers in America. On this point our travellers abroad suffer no doubts. Mr. Jones, in the course of a three days' sojourn in Paris, has discovered that the French playwrights have nothing to teach us. Why, at the Porte St. Martin they charged him two francs extra for the benefit of the poor, an old woman in black asked a franc for hanging up his hat and coat, and the young woman who led him to his seat demanded a franc for this superfluous service and an additional franc for a programme. The exit facilities were abominable, and Mr. Jones shuddered to think of what would happen in case of fire, considering how given to panic French audiences are. In case of peril, French men always seek safety by trampling over women and children. The general trend of this testimony is confirmed by Mr. Harrison Smith's experiences in Berlin, where he stayed from Friday afternoon to Monday. The vogue of Ibsen and his school is almost extinct in the German capital. This is clearly evident from the fact that every one of the four shows Mr. Smith attended in Berlin were comic operas imported from Vienna. In general, Mr. Smith found little intellectual life in Germany. Germans were only concerned with maintaining the efficiency of their army and opening up foreign markets. German competition was driving England from the field because German manufacturers pack their goods just the way the people of Burma and Paraguay like to have them packed, whereas English manufacturers cling to their own old-fashioned ways of doing business. The enormous expansion of German commerce has convinced Mr. Smith that the United States must establish ship subsidies if we are to win our proper share of the South American trade.

During their stay abroad, neither Jones nor Smith has kept in close touch with the progress of events in this country, owing to the fact that the European press gives little space to American affairs. The news which filters in by wireless on the homeward voyage is meagre. Nevertheless, as the ship approaches Quarantine Jones and Smith automatically become well-informed. The Dayton man feels sure that there is bound to be a tremendous revival in steel as soon as Congress adjourns. The Progressive movement he finds is definitely declining. He believes that much good was accomplished at the recent convention for the improvement of the status of the rural clergyman, and that still greater good is bound to come with time. Conservation is undoubtedly a living issue. The book season has been one of the most successful we have ever had and leaves little doubt that we shall soon lead the world in the output of fiction. Prosperity was bound to come if we only made up our minds to pull together. Having thus spoken to the reporters, Mr. Jones takes the train for Dayton and Mr. Smith the train for Indianapolis, where smokers are given in their honor by the local branches of their respective fraternal organizations.

THE RESURRECTION OF POLAND.

The world at large has ceased to be troubled greatly by the woes of Poland. The crime of dismemberment has receded into the dismal past. The deeds of Polish heroism belong to former generations. The fate of unhappy Poland is looked upon as sealed, and the peoples of Christendom, beset with their own concerns, are not in a mood to lavish idle sympathy upon a broken member of the human family. The Powers to whom the downtrodden Poles might look for sympathy, if nothing else, have their own subject races and the problem of how to deal with them. Yet from France comes an impassioned voice to remind us of the tragedy that is still being enacted, and furthermore to proclaim that Poland is not yet lost. In a stirring volume, entitled "La Pologne Vivante," M. Marius-Ary Leblond, a many-sided and gifted writer, has undertaken to describe the ordeal through which the Poles are passing, under the dominion of Russia and Prussia, and the wonderful powers of resistance which they exhibit. His book is an eloquent appeal to the nations, and especially to France, "the only sister that Poland has in Europe." To Frenchmen, at a time when their ship of state sees no other means of righting itself than by leaning upon the Power which is the great oppressor of mankind, the picture which he has drawn of the moral greatness and martyrdom of Poland must furnish food for bitter reflection. The author himself hastens to disclaim any personal aversion to Russia as one of the Powers. He would have Russia great for France's sake, for the sake of a barrier against Pan-Germanism. "Nous la voulons grande, plus grande." Russia will be the greatest Power in the world when she has decided to deal righteously with Poland.

Having set himself straight with his countrymen in this matter, M. Leblond proceeds to unfold an almost incredible tale of the atrocities perpetrated in Poland by the Russian officials, police, and soldiery during the recent upheaval in the Czar's dominions. "Czarism has deserved, provoked, the execration of mankind by its treatment of Poland since 1904; it has been atrocious, bestial." By the side of this he places another revolting picture, the treatment of the Poles by the Prussian Government. The brutal measures employed in the name of the law to Germanize them render the life of the Poles in the province of Posen more miserable, M. Leblond affirms, than existence under the "permanent state of siege" that prevails in Russian Poland. The only response on the part of the Poles to the acts of their oppressors is a calm and stoical determination to unfold and strengthen their nationality in the face of perseeution, an all-pervading activity directed toward the intellectual uplift and physical improvement of the race and its economic development, as a means of bringing about its renascence and ultimate deliverance.

The nation has been subjecting itself to a process of introspection which has materially altered its character. It has broken, in a measure, with the spirit of the past and divested itself of that

impulsiveness which found expression in futile uprisings. It has ceased to dream and is applying itself arduously to the task of building up its forces. Vigorous efforts are being made to improve the condition of the peasants by inducing them to organize coöperative societies, which are at the same time patriotic associations. The aristocracy and middle class are laboring assiduously to rouse the humble people by making them familiar with the glorious memories of the nation's past. Nowhere else have literature and art been enlisted to such an extent in the national cause. In no other country has woman played such an exalted rôle in the development and assertion of the national spirit. The Catholic Church is a great mainstay of the nation in its resistance to Russification and Germanization. It is not merely in order to make head against the Orthodox Church or the Evangelical Church that it lends its strength to the Poles in their struggle. The Catholic priests are ardent Polish patriots, and many of them have laid down their lives in the fight for freedom.

The main concern of the Poles at present is the preservation of their language. The most persistent efforts of the Russian and Prussian Governments to force upon them the languages of their masters are proving ineffectual. Every fresh census informs the world that the Polish-speaking population of Russia and Germany, as well as of Austria, is holding its own. In fact, the Germans who live among the Poles are to some extent becoming Polonized. No way has yet been devised by the instruments of Russian and Prussian oppression to prevent Polish parents from inculcating in their children the feeling that their mother tongue is their most precious possession. Even Russian autocracy has to stop short of abolishing the Polish press. Polish theatres are tolerated in Warsaw and elsewhere in the Russian dominions, no play being permitted, forsooth, in which a Polish king is one of the characters.

The extraordinary efforts made by the Prussian Government to repress the Polish element in Posen in favor of the German, through the expenditure of hundreds of millions of marks in the purchase of Polish estates forcibly placed upon the market, and the colonization of German agriculturists, have been thwarted in large measure by organized action in the direction of enabling the Polish peasants to obtain small parcels of land. In every way the Poles continue to bid silent defiance to their oppressors, and there is no saying that a nation so devoted to its soil, its traditions, its language, and its religion is doomed forever. With the Austro-Hungarian monarchy hanging together by such slender threads and with the enmity existing between Muscovite and Teuton, the Poles have reason to hope that a time will come when they will have to be reckoned with. Who can tell whether far-seeing German statesmen, even while the policy of making Germany German is relentlessly pursued, with the Poles as its victims, are not thinking of the creation, when the occasion arises, of a great buffer state between the German Empire and the dominions of the Czar? A resuscitated Poland would mean the erection of a mighty bulwark against a Russian onslaught. And it is not altogether out of the question that, foreseeing such a possibility, the wielders of power in Russia will sooner or later come to the conclusion that the policy of denationalizing the Poles, so vainly persisted in, had better be abandoned in favor of one of pacification through the granting of concessions amounting to a large share of autonomy.

BOOK REVIEWING A LA MODE.

It all began with the publisher who ventured to express his opinion, on the paper wrappers of the book, that the author's style carried a suggestion of Thackeray or Stevenson or Tolstoy, as the case might be. The deluge was upon us immediately. To-day it is the rule in publishers' notices that when a story is loose-jointed, sprightly, and at times ungrammatical, it marks its author as a worthy successor of Thackeray. When a story is replete with battle, murder, sudden death, and antique adjectives, it has the charm of Stevenson. When a story deals with "real" people, that is, with financiers, politicians, hypocrites, misers, dreamers, lovers, and scoundrels, its author is immediately an American Balzac. When a writer ends his stories with a snap he is our American Maupassant. When he ends them with a laugh, he is our new Mark Twain. When he ends them with a riot he is our American Victor Hugo. When he ends them with a death-scene and tears, he is our American Dickens. Literary criticism has become simply a matter of identification. It is no longer necessary to say whether a book is good or bad, or even whether you like it or not. You merely take the author's thumb-print and by comparison with the originals ascertain whether he is Balzac or Thackeray or Dumas.

All this is bewildering to many men of an older generation; bewildering and a bit painful. They wonder whether congenital incapacity makes them insensible to the fact that the literary world to-day reeks with genius, or whether the deadening hand of time has come upon them. Once upon a time people believed that a Dickens or a Thackeray comes once in a hundred years. To-day they come at least twice a year, in the spring and autumn publishing season. Did we say Dickens *or* Balzac? We have for some time been past the stage of invoking these individual old Titans. To-day we have writers of first novels who embody the concentrated essence of the entire nineteenth century. For the petty sum of one dollar and twenty cents you can have your choice of half-a-dozen books, each of which contains the robust realism of Fielding, the grace of J. M. Barrie, the rollicking humor of Pickwick, the *bravura* of Dumas, and the lovely sentiment of "Henry Esmond." All these qualities, it will be noted, the book contains without losing any of the qualities that appeal so intensely to the modern American, lots of red blood, lots of action, lots of Gibson femininity, lots of optimism, and lots of wholesome advice on how to succeed. Our readers of the older generation can only shake their heads and wonder how the thing is done.

But there are other readers in whom the awakened emotion is not wonder, but a sharp disgust. These wild encomiums plastered on every shoddy novel not only tell lies about the present, they besmirch the honored past. While they are appraising Robinson's first novel in terms of Thackeray or Balzac, they are, of course, appraising Thackeray and Balzac in terms of Robinson. A vast body of consumers of fiction that do not know their Maupassant or their Tolstoy will henceforth cherish the belief that Maupassant is very much like Jones, and that Tolstoy is very much like Brown. The offence

is ethical and it is æsthetic. It borrows from get-rich-quick finance the elegant assumption that a sucker is born every minute, and applies it to literature, thereby emphasizing the primal truth that a book is like a washboard or a sewing machine or an insurance policy: you can claim all imaginable virtues for it and *caveat emptor*. Under present conditions a book is not quite as important a commodity as a bottle of patent medicine. The law punishes the drug manufacturer for misbranding his wares. But there is no law to keep a bookseller from sending his goods into the open market labelled Thackeray Extra Choice or Dickens Fancy Prime.

But the publisher at least makes no pretence in the matter. He is out to sell his goods, and if a fancy cigar-label will do the trick it is good enough for him. What, however, shall be said of the professional reviewer who plays the assiduous parrot to the publisher's puffs? He imperils the dignity of criticism and of literature. He imperils the dignity of the human understanding. For there need be no mincing the matter: the book-reviewer who, month after month, unearths writers with the charm of Thackeray, with the humor of Dickens, with the vast insight of Balzac, must either be a fool or a liar. It is well enough to be good-natured, to shrink from carping, to search for the best that can be said in favor of a new book or a new writer. But good-nature should have its limits in this business. Greater things than good-nature are truth and the duty of clear thinking, and the duty not to befuddle the minds and the standards of the masses.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, July 1.

The Danish essayist, Georg Brandes, has just published a small pamphlet, "Før og nu, to tragiske skæbner" ("Then and now, two tragic fortunes"), which shows him to have lost none of his vigor. Of the two essays, one deals with the life and convictions and tragic fate of the Spanish-French religious scholar, Michel Servet, who was persecuted in the Inquisition, and, owing chiefly to the revengefulness of Calvin, was burned to death. It shows great indignation, gives a clear picture of sixteenth century conditions, and draws the character of the enlightened and courageous Servet, the indefatigable searcher after truth, with much sympathy and comprehension. The other essay concerns the life and death of Francisco Ferrer y Guardia, the Spanish educator, who was shot in one of the trenches of the fortress at Montjuich, near Barcelona, on October 12, 1909. Brandes regards Ferrer as one of the best of men, and his murder one of the greatest crimes which was ever committed. "Ferrer," he exclaims, "died for the liberty of thought, like the martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, like Servet, like Giordano Bruno, the fortunes of whom not many had thought they should see repeated in the twentieth century."

Henrik Ibsen's only son, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, has never followed in just the literary footprints of his father. Whatever he has written has been preoccupied with a sober and scholarly discussion of philosophical and political problems. After Dr. Ibsen retired as a member of the Norwegian cabinet a few years ago, he lived for some time obscurely in foreign countries; but recently he has returned home, taking up his residence near Christiania, and has now issued a social-philosophical work, "Menneskelig kvintessens" ("Human Quintessence"), which has attracted considerable attention throughout the Scandinavian countries. Dr. Ibsen's book consists of four essays: "Nature and Man," "Why Politics Falls Short," "On Human Aptitude and Human Art," and "On Great Men: An Attempt at Valuation," the three latter more closely explaining and developing the views put forth in the first. He contrasts sharply our position toward nature and our position toward man, and argues that we should not try to find the key to human affairs in nature, which it is impossible for us to comprehend, but rather in the study of man, of whom we have at least some little knowledge. He directs an attack upon the prevailing denial of the independence of human spirit, and does this in language so admirably clear and concise as to make a difficult subject appear easy. It may be hoped that the work will be translated.

In Norway socialism is not very old, although it has considerable power. It was brought to this country from Denmark in the early seventies, but did not win a firm foothold till some years later. In 1897 universal suffrage was adopted, which was an enormous aid to socialism, and now the socialists have no less than eleven of the 123 members of the Storthing. A complete history of socialism in Norway has never been written, but the recent book by Olav Kringen, "De første socialdemokrater i Norge" ("The First Socialists in Norway"), is a valuable work. It describes the introduction of socialistic theories by the Danish saddler, Marius Jantzen, in 1873, the first meetings held by him and his few followers in the early seventies, the opposition to the new party, and the great difficulties of the leaders, and, in a short conclusive chapter, the recent history and the present strength and position of the party. The book numbers only 135 pages, but is well and compactly written. It is illustrated with excellent portraits of leading Norwegian socialists.

A Swedish biography of considerable interest is Anna Hamilton Geete's "I solnedgången, minnen och bilder från Erik Gustaf Geijers senaste lefnadsår" ("At Sunset; Recollections and Pictures from Geijer's Later Years"). It gives much useful information concerning the private life of a Swedish historian and poet, who lived from 1783 to 1847, and was professor of history at the University of Upsala. The work deals with the years 1840 to 1845, a period of Geijer's life which has been rather neglected by his earlier biographers, and will be followed by a volume on the remaining two years of his life. The book will be read with great interest, although it contains a few things which might better have been kept within the circle of the subject's descendants, not being of sufficient importance for public consideration.

Another Swedish biography worthy of attention is Louise Hamilton's work on Fredrik Borg, the Swedish editor and statesman, who during the eighties and the first half of the nineties played an influential part in Scandinavian politics, meeting the demands of Norway for a just settlement of the union controversy between the two countries with unusual impartiality, comprehension, and far-sightedness. Of particular interest will prove the correspondence between Borg and his warm friend, the Norwegian poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. It throws much interesting light on political sentiments of those stormy days.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

George Parker Winship, librarian of the John Carter Brown library in Providence, in his annual report, tells of two very important additions to that library. One of them is the Bull of Demarcation issued by Pope Alexander VI in May, 1493, and printed at the time, and the only impression of this important document which can now be located. Another specimen described by Harrisse in his "Additions" was sold at Puttick and Simpson's on May 24, 1854, and was bought by Rich the bookseller for £4 8s., but where it went seems not to be on record. The Brown Library copy was presented to Mr. Winship by a friend of the library in Mexico.

Columbus landed at Palos on March 15, 1493, and his letter to Luis de Santangel was printed as a folio of two leaves at Barcelona, where the court was then seated, probably some time in April. Of this, the first printed book relating to America, the New York Public Library owns the only known example. The quarto Spanish letter of four leaves, of which the unique

original is preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan, was probably also printed in Spain, and perhaps during the month of April. The letter to Gabriel Sanchez, translated from a lost Spanish original into Latin by Alexander de Cosco, which went through several editions in 1493, could not have been printed until early in May. The heading says that it was "ah Hispano ideomate in latinum convertit: tertio Kal's Maij. M. cccc.xciij." The third calends of May was April 29. We may suppose that the Spanish letter, manuscript or printed, reached Rome the last days of April and that the translation was finished on the last day of that month. The Pope's "Bull" is dated at the end, "1493 quarto nonas Maij," or May 4. It seems certain, therefore, that the printed letter, Plannck's first edition, and the broadside "Bull" issued from the press within a very few days of each other. The "Bull" was printed entire, in both Latin and English in the first edition of the "Decades of the New World," edited by Richard Eden and published in London in 1555.

The other "first book" acquired by the John Carter Brown Library, is a little Peruvian pamphlet dealing with the reformation of the calendar, heretofore undescribed, and earlier by a month than any other book printed in Peru.

The important map of Virginia and Maryland, drawn by Augustin Hermann in 1670 and engraved and published in 1673, has been reproduced in facsimile by P. Lee Phillips of the Library of Congress. It accompanies an account of Hermann and his map and is published by W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. of Washington. Of the original map, engraved by Faithorne, only a single copy, preserved in the British Museum, is known. It was issued in four sheets, each 18⅞ by 15⅝ inches in size. It cost Hermann "to the value of about 200 pounds Sterling besides his own labour." He himself criticised the engraving as "slobbered over by the engraver faithorn defiling the prints with many Errours." The edition of the reproduction is limited to two hundred copies.

Wymberley Jones DeRenne of Savannah and Wormsloe, Georgia, has printed privately a catalogue of his books relating to the history of Georgia, the most important collection of its kind ever brought together. The volume, compiled by Oscar Wegelin, is a large quarto of nearly three hundred pages, with a number of reproductions of title pages of scarce books and pamphlets and a folding sheet containing a reproduction of the last page, with signatures, of the original engrossed Constitution of the Confederate States. The books are classified under many headings, such as Almanacs, Botany, Boundary Disputes, Colonial History of Georgia (where the earlier books are described), Histories of Georgia, Histories (of other States) relating to Georgia, etc. "The South Carolina and Georgia Almanack" for 1764, printed at Savannah by James Johnson, seems to be the first book or pamphlet printed in Georgia. Johnson had established his press in April, 1763, and had first printed a newspaper, the *Georgia Royal Gazette*.

Among the earlier books are three issues of Benjamin Martyn's "Reasons for Establishing the Colony of Georgia," 1733, and the same author's "Account Showing the Progress of the Colony of Georgia" (1741). Tailfer's "True and Historical Narrative of the Colony of Georgia" (1742), and Stephens's "Journal of the Proceedings of Georgia," 3 vols. (1842). The third volume of this set is especially rare, only two other copies being known.

Correspondence

THE PACIFIC OCEAN ASSOCIATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Taiheiyo Kyokwai and the Taiheiyo Kwai, the two associations for the study of all questions concerning the Pacific Ocean (is it their ambition to make Japan believe that her control of the Pacific will mean the first step of her control of the world?), which are on the tongue of every intelligent Japanese at present, were organized, to speak ironically, by Capt. Hobson and other anti-Japanese agitators in America; whereas Dr. K. Tomizu, Professor Terao, and many loud-voiced members of the Diet, those active Japanese workers of the associations, are only the endorsers. I believe that there would be no such associations in existence if there were no anti-Japanese spirit in America; here we see many Japanese who are thankful to Hobson and others who showed us the changed position of the Japanese on the Pacific, which was never so clear to their minds hitherto. Behind the words "the requirements of the times" I see the fact that we have decided to prepare, to put it bluntly, against America; however, that does not necessarily mean that there will be a war, in the future near or far, between us, America and Japan. Even if the former wishes to fight, I think that the latter will surely ask to be excused with many profound bows natural to them. In one word, Japan cannot go into war for many years to come.

But when I say that the said associations, indeed, with such an ironical name, are encouraging openly or secretly the immediate enlargement of the Japanese navy, I mean that there cannot be a creditable peace on the Pacific if our navy is far inferior to America's. If there is no way to make America stop her expansion, we might think we must work along the same programme even though there is no real sense or joy in it. It is fatalism that we must find a sort of pride or glory out of bankruptcy and ruin. But as the truth tells, we are the people who always find strangely a way out from impossibility; there is no bad effect on the Japanese mind arising from Fortune or the lack of it; did we not fight Russia with two or three riceballs apiece and a few slices of pickled radishes?

It is almost too late for Japan to speak of the changes of the times and the national position to-day, when the completion of the Panama Canal is a matter of not many years. We have joy in the fact realized, I dare say, that the course of the world's civilization is moving continually, though intermittently, westward; and our country lies really in its course. The civilization which found its centre in England in modern ages crossed the Atlantic Ocean, as some one says, and America became its actual holder. It might be too much to say that the next centre will be found in Japan, but was it not America who opened Japan's door to let the Western light flow in? There is reason to believe that the Indian civilization once imported to Japan did not prove to be the main stream, as it did not flow farther beyond the Pacific. Japan, who assimilated the civilizations of both India and China in olden times, and now takes in the Western civilization for her digestion, has one great object in life; that is to become a true mediator or harmonizer of those different civilizations of East and West. And such a work can be accomplished by preserving our Orientalism real and true; the American encroachment, spiritual as well as physical, is most necessary, since it will serve for us as the test of our strength. America will never be our enemy in the plebeian sense; if she be an enemy, that enemy should be welcomed with open arms. Competition is the very way of the nation's advancement; we have some reason to say that even risk is necessary for our existence. It is perhaps the American anti-Japanese spirit (happily not ended still to-day) that made us wise and reflective; under its menace our hold of soul and body will be a hundred times firmer. And on the other hand, Japan might do the same service to America.

We are thankful for the said associations for the study of the Pacific Ocean problem (thankful to Capt. Hobson and others?), that our people in general have awakened at once to the great importance of that question. I think that if the associations could make the government realize the navy expansion which they talk about almost freely, it would be the first step accomplished. However, I myself am not ready to say whether I endorse such action or not.

Yone Noguchi.

Keio University, Tokio, June 17.

JOHN WESLEY ON SLAVERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: John Wesley had a place among the opponents of slavery at a period when the public conscience was remarkably callous on that topic. His pamphlet, "Thoughts on Slavery," published in 1774, was reviewed in a very friendly spirit in the *Monthly Review* for September of that year. In the same number there is a severe criticism on "A Supplement to Mr. Wesley's Pamphlet," in which a pro-slavery advocate had tried to make fun out of a tragic subject (Vol LI, pp. 234-237). In the October number there is an apologetic letter from a slaveowner (pp. 324-325), who, in the following number (p. 487), receives this sledgehammer blow:

To the Authors of the *Monthly Review:*

Rygate, November 30, 1774.

Gentlemen: I can easily believe what your correspondent affirms, that there are some slaveholders who have a little humanity left, and that the Georgian laws sell the blood of one slave only to each master, and prescribe the instruments wherewith he is to torture the rest.

What is still the general spirit of American slaveholders is observed in a letter from Philadelphia now before me: "As a farther instance of the inhumanity with which the poor negroes are treated, I will add two advertisements published in the public papers, one of Virginia, the other of North Carolina. From the Williamsburgh *Gazette:* 'Run away on the 10th instant a lusty negroe, named Bob. The said fellow is outlawed, and I will give ten pounds reward for his head severed from his body, and forty shillings if brought alive.'

"From one of the North Carolina news-

papers: 'Ran away last November from the subscriber, a negroe fellow, named Zeb, aged thirty-six. As he is outlawed, I will pay twenty pounds currency to any person who shall produce his head severed from his body, and five pounds if brought home alive.' John Mosely."

I am, gentlemen, your very humble servant, John Wesley.

Such were the natural results of slavery.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, Eng., August 1.

THE LEGEND OF THE SOUL DISPOSSESSED BY A DEVIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reader of Dante will recall the powerful imagination of the poet in the thirty-third canto of the Inferno, where Branca d' Oria's soul is represented as suffering punishment in hell, although his body is still alive in the world above. Friar Alberigo thus acquaints Dante with the singular prerogative of the third division of the ninth circle (Ptolomæa), where traitors to their friends are punished:

"Such an advantage has this Ptolomæa,
That oftentimes the soul descendeth here
Sooner than Atropos in motion sets it.
. . . . . .
Know that as soon as any soul betrays
As I have done, his body by a demon
Is taken from him, who thereafter rules it,
Until his time has wholly been revolved.
Itself down rushes into such a cistern;
And still perchance above appears the body
Of yonder shade, that winters here behind me.
This thou shouldst know, if thou hast just come down;
It is Ser Branca d'Oria and many years
Have passed away since he was thus locked up."
"I think," said I to him, "thou dost deceive me
For Branca d'Oria is not dead as yet,
And eats and drinks, and sleeps, and puts on clothes."
(Longfellow, "Inferno," xxxiii, 124-141.)

The commentators think that Dante had in mind the two Scriptural passages: Psalms 54:16 (55:15) *"Descendant in infernum viventes,* and let them go down quick (living) into hell"; and St. John 13:27, *"Et post buccellam, tunc introivit in illum Satanas,* and after the sop Satan entered into him." Professor D'Ancona was, I believe, the first, in his "I Precursori di Dante" (Florence, 1874) to call attention to a story in Caesarius of Heisterbach's "Dialogus Miraculorum" (Dist. xii, cap. 3) which contains the same idea as Dante's lines cited above. I translate D'Ancona's words, p. 67, note 1:

We may fittingly note here that an example of the contrary case, that is, of a soul condemned in anticipation to the pains of hell, which seems a very bold invention of Dante in regard to Branca d'Oria was already to be found in Cæsarius (xii, 3), of Hermann the landgrave whose soul was "plunged in the depths of hell," and "who a full year before he was buried was dead, and an evil spirit instead of his soul animated his body," as a saint asserted in a vision to a priest who was praying for the powerful lord.

If D'Ancona had cited the whole of the story of Cæsarius it would not have been worth while to refer to the matter again, but he has omitted, I think, what makes it reasonably certain that Dante was acquainted with this particular story.

The belief in demoniacal possession is too old and general to dwell on here, but the notion that the soul could under certain circumstances be dispossessed of its body by a demon is not common, so far as I know, in mediæval legends. Indeed, I can at this moment recall but the two (three) in Cæsarius of Heisterbach. The first (Dist. xii, 3) is the one cited by D'Ancona, which runs as follows:

Not long ago the landgrave Hermann died. After his death, while a priest to whom he had shown many favors, was praying night and day with tears and groans to God for his soul, a certain saint appeared to him and said: "Why do you labor so for this man who has been damned? It does him no good, but rather harms him, for his soul is plunged in the depths of hell." The priest replying: "Lord, he showed me many favors," the saint rejoined: "Cease to pray for him, because a full year before he was buried he was dead and an evil spirit instead of his soul animated his body."

Then follows a passage not cited by D'Ancona. The stories in the "Dialogus Miraculorum" are told by a monk (the master of the novitiates) to a novitiate, who, in this particular case, after he has heard the story of Hermann, replies: "I did not think the human body could eat, drink, or sleep without the soul." Is not this almost exactly the words of Dante quoted above?

Cæsarius then proceeds to cite another similar story from the life of Saint Patrick, about a man who slew the saint's charioteer: "In whose body a devil dwelt for many years instead of his soul. When at the beck of the saint the devil came forth, the body fell into dust." This is the story of Foylge who slew Odranus, the charioteer of the saint, and is related *in extenso* in the Acta Sanctorum, March, Tom. II, p. 552, sections 63-64. There the soul is said to have been buried in hell as soon as it left the body. In closing the chapter Cæsarius remarks that he had heard a similar story from a monk who had formerly been a student at Bonn. Unfortunately he does not repeat the tale.

In the following (v) chapter Cæsarius tells a story of a cleric whose body was animated by a devil instead of his soul. This cleric had so sweet a voice that it was a delight to hear him sing. One day a certain monk happened by, and hearing him sing with his harp said: "That is not the voice of a man but of a devil," and while all wondered, he adjured the demon and he came forth, the body falling down and stinking. The novitiate remarks: "I don't doubt that the demons torture horribly in hell the souls of those whose bodies they thus mock in the present world."

The date of the composition of the "Dialogus Miraculorum" is fixed at 1223-1224 by Schönbach ("Studien zur Erzählungsliteratur des Mittelalters," Vierter Theil, p. 26), and the work undoubtedly enjoyed great popularity at once. How early it was known in Italy I do not know, but it is interesting to recall Rajna's discovery of a possible source of one of Boccaccio's stories in the "Dialogus Miraculorum." I allude to the article "La Novella Boccaccesca del Saladino e di Messer Torello" in the *Romania,* Vol VI (1877), pp. 359-368. Rajna does not give any data for the diffusion of Cæsarius's work in Italy in the thirteenth century, although he alludes to the later use of the work by the compilers of story-books for the use of preachers. T. F. CRANE.

Ithaca, N. Y., August 12.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY IN GRADES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President W. T. Foster of Reed College, in his recent book, "The Administration of the College Curriculum," recommends the "credit-for-quality plan" for grading students, in conjunction with the "credit-for-quantity plan." The latter is almost universally in use; the former almost nowhere in use; a combination of the two—the obviously most nearly just system—is used in very few institutions. President Foster points out, also, the difficulty in administering the plan recommended, caused by the fact that "the same grade, as assigned by the various instructors even in the same institution, has various values."

For some years Beloit College has experimented with this combination plan. At present "the student's work is estimated in terms of hours and credits. An hour means class-work taken one hour each week for a semester. A credit is a measure of the quality of the work done. One hundred and twenty semester-hours are required for graduation. Forty-two credits are required for graduation." Credits are estimated as follows:

AA= one credit for each semester-hour completed.
A+= ⅞ credit for each semester-hour completed.
A= ¾ credit for each semester-hour completed.
B+= ⅝ credit for each semester-hour completed.
B= ½ credit for each semester-hour completed.
C+=⅜ credit for each semester-hour completed.
C= ¼ credit for each semester-hour completed.
D gives no credit, but passes the student.
F denotes failure, with privilege of reëxamination.
FF denotes complete failure.

(In justice to Beloit College, it should be stated that a simpler system of marking and crediting was adopted at its last faculty meeting.)

By this system a student who attains grade A for "highly commendable and extensive work" gets more credit than the man "who scrapes through on the gentlemen's grade," (C). Also, a student who attains grade AA in fourteen three-hour one-semester courses, or credit for forty-two AA's, fulfils the "quality requirement," but fails to fulfil the "quantity requirement"; the man who makes no grade higher than C, in order to fulfil the requirement, would have to receive one hundred and sixty-eight C's, which would necessitate the taking of fifty-six three-hour one-semester courses—a task impossible of accomplishment in four years' time. It can be seen that "an average standing of C+ is necessary to procure for students the forty-two credits required for graduation, on the basis of 120 semester-hours." Since degrees are granted only "on completion of a four years' course of study, covering not less than 120 semester-hours of work, on which at least forty-two credits have been earned," length of residence and the requirement for quantity and for quality are safeguarded. Honors also are conferred on the basis of credits.

This system, as it has been observed by professors long connected with the college, has seemed to raise the scholarship; it certainly has made life hard for such students as are inclined to rest satisfied with a mere passing mark in most of their work and to be indignant at reproof for not attaining a higher rank. This latter state of mind has disappeared. And yet, at almost every faculty meeting there crops out the fact that uniform grading is not attained. Plotted curves of departmental grades reveal the startling fact that one department is giving a large percentage of high grades, another no AA grades and per-

haps many A's, a third largely B's, and so on. Constantly it is revealed that one professor persistently interprets his grades (A, B, C, etc.) in terms of percentage; another in terms of general excellence or lack of excellence, and so on. Any college that will investigate carefully the grading of its teachers will discover erratic individual methods and a woful lack of uniformity. It is, therefore, little to be wondered that several professors at Beloit College have desired to do away with the credit-for-quality plan. Still less is it to be wondered at that some colleges, Beloit among the number, are experimenting to discover the workableness of the scientific distribution of grades, as illustrated by the University of Missouri system.

At odds as the different gradings of the individual instructors may be, the difficulty, as President Foster points out, is not inherent in the plan—indeed, it lies in the administration of the plan, lies in the administration of all systems of grading. If this combination system, the quality plan coupled with the quantity plan, lifts the scholarship of the college, it ought to receive long and patient trial under careful and adequate administration.

HAROLD G. MERRIAM.

Chelmsford, Mass., August 10.

Literature

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Story of Her Life. By her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This is a charming book, about one of the most gracious and potent of American women. The kinship of the authors to the subject does not mar their work. Though affectionate, they are restrained and unobtrusive. They comment no more than is necessary to make the story continuous and intelligible, leaving Mrs. Stowe and her circle to record themselves in their conversation and letters. It is a beautiful account throughout of a loving daughter, sister, and wife, a careful mother of seven children, who in the intervals of her cares managed to write many books, among them several which influenced memorably the temper and history of her time.

Mrs. Stowe's mother was a sweet and strong woman. Her father, Lyman Beecher, was a bowlder of the living rock. Her heredity could not have been better, nor was her environment less happy. The step-mother who in Harriet's early childhood took on herself the charge of the brood of eight was wise and loving. When her husband insisted on reading to the family Jonathan Edwards's "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," with fine dignity she rose and left the room, declaring she would not listen to such a libel upon the God she loved and adored. Harriet's brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was the greatest preacher of his time, and other brothers were only less conspicuous than he. Her sister, Catherine, was perhaps even more brilliant than Mrs. Stowe herself, wanting only good luck to have become equally renowned. The poverty of her father's household was a wholesome atmosphere for the child. Her contacts from the first were with high-minded people, and she soon came into close touch with the best men and women in America and Europe. Mrs. Stowe grew famous while managing a large household greatly straitened, and did her writing while battling with perplexities in a way as amusing as it is heroic. Catherine writes:

"Come Harriet," said I, as I found her tending one baby and watching two others just able to walk, "where is that piece, for have it I must." "And how will you get it, sister mine. You will have to wait till I get thro' house-cleaning and the baby's teeth are through. There's a great baking down in the kitchen and a green girl for help. It's really out of the question." "I see no such thing. Set your wits to work." "Well, Minna, you may do what I told you, while I write a few minutes." "Here's the ink-stand on the top of the tea-kettle close-by." "Yes, yes," she said, falling into a muse as she attempted to recover the thread of her story. "Ma'am, shall I put the pork on top of the beans?" (from Minna), "Come, come, you see how it is. We must give it up for to-day." "No, let us have another trial, you dictate. Come, I'll set the baby in the clothes-basket. You left off here: 'Borne down by the tide of agony,' what next?" "Minna, pour a little milk into this pearl-ash." "Come," said I, "what next?" "Her lover wept with her. (Minna, roll that crust a little thinner.) He spoke in soothing tones. (Minna, poke the coals into the oven.) What is this life to one who has suffered as I have?" "Shall I put in the brown or the white bread?" said Minna. "Under the breaking of my heart I have borne up." "Ma'am, shall I put ginger in the pumpkin?" "But the breaking heart of a wife still pleads, a little longer, a little longer." How much longer must the ginger-bread stay in?" "Five minutes," said Harriet. "A little longer," I repeated in a dolorous tone, for now she was dictating. We burst out into a laugh. Thus we went on cooking, writing, dictating, nursing, and laughing. The piece was finished, copied, and sent.

Mrs. Stowe's own letters are entertaining, none more so, perhaps, than the one describing the presentation to her at Stafford House, the home of the Duchess of Sutherland, by Lord Shaftesbury, of an address from the women of England. Palmerston, Macaulay, Archbishop Whateley, the Duke of Argyll, and many more of the most distinguished people of England were present to do her honor. Her biographers contrast the incident with one that had taken place only a short time before, when Mrs. Stowe, making her way east with her little family, was stranded, poor and alone, at a small way station in the woods. Seated disconsolately on her trunk, with her children about her, she was sharply interrogated by the brusque station-agent. The contrasts of her life were, indeed, picturesque, but whether her surroundings were grave or gay, she encountered either fortune with complete poise and good-nature.

She was one of the most successful of authors, attaining world-wide fame, and commanding at last a constant stream of dollars by the simple movement of her pen. Her greatness was as a teacher and preacher rather than as an artist. The German critics say of Schiller, that he always *shines through* in what he writes; whereas the perfect artist holds a mirror up to nature, he himself remaining unrevealed. Mrs. Stowe notably "shines through" in her most famous work; and, although in her New England tales she approaches more nearly the artistic ideal, she always falls somewhat short. As an artist, no doubt, she was surpassed by her contemporary, Hawthorne. Lowell and Ruskin, letters from whom are given in this book, plainly show they felt Mrs. Stowe was here lacking, and Lowell deals with her candidly. A moral aim is a fine thing, he says, but the artist is a traitor who will postpone to that or any other thing the accurate reflection of nature. With small abatement, however, few of her time were more finely endowed than she in heart and head, or rendered a nobler service. We are fortunate to have in this book a portrayal of her so detailed, accurate, and properly sympathetic.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Glory of Clementina. By W. J Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

To the reader who knows his Rhoda Broughton, his M. E. Braddon, and his "Duchess," Mr. Locke's latest novel will bring at almost every page delightful reminiscences of an age that is gone. When you have put down this smooth-running story, with its air of pretty culture, its condensed psychological excursuses, its easy indulgence in a Latin phrase that is not too unfamiliar or a bit of scholarship that is not too recondite, you may pick up a pencil and in five minutes jot down the reappearance of a dozen familiar friends: (1) The woman of genius who hides her wit and her beauty under a dowdy exterior until the dramatic moment when she decides to beat the ballroom butterflies at their own game; (2) the woman who thrusts her lover from her under the impulse of mistaken duty, and, repenting, goes to his chambers and finds him on the floor with a bullet through his head; (3) the great-hearted woman who loves a man much younger than herself and saves him by throwing him into the arms of a charming girl of approximately his own age; (4) the adven-

tures who sets out to stalk and devour the dreamy, unworldly, scholar-philanthropist and succumbs to the power of goodness inmate in her lamblike victim; (5) the elaborate dinner-party engineered by the dowdy heroine; having kept the company waiting for three-quarters of an hour she bursts in upon them, a phœnix, the unsuspected marvels of her neck and shoulders revealed in a five-hundred-dollar gown; (6) the dawn of romantic love in the presence of a Roman temple under a full moon; (7) the letter conceived in terms of extraordinary ardor which the anguished husband finds in a secret drawer and which turns out to have been addressed to another woman than his wife; (8) the fine old sea-dog of an admiral who despises women and is conquered and bound hand and foot by the heroine; (9) the little girl whom her father, before he dies of a lingering fever contracted in China, entrusts to the joint guardianship of the dowdy phœnix and the unworldly scholar; (10) the unworldly scholar who takes his new ward upon his awkward knee and tells her stories drawn from the field of his vast historic readings; (11) the two guardians who, as they watch the little girl play before the fire, determine to marry in order to give the child a real home; but also they have learned to love each other passionately; (12) the closing scene in which delicate but unmistakable allusion is made to the fact that the little girl by the fire will soon have a companion to play with. Thus within the compass of a single volume Mr. Locke has brought together most of the accepted formulas that underlie popular fiction. Actually he is concerned less with the glory of Clementina Wing than with the story of Ephraim Quixtus, who continues the succession of Marcus Ordeyne, Septimus, and Simon de Gex. The narrative has movement and sentiment; and there is wit, of course. There is mention of a toy lamb which, on being squeezed, sings the Jewel Song from "Faust." Mr. Locke refers to this animal as "the apocalyptic beast," for which much should be forgiven him.

The Human Chord. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Of such a fantastic romance it is perhaps not over-exacting to demand direct and vivid action and at least momentary plausibility. These requirements—fully met by Jules Verne, by H. G. Wells in his early work, and by others—are not sufficiently comprehended by Mr. Blackwood. He has the imaginative faculty highly developed, and he is evidently a thorough student of the ancient wisdom of the East. But he has written a rather uninteresting book. He starts with a detailed description of the introspective boyhood of Robert Spinrobin, who is gifted with peculiar sensitiveness to sound. Spinrobin is made to find employment as secretary to Philip Skale, a retired clergyman. Skale, of course, shares with Spinrobin his distinctive faculty. Furthermore, he is a student of the mystery of sounds and has acquired a magic control over them. He has learned the Unspeakable Name of Jehovah and aspires to gain divine power by causing the utterance, in proper psychic conditions, of the first four letters of the opening syllable. These letters, spoken each by a suitably pitched voice, are to release corresponding sounds which Skale has imprisoned in his lonely house among the bleak Welsh hills, and the union of the four is to result in his deification. The four agents of the great experiment are to be Skale, Spinrobin, Skale's deaf old housekeeper, and her beautiful young niece. Naturally, Spinrobin falls in love with the niece, and this eventually results in the tragic failure of Skale's enterprise. In order to fill a book with such a story numerous pages of hysterical theorizing on occult subjects have been added, hopelessly cumbering the action. Interest is retarded also by attempts, for the most part awkward and amateurish, at character study.

A Big Horse to Ride. By E. B. Dewing. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This professes to be the autobiography of a professional dancer—the greatest dancer (need we say it?) of her age. She takes herself very seriously and expects her readers to do the same. To full five hundred pages she carries the story of her career, public and private. She is, we think, a trifle over-confident as to the compelling nature of her self-portraiture. To a large class of auditors the narrative will possess that adventitious charm which inheres in all confidences of royalty or stagedom. To hear, or to fancy that we hear, the real voice of one of these great ones, discoursing of that mysterious and disputed matter, her personal life, disarms one's judgment of the actual or intrinsic importance of that matter. Rose Carson is, by her own confession, an extremely beautiful as well as extremely famous woman. She is not commonplace, she is not vulgar. But she is rather a bore. We do not care enough for her to follow with enthusiasm the petty intricacies of her physical and moral experience. From beginning to end she is self-conscious, self-absorbed—too much to be in danger of serious lapses from the code of the world of which she fancies herself independent. Far from her the traditional joys of her kind—the late supper, the intrigue, the succession of casual amours. She must keep in condition, she must be true to her art. Against a pleasant kiss at a fit season, she has no prejudice—but nothing disturbing, thank you! At nineteen she falls under the glamour of a summer holiday by the sea, and becomes engaged to a charming young man. She breaks off the engagement as soon as she meets his uncle, who seems to her so much bigger that it is folly for her to marry the nephew. Later on, she actually marries the uncle. He is a cool and complaisant person, and interferes not at all with her chosen work. After a while she falls in love with charming young man number two, in spite of the fact that, like charming young man number one, he is manifestly inferior to her husband. She leaves her husband, and frankly tells him why—a piece of news which seems to interest him, but enrages him not at all. The young man chances to be married to Rose Carson's dearest friend, but never mind. Rose Carson's dearest friend does not want him anyhow. She has just found her affinity in that fiery financier, Rose Carson's father. Here you have a pretty social pickle: Rose saves the day after a fashion, by deciding that though she loves the young man to distraction she does not want him for a husband: so she goes back to her long-suffering one, who welcomes her with satisfaction. It must not be thought that the lovely and distinguished Rose ever steps beyond a certain boundary of action. In fact, she is a conventional person. And the spectacle of a conventional person who is always dallying, though chiefly in her mind, with unconventionality, not to say impropriety, is a spectacle more familiar than exhilarating. The style of the narrative is a little pretentious, and—we do not think Rose Carson worth all this pother.

The Measure of a Man. A Tale of the Big Woods. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Mr. Duncan prefaces this tale with a complaint that "Doctor Luke of the Labrador" was generally taken to be a fancy portrait of Dr. Grenfell, and with the explanation that the hero of "The Measure of a Man" is not the Rev. Francis E. Higgins of Minnesota. Personally, we should never have suspected it. We do not know the Rev. Francis E. Higgins of Minnesota; but John Fairmeadow has about as much the air of a photographic reproduction as Colonel Starbottle or the Virginian. He is the product of a vigorous but sentimental pen. Mr. Duncan writes with a good deal of picturesqueness and vividness of a somewhat old-fashioned order. Dickens is his master, as he was Bret Harte's. His "Gingerbread Jenkins" and "Plain Tom Hitch," products though they are supposed to be of American frontier life, are of the Gadshill pedigree. And in general, Mr. Duncan's way of staging and conducting his action is as far as possible from that of the man who takes a bit of real life and projects it on the printed page.

John Fairmeadow is a reformed Yale athlete and drunkard who, at the very end of his tether, has strayed into Jerry McAuley's mission in New York, and been converted. Thereafter he sets out as a lay worker to find "the worst town this side of hell." When he gets to Swamp's End in the "big woods" of the Far West, he is assured by the denizens of that lively spot that he has "got there." He is elected pastor of Swamp's End, and at once becomes the most popular man in the region. This is due as much to his physical prowess as to his spiritual offices. He knocks out a few bad men, and so evidently enjoys the process as to win the respect of all beholders. He is welcome in all the camps and dives of a godless wilderness, and by degrees, here and there, picks up a soul, and leads it back to decency, at least. To his credit be it said, there are few sermons in his year's work. He gains his end by service. Rather incomprehensibly, it is understood that Fairmeadow and his parishioners are anxious that he should be regularly ordained. The circumstance is employed to the full in pointing a contrast between the breezy and unconventional worker among the lumberjacks and his prim and prosperous judges. Of course he wins them over by dint of slang and earnestness—the whole episode rather intrudes upon the action proper. For the rest, there is a lovely daughter of the backwoods (all Mr. Duncan's maidens are of exceeding loveliness) whom it is for Fairmeadow to befriend and finally to take to himself. The reader's enjoyment of this story will depend upon his liking for succulent but rather coarse fare.

PASTORAL SATIRE.

The Eclogues of Baptista Mantuanus. Edited with introduction and notes by Wilfred P. Mustard, Ph.D. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $1.50.

The poet Mantuan has not been so popular of late as in the days of Holofernes. After holding for two hundred years a high place among the authors regarded as essential to a liberal education, he continued to furnish standard quotations for some time, and then passed quietly into oblivion. His career has been that of such edifying writers as Theodulus, Dionysius Cato, Avianus, Alexander de Villa Dei, whom schoolboys in times past knew and dreaded, but of whose existence schoolboys today, and some teachers, are totally unaware. Mantuan may never be introduced into the schools again, but to the curious reader who knows that Neo-Latin poetry is not infrequently worth while, he can afford many delights. Mantuan was a most versatile thinker and writer; though a monk, and finally the general, of the Order of the Carmelites, he cherished all the interests of the humanists of his day. We can somewhat discount the extravagant eulogies which his contemporaries showered upon the second Virgil, but enough was accomplished by this *philosophus insignis, poeta et orator celeberrimus,* to justify the impression that he made upon his times. Posterity knew him for his eclogues, which are written in excellent verse and which made an admirable moral manual, a kind of "Vergilius Christianus," for the schools. The poems may likewise challenge the reader's attention to-day, since, in one respect, they mark an epoch in the history of the pastoral.

For Mantuan was the first to make moral satire of the Juvenalian type the controlling element in pastoral. Virgil, so Dryden inferred from the vigorous ribaldry of his disputing shepherds, might have excelled in satire had he chosen; bits of this pastoral abuse appear also in Calpurnius; Petrarch and Boccaccio included in their elaborate allegories a touch of the mediæval satire on the church; but the whole coloring of Mantuan's pastoral is satire, just as Virgil had transfused his with epic. Juvenal's very subjects are appropriated for different eclogues; there is a tirade against women, a lament over the scant rewards paid poets, a eulogy of rustic simplicity. This last theme suggests the familiar pastoral debate between country and town, but the spirit of the performance is altogether that of Juvenal's third satire. Mantuan shows great cleverness here and elsewhere in putting a theme from satire or from contemporary life into a setting appropriately pastoral; like Virgil, he both innovates and faithfully preserves the tradition. Nor is his satire altogether Juvenalian in tone. He has his moments of vehemence, as when, in the course of his invective on poor woman, he showers her with a succession of over fifty unpleasant adjectives and almost as many verbs; but he has moments of tenderness and gentle humor, too. In contrast to his general excoriation of woman are his really beautiful lines on the Virgin Mary, who persuades the shepherd of the blessings of the monastic life; she appears in a vision somewhat as Pleasure and Virtue appeared to urge their rival claims upon Hercules, save that the Nymph, as she is called, has the charm of the more agreeable abstraction. Finally, Mantuan has the ability to laugh gently at his own concerns, the dissensions in the Carmelite order; this quality allies him with the urbane Horace rather than with Juvenal.

We welcome a new edition of Mantuan after many years, and are grateful to the learned editor for providing us with one so satisfactory. The text, based on that of the first printed edition (Mantua, 1498), is followed by notes which are devoted chiefly to Mantuan's sources. The introduction gives an account, in which every sentence is the result of painstaking research, of Mantuan's life and works, and deals in great detail with the use of his eclogues in schools and his influence on his contemporaries and on later literature, particularly that of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are sections also on Mantuan's sources, his syntax, his metre, and his highly diversified vocabulary. The book is attractively printed, and though it contains a great deal, is small in compass. It ought to tempt not a few to take up Mantuan again.

Little Cities of Italy. By André Maurel. Translated by Helen Gerard. With a preface by Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Florence, Past and Present. By the Rev. J. Wood Brown. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

M. Maurel is one of those sparkling, epigrammatic writers who dazzle you for a few pages. Then you begin to consider whether his glittering generalizations are true; and you soon surmise that they have little more substance than showers of sky-rockets. He writes entertainingly, so that you go on reading to the end; but at bottom he has neither special knowledge nor a rationalized view of Italian art, history, or literature. His purpose is to have impressions, and he has them. He seems also to make a special effort to have them bizarre.

The places he epigrammatizes about are Florence, San Gimignano, Monte Oliveto, Pisa, Lucca, Prato, Pistoja, Arezzo, Lecco, Bergamo, Brescia, Verena, Vicenza, Padua, Mantua, and Arquà—a sufficiently varied list. Readers who have been to these towns will be reminded of this or that characteristic by M. Maurel's enthusiastic descriptions; but those who have not travelled will get only a fantastic idea. How much more Byron put into a stanza of "Childe Harold" than this Gallic rhapsodist can put into many pages! His book, indeed, would hardly command attention here, if it were not introduced by Guglielmo Ferrero's preface. This, when analyzed, proves to be the amiable letter which an acquaintance of great renown might write to a rising author. Signor Ferrero says all that he can that is pleasant, but adds, significantly: "As a historian, I should be tempted to seek a quarrel with you on several points."

And no wonder! M. Maurel's grasp on history is so slight that, to give only a single instance, he regards the union of Italy under a central government as a great mistake. He longs for the return to a multitude of petty states bound loosely together in a federation.

Ferrari is the political philosopher he swears by. Now, Ferrari, it need hardly be said, was the last of the Federatists, whose cause was obsolete—though he was too dull to perceive it—long before he died. It would be no more unkind to disinter the plea of some forgotten politician, who in 1785 declared that the American Colonies ought never to be united, than for M. Maurel to disturb the well-earned oblivion of Ferrari. His generalizations about Guelfs and Gibellines (as these are called throughout the book) are equally erratic.

Mr. Brown's work is of a wholly different sort. It represents endless patient research, much meditation, and unusual ingenuity in suggesting hypotheses. Starting with Florentine life and folk customs to-day, he works back to their origin. To fix this, he goes to the very beginning, beyond prehistoric times to the geologic age when the Valley of the Arno was partly sea and partly lakes. So he traces where primitive men must have had their hunting grounds, then their rude settlements, and their trails from point to point. Gradually, Tuscany, as we know it, emerged; and, with the normal human development from brutes to savages and upward, occupations, besides hunting, appear. The river becomes the highway for primitive traffic, the spot we call Florence becomes a village and then a mart. And so, into historic times, to the days of Etruscans and of Romans, Mr. Brown traces the interaction between man and his environment on the Arno.

We find the story of great interest, and when Mr. Brown takes up ancient or prehistoric survivals in the Florence of to-day we can but admire the keenness of his scent for links of evidence. His chapter on charms and amulets assembles a mass of facts, well coördinated, of which every sojourner in Italy has had partial glimpses. So his study of "Ceppo"—the Yule-log—and of "Befana"—the Twelfth Night doll—transports us to earliest Latin customs and shows their resemblance to similar customs in Greece and Asia Minor. His analysis of a Tuscan harness, with its bells and tassels, its bits of mirror and horn, takes us far back to pagan superstitions, because each of these decorations was originally a charm against the evil eye and other dreaded enemies. In like fashion, Mr. Brown shows how mid-Lent and Easter observance, the mid-summer grasshopper, and the September fêtes have their roots in remote Italic days. In general, paganism still survives in rites and customs over which the Church has spread a thin veneer. It early learned that it was easier and more discreet to give these ancient racial superstitions an apparent Christian pertinence than to attempt to eradicate them.

Folk-lorists may dispute Mr. Brown's interpretations in this or that detail, but in the main they will agree, we believe, that he is sound. Such a matter as the *nth* language, for example, seems to us still too vague to justify basing many conclusions upon it. The fact that the Greek island Zacynthus, the Tuscan village Borgunto, and the Spanish city Saguntum have a consonantal sound in common does not warrant us in feeling sure, even with such other shreds of plausibility as have been collected, in concluding that they sprang from one people. The archæologist of A. D. 3000 who argues that Paris, Maine, must have been founded by colonists from Paris, France, may be able to convince the learned of that time, but will he be right? Mr. Brown, it must be said, does not press this *nth* theory to an extreme, but distinguishes throughout between what is fairly well proved and what is conjectured. His book should appeal to many readers besides specialists. Like M. Maurel's, it abounds in excellent illustrations.

The Cruise of the Snark. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This is Mr. London's account of that much-advertised journey in a sailing-yacht across the Pacific, which was to have been a journey round the world. The different chapters in it are, if we understand the matter, reprinted articles written during the voyage. The letter-press is upon a glazed paper, to accommodate the numerous if not striking photographs. The author protests, to begin with, that the voyage was undertaken for fun and not for profit; that his expenses were not paid by any magazine, and that the newspaper reports of his adventures are altogether without foundation. The "Snark," upon which he spent thirty thousand dollars, was a forty-three-foot ketch-rigged craft, with leaky compartments, a seventy-horsepower auxiliary engine that never worked, a launch engine ditto, and a total unwillingness to heave to in a blow. But she was a good sailer, on the whole, and the troubles of the adventure were chiefly incident to the attempt of white men from the North to cope with a Southern climate and Southern diseases. No one on board knew anything of navigation when the "Snark" left San Francisco for Hawaii. They had no difficulty in getting it up on board, and made their port without mishap. The experience of the party in the Sandwich Islands seems to have been the one agreeable phase of their journey. Thereafter they one by one fell a prey to fever and to various unseemly native diseases. In the Solomons, all on board were more or less disabled by one or more complaints indigenous to that cheerful group. We do not learn why the "Snark" did not turn its back with all possible expedition and make for some healthier shore. It did not: the party remained in the region of the Solomons month after month, till, a victim of "yaws" (a malignant ulcer, peculiar to the South Seas), of a horrible swelling of the extremities due to the effects of tropical light on a Northerner, and, last, but not least, of a form of leprosy, Mr. London was constrained to shape his course for an Australian hospital. There he remained for a long time—until it became clear that he must get back to his natural climate. Nevertheless, he insists that the voyage was enjoyable, and calls to witness "the woman who made it from beginning to end." "In hospital, when I broke the news to Charmian that I must go back to California, the tears welled into her eyes. For two days, she was wrecked and broken by the knowledge that the happy, happy voyage was abandoned." It is a pity that the joyfulness of the voyage is not communicated to the reader; from such evidence as the narrative affords, we should say that Mrs. London is easily pleased.

Notes

The Massachusetts Historical Society will publish the first volume of the "Diary of Cotton Mather, 1681-1708," together with many hitherto unpublished letters by Mather. It forms an octavo volume of 604 pages, with heliotype reproductions of Peter Pelham's mezzotint of his portrait of Cotton Mather, and a page of manuscript diary. The second volume, completing the work, will be published in the coming winter.

John Murphy Company of Baltimore announces a "Life of Cardinal Gibbons," by Allen S. Will.

"In the Shadow of Islam," a story by Demetra Vaka which Houghton Mifflin Company announces, has for hero the leader in the Young Turk movement; the heroine is an American college girl.

George Gibbs has completed a new novel, entitled "The Forbidden Way," which the Appletons will issue.

Little, Brown & Co.'s autumn fiction will include "Havoc," a story of international intrigue, by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "When Woman Proposes," by Anne Warner; "The Road," a tale of railway building in the Balkans, by Frank Savile; "The Lotus Lantern," the romance of a Geisha girl, by Mary Imlay Taylor and Martin Sabine; "At Good Old Siwash," college tales, by George Fitch, and "Across the Latitudes," stories of the sea, by John Fleming Wilson.

This house also announces: "Some Aspects of Thackeray," by Lewis Melville; the first five volumes in a new series of masterpieces of literature, called the Burlington Library—"Cranford," with 24 illustrations in color, by Evelyn Paul, "The Vicar of Wakefield," with 24 illustrations in color, by Margaret Jameson, "The Essays of Elia," with 24 illustrations in color, by

Sybil Tawse, "A Tale of Two Cities," with 24 illustrations in color, by Sep. E. Scott, and "Of the Imitation of Christ," with 24 colored reproductions from the old masters —"The Brownings: Their Life and Art," by Lilian Whiting, and "Goethe and His Woman Friends," by Mary Caroline Crawford.

Among the announcements by Cassell & Co. of forthcoming books, we note: Handsome editions of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Master of Ballantrae"; "Warships and Their Story," by R. A. Fletcher; "Joan of the Tower," a novel, by Warwick Deeping, and "How Men Fly," by Miss Gertrude Bacon.

Frederick Townsend Martin's satirical account of New York society, "The Passing of the Idle Rich," is to be issued in book form by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Perceval Gibbon is publishing, through the Century Company, "Flower o' the Peach," a story dealing with the race question in South Africa. The same firm has in hand "The Blind Who See," a novel by Marie Louise Van Saanen (Goetchius).

The *English Review* for August contains "Androgynism; or, Woman Playing at Man," from the unpublished manuscript of Charles Reade.

Another abridgment of "Malory's King Arthur and His Knights" has been made by Henry Burrowes Lathrop, and published in an illustrated volume by the Baker & Taylor Co. Mr. Lathrop's aim has been, by omission of irrelevant episodes, to present the main story in consecutive form. The language is largely modernized, and an occasional obsolete word, retained for the sake of quaintness, is followed by its modern equivalent in brackets.

The Home University Library is the name chosen by Henry Holt & Co. for an elaborate series of volumes on overy department of human knowledge. Some twenty volumes have already appeared, and eighty more are in preparation or planned. The books are to be sold at seventy-five cents apiece, and come bound in neat brown cloth. The type is large and clear and the page is very attractive. The series is to consist entirely of new books written specially for the Home University Library. In their first score of volumes the editors, comprising Profs. Gilbert Murray and Herbert Fisher of Oxford, J. Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen, and William T. Brewster of Columbia University, have cast their nets wide. We get a volume on Evolution by Professors Thomson and Geddes, one on Shakespeare by John Masefield, on the Opening up of Africa by Sir H. H. Johnston, on Mediæval Europe by H. W. C. Davis, on the Socialist Movement by J. Ramsay Macdonald, on the French Revolution by Hilaire Belloc, on Mathematics by A. N. Whitehead. The list of authoritative names does not stand exhausted.

An examination of the four volumes dealing with Socialism Shakespeare, the French Revolution, and Evolution, makes it very evident that the editors of the Home University Library intend to ride with a loose rein. Having chosen their specialist, he is given leave to say pretty nearly what he pleases. And probably for an undertaking of so popular a character the scheme is the most feasible one. It gives the personal touch to the text which a series of rigidly edited monographs would lack. Thus the volume on Evolution might have been written, here and there, in less technical terms, but it is written with a verve and fancy that carry the reader on. Mr. Macdonald's book on Socialism expounds Mr. Maedonald's kind of Socialism. The Germans would laugh at the curt way in which the leader of the English Labor party dismisses Karl Marx and his fundamental theories. But if an elementary textbook arouses controversy it has already done much to accomplish its purpose. In Mr. Masefield's volume the personal element gets out of hand. What we have is a topical summary of the Shakespeare plays one by one, followed by a few pages of lyrical but somewhat random appreciation. These examples will illustrate the merits and defects of an undertaking that seems exceedingly worth while.

As a rest cure, Frederick Martyn, the author of "A Holiday in Gaol" (Macmillan), recommends a term at hard labor in an English prison. By what on his own showing was chiefly bad luck and perversion of justice, he was sent to Wormwood Scrubs prison, near London, for borrowing money under false pretences. There he made the best of it, and set himself to reading and wide observation of prison life. The prisoners he found easy and rather agreeable comrades, old offenders being notably companionable. Tho warders were by no means bad fellows. Possibly the most interesting part of the book is its exposuro of the shifts by which prison discipline may be lightened or avoided. It does not heighten one's respect for British justice to learn that a prisoner unrepresented by counsel may bo condemned on a charge which he hears for the first time in the courtroom itself. Mr. Martyn tells a plain tale spiritedly and with humor, and will be read with interest by all whose curiosity tends prisonwards.

There has been, within the last twenty years, something of an Immermann revival in German literature. Heine, who was capricious in his friendships, both personal and literary, remained true to Immermann, and his exaggerated estimate of that writer's powers has had a share in influencing literary criticism in favor of the manysided, if not brilliant, author of the "Epigonen." Of all his work, this novel, an imitation of "Wilhelm Meister," full of interesting literary reminiscences, is alone likely to retain its hold on German readers. Dr. Allen Wilson Porterfield has undertaken to trace Immermann's connection with the romantic movement, for the benefit of English students ("Karl Liebrecht Immermann: A Study in German Romanticism"; The Columbia University Press); and if Immermann cannot be said to live again in these pages, the author has at least produced a scholarly and meritorious monograph. Unfortunately, as in the case of so many dissertations of youthful Ph.D.'s, there is buried within this a prodigious amount of largely superfluous erudition. Not even the professional philologist can care for an alphabetized list of archaic words and romantic terms culled from Immermann. Nor is the main thesis clearly worked out. On Dr. Porterfield's own showing, it is impossible to "determine" (as he set out to do) Immermann's exact relation to romanticism, for the more closely he is examined the more of a realist he appears. The "Epigonen" shows us "how real people live and love." The peasant-story "Oberhof" is called "realistic, without a thread of the supernatural." The theme of "Andreas Hofer," Immermann's most popular drama, is "dignified realism," and in the satiric part of "Münchhausen," we find "those unrealities and misconceived realities that encumbered German life and literature from 1830 to 1840 parodically (*sic*) paraphrased." In fact, Immermann "hated Schwärmerei." Of course, like every true German, he had a streak of romanticism in his composition, but after all of Dr. Porterfield's stalwart attempts to define its exact proportions, he and his readers are glad to take refuge in the final summing up: "As an adopted citizen of the romantic republic, he was at times a loyalist, at times a malcontent, and at times a rebel." It is to be hoped that in the subsequent pursuit of literary subjects the author will discard certain eccentricities of style, such as "applausable drama" and "abnegative life." Careful proofreading would have avoided blemishes like "Freidrich II." "Theatre Francais," "Knabenwunderhorn" (one word), "Klagefurt," "Romantichnik," etc., and would also have eliminated from the circle of "literary figures" of Immermann's time the names of Dannecker, Metternich, Rauch, and Schinkel.

A useful book of reference is the "Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Terms" (Lippincott), compiled by John S. Bumpus, honorary librarian of S. Michael's College, Tenbury. The sub-title explains the work as "a history and explanation of certain terms used in architecture, ecclesiology, liturgiology, music, ritual, cathedral constitution, etc."

"The Dominion of Canada" (Little, Brown), by W. L. Griffith, is the most comprehensive one-volume book that has yet been written on that country. It begins with the discovery of Newfoundland in 1497 and comes down to the debates on reciprocity in the House of Commons in the session of Parliament that came abruptly to an end on the 29th of July. There are thirty-eight chapters concerned with as many episodes of Canadian history or aspects of contemporary life. If, however, the chapter on The Prairie Provinces, and that on Labor Organization, Labor Representation, and Labor Legislation are excepted, there is scarcely one in which Mr. Griffith adds anything that is new. The chapters on The Constitution, on Parliament, and The Cabinet are scrappy and inadequate and characterized by looseness of statement. Much the same inexactness marks that part of the chapter on The Manufactures of Canada which is concerned with the iron and steel industry. Mr. Griffith's history of the preferential tariff for Great Britain, brief as it is, is incorrect and misleading. It contains no mention of the curtailment of the preference in 1904, nor of the many curtailments at the revision of the tariff in 1907. The book is marked by extremely slovenly proofreading; and in a word, while Mr. Griffith has attempted an ambitious book, he has not succeeded in producing one which will displace a single book on nineteenth-century Canada that was in existence when he began his task.

"Der aufsteigende Halbmond," with the

sub-title "Beiträge zur türkischen Renaissance," and seventy illustrations and two charts (Berlin: Buchverlag der Hilfe), by Ernst Jäckh, supports the thesis that Germany and Turkey should coöperate in the development of the East. The author witnessed the Turkish revolution in July, 1908, in Smyrna and in Constantinople, and because of a long residence in Turkey has had opportunity to obtain rare information on such subjects as the Anatolian railway, the ideals of the Young Turks, and their relation to modern Occidental ideals. Mr. Jäckh's enthusiasm makes him ignore the ultra-conservative spirit of Islam, and the reactionary forces yet found in the Beduins, the Kurds, and kindred spirits.

Under the title of "Disturbing Elements in the Study and Teaching of Political Economy" (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press), Dr. James Bonar publishes the substance of five lectures delivered last year before the economic seminary at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Bonar points out that the lectures concern themselves, not with economic error in general, but with "the more subtle fallacies which are apt to invade the reasoning of trained economists in spite of learning and discipline." Naturally, the criticism is mainly destructive, but there is much keen observation, particularly in the first lecture, where a dissection of the familiar "liberty, equality, fraternity" is made to illustrate the dangers of a popular political philosophy; and in the third, where the mistaken popular aversion to either economic or political theory is skilfully handled.

The oldest and largest university in the world is El-Azhar at Cairo, we learn from an article in the *East and West* for July, by the Rev. W. H. T. Gairdner, joint editor of the *Orient and Occident*, a weekly magazine published in that city in Arabic and English. Founded in 975, it has been from the start a national institution, the Khedive being the rector. The minimum age of entrance is fifteen, and the applicant must know half the Koran by heart, if blind the whole Koran, and be able to read and write. The curriculum consists of virtually nothing but theology and canon law, the final examinations fifteen years after matriculation being upon these, together with traditions of the Prophet, grammar, etymology, rhetoric, and logic. It is the same instruction which has prevailed for centuries, and one who goes into the great court where the circles of students are sitting at the feet of their Gamaliels, looks upon a scene preserved from the middle ages, "a perfect specimen, living, breathing, and entire." The commonly accepted "Azhar myth," that on account of its large number of foreign students the institution is "the greatest missionary college in the world," is shown not to be founded on facts. Out of the more than 16,000 students in this and the affiliated colleges, 95 per cent. are Egyptians, and become small shopkeepers or "sheikhs of the village mosque, conducting the village school, and constituting the village bureau for legal information concerning person or property, and for pious gossip about the little theological riders that have interested thirteen centuries of professional or amateur Moslem theologians." The comparatively few foreign students, 661 in 1906, come from lands where Islam has exclusive possession.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, a writer of songs and poems, died last week at her home in Tuckahoe, N. Y., in her seventy-ninth year.

Philippe Mounier, a versatile writer who died recently, was born in Geneva in 1864. Poet, novelist, and author of an autobiographical volume, entitled "Le Livre de Pascal," he distinguished himself chiefly by essays on Italian subjects. "Le Quattrocento" and "Venise au dix-huitième siècle" were crowned by the Academy.

Heinrich von Poschinger, the noted political writer and the author of many works on the life of Bismarck, died in Berlin just a week ago. He was born in Munich in 1845.

The death is reported of Francis Paget, since 1901 bishop of Oxford. He was the author of several books, among them "The Redemption of Work," "The Spirit of Discipline," and "Studies in the Christian Character."

Science

The Diamond. By W. R. Cattelle. New York: John Lane Co. $2 net.

The present work aims to give a comprehensive view of the mining and marketing of diamonds, besides a study of the historic specimens, and the place occupied by the gem in literature and legend. The description of diamond-mining in India, Brazil, and Africa is full and satisfactory, and considerable information is imparted in regard to the less important occurrences of the stone in many other parts of the world. As a popular exposition this portion of the book is worthy of commendation.

Of the diamond trade the author has much that is interesting to say, and offers many shrewd observations and some practical hints touching the matter of selection. The growth and development of the diamond trade and the astonishing proportions it has attained since the discovery of the African mines are treated at considerable length, and, in the main, with accuracy and judgment.

The chapters devoted to celebrated and historic diamonds are less satisfactory than the rest of the book. This is in part due to the fact that too much is attempted within a restricted space. The result of this method, or lack of method, is shown in the case of the Orloff diamond (pp. 67-69). The existence of two or more versions of the history of this stone has led to the assumption that *two* diamonds of exceptionally large size and approximately the same value were bought by Count Orloff or by the Russian Government in 1776 and 1791. It is true that Streeter also interprets the tradition in a similar way; but it is a pure assumption. Of the Sancy diamond we are told (p. 78) that there are but two things upon which writers agree, viz., that the first known owner was Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and that later it came into the possession of Nicholas de Barly (*sic*), Baron de Sancy, after whom it was named. Only the second part of this statement is exact. Nicholas Harley de Sancy certainly owned the diamond, but there is absolutely no evidence to prove that it ever belonged to Duke Charles. There is, however, little doubt that at the time when James I of England bought the Sancy he already had in his possession the diamond of Charles the Bold, which had been acquired in 1547 by Henry VIII, and was duly entered in the inventory of the crown jewels made shortly after the accession of James I to the English throne. William Waldorf Astor paid £14,000 for the Sancy. This diamond appears in the French inventory of 1791, but not under the name Sancy; it formed part of the Order of the Golden Fleece. The 33¾-carat diamond, called the Sancy in the inventory, and sometimes known as "the little Sancy," was also at one time in the possession of Harley de Sancy. The description of the Tiffany yellow diamond (pp. 93-94) does not give the weight, 125⅜ carats. As regards weight, it should be noticed that the carat of 205.5 milligrammes is equivalent to 3.171 grains, instead of 3.174 grains, as stated by Mr. Cattelle on p. 333. Four grains avoirdupois exactly equal four grains troy, hence the carat of 205.5 milligrammes cannot be equal to "four grains avoirdupois." Probably the origin of Mr. Cattelle's error, which has been made before, is to be found in the fact that four of the old French grains of the *poids de marc* equalled 3.278 grains troy, only a trifle more than the 205.5 milligramme carat. The English carat is .2053 grammes, equal to 3.168168+ grains avoirdupois. The new international carat, now authorized in many European countries, is only 200 milligrammes.

In conclusion, we may remark that some items and a few names noted in the text have been omitted in the index.

The early history of British Guiana is the subject of an article in the *Geographical Journal* for July by J. A. J. de Villiers, in which he shows the remarkable activity of the Dutch explorers and traders in the eighteenth century. A striking personality was Storm van 'sGravesande, governor for thirty-four years, whose dispatches, containing quotations from Horace and Virgil, Shakespeare and Molière, "would fill twenty-one volumes of three hundred octavo pages each." A selection from them has been published by the Hakluyt Society. In an account of the flowing wells of Central Australia, which are used, not for irrigation, but for supplying water and food for travelling stock, Prof. J. W. Gregory advocates strongly and convincingly the theory that their origin is not from rainfall, but from a "plutonic or deep-seated source; and that the ascent of the water is not due to the simple principle that

water will find its own level, but arises from more complex causes, including rock-pressure and gas-pressure produced by the heat of the plutonic water." Hence it is in danger of being exhausted if continuous outflow is permitted. In Major L. Darwin's presidential address at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society the statement is made that the geographical work of the future will not be pioneer explorations, but the detailed examination of small areas, and that the aim will be to do systematic, scientific, and thorough work for the advantage of mankind. At the annual dinner, the new president, Lord Curzon, referred to Peary as having planted the flag of the United States upon the North Pole and annexed to that country—"I will not say a new continent, because it is reported to be of a somewhat unstable and precarious description, but a heritage of everlasting fame." The cosmopolitan character of the society is shown by the fact that its prineipal medals this year were given to a Russian, Col. Kozloff, for his Central Asian researches, and a Frenchman, Dr. Charcot, for his Antarctic explorations.

Chemists have commonly appeared before the public in an unfavorable light, owing to the fact that manufacturers have often suborned their services. But the volume edited by Charles Baskerville, entitled "Municipal Chemistry," a series of thirty lectures by experts on the application of the principles of chemistry to the city, delivered at the College of the City of New York (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.), shows in how many ways chemists may come to the aid and defence of the community instead of inventing ingenious means of cheating. The volume will be of value to any one interested in municipal economy, for it presents in popular style modern scientific views of the various phases of public sanitation. The pictures are numerous and appropriate, though poorly printed. The examples are mostly taken from experience had in New York, but the principles and information given may be applied to any city or town. There are chapters on the water supply; milk and dairy inspection, by ex-Commissioner Darlington; food adulteration, by Dr. H. W. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture; the adulteration of drugs and the insidious employment of habit-forming agents; the questions of street cleaning and sewage disposal; gas, smoke, and ventilation; textiles, explosives, paint, and concrete; and parks and playgrounds, a topic not ordinarily embraced in the science of chemistry.

In the second edition of his work, "The Art of Revolver Shooting" (Putnam), first published in 1901, Walter Winans has brought the subject up to date, has made the book something more than mere instructions for beginners, and has added a chapter on automatic and duelling pistols. He is undoubtedly right when he says that those who take up pistol and revolver shooting will never regret it, and that it teaches self-reliance, coolness, and the control of one's temper; but when he condemns such sports as cricket, tennis, and golf as useless, and calls for the substitution of shooting, hunting, swimming, and polo, he lets his predilection run away with his judgment. After telling of his experiences in his early youth as a shot, and saying that he became a pistol shot because he was forbidden by his parents to handle fircarms, he deals in an interesting way with the evolution of the revolver from the old flint-lock pistol. His advice regarding the selection of a pistol is good, and his instructions on practice are clear. Several chapters are devoted to the competitions at Bisley and there are some good illustrative targets. The chapter on shooting in self-defence is frankly brutal.

Ernest Jules Pierre Mercadier, director since 1881 of studies at the École polytechnique, is dead at Paris, aged seventy-five. He was the inventor of the multiple telegraph, and was the director of telegraphs during the siege of Paris. He wrote numerous treatises on his subject.

Drama

Three Plays by Brieux. With preface by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. $1.50 net.

The professed foe of all conventionalism, conventional as he is himself in many of his ideas and literary methods, it is only natural that Bernard Shaw should be an enthusiastic admirer of the French dramatist Brieux, one of the most uncompromising of modern realists. With his accustomed recklessness, he does not hesitate, in his introductery preface, to compare the latter with Shakespeare and Molière, with neither of whom he has much in common, except a certain intrepidity of utterance. This quality Mr. Shaw, witness his so-called unpleasant plays, shares with Brieux, as well as certain social theories, but in other respects there is vast difference between the two writers. Far less brilliant in witty paradox or humorous sophistry than Mr. Shaw, Brieux impresses the thoughtful reader with his substantial knowledge of the subject which he is treating, his profound appreciation of the enormity of the abuses which he assails, and the sincerity of the indignation which prompts his attack. He does not expose himself to the suspicion of seeking notoriety for the sake of profit by the means of cheap sensationalism, although, in his zeal to demonstrate his case, he is often guilty of some of the most flagrant tricks of the sensationalist, such as violent exaggeration, illogical deduction of general results from specific instances, the excessive use of coincidence, and the employment of unnecessary grossness, both of speech and incident. Not all the realities of life are admissible in literature or art.

Of the three plays in this volume, "Maternity," "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," and "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avariés"), all dealing with the conjugal and other relations of the sexes, the second, already produced in New York in slightly modified form, is not only the truest as an actual study of daily life, but the only one that is practical for theatrical purposes. However untrustworthy it may be as a pretended reflection of general domestic conditions in France, there can be no doubt that it is a credible picture of possible evils arising from a matrimonial system offering peculiar opportunities and temptations to avaricious and unprincipled persons. It is a skilful exhibition of character through the medium of dramatic action, and is a real and interesting, if sordid, comedy. All the personages are thoroughly alive, from the shameless parents who strive to cheat each other in the matter of marriage settlements, to the wretched daughter, who, deprived by her libertine husband of the right of that motherhood to which she has looked forward as her sole compensation, is driven into the arms of an illegitimate lover. It need not be disputed that the play is a sincere and powerful assault upon evils of a more or less common and most demoralizing kind, but the premises from which it proceeds are by no means universal, and the implication that (French) marriage is but a legalized form of prostitution is, of course, wholly unjustifiable. But no one who is at all familiar with the subject will deny that Brieux's fiction is founded on fact. His subject matter, indeed, has been the common property of novelists and dramatists for many years, but he is one of the first to try to set some of its most repulsive features in the glare of the footlights.

It is this attempt on his part that constitutes his most transcendent virtue in the eyes of Mr. Shaw, who seems to regard all reverence for the ordinary proprieties of life in stage representation as a proof of arrant stupidity. He holds that sexual matters of such vast import to humanity at large as are treated of with power, knowledge, and ability in Brieux's "Maternité" and "Les Avariés" should be proclaimed from the housetops. Unquestionably they ought to have all the publicity possible among adults capable of giving them intelligent consideration, and it is long since there has been any conspiracy of silence concerning them. The dissemination of knowledge concerning them in every variety of printed and spoken instruction and advice has been going on for generations. There are few topics in which mankind in the mass are better informed. But the theatre would be no place for discussions of this kind, even if M. Brieux had anything new to tell, which he has not. In writing for the theatre he, like Mr. Shaw, appears to overlook the fact that the effect of a play often depends not so much upon its own character as upon that of the audience. A play may easily be productive of indecent suggestion without being itself purposely indecent either in motive or incident. "Ma-

ternité" has some good qualities, emotional and dramatic, together with a considerable admixture of clap-trap. It points out, with some fine passages of fiery scorn, the indignities, the abuses, and the cruelties to which many suffering and powerless women are subjected by male tyrants with the tacit approval of existing laws and customs. On the printed page it is a moving, able, and arresting protest, although much of it is in the nature of special pleading. In the theatre it would simply be an appeal, possibly an exceedingly profitable appeal, to the lovers of morbid sensation. As for "Les Avariés," that, as has been said in Paris, is too much in the nature of a medical treatise to be of any value in the theatre. Moreover, the truth and significance of the lesson which it undoubtedly inculcates are nullified by the crude sensationalism of the details. Of the English versions of the plays that of "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," by St. John Hankin, is the best.

In addition to playing in Rostand's "Lady of Dreams," on October 23, Mme. Simon will be seen in "The Thief" and "The Whirlwind," both written for her by Henri Bernstein; she will use the English language. The Irish Players will make their first appearance in September at the new Plymouth Theatre in Boston, and will come to New York later in the season.

Louis N. Parker has about completed a new play for Viola Allen, in which Lady Godiva is the central figure.

Margaret Anglin will begin her New York season in "Green Stockings," and in midwinter will be seen in Israel Zangwill's "The Next Religion," while she will also make matinée productions of classical plays at the Century Theatre.

Among the attractions for the season announced by Lee Shubert is George Bernard Shaw's new play, "Fanny's First Play." "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will be played by a Scotch company from The Playhouse, London. The production of "Œdipus Rex" by Martin Harvey at Covent Garden, in London, will be brought over in its entirety to the Manhattan Opera House after its London run. Among the French plays procured are "Aime des Femmes," by MM. Hennequin and Mitchell, which has had a great success in Paris, and "Sherlock Holmes and Arsene Lupin," which has made a sensation at the Châtelet Theatre.

George Broadhurst's drama, "The Price," in which Helen Ware will be the star, will open at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston on September 4, and will come to New York in October.

James K. Hackett will begin his season at Rochester on September 7, in Louis Edward Shipman's dramatization of David Graham Phillips's "The Grain of Dust," the author's last novel.

Gustav Amberg will assume the management of the Irving Place Theatre on October 1, and the operetta, "Die Schöne Helena," by Jacques Offenbach, will be sung in German on the opening night, as it was originally produced at the Artists' Theatre in Munich.

Music

It is reported that Paderewski has been engaged for the season 1912-1913 to give eighty recitals in the United States.

Carillon music is receiving much attention just now in England.

According to the eminent English conductor, Landon Ronald, each year seems to see a decrease in the number of concert-goers in London. He is, however, optimistic enough to believe that this is due solely to the pernicious habit of giving away free tickets. He is convinced that if no such tickets were given away at all, "before two years passed by, the ranks of paying concert-goers would be swelled to such a size that gradually we should boast of having a musical public of large dimensions who pay to go to concerts."

One-half of the Opéra Comique Company of Paris has gone to South America, where performances will be given till the autumn. Rehearsals were held on shipboard.

When Grieg returned to Norway, after studying at the Leipzig Conservatory, there was some danger of his continuing to compose (like the Danish Gade) in the German style. From this he was rescued by his young friend, Richard Nordraak, who was a great enthusiast for Norwegian folk-music, and who increased in Grieg the interest in national Norse music which Ole Bull had already aroused to some extent in his youth. For this service to national art, in all probability, rather than because of any merits of his own compositions (he died very young), a monument is to be erected to Nordraak in Christiania. While acknowledging his influence on Grieg, one must nevertheless bear in mind that Grieg's music is intensely individual and original. Among his many delightful songs not one has a borrowed melody, and of his piano pieces only those are folk-tunes which are distinctly marked as such, and printed in separate collections. The dozens of piano pieces ("Lyrische Stücke" and others) are as original as the songs.

Strauss came next to Wagner as an operatic favorite in Vienna last season, but it happened to be Johann Strauss not Richard! The Viennese think so highly of the waltz king's operettas that they produce them at their Imperial Opera with the same care as grand operas, and with grand opera singers. The result is that "The Gypsy Baron" was thus given last season nineteen times, "Cinderella" eight times, and the "Fledermaus" five times, making altogether thirty-two. Wagner's operas were sung sixty-four times. Richard Strauss's operas were heard twenty-six times—the "Rosenkavalier" eighteen times, "Elektra" eight times. Altogether, sixty different operas by fifty-four composers had 291 performances, and besides these there were fifteen different ballets, which were represented ninety-one times at the same house.

Emma Eames and her husband, Emilio Gogorza, will begin their concerts in this country next January. Among the operatic artists who will be heard here in concerts the coming season are Schumann-Heink, Alma Gluck, Maggie Teyte, John McCormack, Mario Sammarco.

Weingartner was not particularly anxious to come to America next season just for a fortnight's operatic performances in Boston and two concerts, so he asked what seemed to him a prohibitive price. But Henry Russell promptly accepted his terms, and so the great conductor will cross the Atlantic next February and conduct "Tristan and Isolde" in Boston twice, with Nordica, Schumann-Heink, and "Urlus," and also "Faust" and "Tosca," with Miss Marcel as the prima donna. The programmes of his two concerts will include some of his own compositions. Before coming to this country, Weingartner and Miss Marcel will make several concert tours in Europe, including one in northern Russia (St. Petersburg and Moscow), and one in southern Russia and Poland (Odessa and Warsaw). The Vienna Philharmonic concerts are still under Weingartner's direction.

In honor of Gustav Mahler two performances of his eighth symphony, which requires 1,000 players and singers, will be given next season in Vienna, where also a fund for some musical purpose is to be named after him.

Lillian Nordica's concert tour will begin two weeks sooner than announced, in order to make it possible to visit California, too. Canada will be included; also Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Thirty recitals will be given.

Art

FAR EASTERN PAINTING.*

I.—China.

The Western artist paints usually with viscous colors on a non-absorbent material, which permits retouches and corrections. The Far Eastern artist paints preferably in fluid colors upon highly absorbent materials—paper or silk—where correction or retouch means ruin. Evidently, the Far Eastern painter is bound to a scrupulously thoughtful and precise technique. This contrast of material conditions corresponds to profound discrepancies of racial temperament and æsthetic aim. European art appeals largely to memories of things, Chinese art appeals chiefly to memories of feelings; European art treasures as a chief maxim *ars est celare artem*, Chinese art utterly repudiates a requirement that would deprive it of conscious joy in fine and economical workmanship; European art is judged mostly

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**Three Essays on Oriental Painting.* By Seiichi Taki. London: Bernard Quaritch. 18 shillings; post 8vo; 57 collotype facsimiles.

These three essays, by the talented editor of *Kokka*, treat Japanese painting, Chinese painting, and the India Ink School, from the point of view of pure criticism. Released from chronological and biographical considerations, the author is free to treat typical masterpieces of the Far East merely as so much art, and his observations carry weight because he is conscious both of the merits of Occidental realistic painting and the limitations of the more imaginative art of China and Japan.

La Peinture Chinoise au Musée Guimet. Par Tchang Yi-tchou et J. Hackin. Paris: Librairie Paul Guenther. (Annales du Musée Guimet, Bibliothèque d'art, Tom 4.) Sixteen plates representing the main types of Chinese painting to recent times, with valuable historical and critical notes.

by correspondence with fact and conceals its means, Far Eastern art is judged merely by its correspondence with fine emotions and avows its means. Or, pursuing the antithesis, Occidental art will tend to be realistic, or, under favorable conditions of selection and arrangement, classic; but there will always be an implied reference to a common experience that must not be offended; whereas Oriental art will tend to be exclusively romantic, setting no bounds to the emotions and permitting any exaggeration or distortion of common experience that the refined imagination may suggest.

This contrast of classic and romantic at which we are arrived very well illustrates both the usefulness and the danger of these general terms. For we must immediately attenuate the contrast by remarking that the romanticism of the Far Eastern painter is highly disciplined and limited by restrictions, sometimes hieratic, sometimes traditional in his craft. For example, a Chinese painter of the best period (roughly speaking, coincident with the Sung dynasties, from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries) is perfectly free to make a mountain ten times higher than it is, but he is bound to draw its edge according to one of a few standard formulas. These prescribed strokes, though based on the Chinese notion that painting is akin to calligraphy, are also admirable syntheses of the chief forms of structure in nature. Within less than a score of such strokes (for the correlation of which with facts of stratification, cleavage, erosion, etc., we must refer the reader to Mr. Taki's interesting pages), the Chinese romanticist must find his repertory. His art no sooner attains the lyrical freedom of music than, like music, it accepts the straitest conventions. And here again is a rather instructive difference between West and East. Precepts in the West are likely to apply to ways of feeling —to be, that is, a sheer drag upon the artist of talent, whereas, in the East, precepts are generally confined to ways of doing and give the artist both a steadying discipline and a kind of social support. Another difference: the Chinese or Japanese artist is subject only to the authority of his peers or betters; great artists, learned priests, æsthetes, connoisseurs, are his law-givers. In fact, there existed in China a varied and flexible art reinforced by a subtle and exquisite criticism at the time when all Europe lay contentedly in a doddering Byzantinism. The European artist, on the contrary, has usually been more or less at the mercy of his æsthetic inferiors. Plain men have marked out the limits which genius at best might only evade. This fact will account for the rarefied quality of the best Chinese and Japanese landscapes. Their excellence is not accessible to untrained intelligences. Beside them the most diaphanous of Whistler's nocturnes would seem just a shade too explicit. It is an aristocratic art, compounded of subtile understandings, of permitted audacities and syncopations, beside which Claude, Corot, and Turner at his broadest seem comparatively common, accessible, and democratic. Thus, with its tendency to sink into cheap realism, European art is, after all, far more widely representative of the civilizations that have produced it, and so more humanly significant, while Far Eastern art achieves a higher emotional intensity and a more strenuously choice and beautiful craftsmanship, after all, within far narrower limits.

I.

For the student of painting all periods before the Sung dynasty, which ruled from the tenth through the thirteenth century, are merely legendary. Early historians and critics give us some idea of the works of the T'ang dynasty, the seventh and eighth centuries, and of the Five Dynasties, from 907 to 960; but since no works surely of these periods have come down, our concern is chiefly with Sung painting. We have merely to note that the artists and critics of this period, perhaps erroneously, regarded themselves as decadent. Here ancestor worship may well have caused public expressions of inferiority which by no means corresponded to intimate convictions. It is hard to imagine anything finer than the best landscape scrolls which have been transmitted to us by these self-styled epigoni. So fine was Sung painting that the Tartar conquerors of the Yuan dynasty, the fourteenth century, did but continue the established manner. In spite of patrons like Kublai khan, there was during the Tartar sway a marked falling off in all the arts.

When the Ming emperors, ruling from the latter part of the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, restored the native dominion, the old, severe, philosophical tradition of Chinese art had pretty well worn itself out. Elegance was now the quality most desired. Beside the traditional landscapes and religious subjects, which have taken on a character at once more realistic and more sentimental, we find familiar pictures of courtly life. Woman now gets full standing in art. From Ming painting derives, at a considerable interval, the figure subjects on old blue porcelain. The Manchu emperors, who for more than two centuries have held the throne, have in the main thrown their influence in favor of the imitation of Ming design, though there have also been partial revivals of the Sung manner. In the eighteenth century Chinese art becomes strongly realistic, carrying *genre* painting into all walks of life. Very ingenious and sprightly much of this work is, but it is inferior to similar Japanese painting and rather lacking in specific racial quality. This hurried chronological survey may introduce us to our real subject, the painting of the golden age—the Sung dynasty.

In the temple treasuries, museums, and private collections of Japan, there are more than two hundred paintings of the Sung and Yuan dynasties, while a scantier remnant persists in China itself and in the public and private collections of the West. The Boston Art Museum, the Freer Collection at Detroit, and the British Museum are among the richest in this art. The Musée Guimet also contains a few fine examples. Such admirable facsimiles as we have in *Kokka* and the "Select Relics," published at Tokio, make Sung painting fairly accessible to all students. There are a very few early paintings that possibly antedate the Sung period, and strongly suggest a primitive Chinese art free from Buddhistic influence and relatively realistic. Its existence is confirmed by those *genre* subjects in glazed terra cotta, of the Han dynasty (about the beginning of the Christian era), which have recently come to light. But the qualities of such underlying realistic painting must remain largely inferential. To the hieratic ideals of the Buddhist missionaries and the aristocratic formulas of the adepts of Confucius and Lao-tse, Chinese painting had yielded long before the to us merely traditional glory of the T'ang period (the seventh and eighth centuries). Of the severe splendor of the earliest hieratic painting, we have only Japanese echoes of later date. Still in the magnificent heroic figures of the Hôriuji Temple at Yamoto and the famous portable shrine of the same establishment we have paintings not later than the early years of the seventh century of our era, and, what is more important, exquisite works of an art still profoundly religious. To suggest the high qualities of these hieratic figures of incarnations of the Buddha, one is driven to ambitious analogies. Imagine a Crivelli purged of his smaller eccentricities, a Mantegna endowed with spirituality and freed from merely perfunctory dignity, and you will have some notion of the tingling austerity of this art, of the elaborate beauty and significance of its line and color, of its tense and urbane spirituality. I fancy Giovanni Bellini, had he remained in his Mantegnesque phase and painted wall decorations, might have done something as fine, but I cannot imagine any other artist of Europe meeting these far Eastern mystics successfully on their own ground. Even in the superabundant scrolls of the centuries of decadence, some persistence of the solemn splendor of the parent art may be noted. At the risk of protesting overmuch, I must repeat that the value of this early hieratic

art at its best is not relative, but absolute. Without pushing wide and futile comparisons, the seeker of the higher forms of beauty must acquaint himself with these rare survivals as he must familiarize himself with the pediments of Olympia, the mosaics of Ravenna, and the portals of Rheims.

II.

If the hieratic art of China and Japan finds its analogies in the great religious art of other periods, Chinese landscape painting is a thing apart. No painting of landscape so fully realizes the profoundly psychological aphorism of Amiel that landscape is a state of mind (*un état de l'âme*). Occidental landscape painting has never fully emancipated itself from the requirement that it should be a record of facts. Hence, since large and comprehensive record is impossible, it has tended to limit itself to the picturesque bit. Our artists mostly prefer the thing that can be quite fully remembered and represented. A restricted kind of intimacy is their ideal. Now the Chinese landscape painter, dealing primarily with feelings about nature, naturally chose those aspects that evoke feeling most powerfully. Great expanses of plain rimmed by looming mountains, ravines widening out to river valleys, perilous gorges, were his favorite themes. The long scrolls upon which some of the earlier landscapes are painted represent in a single work nature in many aspects. One may unroll gradually and with delight quiet rivers with boating parties, gardens with the pavilions of the rich, arable fields, temples, and usually there will be a mountain screen behind these foreground subjects, gaunt and formidable against the sky. As one plies the rolls, picture succeeds to picture in modulations expressing so many phases of the love of nature. I hardly know an occupation more soothing, more evocative of reverent contemplation, than such converse with a landscape scroll of good period. Such apparently naïve art prevails in virtue of fine selection and prudent elimination, withal by concentration upon the significant facts of landscape—its scale and proper magnitude, the run of rivers, and the passing of winds.

Repeatedly the Chinese artists give us the simple theme of a hermit sage shadowed by a lone tree and seated in contemplation of sublime scenery. These tiny philosophers often choose the brink of abysses for their meditations, or gorges cooled by the spray of cataracts. What is remarkable in these pictures is the impregnation of the whole with the mood of the small figure. The balance of the contours of the ravine, the outreaching of trees from the crags, will seem merely the projection of the thinker's mood, or, conversely, he may be regarded merely as the incarnation of the spirit of the place. Such equilibrium between mood and fact is exquisitely maintained by the great Chinese painters and even by such gifted amateurs as the Emperor Huitsung, two of whose landscapes are included in Mr. Taki's album. In these pictures the landscape is reduced to its minimum expressive lines, mere things have been well-nigh eliminated, and we have the kind of prospect that might exist in a world of ideas before the actual gross substances of the earth had been created.

Early Chinese art offers as well landscape of a more literal sort. There are snow scenes, views of frozen lakes, and the like, presented with the finest atmospheric equilibrium and with an infallible sense of texture. Here the rhythm is usually in the third dimension, dependent on the accurate placing of significant objects in aerial perspective. Snow scenes ascribed to Li Ti and Ma Lin in Mr. Taki's book may best illustrate this comparatively objective phase of Chinese landscape. But here again the work is permeated with mood. Take the Summer Landscape in Viscount Okitomo Akimoto's collection ascribed to Kao Jan-hui. Nothing could be simpler than its ingredients. A cascade bordered by dark firs slips down in a double curve and forms a quiet pool. High above, beyond intervening mists, the shaggy shoulder of a mountain takes up the double curve and loses it again in the upper vapors. There is in these hints a sense of the secular life-story of the rivulet, of its eroding task through the ages, of its kinship with fog and rain; and one hardly needs the temple on the nearest ridge to remind us that these immemorial processes are sacred. To a beginner in this art I especially recommend this beautiful painting, the spiritual quality of which, together with its masterly and simple composition, must deeply affect any sensitive mind.

I can hardly dwell upon more deliberately fantastic and romantic phases of Chinese landscape painting, though these are most interesting. Let me merely remark the sea view ascribed to Chao Po-kiu, and illustrated in plate ii of the Musée Guimet Catalogue. Bare headlands rise like fangs against a rippled inland sound. In the interspaces are scant pine trees. Beyond, two straits enclose an island which presents crags still more formidable to the sky. The sun touches the distant waters with broad, sullen streaks that are lustrous without brilliancy. Near-by the wind crisps the water and urges tiny craft over the waste. Far away rules an ominous calm, and beyond an horizon lost in gloom there are faint but keen indications of an ultimate mountain ridge. The colors are a sombre blue and green, accented with black and gold. The whole impression is troubling and sinister in the extreme. One hardly needs the beautifully written note of a friendly critic, formerly custodian of this treasure, which informs us that

> In the sea there are great islands, the home of marine demons, of crocodile-men, of pearls, and fish of every sort. These isles are rather lofty, and rise from amid the waves. One sees emerge the crags where the spirits dwell and where the birds which fly between heaven and sea perch and brood and raise their young.

III.

In the attempt to get at the spirit of Chinese landscape I have intentionally carried into one category of expression works in color and works in India ink. The harm is the less because the Chinese in landscape use colors sparingly, often employing only two fundamental tones, and because they require of their draughtsman in ink the illusion and richness of color itself. Dead ink is their strongest term of reproach, meaning ink carelessly and inexpressively applied. And their connoisseurs distinguish no less than five colors of ink, a refinement which, since the paper has a perceptible yellow quality and the ink a tendency to blue, is by no means imaginary. We shall do well to admit with the native critics that, although the simplest and most concentrated effects are attained in monochrome, the colored landscape has a wider range and a more accessible amenity. If a Westerner readily casts his vote with the devotees of ink, it is largely because such work suffers less in reproduction. Nor can I make much of the very interesting native division of all landscape painting into Southern and Northern, although this somewhat paradoxical distinction throws much light on Chinese ways of thought. The river scenery of the South abounds in sublime and sensational features, but Southern painting is suave and gentle. Northern scenery is monotonous, but the Northern style of painting is rugged, emphatic, overtly picturesque. The terms, then, correspond to nothing in Chinese geography, but to much in Chinese modes of feeling. The same painter under diverse inspiration will paint in the Northern or in the Southern manner. Sometimes critics object to the treatment of a Northern subject with inappropriate Southern suavity. The words, in short, present something like our own wide but ill-defined antithesis between the classic and romantic. We should not go far amiss if we said that "Goetz von Berlichingen" was in Goethe's Northern manner; "Iphigenie" in his Southern.

Nearly a thousand years ago the critic, Kuo Hsi, in his work, "The Noble Features of the Forest and the Stream," expressed once for all the guiding sentiment of Chinese landscape painting. He takes it as axiomatic that all gently disposed people would prefer

to lead a solitary and contemplative life in communion with nature, but he sees, too, that the public weal does not permit such an indulgence.

This is not the time for us [he writes] to abandon the busy worldly life for one of seclusion in the mountains, as was honorably done by some ancient sages in their days. Though impatient to enjoy a life amidst the luxuries of nature, most people are debarred from indulging in such pleasures. To meet this want, artists have endeavored to represent landscapes so that people may be able to behold the grandeur of nature without stepping out of their houses. In this light painting affords pleasures of a nobler sort, by removing from one the impatient desire of actually observing nature.

Such a passage yields its full meaning only upon very careful reading. One should note the background of civilization, quietism, and rural idealism implied in so casual an expression as the "luxuries of nature." Nor should one fail to see that what is brought into the home of the restless worldling is not the mere likeness of nature, but the choice feeling of the sage. Again, the statement that the enjoyment of a thing merely symbolized and shadowed forth by the artist is nobler than the enjoyment of the thing itself should be duly weighed. Never, I think, did the Chinese fall into the recurrent Occidental confusion of means with ends by which art was thought to be mere imitation or conveyance of nature. Hence, while Chinese landscape-painting is frequently tenuous, and almost always adapted to somewhat esoteric modes of feeling, it is almost never vulgar or inconsequential. Demand was made not upon the observational skill of the artist; that was simply taken for granted; but upon his inner resources. For five centuries and more the Chinese artist was worthy of such a challenge, and even in decadence he retained at least the forms and ceremony of the aristocratic mysticism of greater days.

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Messrs. Harrap announce a new color book by Willy Pogány, "Tannhäuser," freely rendered in poetic narrative form by T. W. Rolleston, with 224 pages, lithographed in two colors, including numerous full-page and smaller drawings in line. The book will be printed on gray paper with rough surface; there will be an ordinary and a limited edition.

Josef Israels, the famous Dutch painter, died at The Hague on Saturday of last week. He was born at Groningen in 1824. He early showed such a strong taste for art that his father sent him to Amsterdam to study painting. Later he worked in Paris, Picot, Ary Scheffer, and Delaroche being his masters. At first he painted historical pictures, the most notable being William the Silent of Orange bidding defiance to Philip II of Spain. He was taken ill and went to Zandvoort, a fishing village near Haarlem, to recuperate. There his genius created itself, for in the humble folk he found the characters that inspired him, and the daily tragedy of life became his principal theme. Among his most important works of this period of his artistic career were The Zandvoort Fishermen, in the Amsterdam Gallery; The Shipwrecked Mariner, which was recently sold for $20,000, and the Village Poor. A Frugal Meal, the most important of the many pictures he painted of that subject, was sold for the same price at the Alexander Young sale. Israels was also noted for his water-colors and etchings.

Finance

VERSIONS OF PANIC HISTORY.

It is of frequent occurrence in historical criticism that the same set of known facts are used to construct three or four different and contradictory theories as to causes. This is, perhaps, even more true of financial history than of plain political history, because economic phenomena are in themselves more obscure than political phenomena, and because, also, different people have different theories as to what causes any important movement in finance, and will insist in a given case that the explanation must be fitted to their favorite theories. A great financial crisis is invariably followed by a jangle of discordant voices, each with its own account of the why and wherefore. Every one knows how the controversy raged after the panic of 1907. It was caused by President Roosevelt's policies. It was caused by an inelastic currency. It was caused by Charles W. Morse. It was caused by bad banking laws and inadequate restrictions on trust company finance. It was caused by the recklessness of important financial interests, who got into trouble as a result of their recklessness. It was caused by important financial interests for the purpose of wrecking credit and beating down values, in order to pick up bargains for themselves. There is not the least doubt that to-day, nearly four years after the outbreak of that panic in New York, each of these conflicting explanations has the absolute belief of thousands of people who should be reasonably familiar with the actual facts.

The reason for recalling all this just now is that the Stanley committee's excursions into the history of 1907 succeeded last week in raking up some of the bitterest controversy of that day, and in presenting it in a way which is quite as likely to encourage illusions as to establish the truth. This has been the case, both with the voluminous testimony on the "Tennessee Coal deal" and with the testimony about the famous "statement to the press," the evening before the run on the trust companies began. It had been hoped that this last-named episode might be left to be forgotten, among the numerous foolish and discreditable incidents which always mark a financial panic. It is not easy to see how anything could be gained by reviving it. But since that has been done, and since the incident may easily contribute to false ideas regarding the crisis which preceded and followed it, the plain and well-known facts of the matter may as well be stated.

It is impossible to excuse Mr. Perkins for the manner in which (without authority from the bankers who were laboring to avert the shock which they saw impending in the credit market) he gave out to the newspapers an account of the situation which, as Mr. Stone of the Associated Press said in his subsequent letter to Mr. Thorne of the trust company, "distinctly emphasized the run on the Trust Company of America, if, indeed, it did not precipitate it." The statement, describing that banking institution as in serious peril, and the subject of anxious concern by the Clearing House authorities, may have been true or it may not—that is beside the point. Every one of the least business experience knows that such a published statement from any source, with the Knickerbocker's doors just closed and the whole structure of credit tottering, was like exploding a can of dynamite under an insecure building.

This fact was recognized by the refusal of the Associated Press to send out the statement to the newspapers, although it came from a supposably responsible source, and one or two less scrupulous papers were known to be publishing it, and although, if true, it was news of paramount public interest. There are times when such news, in view of the public safety, must either be suppressed or stated in the most guarded possible way, and it was not at all thus stated in the account in question. Mr. Stone was unquestionably right in asserting that it emphasized and might conceivably have caused the run on the America, and Mr. Thorne is wholly within the facts in describing it as a "piece of stupidity." But there are times when stupidity is pretty nearly criminal.

It is unnecessary to insist on this very obvious aspect of the matter. What should be emphasized is the utter folly of supposing such a thing to have been done by the wish of the powerful financiers who were at that moment engaged in preparing to protect the business community against the coming strain. Throughout the hearings of the Stanley committee, there have been constant signs of a leaning toward the notion that powerful interests were inspiring and promoting the panic situation, with a view to their own selfish profits. The idea—based, no doubt, on the wild talk of La Follette that booms and panics, prosperity and adversity, are caused altogether by a group of unprincipled millionaires—is wholly preposterous; but it is none the less dangerous because it is preposterous to instil the idea into

the unthinking public's brain. For the excesses and extravagances which paved the way to the crisis of 1907, our High Finance was gravely responsible; but when the crisis came, it took its stand, in the disinterested protective measures, with the most conservative of the banking interests. Indeed, it had to do so. If there had been no other motive, self-preservation would have been sufficient.

But it is equally true that the public's illusions on this head will not be removed until a sane and intelligent view of the panic itself is taken. The trust company authorities, in insinuating that there need have been no trouble but for Mr. Perkins's statement to the reporters, are as wide of the fact as is the author of that statement, in intimating that it was harmless. It was their own financial practices, their defiance of the reserve proposals of the Clearing House, and their amazing neglect of the principles of sound banking, by which the trust companies invited the storm which nearly wrecked them. All this is now a matter of established financial history, and, happily, with the new trust company law of 1908 and the new Clearing House affiliations of 1911, it is a closed chapter. It will probably take longer for the people at large to realize fully that their own extravagance, neglect of old-time business precautions, and plunge into constantly mounting liabilities, so as to get rich quicker than pursuit of sober business methods would make possible, were fundamental in the lesson which the whole community received four years ago.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, P. S. Dahcim: A German First Reader. Holt. 70 cents.

Anderson, Isabel (Mrs. Larz Anderson). Captain Ginger Aboard the Gee Whiz; Captain Ginger's Playmates. Illustrated. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. 50 cents net each.

Batten, S. Z. The Social Task of Christianity. Revell. $1.25 net.

Begbie, H. The Shadow: A Story of the Evolution of a Soul. Revell. $1.25 net.

Bell, K. Mediæval Europe: A Text-Book of European History, 1095-1254. Frowde.

Bierce, A. Collected Works. Vol. IX, Tangential Views; Vol. X, The Opinionator. Neale Pub. Co.

Blount, A., and Northup, C. S. An Elementary English Grammar. Holt. 55 cents.

Brown, C. R. The Modern Man's Religion. Teachers College, Columbia University.

Burke, M. C. School Room Echoes. Book Two. Boston: Badger.

Dodd, A. F. History of Money in the British Empire and the United States. Longmans, Green.

Dolge, A. Pianos and Their Makers. Covina, Cal.: Covina Pub. Co.

Everett-Green, E. The House of Silence. Boston: Dana, Estes. $1.25 net.

Faber, B., and Hamilton, C. A. Sense of Humour. Brentano. $1.35 net.

Fitch, G. H. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

Fitch, M. H. The Chattanooga Campaign. Wisconsin History Commission. (In behalf of the State of Wisconsin.)

Fleharty, C. V. A Wild Rose. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.

Hough, A. J. Egyptian Melodies. Boston: Badger.

Heath, G. E. The Madonna and the Christ Child. Boston: Badger.

Hurn, E. A. Wisconsin's Women in the War. Wisconsin History Commission. (State of Wisconsin.)

Irving's Sketch Book. Edited by A. W. Leonard. Holt.

Jacobs, L. R. Celibacy. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Kant's Critique of Aesthetic Judgment. Translated, with introductory essays, by J. C. Meredith. Frowde.

Keyes, C. H. Progress Through the Grades of City Schools. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1.

Kingsley's Westward Ho! Crowell. $1.50.

Life of King Henry the Fifth. Written in 1513. Edited by C. L. Kingsford. Frowde. $2.90.

Lincoln, A. Selections from Letters, Speeches, and State Papers. Boston: Ginn. 30 cents.

Mineral Resources of the United States Calendar Year, 1909. Part I, Metals, Part II, Nonmetals. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Nichols, W. B. The Dream of Alfred: An Epic of the Navy. London: Nutt.

Olmsted, E. W., and Gordon, A. A Spanish Grammar for Schools and Colleges. Holt. $1.40.

Penniman, J. H. Books and How to Make the Most of Them. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

Prokosch, E. An Introduction to German. Holt. $1.15.

Rayner, E. The Dilemma of Engeltie. Boston: Page. $1.50.

Report of Commission of Conservation (Canada) on Lands, Fisheries, and Game, and Minerals, for 1911. Ottawa.

Robertson, A. T. The Glory of the Ministry. Revell. $1.25 net.

San Francisco Bay and California in 1776. Providence, R. I.: John Carter Brown Library.

Six Town Chronicles of England. Introduction and notes by R. Flenley. Frowde. $2.50.

Stratton-Porter, G. The Harvester. Doubleday, Page. $1.35.

Swift, F. H. A History of Public Permanent Common School Funds in the U. S., 1795-1905. Holt. $3.75 net.

The Price: A Play in Three Acts. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co.

Tolstoï's Resurrection. Crowell. $1.50.

Yerkes, R. M. Introduction to Psychology. Holt. $1.60.

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The Nation

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The Week

It is fairly to be said for President Taft's message vetoing the "Farmers' Free List" that it makes out a much better case than did his argument for refusing to sign the Wool bill. He is able to show that the measure was loosely drawn, so that its effect would, in some particulars, be highly doubtful and would lead to a great deal of litigation, while certain clauses were so carelessly constructed as to defeat their own end or to lead to absurdities. True, much the same could be said of the Dingley bill or the Payne-Aldrich law, both of which have given the lawyers endless business and taxed the courts to interpret them; and those acts were signed without hesitation. Yet Mr. Taft's criticisms have much force, and should be heeded when similar statutes are drafted in the future. And it is to be noted that the President uses a phrase, "conceding the wisdom of the general policy," which plainly intimates that he would favor an expansion of the free list—if only it were made in a different way, say, by a united Republican party.

The prompt passage of the new Statehood resolution is clearly a triumph for the President. By a vote of 53 to 8 in the Senate, and without even the formality of a roll-call in the House, Congress accepted Mr. Taft's terms for the admission of the last Territories in the continental United States. Arizona may now come in as soon as she drops the recall of judges from her Constitution, and New Mexico has only to decide by formal vote whether she will yield to the judgment of the representatives of her sister States who think her Constitution should be capable of amendment in an easier way. If she insists upon the present method, however, she will be admitted nevertheless. When one seeks the cause of this reversal of opinion by one branch of the Government at the instance of another, one finds it in the less prominent qualities of President Taft. Eager to conciliate, never spoiling for a fight, upon this occasion he forgot everything except the danger to what he regards as a vital principle of the government, and the result was a message that challenged attention for its reasoning no less than for its courage. It was one of the times when a powerful word powerfully spoken could turn the tide, and fortunately the President was willing to speak it. This revelation of the possibilities that lie open to a Chief Executive when he is in dead earnest must make even Mr. Taft regret that he did not similarly exert himself two years ago when the Payne-Aldrich tariff was crying out for a veto.

A careful study of the text of the arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France fails to show in what way the Senate is to be driven into delegating away its Constitutional powers in treaty-making. What is the greatly feared Joint Commission of Inquiry, and how is it to be constituted? Article II of the treaties declares that the high contracting parties "as occasion arises" shall appoint a commission of inquiry, and while the appointment of three commissioners by each side is recommended, that number is not made obligatory. Here, then, is no question of a permanent international commission of definite membership which may arrogate to itself powers hitherto exercised by the Senate. We are concerned with a special committee designated for the performance of a special task and passing out of existence as soon as its work is accomplished. There is nothing in the treaty to prevent the designation of one or more Senators as members of the Commission. And there is nothing in the treaties that compels the Senate to accept the findings of the Commission, except in form. It is true that if the Commission declares that the question at issue is justiciable, we are under the obligation to arbitrate. But the Senate, in fixing the conditions and limitations under which the arbitration tribunal is to arbitrate, may, if it choose, virtually nullify the Commission's recommendations.

The resolution offered by Senator Owen of Oklahoma, to investigate the causes of the panic of 1907, might possibly be regarded as an earnest endeavor to establish the facts regarding a great economic event if it were not for the Senator's own explanation of the purposes of the proposed inquiry. He believes, as he informed the Senate, that the panic resulted from "a deliberate conspiracy for enrichment of those who engineered it," that the engineering exploit was "treason against the United States," and that it "ought not to go unrebuked." The conclusion is possibly a bit lame, because treason is not "rebuked" by our statutes, but visited with capital punishment. This statement of the case rather tends, therefore, to turn the Senator's proposal into a joke. It is, however, a natural enough sequel to the theories of the La Follette school, whose view of political economy, so to speak, is strictly and exclusively anthropomorphic. It is quite inconceivable that our legislators should take seriously these vagaries of the Wisconsin and Oklahoma Senators. Yet one might almost wish that the formal inquiry should be made, and on precisely the lines proposed; for nothing short of the evidence which would surely and promptly be obtainable, from bankers, business men, and economic students, is likely to remove such foolishness from minds that entertain it.

The result of the election in Trenton bears out the claim that the commission form of government takes municipal affairs out of politics. Three of the commissioners chosen are Democrats, and two are Republicans. All of them are, or have been, officeholders. One is president of the Trenton harbor board, one is the street commissioner, one is an assessor, one is the city controller, and one has been city engineer. They go at their new task, therefore, with some experience in various lines of municipal service. Of more importance is the direct responsibility which they must feel to the mass of the citizens, who have selected them with such emphatic disregard of party affiliations. They could not have a greater incentive to give of their best to the city. All this is only saying that Trenton is still on the threshold of her new experiment in governing herself, although with excellent indications for its success. There will doubtless be more than one occasion when it will be necessary for her to

remember that comparisons are to be justly made, not with an ideal government, but with that to which she has been accustomed. It ought not to be difficult for the commission to meet that test, particularly as its members cannot fail to recognize that other New Jersey communities will in some measure shape their opinions of the commission form of government in general from this first trial of it in the State.

The methods of industrial and accident insurance companies which are being condemned by the insurance commissioners of various States are evidently of a different and lower order of wrongdoing from those that were revealed in the life insurance investigation. To buy legislation is bad enough, but it is not so revolting as direct and systematic plundering of policy-holders in the adjustment of their claims. The offence is aggravated by the circumstance that in the main these persons, ironically termed "beneficiaries," are unfitted because of ignorance to make a stand for their rights. The widespread nature of the frauds is indicated by the disclosure that the company doing the second largest industrial business in the country is charged with employing the worst devices known to fleece its customers. The higher officers of this concern are declared to share in the ill-gotten gains of its agents. The ethical possibilities of modern business are illustrated by the fact that in 70 per cent. of its operations this company is found to be honest, but in the rest, which have to do with industrial and accident insurance, the temptation to take advantage of its patrons is too strong to be resisted. The insurance commissioners are to meet in convention at Milwaukee and are to receive a preliminary report of the investigation.

The death of the veteran Gamaliel Bradford removes a genuine patriot who made a substantial contribution to the science of government, and frequently, as in the anti-Imperialist agitation, gave an admirable illustration of his ability to stick to his guns even when most severely criticised. He was one of the growing number of men who believe that the failure to make our Cabinet responsible to Congress by giving them seats on the floor of the House is one of the great defects in our form of government, and to the advancement of this belief he gave much time and labor. It must frankly be admitted that the whole anti-Imperialist adventure in which this country has been engaged has furnished much experience to reinforce Mr. Bradford's contentions. Whether we shall ever obtain the radical reform he desired is a question which only time can answer. He was one of those unpaid servants of the people who was of especial use because he was fearless, superlatively honest, and as patriotically devoted to the public welfare as became a direct descendant in the eighth generation from Gov. Bradford of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Mr. Edison is an unconventional traveller. He is not only not ashamed to declare that this or that is surpassed by something of the same sort in America, but he is original enough to discover objects for admiration that have hitherto evaded the Baedeker-guided eyes of the ordinary tourist. Thus, if he hurts Parisian pride by depreciating remarks about the illumination of the Champs Elysées, he gives it new inspiration by praising French bread. Could candor and courtesy be more beautifully blended? It must seem passing strange to the chefs of the capital, accustomed to Americans who do not hesitate to point out the deficiencies of their finest concoctions, to behold one whose tastes are so nearly in accord with that Spartan simplicity lacking in those who most prominently represent us abroad. In one respect, the great inventor is at variance with multitudes of his countrymen. He is not disturbed by the heat that is oppressing Paris, but professes himself perfectly happy when the thermometer is at 90. Is this the reason why we have not been provided by him with a cheap and convenient device for lowering the temperature?

An interesting question as to the value of newspaper notoriety is raised by Mayor Gaynor's action in the matter of a new novel which the authorities of the New York Public Library have refused to put on their lists. The Mayor finds that the book is quite harmless, but very stupid. The question is whether this characterization will help or harm the book. It is a maxim among many publishers that condemnation for a new book is quite as desirable as approval, provided the book is talked about. Silence is the aspiring author's worst enemy. But while it may be profitable to have a novel vigorously characterized as very wicked or very youthful or very prejudiced or very ill-informed, does the magic power of notoriety go to the point where it helps the sale of a book to be called very stupid by some one prominent in the public eye?

The Advocate of Peace calls attention to a recent happening in the United States navy of far greater significance than the commissioning of the latest Dreadnought or the Delaware's preëminence in the Coronation naval review. In June last, virtually unnoticed, the little sheet-iron steamer Wolverine, for nearly seventy years known as the Michigan, and our sole naval protection on the Great Lakes, was struck from the active list and finally put out of commission. Built in Pittsburgh in 1843, she was taken piecemeal on ox-carts over the mountains, put together, and launched on December 5, her impressive armament being but one 18-pounder, and her crew ninety-six men. This one gun was all she could carry under the happy Rush-Bagot agreement, which forever prevented the arming of the boundary line between the United States and Canada. Dr. William Elliot Griffis has estimated the Michigan's service to civilization as far higher than those of the Constitution, despite the fact that almost her only crowded hour was when Confederates attempted to capture her in the civil war. The *Advocate of Peace* draws the proper moral from the Michigan's career:

> Why are the nations so reluctant to follow in their relations to each other such a conspicuous example of the success of limitation (one might almost call it annihilation) of armament as that furnished by the British-American disarmament on the Great Lakes? Disarmament on the Atlantic or any other ocean—mutual, of course—is just as practicable as disarmament on the Great Lakes, whenever the nations *think* so and decide to have it so.

The arguments of the Conservative leaders in the Canadian electoral campaign continue to manifest a deep-seated inconsistency to which we have called attention before this. Mr. Borden, leader of the Opposition, declares in a set speech, first, that the advantages of reciprocity would be with the United

States farmer and not the Canadian, and, secondly, that "press and public in the United States believe firmly that Canadians would not be willing to go into the treaty were they not prepared for annexation; the treaty was therefore the beginning of the end of the British Empire." We may put aside the question as to where Mr. Borden and his followers have derived the impression that "the leading newspapers and statesmen of the United States" are unanimous in accepting reciprocity as the entering wedge for annexation. The problem is not what people in the United States think, but what the people of Canada think. Even Mr. Borden will not contend that annexation will come by armed invasion and conquest. Canada will have to be a consenting party to annexation. And what will win the Canadian people over to annexation? Why, this treaty of reciprocity which, as Mr. Borden declares, will benefit the people of the United States at the expense of the Canadian people. In other words, reciprocity, being a very bad bargain for Canadians, will make them fonder than ever of the people that got the best of them.

Every law that the Gomez Administration has passed has been subjected to the most searching inspection by these jackals without pride of country or, where they were foreigners, a sense of decency to the country where they lived. The liberal laws of Cuba allow perfect freedom of the press. Newspapers are born and die in Cuba almost weekly. When the instrument of blackmail or preferment has served its purpose it is cast aside.

We quote from an impassioned appeal addressed to the American Secretary of War on occasion of his recent visit to Cuba, by the Havana *Post*, the only daily American newspaper in the island. Recent dispatches from Havana offer rather ironic comment on the liberal laws of Cuba and the perfect freedom of the press. The character of Señor Villaverde, for many years editor of the staid *Diario de la Marina*, does not lend itself to the suggestion of an unrestrained and unscrupulous gutter press. The simple fact of the matter would appear to be that Latin-American newspaper warfare reflects the exuberant methods of Latin-American politics. And yet, no matter to what excesses the anti-Administration partisan may resort, it is not for the Government to imitate. The Gomez Administration can either ignore criticism or punish it under the law. Arbitrary acts like the deportation of hostile editors will be interpreted by the outside world as confession.

Of the British railway strike, as of all strikes on a very large scale, it is apparent that the very magnitude of the movement enforces a speedy solution. Public opinion too often remains neutral in the strife between employers and workingmen; it needs such a temporary paralysis of the national life as Great Britain experienced for more than a day to rouse public opinion to self-assertion. British public opinion, through the Government now in power, has declared that neither employers nor workingmen shall be allowed to make the national welfare the football of their private contentions. The peaceful adjustment of a quarrel involving nearly a quarter-million workingmen is a tribute to the traditional English genius for compromise and conciliation. The grounds for compromise existed. It is pretty definitely established that the railway workers' demand for higher wages was justified. This is admitted by nearly all the Liberal organs of standing, which deplore at the same time the violence of the means adopted. Another grievance had to do with the workings of the industrial conciliation boards of 1907 which the strikers asserted were being used against them. Here, too, was a demand deserving of respectful consideration which the companies were wrong in summarily rejecting. At any rate, the suspension of hostilities has been received with such general satisfaction that we may regard a permanent settlement as pretty definitely assured.

There will be opened in Berlin on October 16, in the new Royal Library, a "German Institute" for the benefit of foreigners who may come to Berlin to study the language and the cultural life of Germany. It is not intended to be a learn-German-quick affair, but a serious institution manned by teachers of the higher schools of the capital and by docents of the university, with the main purpose of familiarizing foreigners who have graduated from colleges or universities at home, not only with the language, but through the language with the intellectual achievements of the nation, and this in as short a space of time as possible. There will be practical instruction for small groups, lectures on German literature, art, science, and institutions, excursions to other cities and intelligent guidance through the Berlin galleries and museums. Each semester will last eight weeks, and the tuition fee is to be only $25 for the period. The Government thinks so highly of the idea that the undertaking rejoices in official patronage and supervision, and the university authorities are also deeply interested. The idea is to see to it that the intelligent foreign visitors who really want to make use of their time shall be given a proper appreciation of Germany's intellectual greatness and aspirations, so that they may in turn on their arrival at home be able to interpret Germany properly to those whom they may influence. In other words, it is another striking move toward doing away with that ignorance of Germany which at bottom is responsible for much foreign ill-will and distrust.

A Shanghai journal laments that all that it has to show for its long list of notable visits and festivities is a Jubilee fountain and a Nursing Home. It mentions, nevertheless, one great benefit from them. Each nationality represented in the Chinese city in turn takes the lead in welcoming guests whom it delights to honor, and this makes for international good-feeling. Thus, the first of royal blood to be attracted to the Model Settlement was the Duke of Edinburgh, who came in 1869. A dozen years later the present King of England and his elder brother saw the city as midshipmen. They were not their own masters, however, and, owing to their captain's severe curtailment of the reception that was awaiting them, they found themselves limited to a dance at the Consulate and a run up the country. In 1890 came the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Of the German notables Prince Henry is best remembered. Then there have been the Duke of Genoa, Prince Fushimi, four Manchu princes, one reigning monarch, King Kalakaua of Hawaii, Gen. Grant, and Secretary Taft. An historical pageant in Shanghai is unique in variety. It is a veritable parade of the nations. One can understand the pride with which the Shanghai writer closes his account with the words: "No other place has such a record."

TAFT AND CLEVELAND, 1893 AND 1911.

The close of the long and tedious extra session of Congress suggests comparisons with the one called by President Cleveland in 1893. At least one close analogy stands out: the great Administration measure, in either case, was carried only by the votes of the opposing party. Eighteen years ago the repeal of the silver-purchase act, demanded by a Democratic President, was enacted with Republican support which was indispensable, just as a Republican President has now been able to get through Congress the bill for Canadian reciprocity by means of Democratic assistance, without which he would have completely failed, as he himself has handsomely acknowledged. In both these Congresses the party in power was badly split, a large fraction refusing to follow its own President. In 1893 this rupture foretokened bitter contests and prolonged divisions within the party, and ultimate defeat. It would be rash to predict confidently that the Republican break-up of 1911 will have similar consequences next year, yet no candid friend of Mr. Taft's can be blind to the political danger of the open dissensions in the Republican party which have broken out under his Administration.

Political parallels are seldom so complete as they look to the casual eye. Analogies in politics should never be pressed till they drip blood. The efforts put forth by President Cleveland to prevent the country from going to the silver standard were immensely more important than those of President Taft to procure reciprocity with Canada. The latter measure we do not underestimate. It is significant both in itself and in what it portends. Credit to President Taft for his initiative in devising this breach in the walls of protection and for his courage in pounding away at it, we have not withheld, nor shall we seek to minimize it. But it remains true that the struggles in Congress this year have been neither so dramatic nor so critical as those in 1893. Then it was a case, not of making a slight reduction in tariff taxes, or of breaking with the past of a political party, but of saving the nation from a well-nigh irretrievable financial disaster.

Another marked difference lies in the condition of business, then and now. In 1893 the country was entering upon a period of intense and alarming depression. Apprehension and dissatisfaction reigned on every hand. And the state of the public mind was such as to fasten itself intently upon the particular legislation which the President was urging upon Congress, with the result that passion ran high and debate was furious. The entire contest seemed titanic at the time, and appears scarcely less so as we coolly look back at it across the years. It was the economic circumstances of the country that then intensified everything, and caused the struggle in Congress to be watched with a jealous public interest far beyond anything which we have witnessed this year. President Taft has been much more luckily situated, in this respect, than was President Cleveland. This year the great experiment of an Executive flinging himself upon Congress and winning from his opponents the support which his own followers denied him, could be carried out in comparative calm. We have seen little this time of the violent waves of feeling which swept over the land in 1893.

Politically, the comparison of the Silver Democrats and the Populists of 1893 with the Insurgent Republicans of 1911 is somewhat misleading. We do not refer to questions of the ability or sincerity of the dissidents, but to their party affiliations and their political strength. The Silver Democrats were more powerful than the Insurgent Republicans. The former kept on fighting, with the aim of obtaining control of their party organization, and finally got it. And as allies they had a third party, just then at the flood tide of its success. The Populists won 22 electoral votes in the election of 1892, and polled a popular vote of more than 1,000,000—one-fifth as many as that of the Democratic party. Here was certainly an element much more potent for revolt than anything now discernible in the movement of the Insurgent Republicans. The latter still profess themselves loyal to the old party, and as the months pass it becomes more and more unlikely that they will ever think of flocking by themselves.

Long before the troubles of 1893 burst upon him, Mr. Cleveland gave remarkable evidence of his political sagacity in a letter to Mr. Lamar. Therein he distinctly predicted the coming of the silver crisis in his party, and looked forward to an Administration harassed and unsuccessful in consequence. One wonders if anybody has in his possession a private letter from Mr. Taft, reading the future with equally clear vision and with like equanimity? Has the President fully counted the cost of driving a wedge, at once into the sacred doctrine of protection and into his own party, by his policy of Canadian reciprocity and his announced purpose to insist upon an early revision of the tariff, schedule by schedule? If he has given his mind seriously to the subject, he must have had many sober, and possibly a few amused, thoughts as he has looked forward to the drafting of the Republican platform next year, and his renomination by men many of whom will believe that his election is impossible and some that it is highly undesirable.

A MISTAKEN VETO.

A man who is haunted by a sense of inconsistency, and who fears that he is giving color to a charge of insincerity, cannot write in an energetic and persuasive manner. That is the explanation it seems to us, of President Taft's halting performance in his message vetoing the wool bill. Even Republicans who desired him to write it admit that it is weak and inconclusive, but what could they expect? In this matter of the wool duties, Mr. Taft was in an exceedingly awkward predicament. He had boldly declared that the existing rates are "indefensible," yet he now appears as their defender, or at least as the official by whose sole act they are kept in force indefinitely. Declaring two years ago that they should have been lowered then, he apologized for failure to do so on the ground that "a combination of representatives from the manufacturing and wool-growing sections of the East and West had a majority in Congress that was overwhelming." But now that combination has been broken up. A majority in either House that was non-partisan and stood for the interest of the consuming masses has done what President Taft asserted in 1909 should have been done then, yet he dashes their work to the ground by his veto! The bill may not have been perfect. Much has been made of La Follette's offhand statement that it was put together "with blacksmith's tools." But

they are better than the burglar's tools with something very like which the woollen schedule was got into the Payne-Aldrich act.

The horse on which the President seeks to ride away is "scientific revision." We must be judicially minded and get all the facts before us, especially must determine to a hair's breadth the difference in cost of production at home and abroad, before doing anything. Yet without anything of all that, Mr. Taft was ready to assert two years ago and, in fact, does it in this very message, that he believes the Payne-Aldrich wool duties to be excessive. How does he know this, inasmuch as the Tariff Board has not yet reported and until it does we are not supposed to know anything? Why, he knows it, of course, just as does any man with common sense, by a mere glance at the outrageous duties now exacted. The President states that the average existing rates on cloths are 97 per cent. and on wearing apparel 81 per cent. If manufacturers cannot get along without such exorbitant protection, with its resulting taxes weighing so heavily on the poor, then, as Representative Redfield said in his speech on June 12, they ought to turn their factories over to men with brains enough to run them. We need no one to come from the dead to tell us that a tax of 100 per cent. on clothing is a gross injustice, or that cutting it in two is an act of justice. Nor is it true that Congress did the cutting wholly in the dark. Early in June the House asked for all the information about the woollen schedules in the possession of the Tariff Board, and the President ordered it sent. It was not complete, of course, but so far as it went, the Ways and Means Committee had the advantage of it. Mr. Taft is able to point out no lack of "science" in their use of it, or in the framing of their bill, yet he nevertheless exercises his veto.

This he cannot do without plunging into the old slough of protection. He recites the fact that the platform on which he was elected was protectionist. This from the President who has just forced through the Canadian reciprocity agreement! The argument he uses against the wool bill could be used, in fact, was used, against that measure. And Mr. Taft, falling into the out-worn language of the high-tariffites, talks about the need of giving the woollen manufacturer "a duty to protect him against foreign competition with cheap labor." But this is to beg the whole question. How does the President know, in advance of the report of the Tariff Board on cost of production, that our well-paid labor is not the most efficient and, therefore, really the cheapest? On this point, the President would have done well to consider some of the actual instances adduced by Congressman Redfield. We cite one of them:

> Last January I was in the city of Tokio, and a friend who was with me took a large contract, by the way, from the Japanese Imperial State Railways, in open competition with Germany and England, for several million dollars' worth of locomotives. That gentleman went to the head of the locomotive shops of the Imperial Railways, and the Japanese master mechanic said to him: "We can make locomotives much cheaper than you can in America. We have American equipment, and we can produce them for less than you can." "Can you?" inquired my friend. "If so, let us get at the facts. If you will tell me from your cost sheets precisely what your locomotives cost I will tell you what ours cost." And, by the way, he said: "What makes you think that your locomotives cost less than ours?" "Why," he said, "because we only pay one-fifth the wages to our men that you pay to yours."
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> So they got out the cost books, and they found that the fact was that the labor cost for locomotives on the same specifications was three and one-half times greater in the Japanese shop than in the American shops. And that is a perfectly normal fact and not an abnormal one.

The President expresses the purpose, and we do not doubt that he honestly entertains it, to urge a revision of the wool schedules upon Congress at the next session. Indeed, he speaks of adjourning revision by his veto "only ninety days," as if the presentation of the Tariff Board's report and the framing and enactment of a bill would be simultaneous. But in this Mr. Taft is pinning his hopes to two great uncertainties. One of them is the success of the plan to determine accurately the cost of production at home and abroad. As a practical manufacturer, Mr. Redfield asserts that this cannot be done in a way to fix a scientific basis for tariff legislation, since the cost will necessarily vary not only from place to place but from time to time in the same place. "Base a tax upon the January cost, and it is altogether altered by July, and by December it may be three times the difference in foreign cost." "Every manufacturer knows these things and lives up to them every day." Granting, however, that Professor Emery and his associates may work out a passable estimate of the cost of production, how can President Taft be sure that Congress will act upon it? The Presidential election will be impending; party plans and platforms will be in the making; the Republicans will be preparing to go in again with a whoop for protection, and the campaign managers making ready to fry the fat out of the manufacturers once more. What chance, under those circumstances, will tariff revision have, no matter how solemnly it may be labelled "scientific"? Instead of Mr. Taft's "ninety days," we are much more likely to have ninety weeks.

In our opinion, the President has made a great mistake. He has disappointed the just expectations of the country. For the sake of dubious relief in the future, he has sacrificed an assured present relief. Politically, he has made a present to the Democrats of a telling issue and a golden opportunity.

"DEALING WITH FACTS."

Mr. Roosevelt concludes his complacent review, in last week's *Outlook*, of his course in authorizing the Steel Trust to absorb the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, with the assertion, "I dealt with the facts." The assumption is that to ascertain facts and act upon them is the easiest thing in the world. Principles may be cloudy and ideals escape us, but when you have a big, brutal set of facts before you, how can you go wrong? Everybody who stops to think, however, knows that dealing with facts is one of the most delicate operations of the human mind. There is, in the first place, the enormous difficulty of making sure that the facts are as stated to us by others. Next comes the arduous duty of avoiding that "instinctive theorizing," whence the fact looks to the eye as the eye likes the look. And in the end there is the obligation to decide what is the correct inference to be drawn from the facts, once granted that they are clearly established. To say in defence of challenged conduct, "I dealt with the facts," is no defence at all unless you are able to show that you first got your facts straight and then dealt with them properly.

A highly instructive contrast to Mr. Roosevelt's way of doing whatever he was asked to do in a time of financial

panic, is furnished in the recently published Life of Lord Goschen. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time of the Baring failure and the threatened panic in 1890, and the extracts now first published from his diary and letters not only throw new light upon that affair but show how a trained and conscientious official met the crisis. Goschen, too, had the "facts" laid before him, just as Messrs. Frick and Gary presented them to President Roosevelt. We cite from the Chancellor's diary at the time:

> Sunday, November 9.—. . . Mysterious letter from Governor of the Bank, hoping I should be in town early to-morrow—very alarming. Monday, November 10.—To the Governor of the Bank. Found him in a dreadful state of anxiety. Barings in such danger that unless aid is given, they must stop. —— came in while I was there; almost hysterical. Governor and he both insisted that the situation could only be saved if Government helped. They must be helped by four millions. Bank would give one million, if Government would give the same. Others such as Rothschilds, Glyns, and banks must find the remainder. Picture drawn of the amount of acceptances held by various banks, which would have to stop. All houses would tumble one after the other. All credit gone. I entirely understood their reasoning, but remembering action taken in France when Comptoir d'Escompte was in difficulties, I said the great houses and banks in London must come together and give the necessary guarantee. This was declared impossible if the Government didn't help. From Bank I went to ——, hoping to induce them to come forward. I found —— and —— in a blue funk, very much demoralized. —— suggests the Government should say that they would save Barings. Preposterous! —— less wild, but said everything "must go to crash unless Government helped." I alone could save the situation. He wouldn't believe in the possibility of a guarantee fund without Government help. . . .

There could hardly be a clearer case of the "facts" being brought to the attention of a responsible official by the very bigbest financial authorities. But how did Goschen "deal" witb them? He denied, in the first place, that they were the facts. In the second place, he withstood all tbe pressure to induce the Government to intervene wbere it had no business to step in, and insisted that *haute finance* pull itself out of its own quagmire, as, in fact, it presently did without any Government aid whatever. But, then, Goschen was a man who knew sometbing about finance, and, besides, had some firm convictions about governmental duty whicb he would not lightly set aside at tbe request of financial magnates.

Behind the ex-President's avowal, or glorifying, concerning this particular occurrence, there is evidently a conviction on his part very like the one he evinced when he wrote to Mr. Harriman, "You and I are practical men." This is the creed of the political realist. No fine abstractions for him; only "the facts." It is the doctrine which Bismarck implied when he said that for a public man to cling to "principles" would be like trying to run along a narrow path through the woods with a long pole held crosswise in his mouth. This is a materialistic age, and the men who are most successful in it are those witb a keen eye for the physical things tbat bulk largest. So it is that the triumphant assertion, "I dealt with the facts," comes as a kind of confession of faith in stark power and a worsbip of force.

In tbis, too, it cannot be denied tbat Mr. Roosevelt is a child of his time. Business and the professions are filled with men who take for tbeir guide the maxim that one must deal witb the facts. That moral considerations, that character, ideals, an beroic sense of duty, self-sacrifice for a cause, can ever be ranked as facts to be recognized, these men do not concede. Wben tbey say "facts," they mean gas or electricity, stocks or money. New York had an illustration of this brutalizing way of "recognizing the facts" in tbe career of the late John W. Gates. Wben he first descended upon this city, and for some years after, he was thought of mainly as an unscrupulous gambler. Leading financiers spoke of him as a dangerous man, to be shunned as well as despised. It was long before be dared to address himself to the most respectable houses. But finally his audacity and the very magnitude of his success as a "plunger" made him seem to be a power that could not be ignored; and so we had the infinitely demoralizing spectacle of Gates deferred to by leaders in tbe financial world, toadied to by a certain section of the press, and erected into a typically "successful" American. Tbat is what comes of dealing with the facts. But the process and the result are such as to sicken one who believes that honor or self-respect is a "steel-cold fact" as truly as unlimited credit or the most boundless political power, and to make him pray Heaven for men who will refuse at any cost to prostrate themselves before grossly material facts which only trample their natures down into "congenial mud."

PUBLIC WORK WITHOUT PAY.

In introducing his bill for paying salaries to members of the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke of the bad effects of working for the public without pay. This was partly by way of reply to the resolution against tbe change, moved by Mr. Lee, which asserted that payment of members would be "an indefensible violation of the principle of gratuitous public service." But that principle itself Mr. Lloyd George declared to be ill-founded. "Wby should tbe administration of tbe laws be paid for and tbe making of laws be necessarily gratuitous?" Moreover, argued tbe Chancellor, gratuitous public work leads straight to bureaucracy. "Take the bench of magistrates. Tbere the work is gratuitous. But who really does the work? Wby, the clerk to tbe magistrates. Where you have a mayor wbo performs gratuitous service, tbe work is getting more and more into the hands of tbe Town Clerk." Lloyd George gravely argued tbat it was demonstrably bad for the country "to get too much gratuitous work of this kind."

If tbis peril be great, it must be said that democracies do their best to avert it. We believe that there is a statute of the United States forbidding any man to work for tbe government without pay. Tbis was doubtless an expression of the jealousy of Congress. It did not propose to leave it to tbe Executive to fill any offices which it bad not created and over which, by forcing the Executive to come to it for the money for salaries, it could exercise a certain measure of control. But the darkest pessimists about our political conditions could not aver that we are suffering from too much gratuitous public service. In the Federal administration, as well as in the work of our States and cities, the rule seems to be that, while duties may be permissive, salaries are absolutely mandatory. If there is any rush of citizens to work for their country for nothing, the press has failed to report it. The zeal for public service which we do witness is of the sort that the French have come to call *emplomanie*, and this thinks of a "place" mainly for what it pays, and is entirely willing to take the cash and let the credit go.

On the main question of making the radical change of paying members of the House of Commons, there is, of course, much to be said of more weight than the alleged harmful results of gratuitous service. The old theory of the gentlemen of England meeting for a few weeks of the year to dispatch the nation's business has plainly broken down. The labor of Parliament has become intenser and more exacting. Sessions are more frequent and more prolonged, and the matters pressed upon the attention of the House of Commons are yearly more complicated and difficult. Doubtless there are still large numbers of capable Englishmen ready to sacrifice their time and pay their own expenses as members of Parliament, but the example of other countries, and the growing pressure in behalf of poor men with talent for public life, it has long been felt, would make the paying of Parliamentary salaries inevitable. As one of the Labor representatives, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, said in the House, members without fortune or members not the sons of rich men, have "to live by their wits, by becoming directors of companies," or in other ways. And since the Osborne judgment made it unlawful for workingmen's unions to vote any part of their funds in payment of the expenses of their Parliamentary representative, the voting of a small salary to all members appeared to be the only way in which there could be Labor members. The change will seem an immense break with a theory and a tradition venerable with age, but England has been compelled to undergo many such shocks in recent years, and will survive without any real fear that the universal smash is at hand.

What is said either in England or this country about working for the public for nothing applies, of course, to official positions. The amount of non-official service patriotically rendered in both nations is very great and of the highest value. This has often been dwelt upon, and is one of the most hopeful things in our public life. That there are increasing numbers of men in our country able and willing to devote time and energy to all forms of civic activity, without pay and without hope of reward except in helping to get good work done, is a source both of strength and encouragement. Of the benefits that come through such means, we have before our eyes at this moment a vivid example in the discussions now going on concerning the proposed new charter for New York. Societies by the score and individuals by the hundred have come forward in the most gratifying way to do what they conceive to be a public duty. How much more the city owes to such men—the lawyers, bankers, educators, clergymen, philanthropists, and business men who have flung themselves unselfishly into this important contest—than to those it officially pays!

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

The Dean of the medical college of New York University was giving testimony before the commissioner in the case of Health Officer Doty, when some one brought up the practice of fumigation. Fumigation, declared this medical authority, is a delusion and a fraud born in superstition and fostered by the ignorant or unscrupulous for gain. This opinion ran parallel, almost word for word, with Bernard Shaw's declaration on the same subject in the preface to "The Doctor's Dilemma." The burning of sulphur in sick-rooms, our best-known iconoclast asserts, is about as efficacious as the practice of exorcism, of which it is a modern variant, differing only in the accompanying evil smell. When Mr. Shaw makes a heterodox assertion on a scientific topic, no great shock is imparted to common belief; if anything, the tendency is to believe more firmly what Mr. Shaw denies. But when a physician of high standing puts his foot through a common sanitary practice the result is bewilderment.

The fact is that the science and practice of medicine are being severely manhandled in the house of its friends. More destructive than the assaults of revolutionaries, Christian Scientists, and New Thought practitioners are the startling denials emanating from, or attributed to, well-known men within the profession. A few years ago Dr. Osler was widely quoted as maintaining that, with the exception of two drugs, mercury and castor oil, our entire pharmacopœia might as well be pitched overboard. Dr. Osler was doubtless misquoted, but the harm was done. The statement was seized upon with great glee by the opponents of orthodox medical doctrine and reiterated in season and out, with the result that many sober citizens must have been shaken. Mr. Shaw's bitter comments upon the bloodthirstiness of surgeons have been echoed by men eminent in the field of surgery. Respectable authority can be cited against the anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria, as also against vaccination. Hence we find ourselves in this peculiar situation: while newspapers and platform orators continue to boast of new advances made by men in the conquest of disease and death, physicians and experts frequently throw scorn upon the most cherished medical beliefs.

Subversive statements like that of the Dean on fumigation suggest the need of a universal congress of doctors at which the fundamentals of medical science might receive definite formulation, or at least full and authoritative discussion. Such a congress might be unsuccessful in drafting a creed, but it would supply thinking men with an opportunity to form a rational creed for themselves. In such a congress all schools of medicine and anti-medicine should be represented, but a fixed programme should prevent debate from ranging over the entire field of medical inquiry. We are not concerned with problems that are still in the experimental state. Consumption cures, cancer cures, opsonian treatment, anti-typhoid inoculation, radium therapy, starvation, the behavior of alcohol—these things the layman is content to leave to the experts until the experts themselves attain something like a common agreement. What an Ecumenical Medical Congress could thresh out for us would be the problems which the great majority of men to-day regard as completely solved.

We are aware that controversy is not lacking among the doctors. But chiefly it is controversy carried on in the seclusion of specialist publications of which the results never reach the general public, or reach it in mutilated, distorted, or, at best, fragmentary form. The great public takes its medical knowledge from the Sunday supplements, from which they learn successively that science can now create life, that bathing does more harm than good, that a cure for tuberculosis is near at hand, that X-ray therapy kills more people than it saves, that tuberculosis is on the increase, that cancer will soon be checked, that diphtheria is on the increase, that cancer is on the increase, that hydrophobia is on the increase and

the Pasteur cure is a fraud, that organic diseases can be cured by starvation, that starvation leads to madness and death. It is a welter of credulity and rumor that would be laughable if it did not so intimately concern the lives and the health and even the spiritual well-being of the community. For it is a fact that people will stake their own lives and health, and those of persons dear to them, on vagaries, wild assertions, and equally wild denials. And because every vagary or superstition always associates with itself some name high in authority, the mischief thrives the more.

Until a universal medical congress for the enlightenment of laymen can be assembled, why might not one of our enterprising newspapers set in motion an inquiry into the subject on a large scale? A detailed *questionnaire* might be addressed to a couple of thousand representatives of medical thought in every one of its phases, the world over. Such a list of questions should aim to set down in plain terms how expert opinion is divided on important matters. Is vaccination desirable? Will cleanliness prevent the transmission of disease? What is the case for the vaccines and the serums? What about food, alcohol, tobacco, sleep, exercise? What about exertion and fatigue? Simple questions these, but questions on which enormous divergences of opinion continually manifest themselves. What we want is a definitive pronouncement partaking of the nature of a creed. There would be dissenters and heretics, no doubt. But even then we should be better off than we are.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In John Payne Collier's "Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language" there is a description of Sir George Peckham's pamphlet "A True Reporte of the late discoveries and possessions, tak n in the right of the Crowne of Englande, of the Newfound Landes. By that valiant and worthye Gentleman, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Knight," printed in England in 1583, and some extracts are made from the preliminary verses which precede the narrative. Collier's copy, from which his description seems to have been made, at the sale of his library in 1884, brought £210 and was bought by the late Charles H. Kalbfleisch. After his death, by gift of Alexander Maitland, it passed into the Lenox Library, and it is now one of the books displayed in the exhibition cases in the new library. There are two copies in the British Museum, one being imperfect, but, though the book is mentioned by both Lowndes and Sabin, until a few months ago no other example could be traced. A copy which was sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge last March, bringing £300, is now in a private library in New York; a comparison with the New York Public Library copy shows that, in part at least, the types were twice set. The textual difference seems to be only in the preliminary matter, there being nine preliminary leaves in the new copy and only seven in the library copy. The title and dedication (to Sir Francis Walsingham) are alike, apparently, in both. "The Table of the Chapters" has been reprinted, the first line ending "con-" in one copy and "contai-" in the other.

Then follow, in the Public Library copy, as described by Collier, and partly reprinted by him, commendatory poems by Sir William Pelham, Sir Francis Drake, M. John Hawkins, Maister Captaine Bingham, Maister Captaine Frobisher, Mathew Roydon, and Master Anthony Parkhurst, filling six pages, the verses by Frobisher and Roydon being on one page. In the newly discovered copy the Frobisher verses have a page to themselves, those by Roydon are transferred to the next page, and with them is a new poem by Maister Captaine Chester, and following all are two new poems by Arthur Hawkins and John Achelley, each occupying a full page. The verso of the last preliminary leaf is blank.

The text of the book was reprinted by Hakluyt, and so is well known. At the end, filling five unnumbered pages, is "The Contentes of the Articles of Assurance, betweene the Principall assignes of Sir Humfrey Gilbert Knight, and the four sortes of adventurers, with them in the voyage for the Western Discoveries." These leaves differ slightly in the two copies. The first page in the public library copy has the catchword "just," while in the other copy it has "portion."

Not solely on account of its rarity but also on account of its intrinsic importance would this book take a high rank in any collection of Americana. Gilbert was granted his first patent by Queen Elizabeth on June 11, 1578. He did not, however, put foot upon American soil until August 4, 1583, when he landed at St. Johns, Newfoundland. On the next day he took possession of the land "in the right of the Crowne of England by digging of a Turfe and receiving the same with a Hasell wande delivered unto him after the manner of the lawe and custome of England." That event is recorded in this book by Peckham. Nor was Gilbert with his four ships alone, for we are here informed that the fishing fleet in St. John Haven "Englishmen and Strangers" were "in number betweene thirty and fortie sayle." On September 9, 1583, Captain Edward Hay arrived in England, but, in his words "of Sir Humfrey as yet, we heare no certaine newes." Gilbert had sailed in the smaller boat, the "little Frigat," the Squirrell, "seeming to him most fitt to discover and approche the Shoare," and tho boat had gone down in a storm. The pamphlet was distributed to induce settlers, but like so many other first efforts at colonization, nothing came of it.

The laudatory verses by such voyagers as Sir Francis Drake, Martin Frobisher, and John Hawkins, the last two not yet knighted, are of great interest. Drake had returned three years before from his circumnavigation of the earth, Frobisher had made three voyages to the Arctic regions, and Hawkins, pioneer Englishman in the slave trade, had suffered adventures of many kinds on the coast of Africa, in the West Indies, and on the Spanish Main. We do not often think of these men as poets. We may, however, quote here the six lines by Frobisher:

A pleasaunt ayre, a sweete and fertill soile,
A certaine gaine, a never dying praise,
An easie passage void of lothsome tolle
Found out by some, and knowen to mee the wales:
All this is there, then who will refraine to trie,
That loves to live abroade, or dreades to die?

Correspondence

MORE RECORDS OF THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The publication recently of Max Farrand's compilation of the "Records of the Federal Convention of 1787" adds interest to two papers which have been discovered since the book appeared and are now in the Library of Congress. They were a part of Madison's notes, but, becoming separated from the main groups of his papers, passed to the auction room a few weeks ago after seventy-five years of obscurity. They relate to George Mason's participation in the work of the Convention, and are contemporaneous with the meeting. Both were annotated by Madison in his old age, when he was arranging his papers for posthumous publication. The one which I shall give first has this note at the top:

Paper in the handwriting of Col. George Mason & without date; probably handed to Mr. Madison on the 31 May when the subject was under debate.

This is in the hand of John C. Payne, Madison's brother-in-law, who acted as his amanuensis for many years after his retirement at Montpelier, and under his direction transcribed The Madison Papers which were published in 1840. The paper follows:

In the choice of the Senate, there is a material Differrenee between classing differrent Districts of the same State for the choice of Deputies or Sub-electors, to appoint the Senators for their State; & classing together differrent States for that purpose—in the latter mode, there wou'd be confusion, by blending together, in the choico, the Representations of differrent States.—The principal objection to each State's choosing separately, seems to be in the Danger of making the Senate too numerous; as the smallest State must have an integral Vote in the Senate & the larger States in proportion.—

Might not this objection be obviated, by apportioning duly the Representation to each State, giving the smaller States an Integer, & confining the larger States to sending a smaller numher of Senators than their proportion, to deliver their due number of votes? This method wou'd perhaps be exceptionable in the first Branch of the Legislature; but the objections do not apply, with equal Force, to the Senate.

These observations were written on the third day after the Convention got to work, the Virginia resolutions having been introduced on May 29. The Convention had resolved that a national government, consisting of a supreme executive, legislative, and judiciary ought to be established, and that the Legislature ought to have two chambers. It had agreed that one cham-

ber ought to be elected by the people; and had then considered the clause of the Virginia plan which provided "that the members of the second branch of the national Legislature ought to be elected by those of the first, out of a proper number of persons nominated by the individual Legislatures, to be of the age of —— years at least"; etc.

The idea that representation in the Senate as well as the House should be proportioned on the population and wealth of the States had already been submitted to the Convention and passed over, although it was evidently relished by a majority of the members; but the debate showed that nobody had as yet formed a definite notion of how the second chamber should be constituted. According to Pierce's notes George Mason opposed election of members of the second branch by members of the first branch, because this would cause delay and expense in filling up vacancies and would make that branch too dependent upon the first branch; and Charles Pinckney said he meant to propose to divide the continent into four divisions, out of which a certain number of persons should be nominated, and out of these nominations to appoint a Senate. Some such idea was running through Madison's mind, for, when Wilson proposed that Senators might be elected by uniting several election districts, he said it would destroy the influence of the smaller States associated with larger ones in the same district, as the Senator would always be chosen from a larger State. The plan of government of Virginia, drawn up by George Mason in 1776, had provided for an upper house of the Assembly, to consist of twenty-four members to represent twenty-four districts formed from the counties. Each county when electing its two members of the lower house was at the same time to choose twelve sub-electors who were to choose a member of the upper house for the district. Mason's memorandum, handed to Madison during or immediately after the debate, shows that the Virginia delegates had been experimenting with this idea in a modified form for the Federal upper house, but that Mason thought election to both houses might better be by the States than by districts, and that he was not in accord with this part of the Virginia plan.

The second memorandum is in Madison's hand and is endorsed by him as follows:

The within paper communicated to Js. Madison Jr by Docr McHenry March 16, 1788, with a note subjoined that it was given by Mr Mason to one of ye Maryland deputation for yr consideration with information that if the alterations could be obtained the system would be unexceptionable. Their concurrence & assistance to carry them was requested.

A note says the clauses marked with a cross (here printed with an asterisk) were concurred in by the Maryland deputies, and that the final clause was agreed to by some of them. The paper reads:

The Council of St: instead of being formed out of ye. officers of the Great Depts. to consist of not less yn. 5 nor more yn. seven members to be constd. and appd. by law.

*The objects of ye. natl. Govt. to be expressly defined. instead of indefinite powers under an arbitrary construction of genl. clauses.

Laws disapproved by ye. Executve. not to be re-enacted but by a majority of ⅔ instead of ¾ of the Legislature

*No law in the nature of a navigation act to be passd. but by a majority of ⅔ of the Legislature

*The duties imposed upon imports by the natl. Govt. to be the same in all the States.

The Legislature to be restrained from establishing perpetual revenue.

Laws for raising or appropriating revenue or fixing ye. salaries of officers to originate in the House of Reps.

The power of making Treaties & appg. ambasrs. &c to be in ye. Senate with the concurrence of ye. Council of St: or vice versa

The appointmt. to all offices estabd. by the legisl: to be in the Executive with ye. concurrence of ye. Senate.

The Members of both Houses to be ineligible to offices under ye. genl. Govt.: except to commands in ye. army or navy: their seats to be vacated during their holding such commands.

The President [torn out] ye. U. S. to be ineligible a second time

August 31, 1787.

In the progress of the debate Mason stated all of these propositions, except that concerning the imposition of import duties, which is a little puzzling, for it was agreed to on August 31, the day the memorandum was handed to Dr. McHenry. The Maryland delegates who agreed to his proposition concerning the ineligibility to reëlection of the President were Luther Martin and John Francis Mercer, who, like him, did not sign the Constitution. The State voted for re-eligibility. GAILLARD HUNT.

Library of Congress, August 15.

SAINTE-BEUVE AND MACAULAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The inquiry by Gamaliel Bradford, jr., in the *Nation* of August 10, concerning Sainte-Beuve's quotation from Macaulay, gives me a welcome opportunity to render the slight service he asks.

Sainte-Beuve translates, very freely but without damage to the central thought, a paragraph from Macaulay's essay on "History." This paragraph in my edition (Harper 1880) is on page 162, in volume I of the "Miscellaneous Works." It begins: "No picture, then, and no history, can present us with the whole truth; *but those are the best pictures and the best histories which exhibit such parts of the truth as most nearly produce the effect of the whole*," etc.

CHARLES H. GENUNG.

Nepaug, Litchfield County, Conn., August 10.

THE GALVESTON PLAN OF GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The widespread interest in municipal reform and the pronounced tendency to experiment with the commission form of city government have given especial importance to the Galveston Plan—which has operated with notable success since 1901. It is somewhat unfortunate, therefore, that the two works of reference issued this year which will probably be most relied upon for a compendious statement of the Galveston Plan—the new Britannica and The American Year Book—leave the subject with some errors and ambiguities.

Concerning the evolution of the present Galveston charter, the Encyclopædia Britannica says:

The city's commercial experts, the Deep Water Commission, . . . drew up a charter providing for government by a board of five appointed by the Governor of the State. A compromise measure making three members appointees of the Governor and two elected at large by the voters of the city was in force for a time, but was declared unconstitutional. A third charter was adopted providing for five commissioners, chosen by the people . . .

Bearing in mind the inexorable limitations of space with which encyclopædia writers contend, it is perhaps gratuitous to cavil at this; yet in so far as it suggests that the first charter was ever in operation, or that the compromise charter was the result of dissatisfaction of Galveston citizens with the first one, it is inaccurate. The fact is that the first charter failed of passage in the State Legislature because it was thought to violate the right of Galveston to local self-government, and the second was granted as a legislative compromise.

Passing to a description of the Galveston government, the Encyclopædia says:

The legislative power is vested in the commission as a whole, over whose meeting the Mayor-President presides; he has no vote save in the event of a tie, and has no veto power. . . .

The error here consists in denying the Mayor the right to vote. According to the charter his voting privilege is exactly on a parity with that of the other commissioners.

The ambiguity in The American Year Book arises from the writer's discussing under the caption, "The Galveston Plan," general features of commission government, notwithstanding the fact that his previous caption is "The Commission System." After a brief paragraph on Galveston he gives President Eliot's definition of commission government, and then in the following paragraph says:

Significant features of the plan as set forth by its advocates (in this instance the analysis of the Charleston Community Club is utilized) in addition to those already mentioned are [among others]:

Power to initiate desired legislation reserved in the people . . . this right being known as the initiative:

Power to call for a public vote on any measure adopted by the commission, before given effect as law, reserved in the people —this being known as the referendum;

Power at any time to make any member of the commission stand for reëlection reserved in the people—this being known as the recall.

It would be an error of fundamental importance to attribute these provisions to the Galveston charter. The people have no power of initiating legislation, except in so far as any citizen may offer suggestions to the commissioners. There is no provision for a general referendum, but in making contracts involving the expenditure of sums above five hundred dollars, the commissioners must advertise and award the contract by majority vote to the lowest responsible bidder, and no franchise can be granted before full publication on three several days of its exact terms. And the charter provides for no recall; commissioners may be removed by judicial process alone before the regular courts. To this thoughtful citizens of Galveston are inclined to credit much of the success of their government.

I would not be understood as saying that the Year Book ascribes these features to the Galveston government, but a reader who had not previously studied the Galveston charter might easily gain the impression that it does so ascribe them.

EUGENE C. BARKER.

University of Texas, August 17.

THE HON. CHARLES PINCKNEY, LL.D.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of late years, much attention has been given by experts in American history to a study of the career of Charles Pinckney, one of the delegates from South Carolina to the Philadelphia Convention of 1787. I am not aware, in this connection, that any scholar has ever called attention to the fact that there are in existence two slightly different title pages to Pinckney's well-known pamphlet which first appeared in print soon after the Convention adjourned in September, 1787. The title of the pamphlet, as listed by Joseph Sabin in his "Dictionary of Books relating to America" (xv, 128), reads:

Observations on the Plan of Government submitted to the Federal Convention, in Philadelphia, on the 28th of May, 1787. By Mr. Charles Pinckney, Delegate from the State of South-Carolina. Delivered at different Times in the course of their Discussions. *New York: Printed by Francis Childs*, [1787] Sm. 4to, pp. 27.

The late Paul Leicester Ford, in his "Pamphlets on the Constitution of the United States" (1888), p. 419, gives almost the same title, but has this variation:

By the Hon. Charles Pinckney, Esq., L.L.D., Delegate, etc.:

The pamphlet described by Sabin is to be found in the Boston Athenæum Library; that of Ford in both the Yale Library at New Haven and the Watkinson Library at Hartford. A page-by-page comparison of the texts of the two pamphlets shows no differences of language. It is clear that for some reason two slightly differing title-pages were printed. Why should the "L.L.D." have been added in one case and not in the other?

In a vain effort to answer this question several months ago, I was able to obtain one item of information from Dr. E. C. Richardson, librarian of Princeton University, which has some slight historic significance. It appears that the degree of LL.D. was voted to Pinckney by the authorities of the College of New Jersey, under date of April 18, 1787, about a month before the assembling of the Convention at Philadelphia. The transcript of the record reads:

The board considering the literary character and reputation of the Honorable Charles Pinckney Esqr. delegate to Congress from the State of South Carolina Resolved That the degree of Doctor of Laws be conferred on the said Charles Pinckney Esqr., and that the president of the board prepare and forward to him a diploma of his degree.

This looks very much as though Pinckney's degree was probably conferred *in absentia*. The supposition is strengthened by the fact that at the regular commencement exercises which took place on the following September 26, 1787, there was no mention of Pinckney's name. On the preceding day the board, according to the Princeton records, voted the doctor of laws degree to James Madison; and this degree was duly conferred on Madison on the 26th, as the account of the exercises which appeared in the *Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser* of Saturday, October 6, 1787, clearly indicates. Charles Pinckney, it is worth recalling, was born in 1758. He was consequently about twenty-nine years of age. He was not quite the youngest member of the famous convention, for Jonathan Dayton of New Jersey was born in 1760, and John F. Mercer of Maryland in 1759. But it is curious that he should have been deemed worthy of the degree before Madison.

Henry Barrett Learned.

South Manchester, Conn., August 10.

ANACHRONISM IN THACKERAY'S "ESMOND."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 27 you published a communication from W. E. A. Axon, in which he points out that in "Esmond" Thackeray makes one of the characters refer to Peter Wilkins and his "Glawrie," though this was not published till 1750, the date of the action being 1712. I had already drawn attention to this anachronism in the Introduction I wrote for the edition of "Esmond" published by George Allen in 1896, p. xxvi, but I there suggested that some sort of a defence might be made by remembering that Col. Esmond is supposed to be writing his history in old age, somewhere in the "50's" of the eighteenth century. The lapse might thus be a failure in Col. Esmond's memory rather than an anachronism in Thackeray's presentation. In the same Introduction, however, I pointed out two or three other slight inaccuracies; so perhaps this defence of Thackeray is too subtle.

Joseph Jacobs.

Yonkers, N. Y., August 15.

Literature

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

The Origin and Growth of the American Constitution. By Hannis Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

This is neither a textbook of constitutional law nor, in the usual sense, a constitutional history; but rather, as the elaborate title-page declares, "an historical treatise in which the documentary evidence as to the making of the entirely new plan of Federal government embodied in the existing Constitution of the United States is, for the first time, set forth as a complete and consistent whole." The "entirely new plan" in question, that of a Federal Union with adequate financial powers, appears to have been first clearly set forth by Pelatiah Webster, in a pamphlet entitled "A Dissertation on the Political Union and Constitution of the Thirteen United States of North America," printed at Philadelphia in February, 1783. The recent reprint of this interesting document, and its wide dissemination through the pages of the *Congressional Record*, have called attention, virtually for the first time, to what is undoubtedly the most important single documentary anticipation of the Constitution; and places Webster, hitherto known chiefly as a writer on finance, in the front rank of early American publicists.

Mr. Taylor undertakes to show, by elaborate and detailed study, the indebtedness of Hamilton, Madison, and Pinckney to Webster's pamphlet. The evidence is not, indeed, direct, since no one of these three statesmen explicitly acknowledged Webster as the source of his suggestions; nor was the pamphlet apparently a subject of discussion in the convention. On the other hand, the significant points of correspondence between Webster's proposals and the Constitution, the absence of any similar plan in the period between 1781 and 1786, and the prominence of Webster in public life, are elements in an argument which, as a whole, may fairly be regarded as conclusive. At any rate, the story of the origin of the Constitution must henceforth be told in the light of what Mr. Taylor very properly regards as a discovery; and for his own connection with that discovery he is entitled to hearty praise.

It would be gratifying if equal commendation could be given to the workmanship of the volume as a whole, or to the treatment of its other important topics; but at these points approval must at times be seriously qualified. Doubtless it is too much to expect that Mr. Taylor should openly reject the theory of "unbroken political development" of American institutions from Anglo-Saxon times, set forth so prominently in his well-known work on the English Constitution; but it is at least surprising to find that theory, no longer held by any considerable number of scholars, put forward again here in its baldest form, as the historical basis of an elaborate chapter on the "evolution of the typical American State." Once he gets past the days of barbarian beginnings, Mr. Taylor is on surer ground: he knows his English history pretty well, and draws his information, more largely than in his earlier work, from primary sources. He does well, for example, to point out (p. 78 *et seq.*) that the prevailing constitutional theory in England as to the rights of the subject, at the time the American Union was formed, was that stated by Blackstone, in which were embodied the far-reaching results of the revolutions of 1640 and 1688; and not the older theory of Coke, which embodied the earlier ideas of royal prerogative. He very properly criticises the Supreme Court, in such earlier cases as Davidson vs. New Orleans, for its historical error at this point.

One cannot but wish that Mr. Taylor had taken pains to fortify himself as well in American history as he has in the history of England, and had read with more care some of the documents which he cites; though possibly too much thoroughness should not be expected of an author whose reliance seems to have been, almost exclusively, on a handful of secondary narratives. It is wide of the mark, for example, to say (p. 97) that the Massachusetts charter

of 1629 "organized the group of New England settlements into a corporation," or that the charter "was in fact nothing more than a recognition of a preëxisting state of things." Nor does it accord with the history of Connecticut and Rhode Island to imply (p. 98) that the continuance of their charters until 1818 and 1842, respectively, was because they were "so completely adequate" to the needs of those commonwealths. The Stamp Act was passed in March, not in February, 1765; and of the coercive acts of 1774, only one, the Boston Port Act, and not all four, was passed in March (pp. 124, 125). Moreover, the Massachusetts Government Act did not "suspend the charter" of the colony; nor did the Administration of Justice Act legalize the transfer of criminal cases to England any more than to another colony (p. 126). The preliminary articles of peace with England were signed November 30, 1782, and the cessation of hostilities was declared January 20, 1783; Mr. Taylor (p. 156) reverses the process. The brief account of John Rutledge's activity during the Revolution (p. 200) is, in the connection in which it is introduced, misleading, and singularly inadequate for "the foremost statesman and jurist of his time south of Virginia." There is more, unfortunately, of such looseness and inaccuracy. Extraordinary is Mr. Taylor's treatment of the Dred Scott case: he ignores almost entirely the argument of Curtis's dissenting opinion, speaks of a State and a Territory as though they were on the same footing as regards the status of slavery in them, and implies that the question of the right of the Supreme Court to abolish slavery was before the court. Another example of inexcusable negligence in dealing with documents is the statement (p. 305) that the Sedition Act of 1798 was devised in part "to define more exactly the law of treason." The act has nothing to do with treason, which, as Mr. Taylor must know, is conclusively defined by the Constitution. It will be news to students that Jefferson, "at the special request" of Monroe, "wrote the so-called Monroe Doctrine." The doctrine was at least a generation old when Monroe gave it definitive proclamation; and Mr. Taylor's note, moreover, is not borne out by the extracts which he later gives from Jefferson's letters (pp. 390, 391).

Mr. Taylor's style is, in general, both discursive and repetitious. There are some suggestions of haste, as where a long passage on pp. 76, 77 is repeated almost verbatim on pp. 362, 363; while the allusion to the negro problem and Booker T. Washington, on p. 376, is simply lugged in. The main thing, however, is not faulty diction or errors of fact, but the treatment of the subject as a whole. With the exception of the portions which deal especially with Webster's pamphlet, Mr. Taylor's contribution to the literature of American Constitutional history is not weighty. His views, sound enough in the main on most of the better-known topics, are conventional, presenting little novelty either in substance or in form; while at a number of points where there has long been need of more light, his pages shed no illuminating rays. In his laudable desire to make clear the importance of Webster's proposals, he tells us next to nothing of the indebtedness of the Federal Constitution to the existing institutions and practices of the States. The great work of Hamilton in laying down, in his opinion on the constitutionality of a national bank, some of the most important foundations of American constitutional law, is not noticed; nor is attention directed to the reaction of economic and political growth upon the development of constitutional interpretation.

The crucial test of a writer on the American Constitution is his treatment of constitutional questions since the civil war. Mr. Taylor rightly sees in the decision of the Supreme Court in Texas vs. White the culminating point in the long struggle between nationalism and particularism; but he does not seem to us to recognize in that decision, with equal clearness, the watershed, so to speak, between the old constitutional law and the new. From the standpoint of a sound jurisprudence, as distinguished from mere case law, nothing is more ominous to-day than the frank inability of lawyers to forecast, from a scrutiny of the opinions of the Supreme Court, what that august tribunal is likely to do next. Mr. Taylor is not blind to this dilemma; but his only hope of escape, apparently, from the limitations of a written instrument proverbially hard to amend, is to throw himself unreservedly into the arms of "judge-made" law. "If the histories of Roman and English law prove anything clearly," he writes (p. 449), "it is the fact that as the relations of advancing societies become more complex, it is the trained hand of the jurisconsult rather than that of the legislator that must solve the finer problems that arise out of them"; and he goes on to express with fervor his confidence that the Supreme Court, which, save in the Dred Scott case, has never failed thus far, will continue to do all things well. The trouble is, of course, that neither Roman nor English jurists ever felt themselves constrained to stretch a written Constitution to cover cases not within its purview, and that, in England at least, the courts have not undertaken to relieve Parliament of its fundamental obligation to legislate intelligently. We wish very much that, since Mr. Taylor has essayed to enter both fields, his valuable contribution to the documentary history of the Constitution had been balanced by equally suggestive work in the field of constructive jurisprudence.

CURRENT FICTION.

Nonsense Novels. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Co.

The writer of these skits prefaces them, not with an apology, but with a defiance. "The reviewers of his previous work of this character," he complains, "have presumed, on inductive grounds, that he must be a young man from the most westerly part of the Western States, to whom many things might be pardoned as due to the exuberant animal spirits of youth." This, we learn, is not true. No improvement is to be looked for with advancing years. "All that education could do in this case has been tried and has failed. As a professor of political economy in a great university, the author admits that he ought to know better." On the whole, the admission is timely. A slave of the dismal science may be pardoned much for indulging in a literary spree on occasion. Mere exuberance ought not to be held up against him. But after all, a work of humor, if it is to have any sort of carrying power, must be under control. Too often the fun of this McGill professor is nothing above facetiousness or horseplay. It is the kind of book of which one instinctively says, "It ought to have been mighty good, but somehow——." The book belongs to the general order of Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," or of Mr. Seaman's "Borrowed Plumes." But it is clear over the borderline between parody and travesty, and often the author's love of nonsense for its own sake removes the last faint traces of semblance. The alliterative titles give an impression of monotony, however, of which the volume is not guilty. The detective story, the psychic research study, the historical romance, the sea yarn, the story of domestic pathos, and not a few other types of fiction are touched off with more or less effect. As we have suggested, the chief fault in the book is lack of restraint. The fun-maker has a quaint and original knack of his own, if he only would not let it run away with him. The final sketch in the collection, "The Man in Asbestos," is a clever "Looking Backward" fantasy, a little out of place between these covers.

The Ashes of a God. By F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To the remarkable series of Hindu stories, begun ten years ago with "A Digit of the Moon," Mr. Bain has now added a ninth volume. Here again we move in the mystic glamour of the East, watching, from the divine height of Siva's wisdom, the relentless working of *karma* from birth to birth through countless reincarnations. The keynote

of the whole story is "the vivification of the ashes of *smara*," which means both "memory" and "love." The tale begins on an old theme—a faithful wife (the more pathetic because blind) hastily misjudged and deserted by her husband, who, in Hindu fashion, proceeds by asceticism to pile up merit so that the very gods tremble before him. Aided by a sea-nymph's wit, Indra, in the form of an elephant into which the supposed seducer of the wife is imagined to have entered, tells the story in all its truth within the ascetic's hearing; and bit by bit, as the tale goes on, there awakens in him *smara*—love and remembrance mingled. With the revivification of human longing and regret his store of merit vanishes, and for his unworthy motives in accumulating it merely to change a world in which he had suffered imaginary wrong, he is condemned to fall lower and lower in each of his manifold rebirths.

In outline and in concept "The Ashes of a God" is the equal of any of its predecessors; yet since it purports to be a translation not merely from Sanskrit, but from the highly artificial style termed *kāvya*, beside which the Spanish *estilo culto* or the English Euphuism is a child's first primer, by *kāvya* canons it should be judged. From this point of view the present volume is not entirely satisfactory. The wealth of simile and other embellishment that has thus far lent such charm to the series here runs in a distinctly thinner vein, although, from the Indian point of view, such adornment is far more vital than subject matter. Some passages (notably the closing lines on the nature of real love) have a Western rather than an Oriental ring.

Hitherto not the least attractive portions of Mr. Bain's books have been his prefaces. It is the more disappointing, then, to find him here going out of his way to scold at "Xenophanes and Plato, St. Paul, St. Augustine, and other shallow politicians"; to throw a stone at Mr. Kipling; and to revile and belittle Christian missionaries and their religion.

The Casement. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Duffield & Co.

Paul Trevell, just taken into partnership by Robert Burton, comes to his friend's home for the week-end. As Burton's wife, Olivia, and her sister, Loraine, are waiting for them, the latter, moved by something in Olivia's mood, asks insistent questions, and learns that she had loved Trevell before marrying Burton. This knowledge, and still more the consciousness of the situation thus created, almost upset the younger sister, but the arrival of Paul and the unsuspecting Robert prevents either hysterics or further questions. At first, Loraine silently accuses Trevell for allowing himself to be put into what she fears may be a perilous position, but the partnership makes it impossible that there should not be more than one of these visits. Besides these four characters there is only one other, very different from any of them, who becomes associated with the house of Burton & Trevell. His part in the story is distinctly minor, but he is by no means an obscure personage. With much of originality in his creation of characters, Mr. Swinnerton has pronounced fancy for situations that shall be quite as original, and this leads him to the border-line of plausibility here and there. Yet there is a welcome lack of apparent straining after effect in this novel, and with its outcome his readers will doubtless be thoroughly satisfied, even if it has been almost in sight from the beginning.

The Garden of the Sun. By Capt. T. J. Powers. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Two things distinguish this story from the general run of military novels. One is the vivacity of the dialogue, the other is the beauty of its descriptive passages. Not that it is lacking in action—there is battle, murder, and sudden death enough to stir the most jaded reader of romance. The scene is laid in the Philippine Islands and the important male characters, with one exception, are officers of the American army. This exception is Tom Bennett, a rich *roué*, who is touring the world in his yacht with his unhappy young wife and her sister. Bennett and his party are attacked by Moro pirates in the Sulu Sea and rescued by Capt. Ballard and his men. Later they visit the island of Jolo, where Capt. Ballard is stationed. Between him and Barbara, Bennett's wife, a strong friendship arises which develops into love. The story of the relations of these two attractive and well-drawn characters is varied by clever pictures of the island life, of dances, of flirtations, of drinking bouts, and of skirmishes with hostile natives. Many real and interesting types are introduced, among them a wandering dancing girl, who calls herself La Belle Syria, but is, in spirit and in language, redolent of New York's gay irresponsibility. She uses expressive slang and is a charming, amusing creature. But her place in the novel is not solely that of the comic relief. She is partly responsible for the drunken brawl in which Bennett receives the wound which causes partial paralysis. His helpless condition brings back his wife, who had resolved to leave him. But the story does not end here. New complications ensue, in which both Bennett and Ballard are severely tested and from which they emerge heroically. The final chapters of the book, containing a strong and unexpected dénouement, are admirable pieces of dramatic writing. They form a fitting climax to a novel which deserves serious attention as an important contribution to modern American fiction. Capt. Powers should be given especial credit for his resistance to two temptations. In the first place, although writing of Anglo-Saxon soldiers residing among Orientals, he keeps absolutely clear of the Kiplingesque. In the second place, he describes tropical nature without the sensuous extravagance beloved of Robert Hichens.

SUMMARY OF KANT'S PHILOSOPHY.

Kant and His Philosophical Revolution. By R. M. Wenley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The plan of the series entitled The World's Epoch-Makers, to which this volume belongs, calls for the retelling of a number of oft-told tales. It involves, also, certain illusions of historical perspective. Most "epochs," even in a single province of culture, have many "makers"; and their makers do not always live in the same or even in the next preceding age. Spinoza, for example, who had been dead above a century, affected the thought of the generation after 1785 not a whit less freshly and deeply than did Kant; his was one of those Arethusa-philosophies that run long underground before they suddenly well up as living influences. Revivals, in a word, are no less important than new productions in the history of ideas. But a series of books on "epoch-makers" is likely to ignore revivals, just as it is likely to ignore the main problem concerning the genesis of any new movement of thought—the problem, namely, why and how the diverse innovating influences at work at the time combined with, limited, and modified one another. Kant might have made an epoch in philosophy, even if (among others) Spinoza and Bruno had not been, in a certain important sense, his contemporaries; but it would probably have been a very different epoch from that which, in fact, followed. Studies of the great intellectual revolutions, when by a predetermined plan they are compelled largely to disregard such considerations as these, can hardly fail to be somewhat misleading.

Yet the scheme of such a series suggests at least one especially interesting and rather neglected inquiry. It is that concerning the causes of the vogue and influence of those writers who have "stamped themselves upon their age," and concerning the processes by which great philosophical reputations grow—or decay. It is not necessarily by the profundity of their doctrines that great thinkers gain intellectual dominion over a whole generation. Still less is it by the clarity of their ideas or the cogency of their reasonings; for the eminence of some philosophers is largely

based upon a certain awful obscurity; and with any influence that reaches beyond expert philosophical circles, niceties of argument have, it is to be feared, less to do than most philosophers like to suppose. It is not always even the novelty of a conception that renders it epoch-making; for not a few "revolutionary" ideas have owed their potency to the fact that several little-regarded and unremembered men have by much iteration rid those ideas of the too-keen edge of their novelty, before the one man came who was to make them a universal possession—and thereafter to pass for their originator. Thus the exposition of the meaning and merits of a philosopher's teaching is not necessarily equivalent to an explanation of his influence and his place in history. An understanding of the latter would presuppose not merely a study of the writer himself, but of the reactions of both his disciples and his adversaries upon his ideas, and a determination of the precise factors in his doctrine which most effectually appealed to the intellectual presuppositions and the imaginative needs of the age which he influenced. Such an inquiry would be of especial value in the case of a writer like Kant, who presented, not one idea, but a vast medley of conceptions poorly excogitated and imperfectly harmonized. A searching and detailed analysis of the causes of the amazingly great and rapid vogue of the "Critical Philosophy," and of the growth of Kant's fame, would be an uncommonly interesting contribution to the psychological interpretation of the history of thought.

Professor Wenley, whose learning would have qualified him for the task, has not chosen to undertake this inquiry on any considerable scale. His book concludes, indeed, with a short chapter on the reception and diffusion of the Kantian doctrine; but for the most part it merely does over again in a competent manner what has often been done before. The best and freshest part of the volume is that which seems least pertinent to the present series—the account of Kant's life, character, and social environment, to which a full third of the work is devoted. The story has seldom been so well told. Professor Wenley puts before us chiefly the Kant of his prime and middle life, not the serio-comic valetudinarian of Heine's famous picture. Good use is made of recent German studies concerning Kant's personal history. The exposition of the system presents not much that is novel or noteworthy. Such slight criticism as is offered is chiefly of a sort that British neo-Hegelianism has made familiar. Some traditional errors and exaggerations are repeated, notably the usual over-estimate of the originality and historic importance of Kant's "Theory of the Heavens" of 1755.

The Life of George Joachim Goschen. By Arthur D. Elliot. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7 net.

When Lord Goschen published in 1903 the Life of his German grandfather, John Morley wrote to tell the author how much he liked the book, saying, "it is graphic, objective, vivid, cheerful, just as a biography ought to be." Only one or two of those adjectives, and that with qualification, could be applied to Mr. Elliot's Life of Lord Goschen himself. It is a dignified and discreet performance, written without undue partisan heat—though the biographer makes no concealment of his strong political convictions and argues them rather needlessly—but it is so "objective" as to leave on the reader the impression that Goschen was, indeed, a full-blooded and efficient statesman but a somewhat shadowy man. So few are the touches that could be called *intime* that the deliberate purpose seems to have been to write only of the public man. Exception made of the first chapter, Early Years, which very happily and instructively describes ancestry and education, and shows how an ideal strain derived from Weimar blended in Goschen with a hard English matter-of-factness, nowhere in the two volumes does one find much of his private life or personal interests. He was a man of reading and of wit, a chosen companion of choice spirits, but all this is barely hinted at. The biography is one of the Member of Parliament, the Minister, the first Viscount Goschen, not of George Goschen the man.

Thus self-limited, the work has much to commend it, and is a real contribution to English political biography and to the history of English parties during the past thirty years. The rôle played by Goschen was never first, but was one of great distinction. His City training, combined with natural aptitudes and enormous industry, early gave him an authority in finance which he held throughout his life. In his last years he could point to the fact that Consols, which he had reduced from "the sweet simplicity of the 3 per cents" to 2½, were still above 90; it might have staggered him had he lived to see them go below 80; though even then his explanations of the rise in the rate of interest would have been illuminating. How sound he was as a financier, and how correct his ideas of the relations of government to banking, these pages show in their account of the Baring failure in 1890, when Goschen was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and when he resisted great pressure to induce him to come to the rescue with public funds, compelling the banks to stand together and save the situation themselves.

Politically, however, Goschen will be longest remembered as one of the Liberal leaders who in 1886 broke with Gladstone and the majority of their party on the question of Irish Home Rule; and again as one who, after becoming a Conservative and taking office as such, refused to follow Chamberlain, and the party machine which had been captured, in the proposed return to the policy of protection. These two historic displays of political independence indicate the fine quality of Goschen and help to account for his influence. He put principle higher than party and would not allow a caucus to dictate his convictions. This sort of proud maintaining of his own intellectual and moral integrity often got in the way of his political advancement, but it lent peculiar weight to his name in the two crises mentioned. Goschen was a man of moderate opinions for which he was yet prepared to contend with all the zeal of an extremist. As he himself once humorously said, he was "a violent moderate man." As such he often got a hearing where a red-hot partisan could not. These volumes naturally give many letters and extracts from journals bearing upon the two party revolts in which Goschen took part, yet add little that is new, certainly nothing that is startling, to our knowledge of the events and manœuvres of those periods. An occasional bit of characterization or anecdote lightens the narrative. When Gladstone was giving his first inklings of a leaning to Home Rule, Lord Arthur Russell wrote to Goschen about seeing Lord Derby, who asked: "How did you find the great chief when you were at Hawarden?" "When I saw him last he was much troubled by the immoral means which were used to bring about the Union; he felt that a great national sin had been committed and his conscience was troubled." "Oh, damn his conscience!" answered Lord Derby.

Toy Dogs and Their Ancestors. By Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $7.50 net.

According to Mrs. Lytton's statement, she wrote this book on toy dogs "because no one seemed to know anything about them or their history," and because "historians have been contented to repeat the errors of their predecessors," and because "editorial offices are hotbeds of suppression, and the work of the reporters at shows is so blue-pencilled by the editors that there is no such thing as criticism." This is a sweeping charge in view of the fact that nearly all her history of the dogs of which she writes is quoted, to the extent of about 200 pages, and that she rarely questions what she quotes. As to the suppression of facts by editors, she offers nothing more than general charges, except changes in articles which she has written. Possibly the wording of her articles may have been as vague as the

advertisements she published when preparing to write the present book. She complains that she advertised for pictures of spaniels, and received cigars, crocodile skins, incubators, and engravings of prehistoric beasts; she then withdrew her advertisement from the papers and went to the British Museum, where she studied the "errors" of historians for many months.

In spite of all this, however, Mrs. Lytton has written an interesting book on the toy spaniels and Pomeranians, declaring that she knows nothing of some of the other breeds of toys and little of the rest. She concludes her investigations with the statement that "compiling a history of the spaniel breeds is unravelling a Chinese puzzle; and the King Charles is not a King Charles, the Blenheim is not a Blenheim, and the Pomeranian is not a Pomeranian at all." All this is nothing new, for it has been stated in as many words many times before. As a matter of fact, the history of the various breeds of dogs matters little to owners or breeders. A dog in an exhibition stands for himself alone. He may or may not have a pedigree, and yet sweep all before him. How to produce the type which will win is the main object of all breeders, and any one of authority who writes on that subject is welcome. In this respect Mrs. Lytton gives much valuable information. She has bred winners, and many of them; she knows what winners should be, and how they should be shown. On some minor points she will be contradicted—all breeders are—but in the main her methods will meet with approval.

When Mrs. Lytton takes up the subject of judging, however, she falls into the same error as in her introduction, for it is not only unwise, but without the facts, to say that "the whole fabric of modern judging is utterly unsound, while the club judges are bound by club regulations which prevent the exercise of private judgment." This sounds like the wail of a disappointed exhibitor rather than of one whose aim is declared to be for better things in the dog world. She gives the points demanded by the toy spaniel clubs, says they require total revision, and on no other authority than her own. Surely, the men at the head of the clubs have not set those points without considerable study and consultation. Can it be that all other breeders and judges of toy spaniels have been groping in the dark for years and that she alone knows what the dog should be? When she says that the Pomeranian is the noisiest of all breeds, one wonders if she has never for any length of time been within earshot of the collie, with his ear-splitting bark which resounds from dawn until dark and sometimes much longer. It is true that there are a few noisy Pomeranians, but there are only a few quiet collies.

Much credit is due to Mrs. Lytton for her crusade against monstrosities in spaniels, and especially for her agitation against the abnormal development, or, rather, lack of development of the nose. The monstrosities in this respect which have been favored of late in bench shows should speedily disappear. There is nothing beautiful in a toy spaniel with virtually no nose at all, and the snuffling beast of this type should be extinguished. This does not mean that we should return to the pointed nose: surely there is a happy medium, and Mrs. Lytton is undoubtedly seeking it.

The book is copiously illustrated—better than most books of its kind—and the letterpress is notably free from typographical errors.

Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland. By Monica M. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Aside from the work of Sienkiewicz and of certain other modern novelists, the literature of Poland is probably less known to English readers than that of any other important nation in Europe. There is no systematic treatise on it in our language; except for articles in encyclopædias and the like, one must depend on the translation of Brandes's "Poland," a disorderly work, written with more enthusiasm than knowledge. Mickiewicz (1798-1855), the leader of the three great romantic poets of his country, and one of the chief literary figures of Europe during the nineteenth century, is only a name, or perhaps less than a name, even to professed students of foreign literature. Few of his works are accessible in our language. His masterpiece, "Pan Tadeusz," has been rendered into English by Miss Biggs (London, 1885), but this translation, long since out of print, is so bald and harsh that it gives only the faintest idea of the beauty of the original.

Under such circumstances, any book on Mickiewicz would be a boon. To the present volume, however, one can give much more than perfunctory praise. Miss Gardner writes with ample knowledge of her topic, after study not only of the works of Mickiewicz himself, but of the most important Polish treatises on his life and writings. Though she is perhaps not a trained literary critic, she shows skill in exposition, and genuine enthusiasm and sympathy for her great subject. She gives summaries and appreciations of Mickiewicz's chief works, "Konrad Wallenrod," "The Ancestors," "The Books of the Polish Nation and of the Polish Pilgrimage," and "Pan Tadeusz," accompanied by dignified prose translations of some of their most striking passages, and she narrates the facts of his life simply and clearly. His personality, gentle, generous, dreamy, filled with the mysticism that was so characteristic of his nation in its period of sorest trial, is described with a charm that must win the heart of the most prosaic of readers. The life of Mickiewicz was a most poignant tragedy. After the completion of "Pan Tadeusz," at the age of thirty-six, he wrote no more poetry. Seven years later he fell under the spell of the "prophet" Towianski, who wrecked not only his outward prosperity, but ultimately also his inward peace and the power of his intellect. A prey to mystic broodings, full of fantastic hopes for the regeneration of Poland that rose anew after each defeat, he wasted away, a man bowed by age and sorrow while still in the prime of life. Telling this pathetic story with rare understanding, Miss Gardner has made plain why and how the great poet truly represented the ideals of his people, and why he will doubtless always remain their reverenced and beloved national poet. Only good translations are now required to give the English public a real acquaintance with the master spirit of Polish letters.

Vorlesungen über den Islam. Von Ignaz Goldziher. Heidelberg: Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung.

For years, we have been looking expectantly to Goldziher for a connected treatment, in brief or at length, of the institutes of Islamic theology, law, and philosophy—as these have been moved by or have reacted upon the fundamental attitudes and constitution of the Moslem state and the ideas and usages of its inhabitants. No other Arabist has, or has ever had, anything like the same width of knowledge in these subjects as he is universally admitted to possess. And if it cannot be broadly laid down in the slang of the street that what he says necessarily "goes," it is only because he has created a school of younger Arabists, who, *longo intervallo*, are trying to follow in his footsteps. We who study these things are all his pupils; we know that he commands the whole field in a way that we do not, and when we disagree with him in details, it is with an uneasy consciousness that the presumption is rather that he is right.

Any general view of Islam, then, which he gives us is to be received with gratitude and respect. We might wish that it had been much longer, and all must hope that the present sketch will, in time, be expanded into a detailed treatment. Certainly, an English translation is a pressing necessity. Very many persons nowadays are interested most practically in Islam who cannot read German, and just as this book stands alone in German, so would its translation in English. This is all the more to be urged as it was only by an unhappy accident that such a transla-

tion did not form one in the series of American Lectures on the History of Religions.

The book falls into six lectures on Mohammed personally and the origins of Islam; on usage and tradition, and on the development of canon law with its bases and schools; on the development of dogmatic theology; on asceticism and mysticism; on the sects in Islam; on the latest developments and the modern situation. But to each of these is added a mass of notes and references, which amount to above sixty pages in all, and which furnish a great part of the value of the book for the student. When he has worked his way through them and, especially, has traced out and read the array of Arabic references, he will have gone through such a discipline as he can obtain in no other way, and will have gained much in his breadth of view. In doing this, it will be well for him to register his discoveries in additions to the index. For it must be said that the index is the unsatisfactory part of the book. It extends to nearly twenty pages, but could easily, and with great advantage, be two or three times as long. Important rubrics are omitted and for others only a few of the references are given.

It is manifestly impossible to deal exhaustively with such a book. But among outstanding treatments that of the Mu'tazilites is especially masterly. More plainly than ever before, their relationship to the early ascetics is worked out, and the error of imagining that they were in any sense liberal free-thinkers is exposed. Their permanent victory would have landed Islam in a scholasticism even more intolerant than it eventually reached. This is one side of the constant puzzle of the East. The party and the individual to whom we should naturally look for a spirit of freedom and progress is apt to set back into an even narrower and more embittered attitude than that of the broad and unmoved orthodox. Breaking away from easy-going and indolent tradition appears of necessity to lead to fanaticism, and an educated Moslem, indoctrinated in modern European civilization, and thoroughly conscious of the weakness of Islam, will hold that there is nothing for it but to go back to the reactionary puritanism of the Wahhabites.

Another illustration of the same tendency is the fact here brought out (p. 302) that Beha and his followers often loosely called the Babites, although we should expect to find them in the liberal camp, are frank opponents of the recent revolutions in Turkey and Persia. In Prof. E. G. Browne's "Persian Revolution" (pp. 424-429) the same paradox is discussed, and the view is urged that Beha enjoined upon his followers abstention from political activity because their aims should be wholly spiritual. Yet there cannot be much doubt that a party led by an inspired and almost divine leader cannot logically act and choose for itself, and the utterances of Beha himself indicate a genuinely legitimistic dislike of the new word and idea, *hurriya*, "freedom."

On page 13, a view which suggests to Professor Goldziher the speculations of Marcion could be given a higher authority, it is fundamentally Pauline. On p. 293 by a slip the Wahhabite state is dated "ein halbes Jahrtausend" after the Medina of the seventh century, instead of "ein Jahrtausend." In note 4 on p. 29 exception is taken to the inference, from the absence of a word for "interesting" in Arabic and Turkish, that these peoples do not know the disinterested curiosity which we so strangely call "interest." It is true that the mere absence of a word is no proof; in ancient Greek, for example, there does not seem to be any simple way of expressing that very idea. But encyclopædic Moslem writers regularly divide the sciences into the praiseworthy and the blameworthy, and teach that all which is not of direct use and moment for man's life in this world or for his eternal salvation is to be reckoned as blameworthy. The good Moslem should study the useful only, and it is for his soul's peace to wash his mind clear of the merely interesting. That is a part of his Islam, "surrender" to Allah. This utilitarianism of Islam is one of its most "interesting" and curious aspects.

But, excepting whatever we may except, the attitude of all users of this book must be one of homage and gratitude.

Notes

Stanley Weyman will furnish the preface for the complete edition of his stories which Smith & Elder will issue in the next few months.

Edward Alsworth Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, is publishing through The Century Co. the results of his studies in China in a volume entitled "The Changing Chinese."

Ian Hay's new novel, "A Safety Match," and "A Country Lawyer," by Judge Henry A. Shute, are announced by Houghton, Mifflin Co.

Sturgis and Walton have in preparation: "Their Majesties as I Knew Them," by Xavier Paoli; "Recollections of an Officer of Napoleon's Army," by Capt. Blaze, translated, and "The Christmas City: Bethlehem Through the Ages," by Lewis Gaston Leary.

Messrs. Methuen will bring out during the coming season: " Maurice Macterlinck," by Edward Thomas; "The Ballad of the White Horse," and a volume of essays, by G. K. Chesterton; "Old Lamps for New," another set of essays by E. V. Lucas; "First and Last," by Mr. Belloc, uniform with his previous collections of papers; the poems of Shelley, edited and annotated by C. D. Locock, with an introduction by A. Clutton-Brock, and "Shelley and His Friends in Italy," by Mrs. Rossetti Angeli.

The autumn list of publications of the Yale University Press includes the following: "War and Other Essays," by William Graham Sumner, edited by Prof. Albert Galloway Keller; "From School through College," by Henry Parks Wright, for twenty-five years dean of Yale College; "The President's Cabinet," by Henry Barrett Learned, an historical study of the growth of this institution; "Thomas Carlyle: a Study of His Literary Apprenticeship, 1824-1831," by William Savage Johnson, Ph.D., of the University of Kansas; "Alexander Hamilton," an essay by W. S. Culbertson; "The Port of Hamburg," by Edwin Jones Clapp of New York University, which describes the high degree of efficiency displayed in the handling of transatlantic commerce at the port of Hamburg; "Jesus the Son of God, or Primitive Christology," by Prof. Benjamin Wisner Bacon; "The Reform of Legal Procedure," by Moorfield Storey; "International Arbitration and Rules of Procedure," by Robert C. Morris; "Concordanza delle Rime di Francesco Petrarca," compiled by Kenneth McKenzie, Ph.D., and printed in a limited edition from type; "The World that God Destroyed," by Frederick Erastus Pierce of Yale University, a biblical drama in blank verse, together with miscellaneous poems; "Lovely Peggy," by Jack R. Crawford, a play in three acts, based on the love romance of Margaret Woffington and David Garrick; "The Poems of John Cleveland," edited by John M. Berdan, and "Theories of Solutions," by Svante August Arrhenius, Ph.D., director of the Nobel Institute, Stockholm, Sweden, being the lectures delivered before Yale University under the Silliman Foundation in 1910.

No one who has read George Meredith's "Essay on Comedy" can use the word *comic* again in the old, light-hearted, haphazard way. He has isolated the idea of comedy forevermore from the motley crew of associated ideas—farce, humor, satire, irony. He has even imparted to it something of the high seriousness of tragedy. With its present denotation and connotation, it is his idea, and his distinctive idea. This fact, presented more or less casually in the multiplying discussions of the novelist, Joseph Warren Beach seeks to emphasize and elucidate in his book on "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith" (Longmans). Many readers who have been candid enough to see the reflection of their own faces in the Egoist will question Mr. Beach's assertion that "the characters upon whom he turns the most searching light of ridicule are shown the gentle indulgence of one who has taken a wide survey of human nature, and who feels the force of that saying, *qui tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*." Exactly the tonic in Meredithian comedy is that, though it is just, it is absolutely pitiless. On the whole, however, the interpretation is sound, and the manner bright and entertaining.

The Essex Institute of Salem, Mass., has recently issued the third volume of "The Diary of William Bentley, D.D.," pastor of the East Church of Salem. Some comment upon the interesting personal qualities of this sharp-tongued ecclesiastical diarist was made in these columns upon the appearance

of the first volume, five years ago. The present instalment covers the years 1803 to 1810, inclusive, a period during which the writer's mind was most deeply concerned with the rapid growth of the Baptist denomination, which he deplored, and the New England rancour against President Jefferson, for whom he entertained a profound respect and admiration. At one time he explains the growth of the Baptists on the rather uncharitable theory that "their rite is so definite as to make a more easy distinction in the public mind than any doctrines can, and this distinction gains a ready exemption from parish taxes." Again, he attributes their success in some measure to the active part which the regular clergy had taken in the opposition to President Jefferson. Salem for a time resisted the Baptist invasion, but on the 9th of January, 1805, Dr. Bentley sorrowfully records, "A very rainy day, and the day designated for the public ordination of a Baptist minister in Salem. It was a dark day, because we were afraid of the uncharitableness of this sect, which has been the most illiterate in New England. All the ministers were invited. I did not attend. No Congregational minister of the town was present." Two months later comes the entry, "Last Sunday the new Baptist minister in this town dipped his converts for the first time, but he caught such a cold by his indiscretion as to bring on a fever and he did not preach this day. . . . What is worse than in cold weather, without regard to the habits of people, to duck women as you would not dogs in cold weather?"

Perhaps the one thing that kept Dr. Bentley's temper from becoming hopelessly soured by the Baptists from without and the spiteful anti-Jeffersonian spirit within his own communion was his habit of taking some of his fair parishioners and going to some point along the shore, such as the Neck, or Nahant, for a day's outing, which often wound up with a supper at some house where the ale was known to be of good quality. The miniature character sketches in which the volume abounds are intensely interesting. One is tempted to doubt their accuracy when unfavorable, for Dr. Bentley was hardly the man to be strictly fair to one whom he did not like. We are sorry that a volume so full of interesting matter should not have had an intelligently constructed and complete index. The editor should also have provided the reader with more assistance in the way of explanatory footnotes, especially in the way of identifying persons referred to in the text merely by initials, family names, or other uncertain modes of designation. Not everybody in these days can be expected to know that "the wonderful boy in town from Vermont who has such uncommon power in numbers" was Zerah Colburn, though the name is sure to be a matter of interest to most readers. We must close this notice with an extract in illustration of the continuity of college spirit. "There have been some interruptions at Cambridge lately from the eccentricities of the youths, who made for the entry into the buttery and carried away articles provided for a Corporation dinner. Several youths were obliged to leave the college." We are not told that there was a strike among the classmates of these disciplined students, that the faculty on reconsideration found extenuating circumstances, and that the whole group was finally restored to college standing on the promise of good behavior for the future; but the next few entries are taken up with certain vicious manifestations of anti-embargo sentiment in Newbury Port, Gloucester, Beverly, and Bath, and doubtless these necessary corollaries of faculty interference with traditional undergraduate privileges passed unnoticed on that account.

From P. S. King & Son, London, we have "Capture in War on Land and Sea," being a translation of "Das Beuterecht im Land- und Seekriege," by Dr. Hans Wehberg of Düsseldorf. It is a compact historical survey of the whole question, with full account taken of modern tendencies and lingering disputes over this chapter in international law. The author's position is that the law of prize at sea ought to be entirely abrogated, and he expresses "the hope that, at no very distant date, under the firm guidance of North America, the Powers will pursue the course laid down for them not only by humane considerations, but also by modern conceptions of the nature of war." A good bibliography adds value to the volume.

"The Family and Heirs of Sir Francis Drake" (London: Smith, Elder & Co.), by Lady Eliott-Drake, traces in excellent fashion the family fortunes of the Drakes of Buckland in Devonshire. As the life of Sir Francis Drake has been often and well told, in the old days by Stowe and Camden and in our own day by the delightful and scholarly pen of Julian Corbett, Lady Eliott-Drake has wisely and modestly refrained from attempting to rewrite the story of the public life of her Elizabethan hero. But she does give some interesting private information as to the maps, portraits, silver-plate, and other heirlooms which have come down in the family. She also destroys some of the legends which had gathered like barnacles upon Drake's figure. It is not true that he stole a coat-of-arms from another branch of the family, nor that his second wife, tired of long waiting for her roving lord, betrothed herself to another suitor and was approaching the altar for the marriage ceremony when a miraculous stone from heaven—which is still preserved—fell on the train of her dress to deter her from unfaithfulness. Lady Eliott-Drake has worked out with great care the genealogy of her family, although, curiously enough, the date of Drake's own death is wrongly given in the genealogical table. Drake was twice married, but left no children. His heirs are descended from his youngest brother, Thomas, and it is to the history of these heirs that nine-tenths of these two volumes are devoted. The numerous illustrations and the author's pleasant chattiness will commend themselves to the less serious reader, while the pedigree hunter and the student of history will be grateful to her for her genealogical researches and excellent index.

We have no doubt that there is, here and there, something of interest and value in "Switzerland of the Swiss" (there are, it seems, still new titles under the sun), by Frank Webb (Scribner), but it has been our misfortune, during a preliminary tasting of the contents, to bite into the following morsels:

> One writer affirms that the Swiss people are an example to the world and a model State. Another will say that as a people they combine the grace of the French with the solidity of the Teuton. They are amiable, but reserved; a worthy race, without false pride, but conscious of their value and merit. In other words, they deserve to be the rulers of the world, which they would govern to perfection if only allowed the chance. Thus much we have heard said by Switzers in presence of the notice and attention they receive. These fulsome eulogies may inwardly gratify them, for human nature is alike. One can never be too sure.—From the chapter on A General Survey.
>
> The great development in printed cottons dates from 1690, and in the eighteenth century was the most prosperous branch of trade in Switzerland.—From the chapter on Industry and Commerce.
>
> The American army possesses a distinguished general of Swiss birth, General Fréderic Tschudi, born at Glarus, who is commander-in-chief of the Pennsylvania district.—From the chapter on Institutions and Alpinism (*sic*).

But when, somewhat bewildered, we turned back to the preface and were assured that—

> other authorities: Voltaire, Mme. de Staël, Hugo, Dumas, might be cited, whose opinions corroborate those already mentioned. None, however, better than the writer, in the course of his thirty years' contact with the Switzers, has had the same opportunities of judging them,

we closed the volume and read no more that day.

The second volume of "The King's Customs" (Dutton), by Henry Atton and Henry H. Holland, begins with an account of the years of famine that marked the opening of the nineteenth century. The authors soon resume their dreary annalistic narrative of events important and unimportant, without the least pretence of appraisement and analysis of their materials. The second chapter, on The Period of Gradual Relaxations, deals with the reforms inaugurated between 1826 and 1844, and in the same unsatisfactory manner, since it obscures as effectually as possible the significance of the work of such men as Huskisson. The next chapter, which comes down to the year 1855, treats of the movement toward free trade which, it is evident, the authors do not approve, although they admit that some change in the corn laws was necessary, since "the people could be starved no longer." For Cobden, Bright, and the Anti-Corn-Law League, Messrs. Atton and Holland have little respect, except perhaps as disturbing factors. Gladstone's reforms receive only brief mention, and, except for a concluding chapter on Customs Literati and an appendix containing illustrative documents, the work virtually closes with what the authors call "a few workaday hints" on protection and free trade, which are quite as inane and useless as the greater part of the annals that precede them.

J. B. Lippincott Co. has just published in excellent form "A Short History of the United States Navy," prepared for the use of students at the Naval Academy, by Capt. George R. Clark, U. S. N., and three of his assistants in the department of English at that institution. The work has the great merits of moderation in tone, accuracy of statement, in the main, and a subordination of details to the outlines of the picture. It is free from self-glorification, and it aims to treat events with equal justice to friend and foe, a tendency which at times denies to the fleet its full measure of praise, as, *e. g.*, in the cases of

Yorktown and Porto Rico. It is lacking in that breadth of view and that exposition of great strategic principles which a layman might be pardoned for regarding as essential in a work designed to influence the young naval mind; but as a short chronicle it is worthy of commendation.

The first volume of the Naval History Society's publications has just been issued to its members in a beautiful piece of book-making by the De Vinne Press. It contains the hitherto unprinted log-books of the Serapis, Alliance, and Ariel, when under the command of John Paul Jones, with pertinent extracts from public documents and unpublished letters and narratives, and it is illustrated with reproductions of scarce prints. A notable commentary and preface is furnished by Capt. John S. Barnes (late of the United States navy), whose unique collection of naval memorabilia, and whose intimate acquaintance with naval matters, are known by all students of our naval history. A few spare copies of a limited and numbered edition may be obtained through members of the society, or through the secretary, Robert W. Neeser, No. 247 Fifth Avenue, New York.

What can perhaps be regarded as the literary testament of the late Prof. Friedrich Paulsen, who for nearly thirty years held the leading chair of pedagogics in Germany, that of the University of Berlin, appears in a good-sized volume, entitled "Pädagogik" (Stuttgart and Berlin: J. C. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung, Nachfolger). Paulsen had finished half of the work when he died in August, 1908, and had left a clear outline of what was to follow. On the basis of the latter and of Paulsen's manuscript lectures, the book has been completed by one of Paulsen's leading pupils, Dr. W. Kabitz, privat docent in Berlin. The discussion is divided into two parts, viz., "Die Bildung des Willens" and "Die Unterrichtslehre." It is preëminently a work for earnest students.

Thomas Hall, jr., instructor in English in Harvard University, died on Saturday in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, after an operation for the removal of a tumor on the brain. He was born in Boston in 1869, graduated from Harvard in 1893, and for several years had been an instructor in English there.

We note with regret the death of Gamaliel Bradford of Boston, who was fatally injured by a trolley car on Sunday. He was born in Boston in 1831, the son of Gamaliel Bradford, and the fifth of that name. He graduated from Harvard in 1849, and at one time was candidate for Governor. After he retired from the active business of banking he devoted his time to public speaking and writing. He was the author of "Lesson of Popular Government" in two volumes.

We have to report the death last week of the Rev. Dr. William Curtis Stiles, associate editor of the *Homiletic Review*. He was born in 1851, and was ordained in the Universalist ministry in 1876. He later contributed to the magazines and religious journals, and was the author of several romances.

The death is announced from London, in his sixty-eighth year, of John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, who visited this country a year ago as a delegate to the Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Cincinnati. He was a grandnephew of the poet Wordsworth, and his father was Bishop of Lincoln. Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, he became a fellow of Brasenose in 1867, was Bampton lecturer in 1881, and four years later was appointed to the see of Salisbury. He had made his chief mark as a scholar and as a theological student. His published works include a course of "Lectures Introductory to a History of Latin," "Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin," "University Sermons on Gospel Subjects," and "The One Religion—Truth, Holiness, and Peace, Denied by the Nations and Revealed by Jesus Christ," a course of sermons which he delivered as Bampton lecturer.

Patrick Francis Moran, the first Australian cardinal, whose death is reported from Sydney in his eightieth year, had written a number of works on religious subjects. One of his books is devoted to the "History of the Catholic Church in Australasia."

Albert-Léon Lefébure, the distinguished economist, is dead in Paris, at the age of seventy-three. He was engaged actively in political life for several years, being a member of the second De Broglie Cabinet, and was interested officially in the conditions of French prisons. His writings on economic subjects are numerous, and include his well-known book, "Etude sur l'économie rurale de l'Alsace." He was elected to the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques in 1903.

The death is reported of Prof. Colmar Grünhagen, professor of history of the University of Breslau, aged eighty-three. He is remembered chiefly for his works on Silesian history, among them "Aus dem Sagenkreise Friedrichs des Grossen," "Geschichte Schlesiens," and "Schlesien unter Friedrich dem Grossen."

Science

Physical Optics. By Robert W. Wood. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.25 net.

This is the second and revised edition of a book which is unique in its way and one of the most important treatises on physical science ever published in this country. As Professor Wood states in his preface, "the rapid advances made in Physical Optics since the appearance of the first edition of this book in 1905, have made additions necessary in practically every chapter." The first edition was marred by many misprints, and although most of them have been corrected, the new edition still shows signs of hasty proof-reading. As might be suspected from the well-known fact that Professor Wood is the most prolific experimentalist this country has produced, the pages of his book are full of interesting experiments described vividly, humanly even, and briefly, but in enough detail to permit of their repetition by the reader. For the first time these experimental accomplishments of the author have been collected and made readily accessible from their widely scattered places in journals.

It is only a short while ago that optics was a well defined and distinct branch of physics. How marked is the difference in the present idea of the subject may be seen by a comparison of the headings of the chapters in the two editions of this book. The change set in with Faraday's experiments on magneto-optics and Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light; and the revolution forced by Roentgen's discovery has been completed by the phenomena of the discharge of electricity through gases and by radio-activity. What with our knowledge of heat and electromagnetic waves on the one end of the spectrum and of ultraviolet light, Roentgen rays, etc., on the other, the radiation we call light is now taken to be merely a specialized portion of the larger manifestation of radiation—specialized, because if our sense of sight were not limited to stimulation of this particular kind, there would be no reason for the branch of optics as distinct from radiation. On the theoretical side, the idea that light waves are due to a material displacement of an elastic and solid ether has been abandoned for the belief that this radiation is but a form of the general electro-magnetic disturbance of an ether without ponderable properties, and this change has made the mathematical development of optics merely a special problem in electrodynamics.

In conformity with this modern view this new edition, besides the usual topics, has chapters on electro-optics, magneto-optics, and the relative motion of ether and matter. The book closes with a short chapter on the new principle of relativity first announced by Einstein. How hopelessly inadequate the older theories of light have become to the minds of modern investigators can be seen by quotations from this chapter:

> Einstein's postulate denies the possibility of absolute velocity (which must be considered possible if we have a substantial medium or ether) and consequently abolishes the ether at the outset. With the disappearance of the ether we are forced to remodel our views concerning light and electro-magnetic waves, which now become a type of energy which propagates itself in an absolute vacuum. . . . Einstein is of the opinion that the next phase of the development of theoretical physics will be the formation of a new theory of light which will be in the nature of a fusion of the wave-theory with the old corpuscular theory. . . . On the relativity theory there is no such thing as real length, either of time or space.

Minkowski develops the mathematical side of this principle by using geometry of four dimensions, where three coördinates are the usual ones devoted to the three dimensions of space and the fourth

represents time as a space coördinate. Since we have no appreciation of figures in four dimensions, it is impossible to show these relations diagrammatically, and since we have so far never been able to determine any geometrical relation between time and space, the representation of time as a coördinate puts the whole scheme outside the realm of rationality. Where this confusion and metaphysical tendency will end no one can foretell.

As stated before, this book is written by an experimentalist, and the mathematical development is usually subordinated. Fortunately we have in Drude's "Optics" a treatise which is particularly strong on the theoretical side, and the use of the two books simultaneously, gives a full contemporary treatment of the subject.

The first woman to occupy a university chair in Germany, is Fräulein Woker. For some years she has been privat-docent at the University of Berne. She had a brilliant university career, and is now called to Leipzig to be "extraordinary professor" there, and to edit a periodical devoted to the mathematical and experimental sciences. Her own specialty is chemistry. Fräulein Woker comes of a scholarly family. Her father, a Swiss Catholic, is professor of history in the University of Berne. Her grandfather on her mother's side was a professor of theology. At Berne, she has been lecturing on the problems of physical chemistry and of its application to biology. She is an earnest "féministe" and has worked in support of woman's suffrage in Switzerland.

The National Science Association of Switzerland has just concluded its annual meeting at Solothurn. That ancient town has a good scientific museum which is well endowed. At the meeting, there was an interesting discussion concerning earthquakes. During the last thirty years about a thousand earthquakes have occurred in Switzerland. The association is about to establish at Zürich a station for the observation of such phenomena. The director will be Professor Früh of the university.

In "The World of Dreams" (Houghton Mifflin) Havelock Ellis has produced a positively attractive book, which is at once a serious attempt to develop the theory of dreams, based upon an extensive reading in this and related subjects, and an appeal to popular interest, giving to the land of dreams a flavor of poetry and romance. Much of the author's material is drawn from personal experience, or from the dreams of friends, written down soon after waking; and to this we must attribute its remarkably circumstantial character. Like most ardent collectors, however, he is more successful in explaining special cases than in making his general theory quite coherent. He adopts the current view that dreams are due to the relaxation of attention in sleep, or, in technical terms, to the cessation of the activity of "apperception," which, like the process of balancing in walking, keeps the waking life logically straight and clear and the absurdities at a distance, and in the absence of which the mental life breaks up into "dissociated" areas; and he rejects Freud's theory that a dream is the symbolic expression of a wish. Yet symbolism, he holds, is characteristic of dreams. When dissociation occurs our own deepest convictions may speak to us, perhaps reprovingly, in the character of other persons, and many dreams are purely symbolic interpretations of emotions otherwise objectless. Hence there is logic in dreams, and, if we believe Mr. Ellis, good logic. Absurdities arise because, through dissociation, the dreamer is confined within a limited field of fact. This, however, involves a rather unintelligible separation of reasoning and apperception, and assumes, contrary to the trend of all recent analysis, that reasoning has nothing to do with the limitation of the field. In the end the most important question is left unsettled and obscure, whether, after all, the dream life is a contraction of the waking life or the reverse, a poorer or a richer life. If we adopt the author's suggestion, drawn from Giessler and Freud, that dream life is a reversion to the attitude of the child and the primitive man, it becomes a question whether the evolution of waking intelligence is not most unfortunate. Be this as it may, it remains a distinct merit of the book that it seeks to make the dream mind continuous with the waking by applying to both the significant principle that, "sleeping fully as much as waking, mind is a thing that instinctively reasons."

From London comes the report of the death in his seventy-second year of Dr. Samuel Gee, the author of "Auscultation and Percussion," and "Medical Lectures and Aphorisms."

Francis Collingwood, who took a prominent part in the building of the Brooklyn Bridge, died last Sunday at his summer home at Avon-by-the-Sea, aged seventy-seven. He received a gold medal from the English Engineering Society for his report on the Firth of Forth Bridge, and had been a prolific writer on engineering subjects. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences and of the New York Academy of Sciences, and also a member of the British Institute of Civil Engineers.

Music and Drama

Franz Liszt and His Music. By Arthur Hervey. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

Liszt und die Frauen. Von La Mara. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

If Liszt had been like most musicians, esteeming individuals or nations in proportion to their appreciation of his efforts, he would have had occasion to regard England as the least musical country in Europe. It was in Britain alone that his concert tour was a failure, at a time when the whole Continent was applauding him wildly; and his compositions have never struck root there, most of them being virtually unknown to this day. Scant, also, is the English literary output regarding him. The editor of the new edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" felt obliged however, though not personally in sympathy with Liszt's compositions, to double the space assigned to him in the first edition, because in the musical world he looms up bigger and bigger every year; and now, at last, an Englishman has made him the subject of a book, and a good book, too.

Mr. Hervey does not neglect to chide his countrymen for the fact that with them Liszt's "genius as a composer is even now strangely under-estimated." After a brief analysis of the orchestral works, including the great "Faust" and "Dante" symphonies, he finds it "difficult to avoid a feeling of sadness at the thought that so many of the tone poems of which I have been writing should have been neglected to such an extent"; but he is confident that the time is now coming when justice will be done to one "who is par excellence the pioneer of the modern musical movement." That he has been so persistently represented as lacking in musical invention "is certainly extraordinary, for his works literally teem with melodic ideas and are superabundantly rich in new harmonic combinations and original modulations." Nor is this all; Liszt's influence on musical form has been greater than that of any other master excepting Wagner. It was reserved for him "to emancipate music from the thraldom of symphonic formalism and to create a new art-form pregnant in possibilities." Before Liszt, as Saint-Saëns pointed out, orchestral music had only two forms at its disposal, the symphony and the overture; now, thanks to him, it has an endless variety of symphonic or tone poems.

In an appendix a list is given of the principal compositions only, and the text, as was inevitable in a volume of only 176 pages, also confines itself to those works which most deserve praise. Mr. Hervey is not only a prominent critic; he is also well-known in England as a composer, and his comments on Liszt's works are therefore those of an expert. In three chapters, he deals with the pianoforte pieces, the symphonic works, the sacred compositions, and songs; and these chapters are the best in the book, the preceding biographic sketch and comments on Liszt as a musician and man being rather fragmentary. Particularly good is the analysis of the great sonata in B minor, which Mr. Hervey does not hesitate to call "a work which in point of originality of conception, thematic invention, depth of thought, and emotional feeling has not been surpassed by any other in the entire range of pianoforte literature." Yet Liszt is greater still in his works for orchestra; in composing some of his earliest piano pieces, he seemingly had the orchestra in mind, and it is in his symphonic poems and symphonies that his genius culminates. Concert-goers will be glad to read Mr. Hervey's succinct

comments on these and the other principal works, particularly in this centenary year, when Liszt will be honored by more performances than ever before. For a fuller account in English of his life and works we must wait till October, when the Scribners will issue the biography on which James Huneker has been at work for eight years.

With the exception of the Countess d'Agoult and the Princess Wittgenstein, whose influence greatly stimulated the efflorescence of Liszt's genius, and whose sympathy encouraged him when nearly all the world doubted, none of the many women who were Liszt's friends is mentioned in Mr. Hervey's brief sketch. To these women—or twenty-six of them—La Mara has devoted a special volume of 321 pages, in which she endeavors to prove her thesis that "probably in no other artist's life have women played so important a part." Mr. Huneker's painstaking research has convinced him that Liszt's "reputation for gallantry was hugely exaggerated." He had his adventures, and, unlike Wagner and some other famous men, he never took the world into his confidence regarding them. But with the exception of Caroline de Saint-Criq, whom he loved madly when a youth, and the Countess d'Agoult, who became the mother of his three children, the women in La Mara's book were simply his friends. Most of them were of the musical world, or belonged to the upper nobility, and with all of them he corresponded more or less. To Agnes Street-Klindworth he wrote letters enough to make a whole volume, which La Mara edited for publication in 1894. As the recipient did not wish her name to be mentioned, this collection appeared under the title "Liszt's Briefe an eine Freundin"; but Wagner's official biographer, Glasenapp, revealed the secret. Three of Liszt's letters not contained in that volume are printed in the present one, which also includes a very interesting letter written by Wagner to this remarkable woman.

George Sand was for a time a friend of Liszt, but their hearts were otherwise engaged. Others of the twenty-six who are well-known are Pauline Viardot-Garcia, Caroline Unger-Sabatier, Camilla Pleyel, Bettina von Arnim, Sofie Menter, while the list of titled women includes Countess Laprunarède, Countess Louis Plater, Princess Begiojoso, Countess Sauerma, two Grand-Duchesses of Saxony (Maria Paulowna and Sophie), Countesses Schleinitz and Dönhoff, Princess Rospigliosi, Baroness Meyendorff, and, of course, Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, whose marriage to Liszt was frustrated by her relatives' appeals to the Pope. She subsequently wrote a work entitled "Des Causes intérieures de la faiblesse extérieure de l'église" in twenty-four volumes, with instructions that it should not be given to the world till a quarter of a century after her death. That will be next year; will any publisher have the courage to undertake that task?

On the whole, there is in this volume much more about "die Frauen" than about Liszt, but as all of the twenty-six women are in themselves interesting characters, this is no fault. One is particularly grateful for glimpses of Liszt's life not previously given, as in the pages devoted to Nadina Helbig, where we read that while living in the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, Liszt used to take a little tin lantern and attend mass at three o'clock in the morning. Storm and rain could not deter him. "The weather does not consider me, why should I consider it?" he used to say. Of particular interest are the chapters on Camilla Pleyel, whose playing Liszt admired so much that he turned the leaves for her at a concert; on Sophie Menter, whom he called his Brünnhilde, and with whom he played duets; on Baroness Meyendorff, in which interesting details are given regarding Liszt's ways with his pupils. They followed him from city to city, and it is remarkable how many became famous. At one time the classes included Vera Timanoff, Adele aus der Ohe, Marie Jaell, Reisenauer, Friedheim, d'Albert, Siloti, Sauer, Rosenthal, Vianna da Motta, Lamond, Ansorge, Stavenhagen, and Göllerich.

A translation by W. Ashton Ellis of "The Family Letters of Richard Wagner" will shortly be issued by the Macmillan Company.

Liszt is not the only famous composer whose centenary is being celebrated this year. Ambroise Thomas was also born in 1811, and to commemorate this event the Paris Opéra has engaged Maurice Renaud and Mary Garden to give a series of performances of "Hamlet" before departing for America. Others of Thomas's works are also to be produced.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is appearing this month at the Munich Wagner performance as Erda in "Rheingold" and "Siegfried," Waltraute in "Walküre," First Norn and Waltraute in "Götterdämmerung," and Magdalena in "Meistersinger." Fortunate Munichers!

The dates are now given (April 8-28, 1912), of the concerts which Arthur Nikisch, the greatest of living concert conductors, will give in this country with the London Symphony Orchestra. The extraordinary demonstrations of Parisian enthusiasm over Nikisch last month will doubtless be duplicated over here.

Italy is preparing to celebrate the centenary of Verdi's birth as brilliantly as Wagner's will be celebrated in Germany. The greatest of opera composers of both countries were born in the same year, Wagner on May 22, Verdi on October 10, 1813.

A grand musical prize contest is to take place next spring in Paris. Not less than 200,000 francs are to be awarded in prizes to the winning clubs. Among the judges are Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Fauré, Widor, Paladilhe, Dubois, Pierné. Invitations have been sent to 25,000 musical societies.

Hans Richter has, after all, not put away his bâton. From London comes the announcement that he will conduct the Wagner performances at Covent Garden in the autumn. He will be seventy in two years.

"Lovely Peggy" is the title of a three-act comedy by J. R. Crawford, a member of the Yale University faculty, which has been printed by the Yale University Press. It was written last year for a dramatic competition, but, owing to the position of its author, was not eligible for the prize. This is the avowed and, perhaps, the only reason for its present publication. As the work of an amateur in theatrical work it is by no means devoid of merit, but it bears many marks of inexperience. The heroine is the famous Woffington, and the central theme of the story is her professional and domestic relationship with David Garrick, a tolerably well-worn subject. Mr. Crawford has not permitted himself to be hampered too closely by a strict concern for historical accuracy, and so contrives to impart a certain freshness to it, but his mechanism is crude from the opening scenes to the unexpected tragic conclusion. He introduces Garrick, Rich, Quin, Macklin, Tate Wilkinson, Samuel Johnson, George Anne Bellamy, and other historical personages, and fortifies his dialogue with innumerable quotations which prove his general acquaintance with the literature of the period. But something more than free quotation is needed to impart vitality to stage characters, and the distinction between the original and the imported matter in this piece is somewhat too obvious. The character of Peg herself is sketched with some spirit and humor, if not with much verisimilitude, but most of the other personages are mere lay figures.

Details of the organization and plans of the Imperial Russian Ballet, which will tour this country under the management of Max Rabinoff, are announced. The tour, which opens at the Madison Square Garden on October 16, 17, and 18, will include the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. The principal dancers will be Anna Pavlowa, Mikail Mordkin, Julia Siedlowa, Katarina Geltzer, and Carlotto Zambelli, and in support will be Marie Ossipova, Ludmila Goulouck, Rita Zalmarna, Bronislawa Pajitzkaia, Helen Schmolz, Stanislawa Kuhn, Stephina Plaskewietskaja, Hermina Czarniki, Wanda Mezkouskaja, Doria Barbee, Selma Courtena, and Alena Czenskiaf, as the women, while the men will be Stanislav Idzikouski, Mikail Machat, Sregi Morosoff, Francesco Trejanouski, Veronine Westof, Kiprion Barboo, Feodor Wrsynski, Alexis Kowdofski, Antonin Hermanski, and Wassili Mauntag. They will be supported by a full corps de ballet, making it the largest organization of Imperial Russian dancers ever seen outside of St. Petersburg or Moscow. An augmented orchestra will also be carried. Five productions will be presented, identical in every way with those of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The scenery and costumes are already being prepared.

Otto Franz Leitenberger, whose death is reported from Vienna, in his sixty-fourth year, wrote several successful dramas, besides volumes of stories for the young.

Art

FAR EASTERN PAINTING.

II—Japan.

Japanese painting, unlike its Chinese models, is perplexingly various. It tends ever to break aristocratic bounds and become widely representative of the people, it invents recondite forms of decoration, and creates a whole school of evasion. Almost in our own day it has developed extraordinary realistic resources. Its story is a bewildering tangle of revolutions, eclecticisms, reactions. We have to do with a more fiery race, less given to contemplation; a civilization in which taste vacillated ardently after the fashion of modern Paris. Again we find odd implications of art with politics. The upstart Ashikaga shoguns, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, take up the refinements of the Sung ink-tone manner, leaving the traditional polychromy to the old nobility. At many periods of Japanese art an excessive sensibility and cleverness prevail. Two centuries before Whistler, Kôrin represents a sumptuous and sophisticated simplicity in many fields of design. Utamaro anticipates by a hundred years the perverse languor of Aubrey Beardsley. The whole Fujiwara period, from the ninth through the twelfth century, seems to breathe the feverish ambiguous charm of Provence of the troubadours. There is no extravagance of Western feeling that the Japanese have not sometime outdone. How pale our transcendentalists from Pythagoras to Emerson look beside those adepts of the Zen philosophy, who regarded words as an impediment to understanding and committed their doctrine to abrupt and ejaculatory fragments of phrases. The brittle stroke of the great painter Sesshu carries the Zenistic mood into the graphic arts. In short, while the Chinese artists in their most audacious eliminations and suggestions made the necessary compromises with Confucian common sense, the Japanese artists are absolutists and their art seems to chafe restlessly at its bounds. Even to an eye unaccustomed to Far Eastern art, the sobriety of most Chinese painting will be apparent, whereas only upon full acquaintance will much of the best Japanese painting lose an initial flavor of caricature. Such observations are not made to minimize Japanese art. Precisely its variousness and the extravagance of its beauty commend it to us. It escapes our formulas, and through acquaintance with it our formulas may profitably be enlarged. Only a few salient characteristics of this variegated production can be treated within the measure of an essay.

I.

From the coming of the Buddhist missionaries in the middle of the sixth century for a hundred and fifty years, Japan gave herself to the assimilation of the monumental religious art of China. It has already been noted that our actual knowledge of the severe splendors of T'ang painting rests merely upon its echoes in Japan. And this imported hieratic art soon begins to assume a native character. A softer and more fantastic beauty appears in the placid faces of the Kwannon and the saints, more sumptuous forms of coloring and gilding announce a keener decorative intention; with the growth of the minor Buddhistic pantheon and the adoption of native divinities by the new cult a complicated repertory of sacred subjects and personages is added to the simpler iconography inherited through China from India. A surging and somewhat tumultuous life, very unlike the gravity ever characteristic of China, is seeking expression. Bushido, the knightly code, self-immolation for punctilio, the gossamer intricacies of Zenistic morals and philosophy, are still far in the future, but already the extravagance of new feeling is surging within the old hieratic bounds. Some flicker of the ancient stateliness of the T'ang mood will persist for centuries; its mere shell is still erect to-day, but the soul of the people is elsewhere. A vigorous collective life unfit for the isolated and inaccessible virtues of the hermitage is now to draw the artist from the temple to the highway.

That peculiar sensibility which is the distinction of Japanese character is in many respects the product of the Fujiwara period, from the middle of the ninth to the end of the twelfth century. Under a refined and pleasure loving aristocracy the fibre of the people was relaxed as its emotional life was extended. These were centuries of amazing talk, of skilfully cultivated hyperæsthesia. Already in earlier periods the roots of this ultra-refinement are to be found. The Empress Koken thus dedicated the field flowers to Buddha in lines still famous:

> If I pluck them, the touch of my hand will defile; therefore, standing in the meadows as they are, I offer these wind-blown flowers to the Buddhas of the past, the present, and the future.

We are already near the perilous brink of sentiment and sentimentality, and the Japan of Fujiwara will eagerly take the hazardous next step. Upon the fervors of this period, it would be interesting to dwell. The excited throngs which followed eloquent priests recall similar scenes in Italy and France of the thirteenth century. But the Japanese adepts lack the savage energy of the European evokers of the Holy Spirit. Indeed the Fujiwara mood is more closely allied to such organized languor as we find in the Troubadours and the Précieuses. The Land of Tenderness had been thoroughly charted in Japan some six hundred years before the geographical researches of Mlle. de Scudéry. Again there are aspects of Fujiwara which anticipate Tarascon. We read of panoplied captains who could not mount their chargers. In general, reality was being hard pressed by fair appearance. And this passing from the theological symbols to joy in appearance is what constitutes the new movement which was proudly called, in distinction to the imported styles, Yamato, native Japanese.

II.

The material of the Yamoto painters was men in collective action. Battles, pilgrimages, the bustle of civil and religious life are admirably treated in the few remaining scrolls of the Fujiwara period. And the endeavor of the artist is chiefly given to setting groups of men in their proper relation, in suggesting the joint action of the throng. Little attention is given to the individual. He becomes merely a term in an anecdote. In this respect Yamoto painting resembles closely the narrative Byzantine style with which it is exactly contemporary. The greatest exemplar of the narrative Byzantine tradition, Duccio of Siena, shows the same disregard for the form and physiognomy of individuals and the same tact in rendering the action and emotion of men in groups. In this social art Japan asserted her independence of China and renounced the severe individualism of the T'ang and early Sung styles. Yamoto painting overflowed its parent period, and during the artistic reforms associated with the Kamakura régime (the thirteenth century) and that of the Ashikaga shoguns (from the fourteenth century through the sixteenth), the native narrative style persisted alongside the revived hieratic style and the refinements borrowed from late Sung painting. The Yamoto scrolls divide into a more ornate and a simpler class. On the one hand we find an ideal chiefly decorative associated with utmost sumptuousness of color and gilding; on the other a preoccupation with effective story telling. Kano Sanraku early in the seventeenth century took up the ornate native style and reëstablished its honor. His admirable picture of the panic caused by the colliding wagons of the female admirers of the fair Prince Genji may be studied in Mr. Taki's album. For elaborate and fantastic movement it may be compared with certain pictures of Old Brueghel. The leader of the new popular or Ukio-ye school, Matahei, a younger contemporary of Sanraku Kano, is also a notable decorator, but, on the whole, derives from the simpler illustrative branch of the Yamoto tradition, of which Hokusai may be regarded as the last great exemplar.

It seems to me the singular merit of Mr. Taki to have made clear the historic continuity between the revered Yamoto style and the too often contemned popular school. Very generally, the Japanese purists have condemned the Ukio-ye masters as triflers, or, worse, as traitors to the standards set by the priestly or Kano school. Such criticism emphasizes certain important facts. The popular school has had its defects of languor, of sentimentality, and of overemphasis. Its taste has wavered with its morals; it never has had the severe standards that have guided the Japanese revivers of the Sung style, nor yet the discretion that has characterized such uncompromising æsthetes as Sotatsu, Kôrin, and Hoitsu. But, while it is permissible to prefer these aristocratic manifestations of Japanese genius, it is obviously unfair to rule out an avowedly popular art for lack of aristocratic flavor. We do not hold it against Charles Keene that he failed to produce the "Tanagra" pastels of Whistler or the delightful mediævalisms of Burne-Jones; and I think we should be foolish to measure the charming masters of the color prints against the esoteric refinement of Kôrin or the tenuous sublimity of Sesshu. And while these humbler illustrators of Japan obviously fall short in specific Far Eastern idealism, for that very reason they represent a very precious native quality: the capacity for finding beauty near at hand and in common things. They touch hands with generations of Japanese artisans who, through imitation, have achieved style —not the greatest style, but one infinitely adroit, winning, and preëminently Japanese.

III.

The Kamakura shogunate witnessed a masculine reaction against Fujiwara sensibility, established the feudal ideal, and initiated the Samurai code of honor. Religion assumes a sterner cast. A tonic hero-worship pervades the islands. Portraiture begins to flourish alongside the old hieratic art, and the narrative style of Yamoto achieves new triumphs. A precious screen depicting the Heiji campaign, in the Boston Museum, shows the power of the military painters of this heroic age. Its triumphs, however, are in sculpture. Its painting chiefly infused a more manly spirit into existing forms. To the already ample iconography of Buddhism it adds hells of grotesque horror.

The sway of the Ashikaga shoguns corresponds significantly with the European Renaissance. It was a period when the Japanese mind deliberately aroused and fortified itself by re-perusal of the *exemplaria Græca* of India and China. The new shoguns emulated the contemporary Medicis and Gonzagas in hospitality to new thought and exotic forms of beauty. The painter priest Soami revives the Sung manner in ætherialized form, and invents the art of planning gardens symbolically. Soon the refined monotony of the tea ceremony is reduced to a code, tea-houses arise in calculated and expensive simplicity. Humble brown tea-jars become priceless for accidents of potting and firing appreciable only by the elect. The Samurai conceal their magnificent swordblades, the work of famous smiths, in simple wooden scabbards with the bark on. Beauty is achieved through renunciation.

In the Zen philosophy the soul of the time finds truest expression. Since the world is a flux, and nothing is permanent or valuable in itself, man must create within the vast illusion his own values and his personal sense of duration. Things are absolutely on a parity, equally important or equally negligible as they are perceived. A philosopher must consent to the flux for the sake of great contemplative moments which may be snatched from the universal purposeless movement. The smallest event will feed the thinking soul. Beauty must be sought where it lies obscurely. The obvious must be avoided. Amid illusion the unlikeliest places may become our coign of vantage. Our part is to cultivate a precise gentleness and expectancy, never to force things or to pretend. The soul must borrow the honorable trenchancy, the veiled splendor of the sword. Excess is the most heinous vice. The Zen symbol for a wantonly foolish person was a monkey reaching down for the reflection of the moon in the water. If he succeeds, he shatters the beauty for which he stupidly yearned. Such is the penalty for grasping at illusion as if it were reality.

With the Zen priest Sesshu, whose activity covers the latter half of the fifteenth century, the theory of the flux produces works of art, the most durable and satisfactory that Japan can boast. Sesshu draws his inspiration from the India-ink painters of the early Sung dynasty. He made a triumphal progress through China where his austere dexterity put to shame the trivial elegance of the contemporary Ming artists. Where Sesshu differs from his exemplars is in the impetuous economy of his stroke. He outdoes the Chinese at their own game of expressive syncopation. Few Western drawings are so instinct with the actual nervous tension of the artist. The landscapes and the rare figure subjects of Sesshu reveal a disciplined breathlessness. He has pushed emotion to the breaking point without losing control. One likes to think that he was the contemporary of Rogier de la Pasture, Sandro Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci.

There is in the Imperial Museum at Tokio a Summer Landscape by Sesshu which for generations served as a model for the Kano painters. In the foreground a few velvety dots and dashes indicate no definite form, but suggest keenly the sense of trees and shrubs pushing up from the water's edge. We have the feeling of growth abstracted from individual growing things. Above, twin crags loom thinly through mist that veils their roots. At the top of the tall strip a square mass of calligraphic writing repeats the tone and in a manner the strokes of the foreground. Such a picture is essentially a hieroglyph. A trained eye will yield to its fascination and will read something of its meaning; an untrained eye will make nothing of it whatever. In other moods Sesshu is vivid to the point of explicitness. There is a landscape scroll in the collection of Prince Motoakira Mori, the geological precision of which rivals certain drawings of Dürer. A basaltic causeway zigzags back into the picture at the right. Its tip is tufted with strong cedars profiled against the sky, and a spur of rock overhangs a pagoda set on the edge of the central ravine. The gulf itself is full of mist, but tree tops rise into the light and an exquisite pine shrub caught in a crag at the left seems to beckon to its great fellows below. Overlapping ridges cut across the ravine in the far distance. The pagoda is sketched with a crispness that makes it akin to the cedars and the neighboring crag, the basalt causeway gives the sense of actual mass and weight, of being deeply rooted below the inhabited surface of the earth. In such a picture the cosmic quality of Chinese landscape assumes a more individual and intense expression. No one who has seen this picture of Sesshu can forget it. Indeed, it will take its place with actual memories of nature. I shall be able to forget it only when I can forget how the buttresses of Staffa looked summers ago. All of the peculiar restrained energy of Japan is in the painting of Sesshu. It is he who best gives form to her tenuous yet potent idealism. Of the chivalry of the Ashikaga period, he is the herald. His influence was potent through the century that closed with the thunder of Hideyoshi's drums and the desperate emprise in Korea.

IV.

Sesson and the priestly school follow the example of Sesshu at a distance, or, rather, they modify his teaching by consulting his own early Chinese models. Sesson is in his degree a great painter; so are the two earlier Kanos, Masonobu and Montonobu. These men seek the energy of stroke of their great predecessor, but their quality is softer, their manner a little less spontaneous, and except for Sesson, who anticipates certain *finesses* of the æsthetic school of the seventeenth century, the Kanos tend to run out in a stereotyped pseudo-classicism. Near the end

of the seventeenth century Kano Tanyu made superb imitations of Sesshu, but his resonant echo of Zen painting is exceptional. The heroic age of Japan was passing. The traditionalists of the Chinese manner are becoming a stale survival. An age of splendor and ease is to pervert the Zen teaching to Corinthian uses, and corresponding to this age a new and purely æsthetic school exempt from hieratic prescriptions and Chinese predominance. With Sotatsu and Kôrin the new art of Japan is born, the art that, decadent, still holds the bazaars; the art which in its eighteenth-century exuberance captured the imagination of Whistler and the Goncourts. How far Sotatsu and Kôrin drew upon the ornate Yamoto style, lately revived by Sanraku, what hints they took from the hieratic polychromy, it would be difficult to say. In any case, their screens display a sumptuousness of gold and pigment new even in Japan. Nature was surely their chief teacher. Her lovely textures, in water, bark of trees, softness of flowers, gloss of gourd and fruit, glint of metal and stone, they studied with passionate fidelity. Following nature again, they threw over the consecrated linear formula inherited from China, and painted, as nature herself paints, in lineless masses of tint and tone. Yet the art remains primarily decorative. Nature is used merely as a repertory of motives, the combination in the actual work of art is highly abstract and conventional. Certain refinements of tone and arrangement reach their limits in Sotatsu, Kôrin, and their eighteenth-century follower, Hoitsu. A kind of canon of asymmetry is attained. Compared with these men, Whistler seems merely a gifted amateur and lacking in precision of means. As a by-product, these men cultivated also the peculiar snobbisms of the artistic temperament. Kôrin himself could paint only in full dress and seated upon a brocade cushion. "I must feel like a daimio while I create," he remarked. No man has gone further in seeking remote forms of beauty, no one has better illustrated the solitary, superior, anti-social conception of the artist, and the exquisiteness of his work partakes of decadence, and his influence soon led to mere ingenuity and prettiness. In the eighteenth century the æsthetic movement is already overripe, in the nineteenth the tenth-rate attenuations of Kôrin's manner will be hurried across the seven seas to satisfy the gimcrack seekers of the Western world. Like the rococo movement in Europe, we have a transient and most poignant grace, an assertion of the worth and the underlying sadness of pleasure, an ideal comprised in line manners and chastened voluptuousness. But the rococo of France dies with Sedan, while that of Japan survives Port Arthur.

The real art of latter-day Japan, despite the purists, is not found in the various eclecticisms and revivals, but in the continued tradition of Ukio-ye. And now the popular school, which dominated the islands for the two hundred years preceding the death of Hokusai, 1849, has in turn yielded the day. There have been heroic and meritorious efforts to revive the Zen manner, but these attempts have not reached the national consciousness. For three centuries, Japanese sentiment has been social and realistic, and it seems as if these motives must guide any artistic revival of national scope. It is to be hoped that Japan may content herself with her own tradition and that of kindred China. Could there be a greater calamity than that the nation which has produced the most splendid hieratic painting, the idealism of Sesshu, the æstheticism of Kôrin, the apostolic succession of illustrators from the pioneers of the Yamoto style to Hokusai, that this nation should consent to be artistically a provincial appanage of Paris? May that omen be averted, is the prayer of all catholic lovers of art.

V.

In our rapid progress through the art of China and Japan, much has naturally been made of national differences. I may have given the impression that we are dealing with a very special sort of humanity beyond the reach of European sympathy and understanding. Personally, I could wish that the Kiplingesque cant concerning East and West might be abated, so that one could examine real differences without seeming to imply an impassable gulf. There is, as a matter of fact, nothing in the art of China and Japan that a person really trained in European art cannot appreciate. I mean a patient, open-minded person whose eye has kept something of the adventurous quality. In studying painting in its most diverse manifestations, I am increasingly impressed with the kinship existing between the finest things of whatever nation or time. The other day I noted the wind-blown reeds in the foreground of Ruysdael's Mill at Amsterdam and was struck by a vague resemblance. The touch and the feeling, on reflection, were identical with that of certain reeds in a Kano painting on my own walls. Mr. Cortissoz in his delightful memoir of John La Farge tells how La Farge, as a fitting greeting for the Japanese critic, Okakura Kakuzo, procured him the view of some fine Rembrandt etchings. To them the pilgrim knelt and said, "This is what the great Chinese black-and-white masters tried to do." And, indeed, the far Eastern painters share Rembrandt's scorn of the unfelt and uninterpreted appearance, his passionate devotion to light and shade as conveyers of emotion, his love of the single energetic stroke, his royal disregard of mere facts, his habit of painting with his soul.

In these essays on the painting of China and Japan, I have gladly taken the risks of an admiration as ignorant as it is profound. The facts I have perforce taken at second hand, and doubtless I shall have written much to make a judicious expert grieve. But there is nothing second hand about the thrill these lovely works evoke. Any great expression of the human spirit must come home to a sensitive intelligence. The way to art is through art, and the critic is merely an explorer seeking new kindred for us. Later comes the ethnologist and measures their heads, an important but a colder process. As a belated explorer, then, my humble part is to say that this land is delectable and that all who really love their early Sienese painters, Mantegna, Botticelli, Rembrandt, may enter fearlessly.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

"Temperamental and Architectural Refinement," a study of asymmetries in mediæval churches, by William H. Goodyear, is in the autumn list of publications announced by the Yale University Press.

Dr. Georg Loeschcke has been appointed successor to Prof. Kekulé von Stradonitz as director of the Archæological Museum in Berlin. Dr. Loeschcke, one of the most eminent archæologists of the day, is well known for his frequent contributions on Greek vase painting, and, as professor at the University of Bonn, has exercised great influence on the education of young archæologists.

René Binet, the architect, whose death is announced at the age of forty-four, was born at Sens, and studied at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He designed the Maison des Comédiens at Pont-aux-Dames, and among other things the Cours la Reine at the Exhibition of 1900.

Finance

THE BREAK ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Since the closing days of July, an all but continuous decline has been in progress on the Stock Exchange. During this period of three or four weeks, the shrinkage in value of important stocks has ranged from 10 to 25 points. The pressure of sales has been so constant and heavy as to suggest unmistakably that very large holders were liquidating their accounts; yet who those liquidating holders were, and why they insisted on selling progressively at the decline, no one seemed able to say. There were those who ascribed the whole movement to "the bears"; but "bears" do not sell borrowed stock unless they know of real stock pressing on the market. Others ascribed it to the Government's policy in railway rates

and public inquiries; but all that policy was clearly visible a year ago, when Stock Exchange prices were advancing rapidly.

Some other facts—an admittedly disappointing grain harvest, the absence (perhaps because of that) of vigorous trade recovery, and the imminence of a Presidential campaign—were assigned as an explanation, and they seemed to apply. But while they may have explained the general phenomenon of lower prices, they did not explain the character of this month's decline. For a fortnight past, no casual judgment on the stock market could be obtained in Wall Street which did not contain the statement that the market was a mystery. It did not do what it should have done. It would seem to be "sold out" and on the eve of a vigorous recovery, yet it would decline again next day. It would be treated to one of those "overnight advances by way of London" which, by starting the next day's market off at a rise of 2 points or so, used to bring in a host of other buyers; yet on this occasion these potential other buyers would sit apathetically before the blackboards, wondering in an idle way why the overnight support of the market was not continued. Traditions which the experience of 1909 and 1908 and 1906 and 1905 had appeared to fix as immutable principles on the Stock Exchange, seemed to be wholly inapplicable to the market of 1911.

But after all, the times change and we change along with them, and it may be worth while to ask whether some of these very traditions did not impress the Wall Street of a decade or so ago as novelties and mysteries. There was never a stock market which appeared to be so surcharged with occult influences as the market of April, 1901. It all but awakened superstition. The best explanation that the man in the street could find for the things which happened was that the Captains of Industry were using an absolutely inconceivable personal wealth to buy up and bid up, regardless of its price, every property listed on the Stock Exchange. The fact that no human being had ever done such a thing before, or thought of doing it, made no difference. How else could you explain the market? In the end, the very men who were busiest on the Stock Exchange resorted on their own account to the theory that the laws of political economy had been revised, and that the science of Wall Street movements must hereafter be based on a brand-new set of axioms.

Yet all this state of mind resulted from three things which every one could see, and which, a very few months later, every one understood—that powerful financiers were competing with one another to get an interest in certain corporations; that prices not only went on rising, but refused to decline when Wall Street said it was time for them to do so, and that the outside public was buying heavily, because of its absolute confidence in the future. There are three things in the present market which all the world can see—that powerful financiers, for whatever reason, have been withdrawing from some of their investments; that prices have of late not merely continued to decline but have refused to rise when Wall Street declared a recovery to be in order, and that the outside public has refused to buy, presumably because of uncertainty about the future.

This is a fairly close antithesis; it will at least suggest that there can have been no more fundamental mystery on the one occasion than on the other. It may perhaps be suggested that the contrast is discouraging to people of the present day, in so far as it shows an underlying spirit of doubt and pessimism in 1911 as against the confidence and optimism of exactly a decade ago. But it must be remembered that at the very moment when the stock market of 1901 was exhibiting such boundless enthusiasm as seemingly to indicate a financial position too strong for anything to shake it, the position was shown by the event to have been actually honeycombed with weakness. There were prosperous years after 1901, but there was never any such "bull market" afterward.

The causes which operate to bring about long declines in stocks are five in number. Large capitalists and holders of securities may be in difficulties of their own and be forced to sell. Foreign markets in which our securities are lodged may have been forced to realize through troubles of their own. The banks, from whom the speculative holders of stocks have borrowed money, may have been forced to call their loans. The public generally may be poor, and in no condition to invest on the former scale. Or, finally, that community may have reached the judgment, more or less instinctive, that prices were too high to be warranted by the course of underlying events, and may therefore have suspended buying until prices more close to its ideas are reached, or, in the case of some large investors, may have sold.

The first three causes have either been non-existent on the present occasion, or can have operated only in moderate degree. The fourth may possibly be in evidence, as a result of unsatisfactory business conditions in the past year or more, and of the failure of trade recuperation to begin this summer, as was hoped six months ago. The last-named cause—unwillingness on the public's part to buy because prices seemed too high—is likely to have been present in any long decline. But the point of interest at the present juncture is, that the Stock Exchange has been meeting the public's views in that regard, and offering its securities on a progressively more inviting basis. It has already lowered its prices heavily. That is what settles matters in the markets for commodities; and the Stock Exchange, too, is dealing with consumers.

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The Week

Senator Cummins's definite announcement of opposition to the renomination of President Taft and support of La Follette carries the Insurgent revolt still more into the open. That the Senator from Wisconsin would rally his followers against the head of his party at the next National Convention has long been certain. It has not been certain how much aid and comfort he would receive outside of his own State. The declaration of the Senator from Iowa shows that in one other rock-ribbed Republican State at least a determined effort will be made to send anti-Taft delegates to the Convention. Senator Cummins is sufficiently in earnest to sink his own claims for leadership for the sake of the Insurgent cause, a fact which Mr. Taft's managers will not fail to appreciate. The most significant part of his statement is concerned with the tariff, that rock upon which the party has split. He has no confidence in the fulfilment of the President's roseate prophecy of ninety days and real revision. On the contrary, he bluntly says that the country need not expect tariff changes at the next regular session of Congress, and, what brings out the actual nature of his position, he holds the President responsible for the failure. The Democratic House, in his opinion, will take revenge upon Mr. Taft for his vetoes by refusing to accept any of his recommendations for revision. In this forecast Mr. Cummins may be mistaken, but no one will question that his mature decision against the President portends trouble for the Republicans, not so much in their Convention as at the polls in the November following.

One point in Speaker Clark's reply to the President is forcibly stated. It is that Mr. Taft is staking everything on the coming reports of Government clerks, as collated and interpreted by tbe Tariff Board. But to label any statement "official" or "Government" is by no means to guarantee that it is infallible. We recently had a striking illustration of this in the special report of a Government agent on the Harvester Trust. This was put out solemnly as "official" in the highest degree, but the counsel to the Harvester Company had no difficulty in showing that it was stuffed with the most egregious blunders. Matters of common knowledge and matters of record were ignored or misunderstood or misstated, in a way to invite the sharpest correction; yet it was a sacred "Government" document which was thus riddled. How can President Taft be sure that similar blunders will not be exposed in the reports of the Tariff Board? Yet with a kind of superstitious regard for what is "official" he bids us all to suffer and to wait, and risks the whole future of his Administration and his party on a lot of information to be gathered by employees of the Tariff Board, who may prove to be as great bunglers as the agent who messed up the Harvester business.

The parcels post is now really in sight if, as would seem to appear from the statements of Postmaster-General Hitchcock, the Administration is going to make a determined effort to obtain authority for its establishment on rural mail routes. In his recent testimony before the Postal Commission in New York city, and again in Washington on Monday, Mr. Hitchcock came out strongly for this enlargement of the postal service. As soon as the plan is worked out on the rural routes, Mr. Hitchcock will extend the service to other communities, so that packages can be delivered by city carriers. Such a development ought to increase the revenue far beyond the expense involved, and would at least bring the United States postal service up to the level of that on the Continent and in England. The only question is whether the express companies, which have heretofore exercised the veto power, will again be able to prevent the adoption of this reform. It does not seem as if that were now likely. The hold of corporations upon politics has been so shaken—they have lost their Senator from the United States Express Company—that it ought to be no longer possible to delay the needed legislation. Mr. Taft must be anxious to have such a great reform to the credit of his Administration, if his Postmaster-General is allowed to advocate it so unreservedly.

If the United States Senators from the New England States had issued a manifesto to the cotton manufacturers last August—declaring that cotton ought to be much lower in price, that it would be lower but for the New Orleans "bulls," and urging the mills not to buy any cotton for more than 10 cents a pound—one may imagine the outcry which would have resulted. But a group of United States Senators and Representatives from the Southern States have seen fit to issue a manifesto asserting on their personal responsibility that cotton is too low; arguing that nothing but the "New York bears" is responsible for the decline; advising the cotton growers, over the Senatorial signatures, not to sell for less than 13 cents, as against a present farm price of twelve or less, and urging the banks to lend money for the purpose. Among the signatories to this curious document, one is somewhat bewildered to find Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, who does not ordinarily indulge in the philosophy which regards an abundant yield of necessaries of life as a menace to prosperity, and the consequent low prices to consumers as a disaster to be averted by artificial means. Yet his appearance on such a platform is hardly more interesting than the fact that Senator Owen of Oklahoma, the militant censor of the money power, should be appealing to the banks to contribute funds for holding staple products off the market.

We are aware that the Senatorial round robin professes to base its advice on a study of statistics. It pronounces the estimate of a fifteen-million-bale crop (apparently borrowed from Southern estimators) to be outrageously high. But even if that estimate were to be correct, prices have no business to fall; and, anyway, it is "the bears" who are putting them down. This certainly strikes us as a rather pitiful business. It is perfectly true that the cost of raising cotton and the cost of a farmer's living are higher than they used to be. But it is also true that even the thirteen-cent price has been reached in only

five of the twenty-five past years, and that the Southern planter received for his cotton crop of the season past—not a scanty yield by any means—a price so abnormally high as utterly to paralyze the consuming trade. A year ago this month, the cotton market reached a height never before attained in this country, except in paper-money days and in the speculative mania of 1836. Such a market, through the resultant dislocation of the spinning industry, pointed to a compensatory fall in prices when a "bumper" crop should be produced again, as the single means of bringing producer and consumer again in touch with one another. That this Senatorial manifesto should appear on the heels of such an instructive economic episode as last year's severe prostration of the West, in consequence of the break-down of a similar attempt to hold up the price of wheat by borrowing bank money to keep it off the market, is not the least singular aspect of the affair.

The reform forces in Philadelphia have made distinct progress within the last few days. Mr. D. C. Gibboney's frank announcement of his candidacy has narrowed the contest for the Keystone Party's nomination to himself and Rudolph Blankenburg. Between these two men there should be a spirited but friendly struggle that should inspire the entire reform forces. Moreover judging by their records in the past, the candidate defeated in the primaries will turn in and work hard to insure the election of his rival. Philadelphia is really to be congratulated upon the whole Mayoralty situation; a three-cornered fight between two machine candidates and Gibboney or Blankenburg would stir the whole city. Certain it is that if the fighting becomes bitter enough, either in the primaries or before the election, some inside facts about the organization and its now quarrelling leaders may see the light of day and serve to educate the people as to just what has been going on. As for the Democratic party, there is not much of it left in Philadelphia; but if its leaders show the same spirit and energy which have marked the process of reorganizing in the State, it ought not to be difficult to induce them to fuse with the Keystone forces.

Mr. Taft's arguments, stated in Rochester last week, to support his contention that neither the Monroe doctrine nor our established policy with regard to immigration can be made a subject for arbitration, are wholly convincing. The Monroe policy has been specifically mentioned by Sir Edward Grey as one of the questions that would not fall within the terms of the arbitration treaty. The regulation of immigration is recognized by international law as being everywhere a domestic problem subject to no outside restriction. But Mr. Taft might have gone farther and emphasized the point that it is not "policies" that come up for arbitration, but specific cases. The Joint High Commission will probably never be called upon to decide whether the Monroe Doctrine is a just doctrine or whether our immigration laws are just laws. At most it may be called upon to pass judgment on a specific matter that may involve the Monroe Doctrine or our immigration policy. But as far as America's representatives on the High Commission are concerned, the mere fact that either of these policies is involved would mean that the case under consideration is not justiciable. The only danger we face is that our representatives on the High Commission may fall into error and decide that a submitted case does not involve questions of fundamental policy, when in point of fact it does.

An article by Mr. John Corbin in the *World's Work*, dealing with the reasons for the failure of the New Theatre, raises a doubt whether the project when revived next year in a new house and on a reduced scale will fare any better. The former literary director of the New Theatre acknowledges that the great size of the auditorium and the poor judgment displayed in the arrangement of seats were among the causes that led to disappointment. But he goes on to argue that the fundamental trouble consisted in the fact that the New Theatre was a millionaires' undertaking, whereas the art of the theatre is essentially democratic. No theatre can succeed that does not make its appeal to the broad masses, and the masses were decidedly not attracted by the air of high social function that encompassed the great building on Central Park West. But will the masses be more tolerant of endowed performances even in a smaller house? Mr. Corbin declares that in the new building, there will be no founders' boxes or other visible signs of distinction. That may help. Yet it will probably take years of fine acting and good plays before the New Theatre lives down its reputation as an institution fostered by men of wealth. There is an injustice in this, for their public spirit and intentions were of the best, but it is one of the facts that must be reckoned with.

Interest in the coming golf tournament for the amateur championship will be heightened by the announcement, now definite, that the British amateur champion is on his way to take part in the competition. No Englishman of Mr. Hilton's golfing prominence has hitherto sought to measure himself against our best in this way, though on one occasion, a Canadian, Mr. Lyon, worked his way to the finals. Hilton is unquestionably a formidable player, able to hold his own with all but the very top-notch professionals, as he showed once more in the recent open championship in England. Yet the chances must always be against any one man's being able to keep ahead all the way from the qualifying round to the finals, when he meets a strong field. To say nothing of the element of luck, which enters into the most skilful playing and may run against the really more capable golfer, there have to be considered all the subtle questions of physical condition and "state of the soul" on a given day, which any thorough-paced golfer will tell you may make all the difference in the world without the player's knowing why. Strange greens and unfamiliar climate also make against the foreign visitor. He has, besides, to go on meeting player after player keyed up to do his best, any one of whom may chance to play a particular round way under par, or by some phenomenal burst defeat the better man. With all these things to be taken into the reckoning, it must still be said that so seasoned and competent a player as Mr. Hilton is certain to give a fine account of himself, and that he may very well prove to be the man to take golfing vengeance for the defeat of the best English amateurs, a few years ago, by Walter Travis.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Asso-

ciation—the high-tariff organization of the Dominion, with 2,600 members scattered over the nine provinces—is to hold its annual convention at Toronto in September. The phrasing of the call that has been sent out for the convention is significant. "From a business standpoint," it reads, "this year's convention will be of greater importance in many ways than any of its predecessors. The tariff question has been projected into the foreground through the introduction of the reciprocity proposals. No doubt this will prove the most important item on the agenda; and the Association's policy will have to be enunciated once again with the strength of its whole membership." The fair inference is that the Manufacturers' Association has at last been compelled to abandon the aggressive, after years of success along that line. With the adoption of the policy of reciprocity, the turning point in Canada has been reached; and henceforward it should seem that the Association must be on the defensive, and that the record will be not of advantages gained at Ottawa, but of ground lost. Reciprocity ends at a stroke the long delusion that tariffs have protected the farmer. The mergers of the last three years in Canada are almost as threatening to the existing tariff as is reciprocity or the agitation by the farmers. Nor does this end the enumeration of forces now assailing the protective system in the Dominion. The influence of this country has made itself felt in support of protection in Canada; and as the United States recedes from a high protective policy, its example and influence will again tell across the border, though in an opposite direction.

Satisfaction which we fear is malicious is taken by the Dublin *Sinn Fein* in pointing out that Lord Halsbury, the doughty English upholder of crusted Toryism and the sworn enemy of Irish aspirations, is himself of Irish descent. "His great-grandfather," it is alleged, "was a Murphy of Oularteierg in Wexford," and his grandfather was "the notorious Jack Gifford, sheriff of Dublin." Without vouching for these genealogical details, we merely remark that, if authentic, they illustrate the old contention, which we believe that G. B. Shaw has adopted, that whenever you find a man whom you take to be typically English, it is safe to conclude that he is an Irishman. The discovery in Lord Halsbury's case is particularly delicious because he has just been exemplifying conspicuously the traditional English qualities of bluff downrightness with the courage never to submit or yield even when it is a question of submitting to the inevitable. But the other inference also lies in the incident, namely, that Irishmen are able to attain eminence as rulers of all countries except their own.

The retirement of the Austrian Minister of War, Baron von Schönaich, because of friction with the heir to the Austrian throne, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, has led to some frank talk in the Continental papers about this royal personage. It is an open secret that the War Minister resigned because he found himself similarly blocked and harassed. "In Austria," says a Berlin newspaper, "people keep quiet about the heir to the throne because of dislike and fear, and in Germany because of dislike and so-called tact." And then it proceeds to open its batteries upon him without mercy. It is generally believed that since Franz Ferdinand became the heir there has been nothing but intrigue, quarrelling, laying of mines, setting of traps, and all other phases of war as it is carried on behind the curtains of a court, because of the question whether his wife shall be deemed worthy to be Empress and her children shall stand on the steps to the throne. In addition, it has long been an open secret that Franz Ferdinand is under strong clerical influence. It is even freely stated in Vienna that he is not only hard at work for the benefit of the Papacy, but in favor of an open breach with the Italian Government. Altogether the situation is one to cause considerable unrest, and to do anything but make cheerful the old age of Franz Joseph.

King Alfonso of Spain has often shown himself an affable and democratic monarch, but he outdid himself on Monday in receiving a veteran Spanish republican. The King assured him that he had a right to hold what political opinions he pleased, and that they need make no difference whatever in his personal relation to Alfonso. The latter asserted, half jestingly, no doubt, that he was a believer in monarchy because he had been born heir to the crown. Being a King was his business; but "who knows that one day we shall not all be republicans?" Such expressions, even if not entirely serious, will make the clerical and political absolutists in Spain shake their heads over the young monarch more sadly than before. But they ought to see that his attitude is wiser than theirs. The lingering republican movement in Spain might be given new strength by a harsh and continuous assertion of autocratic principles by the throne; but to tolerate it and be friendly with it and on good terms with its leaders is the best way of keeping it in abeyance. The talk of a republic in England, not so rare or so absurd thirty years ago, has almost completely died out, mainly in consequence of the growing democratization of monarchical institutions. King Alfonso may be taking a lesson from English experience; he is certainly offering one to his brother at Potsdam.

The career of Theophile Braga, provisional President of the Portuguese Republic, recalls the statesmen-philosophers of the classic world. Scholar and man of books, he was summoned to take the lead in erecting a new political system for Portugal on the ruins of the one his teachings had helped to undermine. In the provisional government that he organized it was rumored that the actual leadership was in the hands of certain of his associates whose political methods were not entirely based on a study of Aristotle and Puffendorf. Yet it cannot be imagined that a mere figurehead would have succeeded in maintaining harmony among conflicting interests and ambitions, as Braga has done. The infant republic had serious problems to face. The loyalty of the army and navy, through which the revolution had been brought about, had to be carefully guarded. Recurrent labor troubles had to be dealt with. Above all, there was the possibility of a Monarchist uprising which, though not threatening now, might easily have become so under an unwise administration. Now that the Constituent Assembly has worked out a new scheme of government for Portugal and chosen a permanent President, Theophile Braga retires to private life with the satisfaction of seeing his work rounded out.

MR. TAFT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It would require Hosea Biglow to do justice to the President's address to the Massachusetts Republicans on Saturday. In it there is so much confusion of argument, so erroneous an estimate of actual political conditions in Massachusetts, and so complacent a way of making the praise and glory of the Republican party come out in the conclusion, no matter what the premises, as fairly to invite satiric comment. But a plain statement is sufficient. Any one who will take up the President's speech point by point will not be left in much doubt regarding its political futility.

In the first place, the President asserts that national issues ought to be injected into the State election next November. This is certainly not always a sound principle; Mr. Taft was not of that mind when he urged Ohio Republicans to defeat Boss Cox; and if we look at the reasons which he assigns this time we are deeply bewildered. He calls upon Massachusetts to give a favorable verdict upon the work of the extra session. Its chief aim and virtually sole achievement was, as the President states, approval of the Canadian reciprocity agreement. An "expression of opinion" on this result, the President does not see how the people of Massachusetts "can withhold." But if they were to take him at his word, they might well conclude that the thing to do was to vote for the reëlection of a Democratic Governor! For who was it who raised the banner of Canadian reciprocity in Massachusetts? It was Gov. Foss. Who ardently advocated the measure as against the Republican Governor and Senator Lodge, canvassed the State on that issue, and was triumphantly elected? Why, it was the Democratic Governor who will be a candidate again this year, and a vote for whom by Republicans should seem a logical carrying out of the President's urging that reciprocity be made a State issue this year. There are no Congressmen to be elected, and so the direct way to do what Mr. Taft advises would be to plump for the original friend and champion of reciprocity—Gov. Foss!

As ill-timed and inappropriate was the President's remark that, if he had signed the wool bill and the other tariff-reduction measures, nothing could have been expected but "a most serious business depression," especially in Massachusetts, whose "industries" the bills were "not framed for the purpose of helping." This is a bit laughable, coming on the heels of the announcement of a concerted shut-down of factories in Massachusetts and New England generally, despite the fact that the tariff bills were vetoed, and at the same time with the notice publicly served by the president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway that business conditions are so bad and the outlook so poor that men must be laid off, trains discontinued, and every possible form of retrenchment enforced. If the voters of Massachusetts really do import all these matters into their State election this year, their ballots may not have the names on them that the President would recommend.

Mr. Taft's other references to tariff questions are little satisfying. In his attack upon the bills which he vetoed, he declares that they were put together in the old vicious method of "log-rolling." But this is surely not accurate. The typical and historic log-rolling by which tariff bills have been framed is that between special interests. It is the kind of thing that we saw exemplified in the McKinley bill, in which a bounty on the maple-sugar of Vermont was written as the price of getting votes for something else. Free hides were knocked out of the Dingley bill by a similar sort of barter. That was the true system of tariff log-rolling, and nobody but the President has alleged that anything of the kind entered into the drafting of the wool bill. The fact that the House enacted one set of rates, the Senate another, and that a compromise was finally agreed upon is no proof at all of log-rolling in the old and noxious sense. In asserting that it is, the President was ill-advised.

And even on the main question, his "key-note" speech, as his Massachusetts address is already called, gives an uncertain sound. He prides himself on having vetoed the wool bill, yet is forced to admit: "It may be that there were rates in it which would constitute only a proper reduction." That is the position which he is bound to take, self-contradictory as it seems, for he argues that "nobody knows" until the Tariff Board shall have reported; and the President must be ready to advocate even greater reductions in the wool schedule if the Tariff Board says they ought to be made. Mr. Taft makes no bones of conceding this. He declares that the popular demand is for tariff revision and that the Republican party is "under an obligation as soon as opportunity comes" to carry it through. But this comes down to nothing except an exhortation to the Massachusetts electors in virtually these terms: "Vote to sustain me as the President who vetoed the bill, threatening to cut the duty on woollen manufactures to 50 per cent., and as the President who will next winter urge their being cut to 35 per cent."

The simple truth is that the President was set an impossible task. He was asked to go to Hamilton on Saturday, as he expressed it, to "speak words of encouragement as to the outlook for Republican success." That necessarily meant a certain amount of sophistication and special pleading. For the ominous facts were known to every one of Mr. Taft's hearers, as to the whole country, and they are (1) that on the issue of Canadian reciprocity one-half of his own party refused to follow the President; (2) that the Insurgent faction continues to be hostile and dangerous; and (3) that on the question of tariff revision the Republican party is in a jumble of inconsistencies, insincerities, and uncertainties. The job of getting "good cheer" out of such a situation is considerably more difficult than extracting sunshine from cucumbers. It is not surprising that the President failed.

THE COST OF CIVIL PENSIONS.

From Senator Cummins of Iowa, chairman of the Committee on Civil Service, we have received a copy of Mr. Herbert D. Brown's comprehensive monograph entitled a "Savings and Annuity Plan" for the retirement of superannuated civil-service employees. Senator Cummins is of the opinion that his committee will probably take up this far-reaching question at the next session of Congress and endeavor to report a bill "to accomplish this much-needed reform." Meanwhile, he hopes for further light on the subject. That his committee may speedily obtain this everybody must wish. The evil of superannuation steadily grows worse. We doubt if any previous Administration found the evil so great as has Mr. Taft's. Vir-

tually every one of his bureau chiefs has reported strongly upon the subject, every Cabinet officer has found his department clogged by aged or physically incapable clerks who stand in the way of greater efficiency, and, above all, of the greater economy upon which Mr. Taft has set his heart.

At first the new Cabinet officer is sure that he can find the way out. He vows that he will so rearrange the offices as to put the drones off by themselves, and he will not let sentiment or mawkish sympathy blind him to the grievous plight of the Government's work. But when it comes to a rearrangement, it is not so easy, after all, and when he takes up the individual cases he is apt to be brought up with a round turn. Thus one Secretary selected an octogenarian for slaughter. But the man produced a letter signed by Abraham Lincoln stating that he had been appointed to that department for especially meritorious services rendered to the President and to the country. Whereupon the proposal to remove that particular clerk fell to the ground. Thus, eventually, every Cabinet officer resigns himself in despair to present conditions and prays that Congress will pass some retiring scheme. That the present Congress has had many plans before it, our readers are aware, and they will doubtless recall that the bill of Congressman Gillett was favorably reported in 1909. After several other modifying bills were introduced, the author of the pamphlet before us prepared a bill which was introduced in the Senate by Senator Perkins, while a similar measure, H. R. 22013, was favorably reported in April of last year. Still another Gillett bill and an excellent draft by Congressman Austin have been introduced in the current year.

Nearly every one in authority being agreed that some such measure is essential, the question of the cost to the clerk and the Government becomes the all-important one. To this question, Mr. Brown devotes considerable attention in his pamphlet. As he points out, the ideal way to begin would be by retiring all superannuated employees forthwith, while compelling all other employees to start at once to save for their own future annuities. If the first were impossible, it is plain that to wait until the accumulations became large enough to retire everybody who ought to go out, would require at least thirty years. Hence the only alternative seems to be to follow the example of New Zealand, and to appropriate annually from the national treasury the necessary sums to carry the system until it is self-supporting. Elaborate calculations cited by Mr. Brown show that to put the Gillett bill into effect throughout the entire Federal service, with pensions limited to $600, would cost the Government $87,055,280 during the next seventy-eight years—until the present clerks were all dead—and $130,581,273, if the Perkins bill, which has no such limit, were to be adopted. Should the experiment be limited to the District of Columbia, it is estimated that it would cost only $400,000 for the first year, on a basis of 1.5 per cent. of salary for each year of service.

This "only $400,000" is noteworthy, because it is the very sum which a committee of the National Civil Service Reform League estimated was the annual loss to the Government because of the failure of clerks seventy years of age and more to do the maximum quantity of work of which a thoroughly efficient clerk is capable. Even the figures quoted above for the entire service do not seem overwhelmingly large, when it is considered that the navy swallows up more than $130,000,000 in a single year, and that the proposed $130,000,000 is to be spread over a period of seventy-eight years. Compared to the annual appropriation for military pensions—$160,000,000 in 1910—it also sinks into insignificance. Nevertheless, it is well to inquire just what this added expense would mean and how it could be met.

Mr. Brown thinks that the plan can be put into operation without additional appropriations by the Government. To prove this he cites the experience of Secretary MacVeagh, who in 1910 undertook to ascertain whether the cost of aged clerks in his department was not greater than the amount that would have to be appropriated under a fair contributory system. Taking the 300 old men in the Treasury, he figured out how much would be left of the present appropriation for their salaries if these veterans were first paid annuities on the scale proposed under the Perkins bill. He found that $400,559 was now expended for their salaries Were annuities on a minimum basis of $360 and a maximum of $1,000 to be paid them, there would be still left $206,251, for which 229 efficient clerks could be hired at $900 a year—an obvious saving to the Government. Indeed, Mr. Brown firmly believes that, while it is difficult to state with absolute precision just what the saving to the Government would be if the superannuated employees were retired, "such statistics as are available would seem to indicate that the amount lost to the Government through the inefficiency of the aged about equals the cost of superannuation" under a reasonable plan. As for the expense of administering such a system, Mr. Brown thinks that twenty-six bookkeepers could take care of the pension system for the entire civil service, and that four bookkeepers at $1,400 could take care of the accounts of the employees in the District of Columbia. Other expenses of administration, including the salary of the head of the office and his assistants, would probably bring the total cost up to $20,000.

LESSONS OF COATESVILLE.

Rather more promptly than analysis usually follows an event, a first-hand study of the Coatesville lynching has been made by Mr. William T. Ellis, who presents his facts and conclusions in the *Continent*. With the incidents of the atrocity itself the whole world, unhappily for our American complacency, is familiar. The gathering of the crowd about the hospital while the echoes of the Sunday evening church-bells were still sounding in its ears; the vain appeals of the frightened nurses over the telephone to the officials and to leading private citizens; the seizure of the victim upon his cot with only the most perfunctory attempt at protecting him by the solitary officer in charge; the barbarous thrusting of him back into the flames, not once nor twice, but three times—these occurrences were told in the newspapers that lay upon Monday morning's breakfast-tables. Sinister as they were, however, they were only the beginning of Coatesville's story. What would her representative men have to say; more, what would they do, when they realized the stigma which a lawless mob had brought upon the place they called home? Not until their answer should be given could it be altogether just to condemn a community which had dispelled the obscurity of its existence by lighting a human flame.

The first fact that meets the investigator is that the representative men were slow in saying anything. Monday went by without any indication that they were disturbed over Sunday's affair. By Tuesday the rest of the world was expressing itself so emphatically that the leaders of public opinion in Coatesville were stirred, and that evening an arrest was made. The main agitation that day, however, was over a local baseball game, except, perhaps, among those who went in and out of the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. They talked of the business men's annual picnic at Reading on Wednesday, and when Wednesday came, a thousand persons attended it. Some "vigorous indignation" Mr. Ellis did hear. It was directed at the newspapers because they had published long accounts of "this thing." How could it "blow over" with some one stirring it up all the time? Mingled with this rage, and mollifying it, was a lurking sense of vanity over the commotion that Coatesville was making. The one leading citizen who was moved at the city's shame did not think that anything more would be done than to put some of the young men in jail for a few years, was troubled over the fact that some prominent families were involved, and declared he would use all his influence to prevent the indictment of the lynchers for murder. The man whom Mr. Ellis describes as "the doddering and fatuous old burgess" apparently voiced the general sentiment when he said that the public would blame nobody if it understood all.

It is this "all" that Mr. Ellis's study enables the public to come nearer comprehending. For, much as we should like to think Coatesville peculiar, abnormal, un-American, this writer makes it impossible. It is, he tells us, a representative American community, "of even a higher type than ordinary." Instead of railing at "this respectable, prosperous, commonplace old Pennsylvania town," he regards it merely as Exhibit A in a study of American life. Before we can accept such a view, with all that it implies, we must be supplied with convincing details of Coatesville's social and political status. Are there not foreigners in Coatesville? There are, Mr. Ellis replies, three thousand of them. But no one, least of all in Coatesville, accuses them of taking part in the crime. The mob of four thousand was drawn from the eight thousand white citizens of American birth. What is more, "Coatesville is a more than ordinarily religious town." Seven Protestant churches, and one Roman Catholic; a Young Men's Christian Association of four hundred members; "politics of the petty, sordid, and dirty kind"; is there anything in these particulars to distinguish Coatesville from a thousand other American towns, or to exclude from its category the particular one that a reader may happen to know best?

For Mr. Ellis the conclusion is irresistible: "The crime of August 13 strikes its roots back into the present-day American character." It was not a race riot, although there was race feeling in the leaders of the mob, due not so much to dislike of the Coatesville negroes as to disappointment over the defeat a year ago of the white champion pugilist by his negro rival. The outbreak, thinks Mr. Ellis, was due partly to frivolous-mindedness, the old Athenian lust for a new sensation; partly to the corner-loafing habit; partly to intemperance; partly to the enervating influence of local politics of the Pennsylvania brand "small-souled officials who were politicians first and executors of the law afterwards"; partly to that provincialism which makes men incapable of considering consequences beyond their own village; and largely to the absence of the conception of loyalty to law, God's or man's. "This will be bad for politics," was the first, instinctive comment of even the county officials, not at Coatesville, but at West Chester, twenty-five miles from Philadelphia. Long ago some one expressed a popular notion in the epigram that God made the country, man the city, and Satan the small town. Perhaps it is not fanciful to see in the town, lacking on the one hand the quietistic and elevating influences of the country, and on the other the opportunities for amusement and the highly organized machinery for order of the city, an entity peculiarly favorable to fits of lawlessness. In such a community, a few bold spirits, seizing upon an apt situation, can readily work their will.

The only things against this explanation are the lynchings which have occurred in such places as Springfield, Ill., and the admission that we do not know what outrages of the same kind we have escaped by virtue of the armies of officers who keep the peace in our crowded centres. The demon that showed himself at Coatesville appeared a few days later in Oklahoma. The crowd that faced the hospital that Sunday night, says Mr. Ellis, was not a bloodthirsty crowd, but seemingly heedless, fundamentally lawless, and eager for any sort of excitement. "Any strong man could have turned them aside." But the strong man was not there, and liberty degenerated into license. It is an old phenomenon, but one that we shall have to suppress if we hope to go some other way than most of the republics before us.

POPULARITY IN STATESMEN.

Mr. James Ford Rhodes, in his article in the September *Scribner's* on the Republican Conventions of 1880 and 1884, deals at some length with the movement to nominate Grant again in the former year. Referring to Grant's return from his tour about the world, he states what is probably the historic truth that "when Grant arrived at San Francisco in September, 1879, he was certainly the most popular man in the United States." The ovations which he received during his entire trip across the country served to heighten the impression of that popularity. But how surely it sank and disappeared when he permitted selfish and unscrupulous politicians to use it for their own purposes, there is no need of an historian to tell us. The fall was swift and grievous. It had a kind of parallel in the experience of that other ex-President who came back to his native land last year, hailed as not only the first citizen of America, but the most prominent man in the world, but who quickly fell from his high estate.

The uncertainty of popular fame is an old sub-division under the general head of the vanity of human wishes. As a breath has created it, so may a breath destroy. To many a victim of the ephemeral nature of popularity, the subject is full of vexation and melancholy, inclining one to pessimism. Outsiders who find it most pleasant to observe from the shore the strugglers on the great deep of public life, see in these ups and downs of popular favor an inviting study. They are not willing to

stop with the attitude of a Coriolanus, despising the very crowd he seeks to cultivate, and maintaining that every reputation conferred by the acclaim of the multitude is necessarily hollow. Nor can we rest content with advising statesmen to strive to attain something like the grim temper of Cromwell, who said, when riding through the cheers of the populace, "Yes, but they would shout even louder if I were on my way to be hanged." Even for so mysterious a matter as popularity, or its sudden and apparently unaccountable loss, there must be causes, although obscure, and it is for the searcher into the more subtle of political phenomena to endeavor to discover them.

The inquirer does not look long before perceiving that in a democracy, avid, like that in Athens, of new things, the readiest way to attain popularity is by speech and the surest way of losing it is by performance. The people seek a sign, and the most flaming sign that a public man can give to-day is the utterance of some party watchword, the fiery declaration of some policy, a resounding oratorical attack upon some hoary abuse. Happy the aspirant for popular applause who does not need to subject his words as big as Pistol's to the cruel test of deeds. In this respect, Mr. Bryan may be accounted singularly fortunate in the fact that he has never attained high office. This leaves him in the lucky position of being able to assert roundly what he would do if he were President, instead of being exposed to the taunt: "We believed you and gave you power only to find that you could not do one of the things which you had promised." It should be something of a comfort, albeit a little cold, to Mr. Bryan to know that no historian will be compelled to say of him that his countrymen would have believed that he would make a good President if he had not been elected President. The *nisi imperâsset* is a sad verdict, and that at least the Nebraskan has escaped.

For a concrete instance illustrating the workings of popularity and unpopularity in public men, the philosophical observer might do well to turn to Gov. Wilson. The high repute in which he has been held in his own State has undergone and is undergoing a certain change. We do not say that his popularity does not remain great. The memory of his wonderful campaign of last year, and of his most effective speaking and leadership, abides. His fame has spread beyond New Jersey, and the very fact that he is so prominently spoken of as the probable nominee of his party for the Presidency next year, obviously sets up a kind of refluent wave from the outside to lift him still higher in his own State. This had its clear evidence in the resolution just adopted by the Democratic State Committee, pledging to him the delegates of New Jersey in the National Convention. Yet it is plain to attentive students of Jersey affairs that Gov. Wilson has entered upon an inevitable period, we will not say of unpopularity, but of declining popularity.

The reason for this is not at all to his discredit; rather the contrary. It springs from the fact that the legislation which he promised last year has been enacted and is now in force, and that thousands of those who called for it do not like it now that they have it. Among these laws must be classed the new statutes regulating party primaries and elections. Thousands of citizens who vaguely maintained that the old system was tyrannous and rotten, are amazed and indignant at discovering all the details of registration and voting through which they must now go. We never dreamed of this, they say; and they go on to ask what Gov. Wilson could have been thinking of to impose such a vexatious measure upon the State. The creation of the Public Utilities Commission has provoked a little of the same sort of criticism, while even more has been caused by the Employers' Liability Act. Excellent people can be heard fairly raging at the discovery that they must insure against accident to any of their servants, or employees, and saying in the most aggrieved tone that if this be reform, they want no more of it. Of course, all such persons are of the class who fondly imagine that an omelet can be made without breaking eggs. It is not probable that the offence they have taken will have any serious results, politically. Gov. Wilson should easily rise above all this sort of fault-finding. But for the present, as we have said, it indicates a certain abatement of his popularity. And the cause is plainly the one above indicated—that is, the peril which a statesman always confronts when he comes to translate his glowing oratory into prosaic legislation.

If popularity goes as well as comes, men in public life may reflect it sometimes comes again as well as goes. Politicians are easily deceived in such matters. They will tell you that a statesman has lost his popular hold, just on the eve of his demonstration that he has it more firmly than ever. Bourke Cockran made his famous sneer at Mr. Cleveland, in the Democratic Convention of 1892, as the man who was highly popular upon every day except election day, only to see the ex-President win a sweeping electoral triumph a few months later. The wisest course for any man in official life, as for his friends, is to be as imperturbable as possible about ebbing and flowing popularity. Mr. Taft entered the Presidency amid extraordinary manifestations of general good will. "This will not last," he said to his intimates. It certainly did not. Within a year he himself was publicly recognizing the truth: "This Administration is not popular." Since then there has been a degree of recovery from the depths: but how it will go later, we have no sure word of prophecy. It is pleasant for statesmen to be popular; but if they are not, they can say to Sempronius that there is something better, and that is to deserve to be.

SUMMER HOBBIES.

Hobbies are among the things that make a man seem human and picturesque. One likes Lowell rather the better for his insisting year in and year out that the English have no sense of humor; and the austerity of President Eliot is softened by his certainty that there is no sport comparable to rowing. Here is a case of two distinguished and, in general, uncompromising minds employing the kind of special pleading that makes the whole world kin—Lowell because his own wit was not always caught in London; President Eliot because—we wonder if it is not chiefly because he once pulled a valiant oar on his college crew. Certain personalities give the world a glimpse of their hobbies the year round. But generally it is in this summer season of relaxation that the world at large gets, or fancies it gets, a chance to look into the hearts of its heroes. Then the reporter goes forth with his camera to see if perchance he can find a dandified actor

hoeing potatoes, or a statesman baiting a hook or rebuking a gun when his aim is false. When greatness steps from its pedestal and joins the common run, all the world is happy at the sight.

The English "Who's Who" includes the "recreations" of the persons mentioned. We need not accept as serious hobbies all such confessions, especially that of the cynic who says simply "gout," or another's, "sleeping when I can find time." Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour quite properly have the same preference —golf; after Parliament adjourns, what notable animosities must be whirring in their drives. John Burns is satisfied to box. Bernard Shaw makes a distinction: his exercise is "public speaking"; his recreation is "anything except sport." Rather curiously, William Osler recreates with "bibliography." In the same volume is Col. Roosevelt's own statement, "ranching and big-game hunting on the great plains and in the Rocky Mountains." By comparison, Andrew Lang's mere "cycling" sounds tame. It would have been more illuminating, if, instead of recreation, "Who's Who" had called for hobbies. A recreation is usually taken to mean an out-of-door sport, which attains to being a hobby only if a man brings to it something of a passion, and not if it is undertaken merely for the sake of the exercise. Fishing was a hobby with Grover Cleveland and Joe Jefferson, both of whom planned far ahead for the outing. A hobby is also illustrated in President Taft's unwavering hope that a low score will some day be his on the links. Something more than a passing interest is involved; here are expended the accumulated resolves formed in odd moments during the winter months of professional labor.

Ideally, a summer hobby would keep one out of doors, yet much by one's self. Not only should the body be set to work in unwonted ways, but the mind also Mr. Arnold Bennett is distressed by the sight of men devoting weeks to tennis—all this for the body, and what for the mind? Mr. Bennett has undoubtedly felt the inspiring glow of physical fitness. Yet he would prefer the picture of Gladstone swinging his axe and in spells of resting calling his Homer and Horace to mind, or of Mr. Bryce climbing mountains, but not for want of thought. Getting one's mind off one's daily work should, according to Mr. Bennett, only furnish the opportunity to put it on something else. And the advantage of being apart from one's fellows lies in the fact that the mind then grows philosophical. Stevenson's old Scotch gardener constantly attacked the deep mysteries of the universe; so does many a Maine guide. How much in a similar way is accomplished on the elated or rueful walks between holes in golf, there be many to say. As a matter of pure theory, however, fishing, tramping, gardening, sailing, paddling, and the cycling which still holds its own in England should be of greater avail. For to a sensitive mind companioned only by a heath or a dense wood, there comes usually the desire to reflect largely, to complete the scheme of things—just why the particular shape of the bay, why a giant of the woods has fallen while its huge neighbor stands, and why in a garden the weeds of sin are so much hardier than virtuous plants. Continually the mind is challenged to explain the reason of its being, to summon together into a system its divergent impulses. Perhaps in the process one gains that so-called "irony" proclaimed by Friedrich Schlegel—the power, that is, to choose one's world and for the moment to be supreme in it, untouched by workaday shams. Who shall say that the attitude is entirely dropped when later the shams again become much the order of the day?

We urge our readers to acquire a summer hobby, but we shall not venture to come out in favor of any particular one. What though we truly know the best hobby of them all, is it not the virtue of the other fellow's hobby that he knows equally such another? Your fisherman meets your gardener, when the season is over, and attempts to impress upon him the peerless joys of standing waist-deep in a stream; there's a dragon-fly dipping at a waterbug, there's the most curious hole in the bank, and hour after hour the ripples go by. "Yes," says the gardener, "it must be very nice. But speaking of bugs, I've got the best killer of them all. For a time it looked as though my larkspur and browollia"——. No use; a hobby is chosen, not imposed. But the man without at least a summer hobby knows not the delight that comes in the thick of winter from realizing that a release is in store for him, body and soul.

ADJUSTING RACIAL DIFFERENCES.

LONDON, August 20.

The first Universal Races Congress met in London July 26-29, inclusive, and gathered unto itself beturbaned Persians and Indians, modernized Chinese and Japanese, French-speaking Turks and Egyptians, negroes from South Africa and the United States, American aborigines, and white-faced people from all over the world. The object of the Congress was to discuss, in the light of science and modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called colored peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, friendlier feelings, and a heartier coöperation. The absence from the papers* written for the Congress of the kind of bias which regards a dark skin as the mark of permanent, foreordained inferiority, is most welcome; though it is evident that a desire to hurry along the millennium made some of the writers forget, or lightly remember, the vast difficulties to be overcome.

The scientific and quasi-scientific papers do not present any new material, nor state a new theory. They merely rehash old ideas, giving them, however, a new flavor and freshness. The case for miscegenation, for instance, has been well put by Prof. Earl Finch, a negro member of the faculty of Wilberforce University, who elaborates Thevenot's dictum: "The mulatto can do all that the white man can do; his intelligence is equal to ours," and roundly remarks that people who criticise the products of certain mixed marriages fail to bear in mind the mentally and morally low condition of their progenitors. He emphasizes the trite remark: "The greater number of negroes who have achieved distinction in the United States have been men of mixed blood," and in order to prove his statement that race blending, under favorable circumstances, "produces a type superior in fertility, vitality, and cultural worth to one or both of the parent stocks," says that the census in America "shows that there has been a more rapid increase among mulattoes than among negroes of the purer type." He cites the case of Pitcairn Island, which was settled, in 1790, by nine English mutineers, six Tahitian men, and fifteen Tahitian women. In eighteen years all the Tahitian

*The papers have been collected under the title, "Inter-Racial Problems," and are edited by G. Spiller; the publication of the book in this country is in the hands of The World's Peace Foundation, No. 29 A Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

men had died, leaving only the white men and Tahitian women. The half-breed progeny, as it grew up, intermarried and bore many children, so that by 1855 the population had risen to 200. They were removed to Norfolk Island the next year, and there continued to increase so rapidly that, in spite of the fact that sixteen returned to Pitcairn three years later, in 1858 they numbered 300, while by 1905 the population of Norfolk Island had grown to be 1,059, most of them direct descendants of the mutineers who originally settled on Pitcairn Island. One of these descendants bears testimony to the hardiness of the people, declaring that they have excellent constitutions, in spite of the fact that they are so closely related, and are as healthy and active from childhood to old age as it is possible for any one to be.

The case for miscegenation is strengthened by Dr. Joao Baptista de Lacerda, director of the National Museum of Rio de Janeiro, corresponding member of various scientific societies of Europe and America, and honorary professor in the faculty of medicine at the University of Chili, who writes of the *metis*—the half-breeds of Brazil—whom the republic admits to "the National Congress, the courts, higher education, the diplomatic world, and the highest branches of the administration," thus giving them a status which in general no mulatto enjoys elsewhere. The *meti*, we learn, "himself endeavors, by marriage, to bring back his descendants to the pure white type." Children of *metis* have been found, in the third generation, to present all the physical characteristics of the white race, although some of them retain a few traces of their black ancestry through the influence of atavism. The influence of sexual selection, however, tends to neutralize that of atavism, and removes from the descendants of the *metis* all the characteristic features of the black race. "In virtue of this process of ethnic reduction, it is logical to expect that in the course of another century the *metis* will have disappeared from Brazil."

A curious thing in connection with these scientific papers is the fact that writers reasoning from one and the same premise—the monogenetic origin of the races and the color of the skin being solely due to pigmentation produced by nature as a protection against the rays of the tropical or semi-tropical sun—arrive at such divergent conclusions as the building of Dreadnoughts and the disarmament of nations. Probably one writer's bias is the result of his nationality, but after explaining the anthropological view of the common origin of all mankind, Dr. Felix von Luschan, professor of anthropology in the University of Berlin, remarks:

> . . . *racial barriers will never cease to exist*, and if they should show a tendency to disappear, it will certainly be better to preserve than to obliterate them. . . .
>
> Nations will come and go, but racial and national antagonism will remain, and this is well, for mankind would become like a herd of sheep, if we were to lose our national ambition and cease to look with pride and delight, not only on our industries and science, but also on our splendid soldiers and our glorious ironclads. Let small-minded people whine about the horrid cost of dreadnoughts; as long as every nation in Europe spends, year after year, much more money on wine, beer, and brandy than on her army and navy, there is no reason to dread our impoverishment by militarism.

From the scientific and quasi-scientific papers, one turns to those dealing with the rise of the Orientals, the negroes, and other aborigines from the standpoint of history. Considering the fact that they have been contributed by "authorities," one must confess to a sense of disappointment. This is especially true of the essays which concern the East and Far East. Even in the case of the Afro-American, the negro's side of the question has not been fully stated. While Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois of New York, late professor of history and political economy in Atlanta University, takes up fifteen pages of small type to discourse upon "The Negro Race in the United States of America," he merely sets forth the point of view of those men and women of African descent who are out-and-out opponents of Dr. Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, and others of his school of thought. Fairness would have required that this be supplemented with another paper written from the opposite point of view.

Probably the most important portions of the book are those penned by British pro-consuls, who set down in plain, unvarnished terms the results of their mature experience, and whose testimony to the worth and progressiveness of the negroes and Asiatics is at least as significant as the driving force of moral and scientific platitudes. Three such papers: "The Modern Conscience in Relation to the Treatment of Dependent Peoples and Communities," by Sir Charles Bruce, late Governor of Mauritius; "The Government of Colonies and Dependencies," by Sir Sydney Olivier, Governor of Jamaica; and "The World Position of the Negro and Negroid," by Sir Harry H. Johnston, formerly British commissioner and consul-general in Africa, are included in the volume. Sir Charles Bruce, at the end of a thoughtful chapter, makes the unequivocal statement that

> . . . the modern conscience rejects as a fallacy the claim of Western civilization to a monopoly of the capacity of self-government based on an indivisible interrelation between European descent, Christianity, and the so-called white color. It recognizes that while this interrelation has evolved a capacity for self-government in an appropriate environment, a similar capacity has been evolved by an interrelation of other races, creeds, and colors appropriate to other environments. It maintains, therefore, that the conflict between West and East must be adjusted on the same principle that has adjusted the conflicts of race and creed in the West, the principle of freedom interpreted as liberty of person and conscience and equality of opportunity for all, without distinction of race, creed, or color, under a settled government.

Sir Sydney Olivier, after insisting that the white man does not colonize in any part of the world as a missionary for the sole purpose of uplifting the natives, but as a selfish individual bent upon bettering his fortunes, lays down the following rules for stimulating the growth of backward races under Occidental tutelage:

> I have personally a very strong opinion that, whatever may be the case with Asiatics, African peoples generally are not at all suited by temperament or talent for that kind of industrial position as wage-workers under capital into which the proletariats of industrial European countries have come, nor does it appear to me at all desirable that they should, if they can avoid it, pass into that position or acquire in all respects the characteristics of the European wage-workers.

Under present circumstances he believes that their powers of production can be quickened only with organized education by employers of "the advanced or industrial race":

> Outside of this the only method for assisting them to maintain those services which they are being more and more taught to require, is a very considerable personal education in agricultural and technical skill. But this education can only be obtained by an industry and application upon their part which it is very difficult to induce them voluntarily to undertake. Under the European apprenticeship system, craftsmen learned their trades as youths under the very severe dominion of a skilled master who controlled and, if necessary, beat them. I do not know of any means except compulsion of this sort or stress of want to induce the steady industry that is required for thoroughly learning a trade in competition with the great counter-attractions of indolence and sensuality that are constantly pressing upon the youth of all tropical populations.

Sir Harry Johnston declares that "the negro will probably die out in Asia (though leaving in the new peoples of Polynesia and Malaysia and India an ineffaceable trace of his former presence in the land); but in Africa and in America he has a very important part to play, and he may even permeate the life of Europe in the coming centuries."

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Omar Khayyám Club organized at a dinner at Pagani's Restaurant in London in October, 1892, has just issued (one hundred and eighty-one copies only) "The Book of the Omar Khayyám Club, 1892-1910." Some of the drawings which appear on the menus by well-known artists are reproduced, and poems written for and read at the diuners by eminent men of letters are printed. The Introduction is by Edward Clodd. The volume coutains four poems by Austin Dobson, three by Edmund Gosse, two each by William Watson and Henry Newbolt (who, it is prophesied, will become a "collector's author" with his first editions selling at high prices), and others by Andrew Lang, Alfred Noyes, Stephen Phillips, William Sharp, and other writers. Included also are a letter by Swinburne and remarks made by George Meredith at the dinner of 1895, where Meredith delivered his "first and only public speech." While many, perhaps most, of the verses have been reprinted elsewhere, the volume is one which collectors will enjoy owning.

A Thackeray exhibition was held at the old Charterhouse, June 30 to July 15, under the auspices of the Titmarsh Club, and a little catalogue has been printed. Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, loaned a bust and four portraits (original drawings by George Chinnery, Frank Stone, Frederick Walker, and Sir John Millais), three sketch books, several framed drawings, and a few manuscripts and proof-sheets. The more important manuscripts exhibited are from private libraries, notably those from J. Pierpont Morgan's collection, which comprise the manuscripts (or existing portions of them) of "Vanity Fair," "The Virginians," "Lovel the Widower," and "French Caricatures," a part of "The Paris Sketch Book." Trinity College, Cambridge, loaned the manuscript of "Henry Esmond," and the Charterhouse School a portion of that of "The Newcomes."

The first editions at the exhibition are for the most part loaned by dealers, Frank T. Sabin showing a nearly complete set of them. A "Collection of Earliest American Editions" is loaned by S. Causley, which, however, includes only the series issued by Appleton in 1852-1853, Harper's edition of "The English Humourists," 1853, and Ticknor's "Ballads," 1856 and "Early and Late Papers," 1867. The first appearance of Thackeray's work as a book in stiff covers was in Philadelphia, in 1838, when Carey and Hart collected his early contributions to *Fraser's Magazine* and published the volume as "The Yellow-plush Correspondence." It is very probable that the author's name was unknown to them. The first American edition of "The Four Georges" is dated 1860, while the English edition is dated 1861, but there seems to be no positive proof of priority of publication. The case is different with "Lovel the Widower," Harper's edition dated 1860 undoubtedly preceding the first English edition of 1861, and with "Denis Duval," which Harper reprinted in 1864, and the first English edition of which is dated 1867. And there are other American books which have actual first edition value.

The Grolier Club of this city will hold a Thackeray exhibition in the late autumn which will undoubtedly surpass in all respects the one recently held in London. The best Thackeray collections are in America. Mr. Morgan, Major Lambert, Mr. Widener of Philadelphia, and Mr. Bixby of St. Louis own among them, we believe, more important manuscripts than exist in England.

Correspondence

THE TARIFF ON WOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Taft's implied assumption that the inflation of the tariff has ever been based on "accurate and impartial information" reveals better than anything else could his protectionist conviction. It is a fact curious to all but protectionists, that jacking up a tariff is a thing of no moment, but letting it down is a thing of awful solemnity. There seems to be a belief that an increase of the tariff can only swell individual profits, while a decrease will ruin many businesses. This is, of course, false reasoning. Not only does every rise in prices injure the purchasiug power of consumers in respect to other articles, but it is just as likely to throw a sequence of firms into bankruptcy as a corresponding decrease. For it drives out of business men of small capital by raising the price of raw materials beyond their reach, and so tends to throw business more and more into the hands of the great combinations. As to the small wool-grower, for whom the President is so solicitous, it is notorious that the tariff has been his worst enemy; it has limited the importation of the fine foreign wools, whose mixing with the coarser native ones can alone give the latter a sufficient market. Each heavy increase in the wool tariff has been accompanied by a shrinkage in the native product. TIDE-WATCHER.

Hartford, Conn., August 21.

RACE PREJUDICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Witb all due respect to those who are interested in tbe uplift of the "negro" in this country, in the opinion of the writer, it is the inherent color prejudice whicb dominates the Caucasian nature in this country that has most aided in creating this flagrant disregard of law and order, and that is causing the world to look upon the United States as a mere parody on true representative government.

The Coatesville lynching, while new in the State of Pennsylvania, is not new to the country; and its occurrence would seem to verify the declarations of its Southern originators that the prejudice against the man of color is not confined to the South. When the poor blacks in the South were originally made the sport of Southern savagery, their supposed friends were at first, as now, horrified, but gradually recalling that it was only the "negro," and that the poor Caucasian mourner over the Lost Cause was worthy of sympathy under the circumstances, the feeling of repulsion gradually subsided. The ever-present color prejudice failed to bring to mind the logical deduction that it would only be a short time when that same disposition to disregard all law would become a disease, and that self-constituted judges the country over would be the rule, instead of the exception; and that the "negro" would not always be the target. The Constitution, if honestly regarded, must always insure protection to all citizens. The failure to compel that protection has been the direct cause of the lynching disgraces referred to.

The writer of this communication is a native man of color, but no "negro." He is of native Indian origin, and in his veins courses some of the best Caucasian blood. He has endeavored to improve and has some knowledge of French, German, and Spanish. He has a wife, and five boys, three of whom have completed their education, while the other two are still at school. As he views conditions, the color line in this country will grow more and more pronounced and will ultimately cause the country's downfall. Being well acquainted with both French and Spanish peoples, subscribing for their publications and being in correspondence with those of South American origin, it is his intention soon to migrate to Argentina to mingle with people who regard humanity from the standpoint of its recommendations. The natives of that portion of the country being of mixed blood have repeatedly stated to the writer that they consider themselves as superior in origin, on account of that mixture, and they are controlled by proper consideration for their citizens, some of the most distinguished of whom are distinctively black, but splendidly equipped mentally.

R. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y., August 19.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN GERMAN HISTORICAL RESEARCH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On May 15, 1909, occurred in Leipzig the formal opening of the Royal Saxon Institute for Cultural and Universal History, under the directorship of its originator and founder, Prof. Karl Lamprecht, the well-known German historian, and the present rector of the University of Leipzig. This event, heralded at the time in a variety of publications, scientific and popular, as marking the beginning of a new period in German historical research, was, of course, only formally the beginning of the new movement, the real genesis of which is to be sought in the thinking and planning of Professor Lamprecht for a decade previously.

Convinced, as a result of his own extensive historical research, that the great problems of history were not to be solved by the traditional methods of investigation, Professor Lamprecht began about 1900 to formulate a plan for a new system of study, better calculated, as he felt, to answer the need of a more comprehensive and productive consideration of historical questions. The modern tendency towards specialization, no less active in the field of history in its narrower sense than in the other fields of knowledge and scientific research, though it conduced on the one hand to a more minute and exhaustive study of special branches of the subject, seemed, on the other, to be attended with a very evident evil. This evil Professor Lamprecht found in the inevitable tendency of the system of independent specialization to destroy the broad perspective which he considered essential to a really intelligent understanding of the large questions in the development of the human race as a whole, the study of which devel-

opment he claimed as the domain of cultural and universal history.

The true significance of historical phenomena can, according to Professor Lamprecht, be understood only in the light of a comparative study of different nations, not merely with respect to their political history, but also with reference to their intellectual, social, and economic development. This, then, was Professor Lamprecht's project, to combine into one organic whole the prosecution of studies in the fields of religion, psychology, sociology, economics, and politics, so far as they shed any light on the larger problems of a universal cultural history of the human race. That such a combination of courses was not to be found united under any one departmental faculty in Germany was evident, and no less evident was the fact that any suggestion of a plan to form such a group within the university curricula would be futile. Consequently, the only course left to Professor Lamprecht was to strike out for himself; and this he did with unexcelled vigor and enthusiasm.

In January, 1906, he first presented to a group of friends in Cologne his project for an institute for cultural and universal history in which students should find instruction in the form of seminars in all the related fields which, according to the originator of the plan, formed the necessary components of a comprehensive survey of history in its larger sense. Beginning with the sum of 6,000 marks subscribed at that time by these friends in Cologne, Professor Lamprecht undertook an active campaign for funds to start a library, the *sine qua non* of a research institute. As first proof of his own unselfish devotion to the idea he gave his valuable historical library of some four thousand works to form the foundation of the institute. Then, aided by a most energetic and tireless assistant, Dr. Köhler, he succeeded by dint of countless letters, public lectures, and personal solicitations, first in raising considerable money by private subscriptions, then in enlisting the support of the Saxon government for books and necessary clerical aid, and, finally, in obtaining a home for his institute in the historic old building back of the university. Furthermore, the Saxon government provided for an annual grant of money, without which the work could not have been carried on.

It is remarkable what has been accomplished in the short space of two years, since first the institute was formally opened. A carefully selected library of 30,000 volumes, well catalogued and ordered, and attended by three assistants, offers facilities for instruction and investigation in the general history of the nations of western Europe, of the United States, and of China and Japan, as well as in ancient history and the history of religion. Eighteen instructors—among them in the present semester representatives of three foreign countries, France, Belgium, and the United States, who, in their native tongues, offer courses in the history of their own countries—conduct twenty-two weekly seminars in as many different subjects of historical interest. The courses are divided into three general groups, comprising, respectively, psychological studies in the development of individuals and races, studies in the cultural history of particular nations, and comparative studies in the development of different races.

The number of students has in this the second year of the institute's existence passed considerably above the three hundred mark, and only the lack of adequate space prevented further growth. For the coming year additional quarters have already been engaged and a considerable increase in the teaching force has been provided for.

HERMAN G. JAMES.
Docent in the Institute for Cultural and Universal History.

Leipzig, August 10.

TRAVELLERS' TOLL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A number of railways in the Eastern part of the United States issue transcontinental tickets in a manner most inconvenient to travellers. Instead of selling complete through tickets, they sell a ticket with an order which must be exchanged at some point en route for another ticket for the balance of the journey.

It is evident that the construction and division of inter-road rates are affected by a multiplicity of distances, junctions, and other factors, which, on account of the great volume of business, make the distribution of this revenue a complicated and expensive process. By selling exchange orders, railways may save a large part of this expense; they may also save the cost of supplying agents with proper tickets. In selling a complete through ticket, a company takes the responsibility for payment to other lines for the entire distance to be travelled, while in selling a ticket in connection with an exchange order, it generally retains only part of the fare collected, paying the balance to some other company, which agrees to bear the expense of apportionment.

The use of such orders might be acceptable if there were a consequent saving to the public, but the cost of transportation is not reduced, and the public does messenger service in exchanging tickets. Moderate use of exchange orders is, perhaps, to be expected at small stations, but the extent to which they are now used at the largest stations is not in line with the march of present-day improvements. Under present conditions one person demanding a complete through ticket has but little effect upon "the system." An informed public should, in time, be able to obtain that for which it pays. The improvement may come as a result of direct application or through the agency of the railway commission.

HUGH C. EDMISTON, 2ND.

Denver, Col., August 15.

CORONATION ODES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An editorial not long since published in one of the usually more reliable of New York papers, entitled "An Odeless Coronation," carries with it an inference so erroneous that it should seem deserving of comment. I use the present tense concerning it, as I have twice seen it reprinted; and some correction becomes, then, the more timely since it may yet farther "go the newspaper rounds."

Noting the fact that Mr. Austin had written no "official" ode for the picturesque historical event of June 22, and suggesting that this apparent oversight may have been due to the King's neglect to order a poem, the editorial goes on to declare that present-day readers will have to go back for coronation poetry to the 1902 productions of William Watson and Bliss Carmen, as, "with the exception of some verses attributed to the Emperor of Japan, we have seen no poetry to speak of inspired by the coronation." As for the monarch's part in his laureate's literary activities, is it not true that, throughout the three centuries which began with Ben Jonson and end with Alfred Austin, it has ever been the royal odist's part himself to take the initiative?

The alleged dearth of non-official coronation verse calls several contributions to mind. We may set aside the barren little quatrain from Mutsuhito, which was interesting only because of Occidental curiosity to see just what so august an Oriental sovereign had to say. For the rest, there may be those who would put out of the count Lauchlan Watt's fine stanzas in the London *Sphere*, or Owen Seaman's dignified and melodious tribute in *Punch*, for Mr. Watt is little known over here, while the "Charivaria" of the Anglo-Saxon metropolis may seem to such as are not acquainted with its traditions for the past seventy years not the ideal channel for serious verse. But what remains? The writer of the editorial evidently did not see Stephen Phillips's splendid ode, though it took the best of two pages in the *Century*. Nor could he have seen the graceful lines of that unlaurcate Austin surnamed Dobson, nor the ringing eulogy of another Alfred—Mr. Noyes, nor the glowing ode of an American singer, Florence Earle Coates. Yet these are examples of "poetry to speak of."

WARWICH JAMES PRICE.

Avalon, N. J., August 18.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Would you allow me to state that I never had the honor of being one of the late E. A. Abbey's "associates in the art department of Harpers," as you say in your issue of August 3. While Abbey was working in the Harpers' office in New York, I was at school in Philadelphia, and I never was engaged in the art department of Harpers at any time.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

London, August 14.

LINES IN "DON JUAN."

To the Editor of The Nation.

Sir: In the lines of "Don Juan," III, ciii:

> Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove—
> What though 'tis but a pictured image?—strike—
> That painting is no idol,—'tis too like,

I have always regarded "strike" as the indicative verb, of which "downcast eyes" is the subject, the sentence, characteristically, being left incomplete. One may conjecture the continuation as "strike certain chords of memory," or "strike with genuine religious feeling." The former would bring out another well-known characteristic of Byron, the recurrence to the personal note.

N

July 31.

Since writing the above and receiving the printer's proof, I have noted the use of "strike" by Shakespeare in a connection

so similar as to suggest the possibility that Byron was consciously or unconsciously influenced by it. It is in the last scene of "The Winter's Tale," v. iii, 100, where the supposed statue of Hermione is called to life by Paulina, who says:

Music, awake her; strike!
[*Music.*]
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach.
Strike all that look upon with marvel.

August 14.

N.

Literature

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEN. SIR WILLIAM BUTLER.

Sir William Butler: An Autobiography by Lieut.-Gen. the Rt. Hon. Sir W. F. Butler, G.C.B. With four portraits in photogravure. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

This book is a record of a life such as no soldier in the nineteenth century could have led except in the service of England. She and Russia alone among modern Powers have a great variety of distant possessions in which, or contiguous to which, wars bave a habit of breaking out; and the number and variety of the outside possessions of Russia, if not their extent, is much less than that of Great Britain. The subject of this Life, one of the most distinguished soldiers of his day, served in Burmab, in India, in Canada, in Ashanti, in the Sudan, in Egypt, and twice in South Africa. He had also that love of travel and adventure which is supposed to be innate in an Irishman, and made journeys on his own account besides those to which his military duties called him. Having, along with a keen observation and a genuine love of nature, considerable literary gifts, he wrote several excellent books of travel, and in that way made his name familiar before he had risen high enough in his profession to have opportunities for a display of his military talents. Thus his career has the interest of literature as well as of soldiering, and there are parts of it that may perhaps be thought to illustrate the dangers that beset the literary soldier.

Sir W. F. Butler was born in the county of Tipperary in Ireland in 1834. His family was a branch of the great house of Butler which has enjoyed wide possessions and power in the centre and south of the island for five or six centuries, its head being the Marquis of Ormonde. The family to which Sir W. Butler himself belonged was not affluent, and the schools which the young man attended seem to have done less for him than his own love of reading. Entering the British army at twenty, he was sent out in a few months to Burmah, which seems to have had for him that charm which so many travellers have felt. Thence he went with his regiment to Southern India, narrowly escaping shipwreck in a hurricane. Presently he was transferred to Canada, and was there first brought in contact with Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was already becoming famous, and among whose group of friends and admirers Sir W. Butler was soon enrolled. After some service in Canada he undertook in 1871 a long journey into what was then the virtually unexplored Northwest, on the east flank of the Rocky Mountains. In 1873 he returned to the same region, and crossing the mountains far to the north of the settled districts, got down to the Pacific. Two books which had much vogue in their day recounted these journeys. Not long after, he went with Wolseley to West Africa and gained credit by his exertions in the Ashanti war, paying the price of distinction by a severe attack of the fever which infests that frightful region.

Next came several successive periods of service in South Africa and some years in the Sudan and Egypt. He fought against Arabi at Tel el Kebir in 1882, and had a large share in the ill-fated expedition up the Nile to rescue Gordon in 1884. In 1885 he was left in command of the British and Egyptian force that was holding the Egyptian frontier near the Second Cataract against the Mahdist Dervishes. Other less interesting employments, interspersed by other journeys undertaken on his own account, followed, and at last in 1898 came the most important appointment he ever held, for it put him in a position where history was being made at a rapid pace, and it fixed the eyes of the British world upon him. This appointment was that of general commanding-in-chief in South Africa at the time when the war against the two Dutch republics which broke out in October, 1899, was already brewing. During the absence from England for some months of the High Commissioner for South Africa, it fell to Sir William Butler (he had been made a K.C.B. for his Sudan exploits in 1885) to discharge the duties of that office, and he was thus called to political as well as military functions of the highest moment. His views of the South African situation at that time and of the causes which led to the Boer war, form the part of the book which has drawn the most attention in England, where the fires of controversy have not wholly died down. For readers in this country the matter has less interest, but inquiring scholars will find his treatment of it a contribution to the still somewhat obscure history of the years between the Jameson Raid of December, 1895 and the outbreak of the war in October, 1899. This was Gen. Butler's last command abroad. On his return to England he discovered that his attitude had exposed him to many charges, which he ultimately found an opportunity of completely refuting. He received in 1906 the honor of G.C.B., the highest which a British officer can obtain, and died in 1910.

His life was a very full and eventful one; and he describes all in which he took part with the skill of a practised man of letters, writing easily and brightly, and showing a special gift of catching the characteristics of any country which he visits. His pictures of the scenery of Burmah, of the Malabar coast, of Palestine, of the Sudan, and of Egypt are all singularly fresh and true. Here is a passage about the last-named country:

> More interesting to me than the tomb or the temple of the dead past in the desert was the endless picture of the life of the fellah in the soft green level of his home land; his fields of grain, in their many stages between seed and stubble, his plots of onions, sweet-smelling beans, deep green clover, cotton, and flowering flax; the brown canal banks where the cattle, goats, donkeys, and camels stood in the shade of the acacia trees in the hot hours, munching the stalks of sugar-canes; the big blue buffaloes, with their horns and noses just showing above the yellow water; and the date palms rustling in the cool north wind round some old marabout's tomb, whose little dome shows very white over the green fields; and under the glorious sunshine the great flocks of white pigeons shimmering over villages; the strange paddy birds, standing in the inundated fields; above all, man, woman, and child at work everywhere, sowing, reaping, weeding, working the water wheel in winter, and in summer when the Nile is pouring down its flooded waters, opening the little watercourses from one field to another with their feet to let the saving flood flow on its way (pp. 247-8).

Not less faithful in conveying the salient beauties of nature in a very different region are these few lines about South Africa:

> I saw again with pleasure the hot blazing wastes of the Karroo, the great plains of the upper plateau, the far-apart river valleys, with their yellow streams; the green mimosa fringings, the huge table-topped hills, with glimpses beyond those hills of blue mountain ranges, and over all that wondrous sky, with its atmosphere of arm-stretching and long-expanding freedom, the glory of space everywhere visible (p. 397).

Nor is Sir William Butler's interest less keen in man than in nature. Those who have read his Life of Sir George Colley will remember the striking passage in which he describes the night march of that unhappy commander to seize Majuba Hill, where next day he was killed and his force destroyed. In that description one is made to feel as if the rocks through which and the stars under which the little army moved to its fate were watching, like a Greek chorus, the opening act of a tragedy which, happening in a distant corner of a lonely land, was played be-

fore the eyes of the world, and became a momentous event in the history of South Africa and of England. There are some such passages here, too; and we find also in these pages sketches of some of the remarkable men with whom the author was brought in contact. He knew Parnell, the famous Irish leader, and in the vivid picture he gives of the "uncrowned King of Ireland," as people used to call him, there is not much exaggeration:

> There was something in him beyond definition or description. It was power, utterly careless of its possession, seemingly unconscious of its own strength, unaggressive in its mastery, unstudied, impassive without one touch of haughtiness. He was usually silent, but saying what he wanted to say in the straightest words, always fair, always thinking, but never absorbed in his thoughts; thoughtful of others, alive to everything around him, entirely without pose or pretence, showing breeding to his finger-tips. He spoke little of politics, said no ill about anybody, and I remember his giving unqualified praise to the manner in which the governor of Kilmainham jail had carried out his duties to himself when he was detained in that gloomy prison (p. 352).

Sir William's enthusiasm for Parnell may have been heightened by his sympathy as a Roman Catholic Irishman with the head of the Nationalist party. No such feeling, however, could have prompted the even warmer admiration which he feels for Gen. Charles Gordon, that singular man whom so many of his countrymen revered as a hero, or even as a sort of saint, and whose death at the hands of the Mahdist forces in January, 1885, at Khartum, made so deep an impression in England. Gordon has remained something of an enigma ever since, so the impressions of another soldier are worth giving:

> I was introduced to a man of middle age, rather under middle height, of figure lithe, active, and well knit, and with a face that lives in my memory, not because of any marked peculiarity in profile or full face, but because of something indefinable in the expression of the eyes. On the ocean one can discover at a glance the difference between the surface that has the depth of the Atlantic under it and that other surface which has the mud of the English Channel only a few fathoms below. A depth like that of ocean was within Gordon's eyes. Above these windows of his soul rose a fine broad brow, over which a mass of curly brown hair was beginning to show streaks of gray. His voice was as clear and vibrant as the note of an old Burmese bell which has a great deal of gold in its metal. He spoke in low but very distinct tones, and his voice, varying with its subject, carried to the ear a sense of pleasure similar to that which the sight of his features, but with the light of a very ardent soul, gave to the listener's eye. Similar tone and glance I never heard or saw, nor did I ever meet a man who had equal facility for putting into words the thoughts that were in his brain (p. 191).

One is glad to have a direct record like this, because it helps to explain the personal charm which Gordon undoubtedly possessed, and which proved in the end a misfortune for himself and his country, since it led to his being entrusted with a commission which his erratic independence made him ill-fitted to discharge.

The book throws a great many interesting passing lights upon phases in recent English history, such as the bellicose and "Jingo" spirit which developed from 1872 onwards, and nearly brought on war between England and Russia in 1877-8; such as the strange delays in the Sudan campaign of 1884 and the amazing mismanagement of the Zulu War of 1879. Much is said about the curious secret influences which were, as Sir William declares, at work in England and in South Africa, before the Jameson Raid, and three years later before the outbreak of the Boer war. Over and over again he dwells upon the old-fashioned ways and general incompetence of the British War Office—the soldier of the field seems always and in all countries to have a standing feud with the military administrator at home. Some of his best stories—and he has an Irishman's love for the humorous—illumine these diatribes; but to detach them from their context would spoil them. Perhaps his humor sometimes hindered his advancement. High as he rose in his profession, one feels as if with so much talent and so much energy he might have been expected to rise even higher. Perhaps he may have wanted tact in dealing with his superiors, or with those officials at home whom he castigates. Perhaps his political views gave offence. Fond of soldiering as he was, he dilates in more than one place on the demoralizing effects of war, and its tendency, so far from improving men, to bring out their worse qualities:

> War brings all the fantastic idiosyncrasies of human nature to the surface. Men will rob and pillage and rape and burn in war who would have lived very decent and passable lives in peace. Many of them think that it is part of the business, and, of course the meaner and more sordid the war is, the more that part of the programme becomes possible (p. 199).

He has many a good word for the enemies he fought against, and is especially warm in his praise of the Arabs and of the South African Dutch. Such sympathetic openness of mind does not conduce to promotion in any army.

We had almost forgotten to touch on a point which should never pass unnoted when one deals with an autobiography. There is no egotism in this book, and very little vanity. Sir William Butler had an adequate sense of his own merits and does not depreciate his own achievements. But we find neither jealousy of others nor self-glorification, and in that part of his narrative where he dwells on the ill-treatment he received, there is less personal bitterness than might reasonably have been expected.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Coward of Thermopylæ. By Caroline Dale Snedeker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The basis of the tale is in that passage in Herodotus which describes the return of a single Spartan from the hopeless struggle at the Pass of Thermopylæ, in which Leonidas and the rest of his Three Hundred were slain. This luckless warrior, disabled and virtually blind at the time of the battle, had chosen not to throw away his life by flinging himself into the final *mêlée*. He wished to live (according to his present chronicler) so that he might be of real service to Greece. But on his return to Sparta he was branded as a coward, and was finally driven out by the hatred of the people. "Afterwards, however," says Herodotus, "at the Battle of Platæa, he amply repaired all the guilt that was charged against him." Here is an uncommonly promising theme for the historical romancer, and the present story-teller has made good use of it. Aristodemos, the "Coward of Thermopylæ," is of Athenian blood on his father's side. On his father's death, the mother, an uncompromising Spartan, takes the boy to her old home, and submits him to the full rigor of the Spartan training. The captain in the little company of youths to which he is assigned is Leonidas, a brother of the King. Aristodemos becomes his special friend, and is among the devoted band taken by the young King for the defence of Thermopylæ. The story of the part played by Aristodemos in the events which preceded the slaughter of the doomed Greeks is told with vigor, and those who like a blend of historic fact and romantic absurdity will find it all very much according to recipe. The latter portion of the narrative is less fantastic: it involves the poet Pindar, the Eleatic philosopher Parmenides, Æschylus, and other great persons. The style must be said to be impulsive to the verge of the ecstatic. A trifle more restraint would have been in keeping with the theme.

The Carpet From Bagdad. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

One may hope that the time will come when an exciting, though improbable, story is told for its own sake, with little attention given by the author to local color and character-study. The fact is that the compass of the present-day novel does not furnish room enough for adequate treatment of all three elements. In the present instance, there was less

need than usual for elaborate description, since the half-a-dozen gay splashes of the illustrator have exceeded anything that words could possibly tell. As for keeping the reader clear concerning the characters, the author had only to say that here are: (1.) a handsome, heartless woman; (2.) her lovely daughter, an *ingénue;* (3.) the mother's brother, a good liver, and as unscrupulous as she; (4.) a young man, well meaning and good-hearted, but too weak and too adventurous to break with gambling; (5.) Percival Algernon, destined for the youthful heroine from the start, but needing first, as his name implies, chastening and vivid activity. Such rough-and-ready psychologizing as the book contains adds nothing to these brief tags. The story itself, if told with a persistent disregard of probability, might have been thrilling. To steal the famous Yhiordes, or prayer-rug, which for centuries had never been outside the Sultan's palace, to be pursued by Turks, to be kidnapped—heroine included—across the desert, to rescue the heroine even from herself, and at length to get back to dear Fifth Avenue and to be married on the same wondrous rug is a series of adventures not unworthy of Charlemagne and his peers. Faulty pagination in the reviewer's copy of this book badly tangles the thread of the story.

Drender's Daughter. By Netta Syrett. New York: John Lane Co.

The action of this novel covers twenty years and more, and concerns the lives and fortunes of a widely differentiated group of persons. Leonard Chetwynd, master of Chetwynd Hall, has been educated by his unconventional mother and by a friend of hers who runs an unconventional school. The elopement of his betrothed with a penniless young guardsman sends him to the seclusion of the Hall with his friend Welby, who suggests the project of adopting a girl and giving her the training necessary to make her a suitable wife for Chetwynd according to their ideals. They choose the seven-year-old daughter of Chetwynd's overseer, and so Nancy Drender is put into the care of Chetwynd's Aunt Agatha and a governess. The child exhibits marked individuality, amounting in certain directions to talent. Unfortunately, those directions are the opposite of what her guardian desires, being literary and histrionic rather than domestic. Nevertheless, when she is nineteen he offers himself as her husband, and she, with eyes open but seeing nothing else to do, dumbly accepts. Gradually the situation becomes impossible for her. The turn comes when she finds her parents, and at the same time makes a startling discovery about herself. From this point the plot unwinds, with as little tragedy as the circumstances allow. The central character holds a reader's attention from the beginning; her development is admirably traced. The other persons in the novel are skilfully drawn, but serve mostly as foils to the heroine.

Dionis of the White Veil. By Caroline Brown. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

By the end of the fourth chapter of this semi-historical romance the reader is virtually aware of the complete plot, and may amuse himself by finishing the book in his own mind. The time is the early part of the eighteenth century. Dionis is a beautiful young novice, setting sail from France in a company of nuns who are to be missionaries in a savage part of America. On the same boat is the gallant young Chevalier Etienne Fauchet, who is returning to New Orleans from a self-aggrandizing visit to the French court. Can any one doubt that the fate which cares for lovers in novels will bring these theoretically interesting young people together? Of course, there are tribulations, for the Chevalier must rescue the lady from dangers on land and sea, from bloodthirsty pirates with huge black beards, from brigands similarly adorned (Miss Brown apparently thinks that virtue shaves daily), from painted Indians, and from the Church itself, represented in this case by as scheming a Jesuit as was ever created by the heated imagination of a member of the A. P. A. The writer of this tale is to be congratulated on her faithful observance of the canons of this sort of fiction-making. She has successfully avoided the new, the striking, the original, and has not permitted a single flesh-and-blood creature to show his face in the select pages of her book.

PROFESSOR HART ON THE ORIENT.

The Obvious Orient. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor in the Science of Government, Harvard University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

The main interest of this book, and of a few other volumes of Eastern travel which have recently been issued, lies in the fact that they represent the awakening of our generation to the immanence of Asiatic influences upon the Christian world. The authors of these books are types of the best our nation produces in learning and literature—types that have hitherto been satisfied with material obtained from familiar Occidental sources. Professor Hart, as regards the Orient, may be called the cultivated layman taking up a matter which has hitherto been left almost exclusively to experts; it is the layman rather than the expert who is listened to by common men.

The author earns the gratitude of intending travellers around the world by devoting a chapter to the various steamer lines which will take them on their way. It is a useful comparison of the passage rates and treatment to be expected from the four important companies—English, French, German, and Japanese—plying between Europe and Eastern Asia, and affords suggestive material for illustrating national traits. Each line appears to represent its own nation in epitome. If the searcher after truth wishes to know why British rule in India is at once so admirable and so unpopular, let him travel on the famous P. and O. Company steamers, where he is made quite safe and rigorously uncomfortable. This is the whole vexed matter in a nutshell.

Useful information of another sort is contained in the chapters on the Northwest of America; but while the author's original letters to his newspaper at home may properly have followed each portion of his journey, their inclusion in a work the substantive value of which concerns Asia seems incongruous. The reader is not looking in such a book for things about Alaska, and he would gladly learn more of what Professor Hart thinks about Japan and China. A visitor of historical training and reputation like his has great powers for good or ill in publishing a record of his travels. The testimony of less notable people, however cleverly stated, will be forgotten while his will be remembered, and it is gratifying to observe that in this instance the testimony of one who is not likely to be disregarded credits the inhabitants of Asia whom he has visited with being sane and even reasonable human beings. He did not discover in the Japanese a particularly bellicose people, nor does he account their ambition to become a great Power unpardonable. "It is time for sensible people," he adds, "to give up the idea that China and Japan are abnormal countries for whose conduct one must find unusual motives. There is undoubtedly in the mind of the Japanese statesmen a strong desire to be big, . . . but that they have at present any more definite plan of action than to be ready for the next crisis is hard to discover."

One of the best chapters is that entitled Realities of Chinese Government, a brief description of how China is controlled, illustrated by a few personal experiences that are at once suggestive and informing. With some additions it would be good enough to stand by itself as a monograph upon a topic understood by few Western readers. The same qualities that make this summary admirable are revealed in the section on the Philippines, where the author saw all that could be seen in a brief visit under the guidance of his former student, the present Governor-General. He does not find that the Americans there are actually unsympathetic with the Filipinos; far from it. "You cannot stay in

the Philippines a week," he declares, "without realizing that the Insular Government is in reality a big benevolent mission, which differs from the usual mission in its power to make everybody in the country put a little something into the contribution box." Nor does he condemn the school system as defective because graduates desire to escape the necessity of working with their hands. The same is true of school graduates the world over. "Nobody," he sensibly concludes, "sees the outcome of the Filipino question. It is a fallacy to suppose that there is an immediate or obvious outcome."

The Steel Workers. By John A. Fitch. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. $1.50.

Homestead: The Households of a Mill Town. By Margaret F. Byington. The same.

Of the six volumes of the "Pittsburgh Survey," these two, the third and fourth to appear, deal exclusively with the steel industry. In them the progress of steel-making, since the famous Homestead strike of 1892, is described, not in sensational figures of expanding outputs and declining costs, but in vivid sketches of the lives, characters, and homes of the workers themselves. On this, the human side—the side which really matters in the long run—the story of Pittsburgh's greatness is at the same time the story of Pittsburgh's shame. For it is triumphant industry, not "triumphant democracy," that is recorded in these well-authenticated pages, and that reader must be a hardened optimist indeed who can find in them much cause for gratification.

Within the period covered the processes of steel-making have been revolutionized. More and more perfect mechanical devices, more and more nearly automatic in their operation, have been introduced year by year. With each improvement, the proportion of unskilled workers, that is, of Hungarians and Slavs, has increased until now more than three-fifths of the employees of the steel mills are of this class. As the transformation of iron ore into finished steel products has become a virtually continuous process, the technical considerations which have long made the operation of blast furnaces for twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week necessary, have come to apply with only slightly lessened force to many other departments. For these and other reasons, the marvellous progress in productive efficiency is reflected, not in shorter hours and higher earnings for the workers, but in hours that are on the whole longer and rates of wages that have failed to keep pace with the advancing cost of living.

This, in brief, is the story which is told in convincing detail by Mr. Fitch. He describes clearly the processes of steel-making. He traces the rise and fall of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers as an influential factor in determining labor conditions. He explains how it came about that when continuous production made a choice necessary between the two-shift system with a twelve-hour day and the three-shift system with an eight-hour day, the twelve-hour day was adopted in the great majority of the mills, so that in 1908, when his inquiry was made, quite four-fifths of the 70,000 employees in the industry in Allegheny County worked on that basis. He depicts vividly the deadening consequences of the seven-day week to which one-fifth of the steel workers have to adapt themselves. Turning to wages, he shows from actual pay-rolls that in four departments of a representative mill 72 per cent. of the 2,000-odd employees received $2.50 or less a day, 23 per cent. $2.50 to $5 a day, and only 5.4 per cent. above $5 a day. Finally, he makes clear the effect which certain policies of the United States Steel Corporation—its relentless opposition to unionism, its political activities, and its method of sharing profits with employees who have proved loyal and faithful to its interests—have had on the manhood and independence of the steel workers.

Miss Byington's volume describes the reaction of the twelve-hour day and seven-day week, the low scale of earnings, and the absence of the coöperative spirit—which, sternly repressed in the industrial field, could hardly be expected to flower in other directions—on the conditions of home life in a typical mill town. She shows how Homestead suffers from the evils of absentee landlordism in an extreme form—of an employing corporation which escapes even its fair share of taxation, while sending its profits to indifferent stockholders, most of whom have never seen the mills from which they draw their dividends. Her pictures of typical family groups, her analyses of the ninety family budgets which she collected, and her explanation of the failure of the town government to care properly for common needs, are interesting and illuminating.

Depressing as are these accounts of conditions in the steel centres about Pittsburgh, they are yet not without suggestions that hold promise for the future. Politically, Pittsburgh, like the rest of Pennsylvania, has been demoralized by its dependence on a protective tariff. Both employers and employees have long regarded it as their first and highest duty to vote the Republican ticket, with little regard to the character or capacity of the candidates presented by the Republican machine. The revision of the iron and steel schedule in the direction of free trade, which now seems imminent, should give a healthier turn to political activities than they have known since the civil war. The influx of Hungarians and Slavs, which has had a depressing effect on wages, must be checked before long, as was the Irish immigration of an earlier period, by the gradual exhaustion of the sources of supply. Finally, public opinion, enlightened by this investigation and others of a similar character, cannot remain indifferent to the situation. Already the United States Steel Corporation has introduced a system of accident prevention and accident compensation far in advance of the requirements of the Pennsylvania law. Last year wages were increased an average of six per cent., and earnest efforts were made by the directors to reduce the amount of Sunday labor in the mills. Finally, on the initiative of a public-spirited stockholder, the whole question of hours of labor in connection with continuous processes is now under investigation, with a view to finding some practical substitute for the twelve-hour day. The repressive attitude toward organization on the side of the men is so opposed to every principle of justice for a company which is itself a vast organization on the side of capital, that it must in time give place to a fairer policy. Quite as important as a revival of labor organizations of the right kind is the enactment and enforcement of labor legislation that will establish proper standards of safety and sanitation, not only in the mills, but in the homes of the mill workers. Signs are not lacking that this also is coming. By these changes the career of triumphant industry may be somewhat checked, but no right-thinking citizen will regret this, if, at the same time, proper attention is given to the best interests of the wage-earners and their families, who constitute the great majority in every industrial community.

East and West: Comparative Studies of Nature in Eastern and Western States. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

Conscious of the virtues of both East and West, Mr. Kirkham has written with the enthusiasm and the sense of the half-tint and half-feeling that one would expect, after reading his "New Thought" books. In choice of scenes, he displays some tact: New England is represented by a first-rate chapter on Cape Ann; New York by a chapter on the woods of Long Island "an hour from Wall Street," one on the Finger Lakes region of the western part of the State, and several chapters on the Adirondacks; Virginia by a study of the Roanoke River swamps; the far West by three chapters on the Santa Inez Mountains of California, one on the Sierra, and four on the deserts of Arizona.

His thesis, or, better perhaps, the framework of these essays, consists in the assertion that each region has its unique personality, that we should know many regions and should "not content ourselves with some little corner," that, like the Japanese, we should enjoy our vast garden inheritance and not leave the pleasure to "a chosen few." We should know intimately, not only the dogwood and wood thrush of Long Island and the shadbush and winter wren of the Adirondacks, but also the chaparral and road-runner of California and the saguaro and cactus wren of Arizona. The flora and avifauna of the Middle West lack distinction, but doubtless we should explore that region with the same solicitude. All this is well; unquestionably our country is deserving of much of the "see America, too" enthusiasm. But, when Mr. Kirkham asserts that the red-wing is finer than an opera, that the purple-fringed orchid is fairer and lovelier than man, that "the true lover of the woods . . . seeks diviner company than the town affords," that the follower of the Western trail leaves man behind and becomes admirably like a horse, we can only pronounce him guilty of sublime nonsense. Verily, as one of the latter-day nature mystics himself remarked, "the secret is always behind a tree, as of old time it was always behind the pillar of a temple," or, we might add, "in the heart of man." This tree-dodging has become a highly popular spiritual, or sensuous, mode of amusement that is unfortunately often ridiculous.

In seeking to state the relative merits of East and West, the author tries for impartiality yet is himself of the West. In detail, indeed, the East comes off very well: spring and autumn are greatly superior in the East, while summer and winter, though he does not commit himself, are not inferior; the purple and white fringed orchids, peculiarly Eastern, are "perhaps the loveliest creations of the floral world"; the hermit thrush and wood thrush of the East hold an undisputed "first place among North American songsters," while the veery and bobolink follow close after. Most of these judgments will meet with general approval, particularly the high place granted to the Eastern thrushes. The distinction given to the Eastern orchids is more questionable, and few will share Mr. Kirkham's enthusiasm over the songs of the ruby-crowned kinglet and Carolina wren.

In wider comparisons the East does not fare so well. The quiet fields and village elms "appeal to some cultivated and finished part of us and inspire gentle and cultured thoughts. . . . The birds are more intimately related to us than in the West—everything is nearer, the world is smaller." In the main this has the sound of commendation; but after one has read all the essays, it is clear that the author, relatively at least, does not care for a near and small world and for the gentle and "cultured" thoughts that such a world inspires. He thirsts for the bigness, the elemental quality of the West, that quality that Whitman felt when, on a trip to the Colorado Rockies, he said that he had found the law of his own poems. After all, one may well question whether the lover of nature can be devoted to two mistresses at once. Gilbert White and Jefferies, Wordsworth and Thoreau, were each in harmony with one general aspect of the outer world; when they travelled to a land where they found another aspect, they were uncomfortable if not unhappy. Mr. Kirkham's all-embracing sympathy with nature, with mountain, desert, ocean, and the humble pastoral landscape, may be indicative of a soul greater than those of Wordsworth and Thoreau, but, more likely, of a soul less than theirs.

Notes

A translation of "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant by his Valet François" will be issued by John Lane Co.

Catherine of Siena, Vittoria Colonna, Sarah Siddons, Jenny Lind, and Dorothea Beale are among the personages included in Mrs. C. C. Cairns's "A Book of Noble Women," announced by Messrs. Jack of London.

The seventh International Congress for Criminal Anthropology will be held in Cologne from the 9th to the 13th of October. At this convention there will be an exhibition of objects of importance for criminal psychology, such as models of punitive institutions, apparatus for the examination of sick prisoners, literary and other work of prisoners, instruments employed for breaking out of jail, etc. The secretary of the congress is Dr. Brüggelmann, Cologne, Psychiatrische Klinik.

Prof. Josiah Royce is preparing a new volume, entitled "William James and Other Essays on the Philosophy of Life," which Macmillan hopes to issue this autumn.

Ferrero's forthcoming book, "The Women of the Cæsars" (The Century Co.), is the outgrowth of several chapters which appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

From the press of this firm, too, will issue shortly a gift-book edition of "Æsop's Fables," with forty drawings by E. Boyd Smith, and "The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes," by Francis A. Collins.

An annotated edition of Fontanc's "Grete Minde," edited for the use of college students in the first or second year by Harvey W. Thayer, and "Neuf Contes Choisis," a collection of Daudet's best-known tales, edited for secondary schools by Prof. Victor E. François, are promised by Holt for September.

Roy Rolfe Gilson has placed his "Ember Light" with the Baker & Taylor Co.

The authorized translation of Karin Michaelis's novel, "The Dangerous Age," is among the announcements in fiction made by John Lane Co.; it will be followed by new novels by Gilbert K. Chesterton, Maud Diver, Dolf Wyllarde, Mrs. John Lane, Louis N. Parker, John Oxenbam, and others. Two works on socialism will be issued by the same house: "Business; the Heart of the Nation," by Charles Edward Russell, and "American Socialism of the Present Age," by Jessie Wallace Hughan.

Three new books on religious topics are in the autumn list of Eaton & Mains, New York. They are "The Great Themes of the Bible," by Louis Albert Banks; "The Presence," by James M. Campbell, and "Some Famous Country Parishes," by Ezra Squier Tipple.

In the list of announcements made by Moffat, Yard & Co. we note: "Some Old Flemish Towns," by George Wharton Edwards; "The Substitute Prisoner," by Max Marcin, and "City Views and Visions," by William Griffith.

Among the miscellaneous books on Putnam's autumn list are: "The Following of the Star," by Florence L. Barclay; "A Weaver of Dreams," by Myrtle Reed; "My Own Story," by Luisa of Tuscany; "Vagabond City," by Winifred Boggs; "Love in a Little Town," by J. E. Buckrose; "Love Versus Law," by Colette Yver, translated from the French—"Les Dames du Palais"—by Mrs. Bradley Gilman; "Reminiscences of a Parisian (Docteur Poumiès de la Siboutie), under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions, and a Republic, 1789-1863," edited by his daughters, Mme. A. Branche and Mme. L. Dagoury, and translated by Lady Theodora Davidson; "The Greatest Street in the World," meaning Broadway, by Stephen Jenkins; "Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria," by Prof. Morris Jastrow, and "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage," by Carrie Adell Stahorn.

The same house will have ready in September "The Caroline Age," being vol. vii in the "Cambridge History of English Literature"; vol. viii, "The Age of Dryden" is promised before the close of the present year.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a long list of books for boys and girls for publication in the autumn, including: "Jackson and His Henley Friends," by Frank E. Channon; "Great Bear Island," by Arthur E. McFarlane; "Scouting for Light Horse Harry," by John Preston True; "Billy: His Summer Awakening," by Charles Keen Taylor; "Fairmount Girls in School and Camp," by Etta Anthony Baker; "Yellow Star," the story of an Indian girl by Elaine Goodale Eastman; "Old Mother West Wind's Children," by Thornton W. Burgess; "Nibbles—Poppelty Poppett," the story of a mouse by Edith B. Davidson; "Within the Silver Moon," a modern fairy tale by Madge A. Bingham; "Tiny Hare and His Friends," by Anne Sykes; "Tommy Tucker's Book," by Mary Frances Blaisdell; "A Chevalier of Old France," a translation of "The Song of Roland," by John Harrington Cox; "The American History Story Book," by Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball; "Firebrands," by Frank E. Martin and George M. Davis, and two new volumes in the Little People Everywhere series, entitled, "Hassan in Egypt" and "Marta in Holland."

The following is Dodd, Mead & Co.'s list of books, chiefly fiction, which are announced for publication on September 15: "Mary Midthorne," by G. B. McCutcheon; "The Missing Finger," by A. Boissiere; "Down Our Way," by Lilla Hall Smith; "The Eldest Son," by Archibald Marshall; "House of Torment," by C. Ranger-Gull; "The Hidden Empire," by R. W. Fenn; "Cathedral Cities of Spain," by W. W. Collins; "Honeymooning in Russia," by Ruth Kedzie Wood; "London Guide" and "Paris Guide," by S. L. Bensusan; "Stories from Shakespeare's Tragedies," by H. A. Guerber; "Bob Dashaway," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "Patty's Motor Car," by Carolyn Wells; "Marjorie's Maytime," by Carolyn Wells; "Blue Rose Fairy Book," by Maurice Baring; "Maeterlinck's Symbolism," by Henry Rose, and "Mona," by Brian Hooker.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will also issue this autumn "The Money Moon," by Jeffery Farnol, author of "The Broad Highway."

Among the books which the Broadway Publishing Company promises for the coming season are found: "The Little Sufferers," a novel dealing with the abuses of the children's societies, by G. Martin Jurgenson; "Stonefield Silhouettes," by Cornelia Minor Arnold; "Eight Lands in Eight Weeks," by Marcia Penfield Snyder, and "Jean Carroll," by S. A. D. Whipple.

In our issue of July 20 we noticed a volume containing the poems of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, which was published, as we erroneously stated, by the Mediccan Society of London; we should have said the Medici Society.

The last five of the ten volumes of the "Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce" (Neale) are now before the public. All that wide margins, gilt edges, and tooled leather bindings can do for these books has been done, and gentlemen whose bookrooms are papered in brown will find them a tasteful decoration. But except from the upholsterer's point of view they are not books at all, and Mr. Bierce has done an injustice to his considerable if somewhat perverse talent by marshalling its offspring in close formation. Three hundred and seventy-six pages compose "The Devil's Dictionary," which will easily keep all but the most rapid readers employed throughout a painful eternity. The volumes contain, besides, a longish tale, some short ones, a quantity of fables, various essays, scattered verse, and a collection of epigrams.

In "Isabella of Milan" (Scribner) Christopher Hare, discarding the impersonality of the common biographer, attempts "to make the past live once more by using the pen of an imaginary eye-witness, a lady-in-waiting of keen insight, intelligence, and sympathy, who tells the 'Story of Her Duchess' in a series of intimate letters to her sister in Naples." Unfortunately, not even ancillary commiseration is enough to awaken interest in the dreary life of Isabella. Married to the weakling Duke Gian Galeazzo, she struggled in vain, under the tyranny of Lodovico Sforza, to win a more than nominal precedence for her husband, and in her widowhood, the son whom she had hoped to see established in the ducal power was taken from her by Louis XII, and sent to die in a French convent-prison. She was not a woman of intellectual distinction or of social genius. She could not rival Lodovico's young wife, Beatrice. Mr. Hare's imaginary Violante might at least have given us a vivid picture of the life of the Sforza court, but her record of festivities is seldom better than perfunctory, even when she writes of what the ladies wore. In a letter assigned to 1490, she represents Bandello as the leading wit o the garden of Cecilia Gallerani. It may be noted that Bandello was presumably born in 1485.

In the second volume of "Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History" (The Clarendon Press) Professor Vinogradoff presents two more valuable contributions by his pupils to the study of the manor in England. The first monograph is "Types of Manorial Structure in the Northern Danelaw," by F. M. Stenton. Scholars in the last twenty-five years have been inclined to deseribe, often with the aid of a neat but more or less hypotbetical sketch, the "typical manor," as if throughout all England manorial conditions were fairly uniform and Domesday terms fairly identical in meaning. A few years ago even Professor Maitland enunciated, cautiously to be sure, a brilliant theory which would make the word *manerium* in Domesday a technical term of uniform meaning; his theory, if valid, would clear up many difficulties; but it has not, one must sorrowfully admit, stood satisfactorily the test of detailed criticism. Mr. Stenton, instead of seeking definitions which shall be of general application, has narrowed his focus to a minute study of the Northern Danelaw, that is, of the region comprised in the six modern counties of York, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, and Rutland. Within this region be finds that *manerium* was no technical term of law and apparently had no precise agrarian or fiscal meaning; it was vaguely used to cover the most diverse forms of economic organization. He also finds that many other terms within this region are used in a sense different from that elsewhere. Inland does not mean, as in the South and West, the lord's untaxed home farm; it is contrasted with sokeland; it is taxable; and its capacity to pay taxes is invariably expressed in carucates or bovates. The berewick lying distant from the manor house, but owned by the lord, is a portion of the inland. Sokeland, as contrasted with inland, is land which is regarded as belonging not to the manorial lord, but to the man seated upon it, and as owing certain services and dues to be rendered to the lord of the soke at the central manor house. Mr. Stenton has carried his study beyond the Conquest and is inclined to think that the Old English elements of freedom were unusually persistent and permanent after 1066, in spite of the manorializing influence of the new Norman lords, who tended to consolidate small agricultural groups into larger units and make the manor and the vill more nearly coincide. In the second monograph, "Customary Rents," Miss Neilson, lecturer at Mt. Holyoke College, has classified the various examples of customary rents—manorial, royal, and ecclesiastical—which she has culled from a large number of English mediæval documents. Her work might be described as a kind of general glossary of fiscal terms. It will be a valuable aid to the historical student who is making an intensive study of a locality. It ought also to be of interest to the philologist. It suggests certain sections of Grimm's "Rechtsalterthümer" and Von Maurer's "Fronhöfe," two works which Miss Neilson does not appear to have used, but which might perhaps by German analogy have cast some light upon obscure terms.

The Fleming H. Revell Company is the American publisher of a discussion by some fifteen British clergymen, publicists, and social workers on "Non-Church Going; Its Reasons and Remedies." The writers have the situation in England and Scotland in mind, and they agree that the present outlook as to church attendance is discouragingly bad, although not so bad in Scotland as in England. The disaffection is declared to be among the social extremes, the artisans, and the professional and upper classes. The strength of the British churches lies with the upper middle class. W. Forbes Gray, editor of the *Symposium*, asserts that it is "difficult to over-estimate the gravity of the situation," and that it has not improved since a census, a few years ago, revealed that four persons out of five in greater London never enter a church door. For the most part, it is agreed that the fault lies with the churches. Sermons are prosy, the ritual is tedious, and lack of general aggressive social effort supports the popular impression that the churches are close corporations administered in the interest of the capitalists. The remedies suggested are vigorous reform of the church from within, especially by strenuous grappling with the intellectual difficulties of the times and earnest and effective eoöperation in practical movements for social improvement. The example of Dr. Chalmers is frequently cited, and the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon services are mentioned as illustrating methods which should prove successful. Some of the papers do not reach the heart of the question, their authors concerning themselves with schemes and devices rather tban with the changes of spirit and conviction which must be at the root of any real improvement.

Algernon E. Aspinall's "Pocket Guide to the West Indies" (Dutton), a revised edition of which has just been published, contains much information to recommend it to travellers who seek not only "points of interest," but facts about the history and industries of the Antilles. While the author omits Cuba and the Bahamas for adequate reasons, he describes the other islands, even the most insignificant, authoritatively and with discrimination. One chapter is devoted to Britisb Guiana, to which tourists are paying more attention, and another to the Canal Zone. Several maps, a number of illustrations, and an index add to the book's value. It is on the whole a comprehensive yet compact volume.

The Mohammedan savant of India, Mohammed Barakal Ullah, in eonjunction with the Egyptian scholar, Ahmed Fasli Bey, has begun the publication of an English monthly called the *Islamic Fraternity*, in the interests of Moslem propaganda in Japan. It is said that the money for launching the new enterprise came from the United States. A Japanese edition of the magazine is to be published in the near future.

"Seventeen Years Among the Sea Dyaks

of Borneo" (Lippincott), by Edwin H. Gomes, is an important addition to our ethnographical literature, being the first complete picture of this primitive but interesting people. Eminently social by instinct, they live compactly together, a whole village, sometimes of as many as fifty families, occupying one long three-storied house. The house is provided with open and covered verandas, where they gather for amusements, concerts, and the discussion of business affairs. Much stress is laid on the work of the witch-doctor, who is supposed to have a mysterious power over evil spirits, and on the important part played by omens. The building of a house, the departure of an expedition, the beginning of rice-planting all depend on a favorable omen, generally the flight or notes of certain birds. So far as our knowledge goes, birds are more closely connected with their religious beliefs than with those of any other modern people. A bird, it appears, carries to the other world food for a departed soul, as well as the lamentations of his relatives. There, before an expectant crowd, it pours them out, "and lo! the eatables, as well as the tears and sobs of the living which accompany them, have become gold and silver and precious stones wondrously beautiful." Another curious belief asserts that each prenatal child "is brought to the gods, who ask: 'What would you like to handle and use?' If it answer, 'A sword,' the gods pronounce it a male; but if it answer, 'Cotton and the spinning-wheel,' it is pronounced a female. Thus they are born as boys or girls, according to their own wishes." Mr. Gomes leaves the impression that these dusky sons of the jungle are a likeable people, truthful, honest, hospitable, industrious, and hard-working. The strength of the family ties is shown by the author's statement that "in all the many years I lived in Borneo I did not meet a single instance of cruelty to children. An old father or mother need never work unless they like. Their children will provide for them." And yet, less than eighty years ago, they were noted pirates and headhunters, for a man had to bring home a head if he wished to have a wife. But under the beneficent rule of the "Two White Rajahs" of Sarawak, Sir James Brooke and his nephew, Sir Charles, they have been transformed. Piracy and headhunting are things of the past, and the chief occupation of the men is the cultivation of rice, of the women weaving cloth and making mats; the women, says the writer, "do not hold, as in most Eastern countries, an inferior and humiliating position." The book, which has hardly a dull page, is attractive in appearance, having forty reproductions of photographs, mostly of the natives in their various occupations and adornments. There is a glossary of native words used in the text and a map of Northern Borneo.

Edward Lewis Curtis, professor of Hebrew in the Yale Divinity School, died suddenly on Saturday of last week, in his fifty-eighth year. He wrote a "Commentary on Chronicles."

Edwin Asa Dix, who died last Saturday at the age of fifty-one, was formerly literary editor of the *Churchman*, and was the author of "A Midsummer Drive Through the Pyrenees," "Champlain—the Founder of New France," "Deacon Bradbury," "Old Bowen's Legacy," "Prophet's Landing," and "Quincy Baxter," all but the first two being novels.

Prof. Konrad Duden, who had written widely on the subject of reformed spelling, is dead in Wiesbaden, aged eighty-two. His works include: "Anleitung zur deutschen Rechtschreibung," "Etymologie der neuhochdeutschen Sprache," and " Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache."

Science

Dr. John Beard will publish through Chatto & Wiudus a book on the origin and cure of cancer.

Science books in Putnam's autumn list include "Kimball's Commercial Arithmetic," by Gustavus S. Kimball, and "The Bacillus of Long Life," by Loudon M. Douglas.

The Geographical Service of the Army of France has caused a map to be made of a region, 50 miles by 80, about Chalons, "the centre of aviation," which is published in the *Annales de Géographie*. It is on the scale of 1:200,000, about 17 by 26 inches in size, and in six colors. The aim is to show the country as nearly as possible as it would appear from a flying machine. Every kind of road, railway, tramway, and electric wires is indicated, as well as the contour of the land, with heights given, the forests, streams, marshes, ponds, cultivated tracts, habited places, stations, garages, churches, graveyards, towers, windmills, forts, and even isolated trees, and the places dangerous for alighting. The map is beautifully executed. Its success, indeed, is so great that the minister of war has ordered the preparation of similar charts of the regions about Paris, Amiens, and Mézières, for use in the great army manœuvres. Commandant Pollacchi of the Geographical Service gives a brief account of the special objects sought in the construction of the map.

In Volume II, part iii, of his "Trees and Shrubs" (Houghton Mifflin), Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent, director of the Arnold Arboretum, gives a full account of twenty-five new species of woody plants. From the beginning of his botanical activity, he has had remarkable success in obtaining the coöperation of specialists in dendrology, who have, under his direction, placed the knowledge of our North American trees and shrubs on a high plane. The drawings by his coadjutor, C. E. Faxon, are among the best botanical illustrations in existence. Few persons can realize the amount of patient skill which is required to obtain from the ordinary botanical material at the command of an artist the true expression of the plant, as well as accuracy in all details. In some instances, too well known in botanical literature, the drawings are sketchy and impressionistic, and reasonably truthful as regards general effect, but are, at the same time, misleading in minor particulars. Mr. Faxon always gives absolutely satisfactory outlines. They constitute a record vast in volume and remarkable for perfection. Professor Sargent has directed the course of this dendrological work throughout, and by his own untiring activity and the support of his aids, has made contributions to the subject of a truly monumental character. When we study these parts of "Trees and Shrubs," as they reach our hands, we regret the necessity which compelled Professor Sargent to relinquish the publication of that most useful work, *Garden and Forest*. To that periodical is to be attributed a great deal of the keen interest which is now so widely felt, throughout our country, in the improvement of natural scenery and in the tasteful adornment of homes.

The "Annual Reports of the Forest, Fish, and Game Commissioner for 1907-1908-1909," for the State of New York, is now published at Albany, and shows the various activities of Commissioner Whipple and his staff during those years. It is something of a picture-book besides being a State document. The colored plates of birds and fish are excellent, but the sentimental camping-scenes might well be spared.

"Yellow Fever and its Prevention" (Dutton), by Sir Rubert W. Boyce, is intended for the information and instruction of medical men who purpose undertaking professional work in tropical regions, more particularly in Africa. It contains a brief history of our knowledge of the existence and spread of the disease, brief but sufficient, and carries also many references to the more important literature of the subject. The author is thoroughly familiar with the question, having an extended personal experience of the methods employed for the control of yellow fever in the West Indies and elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic. Apart from a considerably detailed account of the symptomatology, pathology, and treatment, the special interest of the book lies in the discussion of the prevalence of the disease in Africa. Sir Rubert has made investigations in that country as well, and is able to show the wide distribution of the particular mosquito on which the spread of this fever depends. He is convinced that yellow fever is far more common in Africa, especially on the West Coast, than it has been supposed to be. It appears that many of the prevalent fevers known by various names ("the bilious remittent fever of the country," "inflammatory fever," "African fever," "pernicious remittent fever," and so on) are really yellow fever of varying degrees of mildness. As we are still unable to recognize the causative virus or microorganism, a direct demonstration of the unity of these diseases is out of the question, but the fact that the hygienic measures which check or control the prevalence of them, and particularly the elimination of the mosquito, are the same measures which are efficacious in stopping the spread of yellow fever, makes such unity probable, quite apart from other points of resemblance. The general reader will find the book on the whole rather too special for his purpose, although he may profitably read the historical matter of the first hundred pages, and take an interest in the account of the geographical distribution of the *Stegomyia*, a pest manifesting a rather curious domesticity, and in the means employed for its extermination, which are shown in many excellent pictures.

Only the trout fisherman who has advanced far beyond the sport-loving phases of angling will appreciate Frederic M. Halford's "Modern Development of the Dry Fly" (Dutton), an elaborately illustrated volume on the scientific aspect of luring fresh-water trout with artificial reproductions of insects. Mr. Halford, who remarks

that this is probably his last contribution to brookside literature, is perhaps the best-known British writer on his hobby—a hobby which in his case has developed into a lifetime study. Even the amateur can perceive that Mr. Halford's book represents years of thought and painstaking labor. Yet through his weighty arguments, his technical dissertations on colors and shapes, the veteran flycaster's lighter humors are reflected now and again. The habits of advancing age may have led him into science and away from recreation; but he cannot forget altogether that "big fellow" he once netted in the Test, or the terrific struggle he made against that four-pounder in Oakley Hole. The untrained reader, therefore, finds occasional relief in the form of stories which echo with the whirr of reel and the swish of fighting trout. It will be a pity, both for the casual angler and the fly-making specialist, if Mr. Halford adheres to his resolution of writing no more.

Drama and Music

Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries. By Ernest Law. London: G. Bell & Sons.

"Nothing else but time," wrote Dr. Furness in 1886, "will ever solve the mystery of these forged leaves in the Revels Book." And now Mr. Law, a barrister of antiquarian tastes, enthusiastically brings in time's verdict. The two leaves in question find their place in two small packets of accounts kept, the first by Edmund Tilney, and the second by Sir George Buc, successively Masters of the Revels. The first leaf contains a list of plays given before King James at Whitehall during the winter of 1604-5, among which appear seven plays of Shakespeare's and opposite four of them, under the caption of "The poete wch mayd the plaies," the name "Shaxberd," a not impossible contemporary spelling. The second leaf contains a similar list for 1610-11, which includes two of his plays, but without the poet's name.

Apart from the intrinsic interest of so full a contemporary reference to Shakespeare, these lists, if genuine, afford important external evidence for the dates of "Othello" and "The Tempest." But when, in 1868, Peter Cunningham, a sometime clerk in the audit office, who had earlier discovered and published these account books, foolishly tried to sell them to the British Museum, they were seized and the play-lists they contain somewhat hastily pronounced to be forgeries, the earlier with rather more confidence than the later. This opinion, most emphatically voiced by Dyce, Halliwell-Phillips, and Grant White, was universally acquiesced in, and the matter was for some years dropped. No specific charges were made against Cunningham, though the general impression was that he was the forger, aided, perhaps, by the then recently notorious J. P. Collier. And now comes the mystery. In 1880 Halliwell-Phillips discovered, among the inedited papers of Malone, the great Shakespearean editor, a memorandum, not in his handwriting, which substantially agrees with the first list, supposedly forged by Cunningham. Malone's papers had remained inaccessible in the Bodleian since his death in 1812, and the transcript, to which Malone in his published writings seems somewhat darkly to refer, must have been made for him prior to this date and certainly before the birth of Cunningham. So startling a state of affairs could only be explained, and then none too convincingly, on the theory that Cunningham had as the basis of his forgeries a genuine document to which Malone's transcriber had earlier gained access. Why Cunningham should offer for sale a forgery, if he possessed the original, and what became of the original itself, remained unanswered.

At this point Mr. Law comes to the rescue of Cunningham and asserts that the lists are not forgeries at all. Professor Wallace of Nebraska and Sir George Warner, Keeper of MSS. in the British Museum, agree with him that there is no sign of modern fabrication. Prof. James J. Dobbie of the Government Laboratories, has subjected the 1604 list to most thorough microscopical and chemical tests and concludes that the ink is of the same character as that used throughout the admittedly genuine account-book of which the list is a part. This kind of testimony seems conclusive; but, before finally acquitting Cunningham, as every one would be glad to do, we can afford to await the results of the searching examination which Professor Feuillerat will doubtless make in the course of his elaborate studies in the history of the Revels.

It has been decided to open the Century Theatre (formerly the New Theatre) on or about September 18 with a revival of "The Blue Bird." Many of the performers will be the same as last year, and among the newcomers will be Burford Hampden, a young player from England, who will be seen as Tytyl. There will be some changes in the performance derived from recent productions abroad. During the run of "The Garden of Allah" at the theatre there will be no music in the auditorium, but during the intermissions Nahan Franko and nine instrumental soloists will play in the foyer.

Charlotte Walker will be seen early in October under the management of Klaw & Erlanger in a dramatization of John Fox, jr.'s, novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," made by Eugene Walter. Miss Walker will play the part of June, the heroine of the tale of the Kentucky mountains.

Vittorio Podesti, who was a conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, will be the conductor for the season of the Imperial Russian Ballet this year.

Fritzi Scheff has begun rehearsals of her new operetta, "The Duchess," and after a brief tour out of town will come to New York for a run under the management of the Shuberts.

"Shakespeare on the Stage," by William Winter, part of which appeared in one of the magazines during the spring, will be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. in book form. It is announced for October.

London is looking forward to Sir Herbert Tree's performances this season of "Macbeth," and to "Romeo and Juliet," which will be produced with Miss Neilson-Terry as Juliet, Vernon Steel as Romeo, and Fred Terry as Mercutio.

Sir George Alexander will appear at the St. James's in a new comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, entitled "The Ogre."

London will also be given a chance to see "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and "The Havoc."

Mary Eastlake, who died a fortnight or more ago, at the age of fifty-six, at her residence near Ringwood, Hants, England, was associated with Wilson Barrett as his leading actress in his notable management of the Princess's Theatre in the early eighties. That period saw the production by Mr. Barrett of a number of original plays written, alone or in collaboration, by English dramatists who were their coming to the front, including George R. Sims, Henry Arthur Jones, Henry Herman, and Sydney Grundy. In "The Lights o' London," "The Romany Rye," "The Silver King," "Claudian," and "Clito" Miss Eastlake played the leading female parts—a strangely varied and divergent range of characters; but in all she won much critical praise and wide popular approval. Though not a great actress, she had energy and application, sympathy and pathos, and in certain parts a command of passion and intensity which served her well—for instance, as the voluptuous and treacherous Hella in Grundy's "Clito." Her Ophelia to Barrett's Hamlet also had many admirers. A serious illness caused her withdrawal from the stage nearly twenty years ago.

"As a Man Thinks," by Augustus Thomas, has been published (Duffield), and a study of it in print fully confirms the high opinion which was expressed in this journal on the occasion of its first stage production in this city. It assures the author a very high place, if not the highest, in the ranks of living American dramatists. If the artistic quality and logical sequence of the earlier acts had been maintained to the end, it would have been a masterpiece of its kind, but there can be no doubt that in the closing scenes and final development, palpably designed for the assurance of a comparatively happy ending, there is a relapse into conventionalism and sentimentality. But, with this exception, the play is fine throughout in workmanship, substance, and purpose. The first act is a piece of constructive ingenuity of which either Sardou or Pinero might be proud, and once the foundations of the drama have been set forth in action, the story proceeds naturally—each successive incident arising legitimately from the influence of circumstance on character—to a reasonable climax. The weakness of the scheme consists in the adroit but disingenuous avoidance of an apparently inevitable catastrophe. Although the play is strong

in human interest, and full of effective situation, revealing at every turn the cunning of the theatrical expert, it is charged with serious purpose and significant example. In dealing with difficult and delicate problems, social, racial, sexual, or religious, it exhibits none of the narrowness or "cocksureness" which pervades the work of many of our younger playwrights, who have thriven upon crude sensationalism. It is the product of a well-stored and observant mind, capable of weighing all sides of an intricate question, and regulated by a wise and liberal spirit. Few more dignified, attractive, or thoroughly human figures than that of the Hebrew physician, Dr. Seelig, have been contributed to the modern stage. And in all recent theatrical discussion of the moral rights of the sexes few passages have been more impressive or more inspiring than that in which the doctor explains why chastity is the crowning jewel of womanhood. But Mr. Thomas holds no especial brief for either Jews or Gentiles. His humorous or satirical strokes—in which his dialogue is rich—are distributed among all of them with grim impartiality. His characters are drawn from the life, are wholly credible, and have the rare merit of being not only interesting in themselves, but instructive in their fortunes. It is unnecessary at this time to repeat the details of a story which is still so fresh in public memory, but some reference ought to be made to the excellence of the dialogue, which is written in singularly clear, simple, compact, and vigorous English, without any attempt at mere rhetoric. "As a Man Thinks" may be enjoyed quite as much in the library as before the footlights.

Wagner's popularity in London is attested by the fact that Sir Henry Wood, in making out his programmes for the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts, which began on August 12 and will last till October 21, included Wagner's name in them no fewer than 121 times. Beethoven comes next, thirty-four times; Tchaikovsky, thirty; Mozart, twenty-eight; Dvorák and Weber, sixteen each; Brahms, Elgar, and Bach, fourteen each; Liszt, thirteen; Handel, Berlioz, and Saint-Saëns, twelve each; Grieg and Schubert, ten each. Mendelssohn is represented by nine pieces. These sixteen composers occupy considerably more than half the scheme. The "Tannhäuser" overture, with seven performances, will be the most frequently heard work; the "Meistersinger" and "Tristan" preludes, the "Peer Gynt" suite, and the "1812" overture will each be played six times. British music supplies 78 out of a total of 630 items, or 12.4 per cent.

The Bach suite arranged by Gustav Mahler, which aroused so much enthusiasm at the Philharmonic concerts in New York conducted by him, is included in Sir Henry Wood's programmes as one of the novelties. The others are: Pavane, Ravel; waltz from "Der Rosenkavalier," Strauss; Roumanian Rhapsody, No. 1, Georges Enesco; Swedish Rhapsody, "Midsommarvaka," op. 19, Hugo Alfvén; "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," Balfour Gardiner; three pieces for oboe and orchestra, Hamilton Harty; suite, "Children's Corner" (newly orchestrated), Debussy; variations on an Irish air (op. 29), Norman O'Neill; suite for flute and orchestra, "The Flute of Pan," Jules Mouquet; small suite for orchestra, Cecil Forsyth; petite suite for flute and orchestra, Henri Büsser; Symphonic Poem, "Antonie et Cléopatre," Raymond Roze; Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, Louis Aubert; orchestral rhapsody, "A Passerby," C. B. Rootham; suite for orchestra (op. 9), Georges Enesco; Miniature Suite, Eric Coates; Canon, by Schumann (op. 56, No. 5), orchestrated by Francis G. Sanders.

Leoncavallo has been asked to write the music for the hymn of the Italian Poet Pascoli, which is to be sung at the ceremony of unveiling the Dante monument in New York on October 12.

Humperdinck is writing the music for the performance of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," which is to be given in Berlin the coming season.

After examining the manuscripts of operas received in competition for the "Jungdeutsche" prize, the four judges (R. Strauss, Ernst von Schuch, Leo Blech, and Gustav Brecher) decided that none of them deserved the prize. Three of them, however, were mentioned as noteworthy—"Des Teufel's Pergament," by Ostermann and Schattman; "Der Weg zum Licht," by Ewers and Krumbiegel, and "Kain," by Möller and Surmann. These are to be staged and the Jungdeutsche Verlag (Kurt Fliegel, Berlin) has paid 2,500 marks apiece for them.

Mascagni is said to have been asked to write two new operas, one to be produced on the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915, the other to be staged in Japan.

Otto Neitzel, the well-known Cologne critic and lecturer, has written an opera entitled "Barberina," which is to be staged at Krefeld the coming season.

Frederick Tivendell, who died recently, at the age of eighty-six, was an Englishman who settled at Cassel in 1843. He played at concerts with Spohr and later with Joachim.

Art

A book on "Royal Copenhagen Porcelain," with 100 full-page plates, by Arthur Haydn, is in the list of Fisher Unwin.

The first volume in the series issued by the Egyptian Department of the University Museum in the University of Pennsylvania has already been noticed in these columns. It contained the account of Mr. MacIver's initial campaign, on behalf of the University of Pennsylvania, in Lower Nubia. The continuation of the expedition in the same locality is now recounted in three new volumes, *viz.*, vol ii, "Christian Churches in Lower Nubia," by Geoffrey S. Mileham; vol. iii, "Karanog: The Romano-Nubian Cemetery," by C. Leonard Woolley, and D. Randall-MacIver, Text; vol. iv contains the Plates to illustrate the text of the third volume. The three volumes appear together and form a bulky contribution to our growing knowledge of the cataract region of the Nile and its important position as the link between ancient Egypt and the otherwise impenetrable barbarism of inner Africa in ancient days. It is the only country in which we can discern something of the ancient history of a dark or negroid race in Africa. To the traveller issuing from the jungles of the Sudan and following the Nile valley northward, there is no more sombre memorial of the slow retreat of civilization which went on in this region after the fall of the Egyptian empire (twelfth century B. C.) than the desolate ruins of the Christian churches in which the lamp of enlightenment had flickered for a few centuries [illegible] was quenched in the seventh century A. D. by the southern advance of the Moslems. These Nubian or Ethiopian churches were the southernmost outpost of early Christianity. No attempt has hitherto been made to recover a systematic knowledge of their scanty architectural remains. The churches of Cairo and the north have been studied by Butler in his standard volume on the Coptic churches, but those of Nubia lay neglected until the Pennsylvania expedition wisely attached an architect to their staff and undertook the work. Mr. Mileham's useful volume is the result. Plans, elevations, and photographs in halftone occupying thirty-nine plates furnish the more essential data on the ten churches reviewed by the author. In these and a text of fifty-six pages a conscientious effort is made to present the objective facts. There has been little attempt to reconstruct the buildings as they once were (see plate 25), or to correlate the observed facts with the history of architecture in the north. Any such purpose is frankly disavowed by the author in his preface. The later buildings of Nubia will contribute much to the history of Byzantine architecture, and throw light on the problems in which its obscure origins so abound. The facts recounted in Mr. Mileham's volume will no doubt be found of value in such study.

The work of excavation conducted by the Pennsylvania expedition has been continued by Mr. MacIver at a point about midway between the first and second cataracts, not far from his first campaign. The place is known as Karanog, and here Mr. MacIver discovered a large cemetery embracing a period of four or five centuries which ended not later than 500 A. D. In such an age and on such a remote frontier of the Roman Empire, the material found presents unique and hitherto unknown problems. It is even difficult to find a term by which to designate the cemetery and the whole mass of objects found in it. The term "Romano-Nubian," which is adopted, seems unfortunate; for "Nubian" is an ethnological or ethnographical term, while "Romano" is, of course, purely political. Such a double designation attempts too much; it would be better to call it simply Nubian. The output from the Karanog cemetery was large, and, taken together with Mr. MacIver's returns from his first campaign, makes the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania the leading collection of Nubian antiquities. The burials vary from mere graves to pretentious rectangular superstructures of sun-dried brick, occasionally having even stone masonry bases. The furniture and accessories, like the architecture, may be at once characterized as pseudo-Nubian, displaying as they do a hybrid, composite style, in which the Egyptian veneer but thinly veils the semi-barbarism into which these one-time subjects of the Pharaoh had fallen. Besides an important series of Nubian inscriptions in the Meroitic script, two unique classes of objects were found. A series of curious and grotesque "ba-statues" in painted stone, displays the human-headed bird (the classic

harpy), combined with the standing figure of a man, whose head likewise serves as the head of the bird, the body of the latter being attached behind the man's shoulders. The mass of decorated pottery is imposing, and forms also a unique series. It furnishes a new chapter in the history of decorative art. In 116 plates, fourteen of which are in color, these and the other, lesser remains from the Karanog cemetery are very fully and successfully brought before the modern student. The volume of text furnishes a full and careful report of all field data and other facts necessary to an understanding of the plates. A final chapter on the Blemyes and the Roman Frontier, together with an appendix containing the ancient Greek and Latin sources concerned, and a second appendix on the garrison of Egypt under the Roman Empire by G. L. Cheesman, materially enhance the value of the volume. The camera has been well employed in making the field records. It is, however, to be regretted that there is no satisfactory photograph of the imposing rock of Kasr Ibrim, opposite which Karanog lies. It is the dominating feature of the landscape, and on its summit stands one of the churches surveyed by Mr. Mileham, in the midst of a ruined fortress and settlement. In a piece of work so well done, however, this is a small matter.

It will cheer the advocates of photography as a fullfledged art to find that much of the advice which A. J. Anderson gives in his book, "The Artistic Side of Photography" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is applicable to all design in monochrome. Mr. Anderson is a believer in straight photography, an enemy of the gum-print and over-manipulation of all sorts. He is equally the foe of gloss—even regarding the lustre of oil pigment as a defect. For him the ideal photograph is the platinotype. Through his sensible and vivacious paragraphs on composition and lighting, landscape, portraiture, and pure pictorialism we cannot follow him. Enough that he frowns upon the fussy whether in preliminaries or in the dark-room. His view of the claim of photography to rank among the arts should be noted. Not fulness of definition, which he deems a defect, but beauty of gradation in monochrome is the specific merit of photography. Twenty-four reproductions illustrate what he feels to be the best prints. We have examined these carefully in the light of Mr. Anderson's dictum, and we feel that a skilled draughtsman in monochrome would desire to accent or seriously alter every plate but one. Baron A. von Meyer's The Silver Skirt has satisfactory pictorial quality, Coburn's The Water-Carrier approaches that standard very closely. The rest show empty spots or saliencies that no artist would tolerate. In the high average of contemporary practice, that is, the photographic print is far from being a rival of the mezzotint, lithography, or tone drawing in charcoal or pigment. Whether photography is to be promoted from the position of poor relation to peer of these traditional monochrome processes the future will tell. Meanwhile, the more art that can be put into photography the better. If, as seems to the present writer, its most valuable function is that of objective record, why at least all efforts to make that record agreeable should be welcomed.

Finance

AN ERA OF ECONOMIC READJUSTMENT.

When the financial situation seemed to be improving, last spring, and hopefulness was the dominant note in Wall Street, it was recalled that this was the fourth year after 1907; also that it was in 1897, the fourth year after the panic of 1893, when the movement of financial recuperation and expansion began which lasted almost uninterruptedly for a decade. We have had numerous disappointments since that parallel seemed reasonable to draw. The approach of autumn will not bring renewal of the hopes of springtime, and, while it is not altogether safe to make predictions regarding even the near future, it is perfectly safe to say that this year will not have duplicated 1897.

But when that comparison with the nineties was drawn, it was also remarked that the aftermath of panic in the seventies made up a different story, and that the fourth year after 1873 was a year of reaction and depression. In view of the present perplexities of the situation, it may be interesting to retell the history of the years which followed that financial crisis. That 1893 was followed by one year of profound depression, by a second of premature speculation and expansion, by a third of renewed and violent liquidation—leaving the fourth in the series to begin the true movement of recovery—most people will remember. Let us see what occurred after 1873.

Of 1874 it was said, in a contemporary review at the end of the year, that "there was a general rebound from the previous depression, and an expectation of renewed buoyancy in business affairs which was not really warranted by the facts of the case." At the end of the year, the mistake in such expectations had been discovered, and the year ended with little genuine improvement. Yet in 1875, "recuperation was looked for with confidence." Again, however, "it failed to take place, and it appears that the disastrous effects of the panic were underestimated, and considered more transient and temporary than was really the case." But the markets would not believe that the after-effects of panic could be so prolonged.

At the opening of 1876—so the next year's narrative proceeded—"hopefulness was everywhere noted, and for a time there was promising activity in the Wall Street markets." But only for a time; as in the chronologically parallel year 1910, "this gave way to decided reaction, and the buoyancy and energy of our people were again severely tested by a year of depression and disappointment." The crops were comparatively small, business slow, failures very numerous, new securities hard to sell, and railway earnings wholly unsatisfactory.

Of 1877—which, like the present year, was the fourth year after the great financial crisis—the chronicler of the day wrote, at its close, that it "may long be remembered in the stock market as a period of unequalled depression in prices. There was no panic and no violent or extraordinary events to break down the market suddenly, but values shrank away steadily under the unfavorable influences affecting stocks, and with the most persistent and vigorous hammering by a strong combination of bear operators." It was a year of railway rate wars; of formidable labor troubles, culminating in the great Pennsylvania railway riots, and of constant political agitation, converging in that instance on the free silver coinage dispute. Its one redeeming feature was its excellent harvests, the yield of wheat and corn surpassing all previous records, and cotton turning out better than in any year since the civil war.

It is evident enough from this review that the present twelvemonth, though by no means as gloomy a period, has more points in common with the fourth year after 1873 than with the fourth year after 1893. Historical or economic parallels can never, in the nature of things, be exact. But the fact of even such superficial resemblance should make it interesting to inquire, first, why those two earlier periods differed so radically; then why 1911 should have resembled the one rather than the other, and, finally, what happened after the year which 1911 resembles.

The most obvious explanation of the first question lies in the fact that, in the first year after the panic of 1893, the country passed through the extreme of Stock Exchange depression, business reaction, forced economy, and readjustment of wages, which as we have seen were combated and postponed after 1873. Liquidation, reorganization, and the conforming of staple prices to the new order of things, were largely completed in 1894, and what was not done or what was undone in the premature boom of 1895, was effectively achieved in 1896. There was no such story of prompt response to changed conditions after 1873, and there was no such story after 1907—which may possibly answer the second question. In other words, the economic world took its full dose of medicine promptly after 1893, and was accordingly quick in its recovery. In the two other periods, it failed to take the medicine until after rather long delay.

As for the sequel to 1877—the fourth year after the panic of that decade—the first half of the ensuing twelvemonth was a period of uncertainty, with political influences still dominant, Congress a perpetual thorn in the flesh to the de-

spondent and angry financial community, staple prices falling and business hesitating. But it was evident, before 1878 was over, that the long-deferred financial readjustment was complete. Trade expanded and Stock Exchange prices rose in the last part of the year; liquidation ceased, notwithstanding continued political unsettlement at home and war in Eastern Europe. The next year, 1879, favored as it was by resumption of specie payments and by large crops in high demand abroad, witnessed the great financial and industrial revival of the period, and a return to genuine "boom times" in America. To suggest the possible analogies, then, of the next two years of the present chapter of American finance, is a matter for the financial imagination.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, J. Man: King of Mind, Body, and Circumstance. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Blades, P. H. Don Sagasto's Daughter. Boston: Badger.
Blake, W. Songs of Innocence. (Illustrated.) Preface by Thomas Seccombe. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50 net.
Chambers, R. W. The Common Law. D. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Clarke, W. N. The Ideal of Jesus. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Corkran, A. The Dawn of British History. Crowell. $1.25.
Davis, C. B. Tales of the Town. Duffield. $1.30 net.
Dean, J. M. Rainier of the Last Frontier. Crowell. $1.20 net.
De Lacombe, B. Talleyrand the Man. Translated from the French by A. D'Alberti. Boston: Dana Estes. $3.50 net.
Eells, E. The Gospel for Both Worlds. Boston: Sherman, French. 60 cents net.
Goss, W. L. A Life of Grant for Boys and Girls. Crowell. $1.50.
Lesh, U. S. A Knight of the Golden Circle. Boston: Badger. $1.50.
MacGrath, H. The Carpet from Bagdad. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
MacLane. The Story of Mary MacLane, by Herself. New edition, with a chapter on 1911. Duffield.
Mertins, G. F. A Watcher of the Skies. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Otis, J. Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods; The Aeroplane at Silver Fox Farm; Crowell. $1.25 each.
Packard, F. L. On the Iron at Big Cloud. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Reid, J. B. Carey of St. Ursula's: A Book for Girls. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Report of the Insurance Commissioner, State of Maine. Year ending December, 1910. Augusta.
Reynolds, H. W. The Records of Christ Church. Poughkeepsie: Christ Church.
Rossetti. Complete Poetical Works. Crowell.
Ross. The Birth of England; From Conquest to Charter (1066-1215). Crowell. $1.25 each.
Sabin, E. L. The Circle K, or Fighting for the Flock. Crowell. $1.50.
Seala, G. Monna Lisa, or the Quest of the Woman Soul. Crowell. $1.
Sembower, C. J. The Life and the Poetry of Charles Cotton. Appleton.
Sherman, J. C. The Stunted Saplings. Boston: Sherman, French. 60 cents net.
Smith, F. H. Kennedy Square. Scribner. $1.50.
Soyer, N. Soyer's Paper-Bag Cookery. Sturgis & Walton. 60 cents net.
Staepoole, H. de V. The Ship of Coral. ($1.20 net); The Cruise of the "Kingfisher." Duffield.
Tennyson, A. A Portentous History: A novel. Duffield. $1.30 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1911.

The Week

President Taft loses no occasion to show that he is deeply in earnest about the arbitration treaties. He went to the meeting of the American Bar Association last week in order to argue about them before the assembled lawyers. Addressing himself to the main issue raised by the Senate Committee—namely, that the Senate ought not to be asked to "delegate" or "abdicate" its treaty-making power—he contended with much force that the Constitution certainly places the Senate no higher than the President in this regard, and that either may safely leave it, in certain cases, to an impartial and able commission to decide whether a given dispute is of such a nature that it is "justiciable," and so capable of being arbitrated. And Mr. Taft was really impressive in maintaining that we ought to be ready to hazard something for the sake of the world's peace, but in pressing home the truth that those who object to arbitration because under it the decision might go against their own country take up a position as truly untenable as would be that of a private litigant who should refuse to go into court unless certain that he should win. It is good to be assured that this great cause lies so near the President's heart, and that he will stand up for it in his Western speeches. All the more is it to be regretted, therefore, that on other matters his attitude is such as to arouse opposition and stir up strife within his own party. It would be a thousand pities if the spirit of faction which his coming tour seems certain to embitter should have the effect of emasculating or destroying the arbitration treaties.

Information now in the hands of Senator La Follette's campaign manager indicates that unless a progressive Republican be nominated for President next year, "this country will be compelled to face the disaster which usually accompanies a Democratic national Administration." Whereby the truth is once more exemplified that long after a man has given up believing in God and going to church he will continue to put on a frock coat and carry a cane on Sunday. The Insurgents have found it easy enough to break with nearly every article in the Republican creed, but they cannot forget the moth-eaten party shibboleths, of which the Democratic party's incapacity to cause the rain to fall and the crops to grow is the most ancient. The reproach comes most unkindest from the political agent of the statesman to whose present prosperous fortunes the Democrats in Congress have so generously contributed. We wonder if the certainty of national disaster attendant upon the election of a Democratic President is strong enough to make Mr. La Follette wish that last year's Congressional elections had turned out differently from what they did.

The stationing of a regiment of infantry on the Panama zone at this stage of the canal's development might seem quite inexplicable were it not that Congress will assemble in December to listen to more arguments from Gen. Wood on the necessity for an enlarged army. Up to this time, marines have successfully guarded the canal excavations in coöperation with the canal police. But now fear of an invasion has evidently become tense, and the Tenth Infantry is to leave for the canal at once to reinforce the battalion of marines to which Col. Goethals has let his guard dwindle. Next there are to go Coast Artillery and even cavalry, until a full brigade is stationed at Panama, in complete idleness save for the customary drills. In the intervals, we presume, the men will sit on the banks of the canal and watch the boats go through. It will always remain a mystery why a man who seems so genuinely devoted to peace as Mr. Taft should lend himself to this absurd canal fortifying. We recall his speech about the increase of the navy, to the effect that "we had better go on building two battleships a year until the canal is done, and then take stock of our situation." This indicates the lack of a clear-cut policy in this matter, as in the Philippines.

President Taft has commuted the sentences of two more army officers. One of them was convicted by his fellow-officers of embezzling moneys from the post exchange. Into this case Mr. Taft went with his usual painstaking care, reading all the evidence taken, as though he were still a judge on the bench. It is, therefore, quite unfair to charge him, as some of the Washington correspondents do, with permitting politics to rule. But it is permissible to point out in this as in several other cases in which he has exercised leniency that he does not realize how his acts discourage the service which tries hard to rid itself of its black sheep. An officer is usually not brought before a court for a serious offence until the service is certain that the time has come for drastic measures. In this case of Lieut. Rutherfurd, Mr. Taft apparently concedes that he was guilty, for he has reduced him fifty numbers in rank. But this is utterly inadequate; if he stole, nothing less than dismissal was merited; if he was innocent, he should receive no punishment. As in the case of Col. Cooke, whose sentence Mr. Taft commuted to the pain of the entire army, the President has failed to appreciate the spirit of the service, and has done it positive harm out of what is undoubtedly merely kindness of heart.

In so far as party politics enters into the contest over the retention of prohibition in the Maine Constitution, it concerns only the leaders of the parties, and by no means all of them. The people in general are too deeply interested in the question at issue to be swayed by any extraneous considerations. The Democrats, in taking the responsibility for submitting the amendment to a vote, were actuated as much by what they conceived to be the public sentiment as by hope of the partisan advantage which their opponents foresee for them in its repeal. It does not seem reasonable that many Republicans of the rank and file can be terrified by the prospect of a Democratic machine built up on license patronage. If their own leaders cannot play at such a game as that, then, indeed, political conditions have altered in the Pine Tree State. Nevertheless, even when stripped of politics, the issue is not simple. Both sides exhibit

figures which prove and disprove the moral and material advantages of prohibition and license. The repealers argue that the law entails political hypocrisy and corruption; the supporters of the amendment reply that it reduces poverty and insanity. Outsiders will be inclined to think that, if there is any State in the Union that ought to be capable of deciding the question, it is the one that has tried Constitutional prohibition for twenty-seven years, and is in its sixth decade of statutory prohibition. For this reason the result will be watched with general interest.

If William Penn were to return to Philadelphia to-day he would be quite overcome by the ample evidences of brotherly love in the politics of that great city. Senator Penrose gives fresh proof of his well-known public spirit by placing $100,000 in a trust fund to protect any officeholder thrown out of his job because of his adherence to the Senator in his fight against his co-managers of the machine. Apparently, hints have reached the Senator that fear of financial loss might make some of the officeholders, who were swayed like himself by the purest and most unselfish devotion to good government, reluctantly go with the Vares. Hence Mr. Penrose's noble action. From now on officeholders whose activity for Penrose is conspicuous will receive their dismissal with perfect equanimity and live on a slice of that $100,000 until the Senator finds a place for them in the Federal service. But the Vares are not to be outdone. *Noblesse oblige;* and so Contractor Vare shows his high-mindedness by giving up all city contracts as rapidly as he can and by turning over the management of his brother's campaign to some one else.

The first trial of the direct primary for the nomination of Governor of Maryland is regarded by the Baltimore *Sun* as justifying the passage of the law. Had the contest taken place under the old convention system there would have been no contest worthy of the name. With the Baltimore Democratic machine and the State and county organizations all working for Gorman, the result would have been certain from the beginning. As it is, he squeezes into the nomination by virtue mainly of Baltimore's twenty-eight votes, controlled by the Mahon ring. In that city Lee's forces made almost no struggle, concentrating their efforts, with a wisdom revealed by the outcome, in the counties. As the *Sun* puts it, a well-guarded primary law destroys political monopoly, or at least makes its destruction possible, and introduces free competition into the party. This is especially desirable in such a State as Maryland where the Republican party is usually too feeble to be a menace to boss rule. The Maryland law, however, needs amendment. A date two weeks later would accommodate many voters who are absent from Baltimore in August, and still leave a month and a half for the campaign. The election boards, while bi-partisan, are organization men, and this imposes an unfair handicap upon an anti-organization candidate in either party. If the element for Lee pursues the advantage it has gained in more than one county supposed to be in the grip of the organization, the *Sun* will be justified in declaring that a new political era has begun in Maryland.

Adoption of a new form of municipal government by five thousand voters out of twenty-five thousand does not look like majority rule. But that is what has occurred in Omaha. With two thousand voters casting their ballots against it, and seventeen thousand not voting at all, the largest city in Nebraska has decided to try commission government. The striking feature of this election is the degree of indifference which it reveals. Apathy itself in varying amounts is a familiar feature of our experiments with self-government. By it we have proved that we propose to exert no more of the vigilance that is the price of our political happiness than is absolutely necessary. When a contest is one of individuals rather than of principles, for instance, we are apt to allow our inertia to assert itself, and to devote ourselves more completely to business while letting the election run itself. A stranger might be excused for thinking that we were in the habit of calculating the chances, weighing the risk of loss by the election of the most undesirable candidates against the probable loss by neglecting our private affairs, and that, when in doubt, we took the former risk.

Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and one of the men principally responsible for the bringing to justice of Abe Reuf, is now advocating the pardon of the man whom, in the writer's own phrase, he had "pursued" for eight years. In the *Survey*, Mr. Older gives the reasons for his change of heart. He has ceased to believe that our economic difficulties can be solved by sending men to prison; so long as public necessities are controlled by private corporations, there will be civic corruption; "Ruef was a victim of the system." It is an extraordinary argument. There has always been a great deal of false sentiment and wrong thinking in connection with this unhappy phrase regarding the sinner who is a victim rather than a criminal. Pertinent enough, let us say, in the case of the woman outcast or the juvenile delinquent, the phrase is ridiculous when applied to an unscrupulous corruptionist, whom no other necessity than the depravity of his inner being drove to make a business out of the shame of his city. What system of public management or what system of any kind, economic, social, or religious, can be guaranteed to keep a man straight who is determined to be crooked? Some abatement in our pity for such "victims" of society is necessary if only in justice to the ninety-nine per cent. of us who do not live by theft or vice.

The outlook for the recall of judges in Arizona is indicated in the following dispatch:

> At a mass meeting of the chief Democrats of Graham County, held to decide on the question of accepting Statehood and eliminating the recall of the judiciary feature of the Constitution, it was unanimously decided to vote for striking out the recall provision and to pledge all candidates for every office, and especially for the Legislature, to provide for the immediate replacement of the measure after admission has been consummated.

The thing is not so easily done as all that. Even in Arizona, we presume, it needs a popular vote to approve an amendment after it has been approved by the Legislature. But conceding that Arizona may have back her cherished recall the day after she is admitted into the Union, the fight over the question at Washington and the President's veto have been far from wasted. They have concentrated national attention upon a fundamental change in the spirit of our institutions to which we shall be called upon to give much thought in the fu-

ture. Perhaps it is for the best that Arizona should now proceed to make her experiment with the especially watchful eye of the country upon her.

One of the most interesting happenings in the South of late has been a strike of white laborers at Key West because of the discharge of two negro workmen. Usually the case is the reverse both North and South; that is, if there is objection it is to the employment of colored labor alongside of white laborers. But at Key West every union carpenter struck until a board of arbitration found that the men were in the right. They were restored to work, and, says a Key West account, "the white and colored laborers are on much better terms." This is certainly refreshing reading when one recalls the bitter and costly strikes in Georgia and elsewhere of white men to prevent negro workmen on railways from rising above the humblest positions, and if it can be taken as a sign that labor is awakening to the fact that it least of all can indulge in race prejudice, it should give genuine reason for rejoicing. The other attitude particularly to be noted here in the North of excluding the colored man from unions is doubly wrong from the union point of view: it makes the negroes ready to act as strike-breakers, and it makes most of their arguments as to the brotherhood of all labor highly nonsensical. But this is one of the issues which Mr. Gompers finds it difficult to wax eloquent over, while he has sympathy unending for white men charged with the worst of crimes—wholesale murder. Upon what constitutes real brotherhood the Socialists can give Mr. Gompers some desirable lessons.

The amateur strategists are busy deciding the outcome of the war between France and Germany that has not come off. There is a pleasant variety of opinion on the subject. It has been made plain that upon the outbreak of war, Germany will immediately throw her armies into France and occupy Paris before the Russians have a chance to mobilize, or England can bring her troops across the Channel. The German fleet will be destroyed by the English fleet, of course, but for that France will be made to pay, and more; and so the outcome will be acceptable to Great Britain and acceptable to Germany and disastrous to France. But it has also been made plain that when war is declared the British fleet will immediately destroy the German fleet, the Russians will mobilize instantly, the German forces will be held back by the impregnable line of French forts, and even if they succeed in forcing their way into French territory, their gains will be more than counterbalanced by the loss of their fleet, their ports, and their foreign commerce. So war means disaster to Germany. Both conclusions follow inevitably from the careful balancing of regiments, guns, and battleships which constitutes the amateur strategist's sole method for gauging the rise and fall of nations.

An agreement between two great Powers that pleases both parties and satisfies the interested bystanders is a rarity. Such a pact is the one just concluded between Germany and Russia with regard to railway development in northern Persia. Russia is pleased at obtaining German recognition of her predominant interests in the northern half of the Empire; and because the Russian sphere of influence is a product of the understanding with Great Britain, that Power is inclined to view the situation with equanimity. Germany obtains from Russia the promise that the Bagdad railway shall be ultimately extended to Teheran, together with the usual "open door" privileges in northern Persia. It is fortunate for the Liberal movement in Persia, the future of which is still beset with difficulties, that its task should be made easier by the removal of any near possibility of foreign complications.

The tenth Zionist congress at Basel set definite limits to the movement brought into being by the late Theodor Hertzl, and thereby gave it a definiteness of purpose it has hitherto lacked. Dr. Hertzl's conception was of an autonomous Jewish state in Palestine, established under the guarantee of the Powers. The methods to be employed were those of diplomacy. Dr. Hertzl entered into negotiations with Sultan Abdul Hamid without any outward signs of success. The overthrow of Abdul Hamid was a serious check to Zionist aspirations. The Young Turks were Ottoman patriots. Their policy of centralization was utterly opposed to the idea of a self-governing Jewish state within the Empire. The latest Zionist congress has recognized the turn of events by abandoning the idea of a Jewish state and the methods of diplomacy, and declaring instead for a policy of gradual colonization. The two factions have been present in the Zionist movement since the beginning, but the death of the founder of the movement and the increasing pressure of the situation in Russia made the position of the "politicals" untenable. The Congress was forced to recognize the fact that while the theories of Zionism were being discussed, emigration was solving the problem of the Jews in Russia in a way unacceptable to the advocates of Palestine as the destined refuge for oppressed Judaism. Such are the considerations that have led Zionists to abandon the greater but distant hope for the immediate, practical benefits of an active policy of colonization in the Holy Land. After years of hesitation and a great deal of stumbling in the dark, the original idea of a Jewish home in the Holy Land has reasserted itself.

Party names have comparatively little significance in a parliamentary system like that of Japan, where Ministerial responsibility is non-existent and continuity of policy is maintained through the preponderant influence of a small group of veteran statesmen. Yet to the extent that it is possible to speak of Conservatives and Liberals in Japan, the Saionji Ministry, which has just replaced that of Marquis Katsura, may be described as Liberal. The outgoing Premier was at the head of the Government during the war with Russia, and his Foreign Minister, Baron Komura, was Foreign Minister at that time. The war once concluded, the diffcult problems of finance and economic readjustment proved to be of a kind for which the military talents of Katsura were unsuited. Unpopularity inevitably attaches to the business of paying the price of war. Baron Katsura retired and was succeeded by Marquis Saionji. Then came the unrest in Korea and the rise of discontent and sedition at home, and Katsura, as the "strong man," once more came to the front, bringing Komura with him. The necessary work having been done, the two men make way once more for what is by comparison a progressive and lenient régime.

MR. TAFT'S NEW EXPERIENCE.

Speaker Clark's rejoinder to the President's Massachusetts speech is a trifle "savage and tartarly," but is significant both in itself and as indicating the changed conditions which Mr. Taft has now to confront. He may have been surprised at some of the Speaker's blunt utterances, but must hereafter be prepared to hear many more of the same kind. The reason is that from now on he will be regarded not merely as the President, but as an active candidate for renomination. His speech-making tour two years ago was frankly a good deal of a failure; but at that time he had been only a few months in office; everybody had personal good-will for him; the deference due his office was shown him; he was nowhere directly attacked. But from now till November of next year all this will be altered. The amenities will give way to the animosities. Mr. Taft's statements will be sharply challenged. His consistency will be questioned. Both Democrats and Insurgent Republicans will open fire upon him, and he will find himself in a political battle where no one is spared.

This will be a new experience for President Taft. He has never before had to go out and take a hand in rough political debating. In 1908 the bludgeon-work was kindly attended to for him by President Roosevelt. Since then Mr. Taft has made a great many perfunctory or occasional addresses, but these have been mostly non-controversial or "official," with no one to answer back. The biting criticism, the hard hitting, will now set in, however, and it is a question whether he is fitted to shine in that kind of political fighting. His greatest strength hitherto he has shown in such deliberately prepared state papers as his veto message on the recall of judges, or the mature and comprehensive speech on the conservation policy which he delivered at St. Paul last year. It is another thing to have to meet all comers without notice; to be compelled to reply as well as to assert. Beginning with his coming tour of the West, the President will enter upon a period of rough-and-tumble political fighting, new to him, and whether he has the readiness, the dash, and the verve for it his best friends may well be in doubt.

How his predecessor would have met such frontal attacks as those of Speaker Clark and Senators La Follette, Cummins, and Bristow, it is easy to imagine. There would have been instant elections to the Ananias Club. Letters would have been drawn from secret places and published. The loud assertion would have been made that the President's opponents were in cahoots with "the interests," and that, if the whole truth were known, it would probably be found that they were in the employ of the Standard Oil Company. Dr. Johnson's method of controversy would have been freely used, and if the pistol had missed fire, the antagonist would have been knocked down with the butt. Mr. Taft, however, is not a man cut out for such scrimmaging. In 1908 the man who nominated him complained that he was putting so little "ginger" into the campaign, and came forward himself to supply the missing article, along with large amounts of mustard and tabasco sauce. It is doubtful if Mr. Taft would care in this way to bang and bethwack his opponents even if be were able; it is more doubtful if he is the man to do it effectively if he were to attempt it. The judicial mind does not go well with the swishing shillelah.

This is one reason why it is wise to accept with reserve the reports that the President is going to take the offensive in his Western tour this month. If one were to believe some of the enthusiastic correspondents, it is Mr. Taft's purpose to sally forth in order to smite the Insurgents hip and thigh. But the fact is evident that, on the main point at issue between them, the President will necessarily go, not with a sword in his hand, but an explanation! On the tariff question, about which everybody is thinking and talking, and which promises to be the chief question on which the next Presidential election will turn, Mr. Taft is from the nature of the case on the defensive. His speeches inevitably take on the air of an apology. In 1909 he sought to explain why he did not veto the Payne-Aldrich bill; this year he has to explain why he did not sign the Wool bill. But an aggressive course cannot be taken by a man who begins by excusing himself. Aside from that, all this newspaper talk about Mr. Taft's "carrying the war into Africa" assumes that he is contemplating an act of stupendous political folly. Will he, by openly assailing the Insurgents, seek to tear his party more hopelessly asunder? And he must know by this time that the Insurgents are to be classed among those very *méchant* animals of the French saying, which, when they are attacked, defend themselves. They will be sure to give the President as good as he sends, if not rather better. They have nothing to lose in continuing to oppose the President; he has nothing to gain by rushing into a fight with them. He will find opponents enough and hear hard words enough without going out of his way to hunt for either.

No phrase in American politics is more deceptive than "an era of good feeling." While you are trying to define what it means, the thing itself vanishes. In the political sense, it is now gone for Mr. Taft. The kindliest personal feeling for him will not prevent the furbishing up of every weapon that can be used against him as a candidate. The stern realities of partisan warfare must now be faced by one who has never shown that he had a large share of the joy of political combat.

THE LAWYER'S PUBLIC DUTIES.

Last week's meetings of the American Bar Association have served again to show how keen is the interest which our leading lawyers take in public questions. From eminent members of the bar and from retired judges we have had able and stimulating discussion of such subjects as the judicial recall, the reform of legal procedure, the regulation of public-utility corporations, and governmental control of rates and prices. These matters are debated by the lawyers as primarily affecting their own profession. Yet few of the speakers at the Bar Association have been content to argue *pro domo suâ*. They have seen clearly that all these questions, while having a peculiar importance for them professionally, are also "affected with a public interest." In consequence we have had papers and addresses from leaders of the bar, pitched in the tone of disinterested and patriotic advice or warning. At such gatherings we get more vividly than is customary elsewhere reminders of the sense of obligation to the public which our most conscientious lawyers feel.

If this ought to be acute and constant

in any country, it surely should be so in the United States. For we are, as a nation, governed by lawyers. They fill our Legislatures and outnumber all other elements in Congress and occupy most of our high executive offices. If the laws of this land and their administration are not what they should be, lawyers are largely responsible. We do not say that any Bar Association can find or apply the remedy, but it is obvious that it cannot refuse to consider seriously these questions which are vital to the legal profession because they are vital to the country. Not every lawyer can go to a State Legislature or Congress, or can actively shape the ongoing of public affairs, but all lawyers ought to realize that they are under a peculiar obligation to volunteer their services in times of political crisis and to be ready at any moment to contribute everything within their power to the improvement of the laws and of the processes of justice.

We have never been in this country without such public-spirited lawyers; though it may be doubted if during the past twenty years we have had so many of them, and of such weight, as we had in the decades previous. In this city and State, at least, most observers would agree that such is the fact. Mr. Bryce has remarked a falling off in this respect since his first visits to America. He thinks that the community cannot now count upon the services of distinguished lawyers and jurists, like the late James C. Carter, with as much certainty as we could between 1870 and 1890. There are reasons for the change—reasons, some of them, having to do with new aspects of the legal profession. Some of our greatest and most successful lawyers are scarcely known to the general public; and to have due influence as a public adviser a man must not only be in good repute with his professional associates but must have a civic standing that will entitle him to be heard. It takes, indeed, a rare combination of professional attainment and public spirit to make a lawyer ideally fitted to discharge his duties and rise to his opportunities as a citizen.

Such a combination was seen in that ornament which the English bar has just lost in the person of Lord James of Hereford. Able by talent and industry to conquer a place for himself among the leaders of his profession, he was also a lawyer who took his public duties with great seriousness and was most scrupulous in their discharge. Having held office as Solicitor-General and afterwards as Attorney-General, he met the crisis of his life in 1886, when the great prize of the Chancellorship was offered him by Mr. Gladstone. But Lord James was strongly opposed to Irish Home Rule, and Mr. Gladstone's was a Home Rule Government. It was a case of conscience. A story current at the time was that he took some of his most violent anti-Home Rule speeches to Mr. Gladstone, and asked him if he really thought their author could accept the Great Seal from a Home Rule Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone, on reflection, ruefully admitted that he did not think he could. At all events, Lord James refused the offer. In a speech to his constituents a little later he gave an explanation which not only reflects credit on him but shows how zealously he guarded the reputation and the influence of his profession. He said:

> I belong to a profession often attacked, often slandered. It has many great prizes which must be gathered by some members of it, and so it comes to pass that the accusation is often made that members of the bar enter upon and fashion their political career in order to obtain some of the prizes. To that great profession I am more indebted than most men. I worked my way into its ranks. For thirty years I have remained there. There my friendships have been formed. If you deem it presumptuous in me to say that I have succeeded in my calling, still some would call me ungrateful if I failed to say so. At any rate, for five years I have enjoyed the high privilege of occupying the office which rendered me the leader of the bar, and I felt that it was a duty, almost a special call upon me, that I should so act that no man should be enabled to point to my conduct as proof that the bar of England was composed of men who were unfit to take their part in political life, and I hope I have done so.

THE MAKING OF HOOLIGANS.

England has been going through a time of deep heart-searching since the strikes and the riots. What has startled and alarmed her is not the new demonstration of the solidarity and aggressiveness of her laboring men, not the paralysis of transportation which in a day fell upon the country and made London and Liverpool and Manchester look like besieged cities, but the sudden displays of brutality and ferocity, the appearance in street fights of masses of ruffians. Alongside the striker loomed the much more ominous figure of the hooligan. In place after place the bands of rowdies threw bottles at the police and terrified the vicinity, smashing windows and looting and yelling as if the nether world had let loose fiends. Looking back upon this stirring up of hell from beneath, this outpouring of depraved beings from slum and garret, thoughtful Englishmen are not wrong in thinking that they see a national peril, and a national disgrace, blacker than any possible foreign foe or the loss of a battle.

Public men, teachers, clergymen, aghast at the outburst of riotous hooliganism, are asking what has caused and what can cure it. We are bound to say that in their utterances and their letters to the press, one does not get very much light or help. The symptoms are vividly described. Remedies, however, are not prescribed with a sure hand. Those who speak for the Church naturally come out very strong on the restraints of religion, and on the need of developing a spirit of submission to authority. They confess, too, that the churches have been guilty of neglect of duty, and have more and more drawn away from the classes in which, it now appears, rowdies and incendiaries have been created wholesale. But how to carry the gospel to the masses, how to induce the masses to listen to it and accept it—that problem the excellent intentions of the people we refer to certainly will not by themselves solve. Something is gained, however, by the mere acknowledgment of an evil state of affairs. This at least puts earnest minds upon search for the causes; and to weigh and sift them is the first step.

Economic and industrial conditions unquestionably have tended in England to produce the raw material of the street ruffian. An enormous amount of casual labor exists. Fitful employment means intermittent idleness, and mischief is easily found for idle hands to do. The danger arising from great numbers of men employed only casually was dwelt upon at length in Parliament a few years ago by Winston Churchill and others. What they then said about the folly of leaving such inflammable stuff about, sure to be lighted by agitators in a time of crisis, was fully borne out by the appalling occurrences in Liverpool

and elsewhere. Drink and wretchedness do not exhaust their force in making private victims; the public is certain to suffer in the end, as surely as from neglected disease germs. The social body is one organism, and poison in the extremities will infallibly make the head reel and the heart sick.

Whatever it is that has spawned so many lawless and desperate men in England—and all countries have their full quota of them—the question remains: What is the propelling force that sets them in motion? Granted the existence of anti-social passions and destroying instincts, something must inflame them and suggest to them methods of violence before they can burst out in such ways as recently horrified England. And those social philosophers and students of public affairs cannot be wrong who point to the exaltation of force as at least one fount and source of these evils. Many a politician, many a high-placed official, many an aristocrat, who stood in consternation at the excesses of the hooligan had really helped to spur him to his mad courses. The trouble with him is, avers the Churchman, that he sets all authority at defiance. He undertakes to get what he wants by fist and club. Well, but could he not point to Lord Hugh Cecil at the head of a yelling mob in the House of Commons, composed of men representing the best blood in England? Could he not point to the Conservative public men who have said that if Home Rule were granted to Ireland by act of Parliament they would resist it to the death? It was not a hooligan but a Duke—the Duke of Abercorn—who telegraphed a few days ago to a meeting at Derry, where violent Unionist speeches were made in denunciation of the King's readiness to assent to Home Rule: "The time will shortly arrive when action, not words, will be necessary." This could only mean, and was taken to mean, a variation of the old cry: "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." But this, as expressing the determination not to submit to the will of the people as enacted by Parliament, is of the essence of hooliganism; and the noblemen and honored public men who take that attitude are in no way to be discriminated from the dockers and corner-ruffians who charged the police and showered missiles upon the troops.

No country is entitled to point the finger of scorn at England in this matter of possessing the potential elements of riot and pillaging. We in this land, and particularly in New York city, see the making of the hooligan going on all the time. The rowdy multiplies faster than the "strong-arm" policemen. Disorder and ruffianism break out on the slightest provocation. And it behooves us all, especially those set in authority, to see to it not only that the laws be upheld and every form of mob violence sternly put down, but that no example of disrespect for the law, no prompting to brutality, no glorification of might above right, come from above.

INDIVIDUALITY AND TEACHING.

A special committee of the National Educational Association declared in a report on high schools and colleges: "It ought to be possible for any strong high school to introduce into its curriculum any subject that meets the peculiar needs of that community or that appears to be the most appropriate vehicle for teachers of pronounced individuality." What is "pronounced individuality," and how "pronounced" must it be to give a teacher the right to free choice of his subject? Independence and freedom are in the abstract excellent things; but school-teaching is a very concrete affair, with concrete boys and girls to work on. If teachers begin to ask for free play for their individuality, parents may well inquire what it is that the teachers ask to be freed from.

If the teachers answer, freedom from a deadening round, freedom to teach only what they best like to teach or only what they think they can teach best, the parents may well suggest that children have rights, too, and that there is no sound work in the world that does not involve the kind of repetition of small acts and the close attention to small details which some people call drudgery. A doctor meets a multitude of petty ailments; a business man has his daily round of letters and office work; yet from them one does not hear the complaint that comes from some teachers, for they take the tedious details as part of the day's work, and look beyond these to the end that is to be attained. The man who sees his work as a whole, and keeps large objects in view, is not bored by details. It is the man without this power of imagination who is bound on the wheel of things: he is the bank clerk, the draughtsman, the bookkeeper; and for him salvation lies in letting work sink into a habit, so that he can get through long stretches of it with hardly an effort of conscious thought.

For the making of such drudges school-teaching provides as much material as other occupations, but no more. Year after year a teacher must carry his classes through the rudiments of his subjects, and the rudiments of all subjects can be made dull. His pupils are at the time of life when they find the bright truths of eternity in commonplaces and truisms; and each new class leaps at the old teachings with the same readiness. There are, to be sure, the laggards who must be hauled along at the expense of the teacher's last ounce of reserved strength, and in time that the teacher ought to have for rest. In all this the teacher never gets to the part of his subject where there is the zest of exploration or of difference of opinion, and it is easy to dress up such facts so as to set every one pitying the poor galley-slave of a teacher.

But the born teacher does not look on himself as a galley-slave: he thinks his profession the most stimulating and the most worthy of all. How does he keep himself out of the bookkeeper class? How can teachers hold to their birthright in the life of the intellect and the imagination? They cannot do it by making their own subjects, for pupils must be instructed in knowledge which is commonplace because it is the foundation of all knowledge. One sometimes meets a teacher of English who rebels against the uniform lists of reading used in high schools: they compel him to teach books that he finds uninteresting, he declares. But how about the pupils? If a teacher of English happens to be bored by Shakespeare, shall his pupils go through school with no introduction to Shakespeare? Teachers must deal with many subjects which have no vivid interest for them, simply because it is the right of each generation of school children to have their share in the general knowledge of the race.

The recommendation of this committee that the teacher "of pronounced individuality" should choose his own vehicle of instruction can, therefore, ap-

ply to extremely few teachers. Occasionally there are men or women with a remarkable faculty of teaching whose capacity is limited to a special subject. The instant, however, it is assumed that persons "of pronounced individuality" may be found in the service of the ordinary high school, even in that of the strong high school, there is danger. If we begin to look for these geniuses every day, it may easily become a sign of inferiority (to be distinguished by a smaller salary) not to have the pronounced individuallty that is proved by some personally invented subject. Then every teacher would be on the hunt for his chance at something new and individual, about which he could print papers in the pedagogical journals, so that his pronounced individuality might become a source of pride and complacency to his principal and his school committee. We need not push the point too far, for the doctrine laid down by the committee was probably intended only for the rare exception. But it will be a bad day for the schools if the idea gains ground that success in teaching can be reached only through novelty. What we need is to recognize that an energetic mind and a sympathetic imagination can in each succeeding year put fresh life into subjects which have been taught for centuries.

PEDAGOGY AND THE TEACHER.

In the "Protagoras" Plato gives us a picture of Socrates escorting the youth Hippocrates to the house of Callias for the purpose of presenting him to the celebrated sophist Protagoras of Abdera, who has arrived in Athens two days before. The introduction takes the form of a question: "Protagoras, this is my friend Hippocrates, who is desirous of making your acquaintance; he would like to know what will happen to him if he associates with you." To this Protagoras replies: "Young man, if you associate with me, on the very first day you will return home a better man than you came, and better on the second day than on the first, and better every day than on the day before."

The tone of this announcement is singularly modern and familiar, and by its familiarity illuminating. Who are the sophists of these latter days? Not the lawyers and judges, upon whom the title is popularly conferred, for they at most have inherited the sophistic method of making the worse the better reason. The real sophists are the professors of the science and art of education. It is they who have inherited the general attitude and point of view, and it is they who in modern education hold the position assigned by Plato to Protagoras, Gorgias, and Hippias. In Plato's Dialogue, we remember, Socrates questions the assertion of Protagoras that virtue can be taught. Now, whether virtue can be taught or not, we shall all agree with Socrates in holding that it cannot be taught by rule of thumb at so much a lesson. Yet here is a profession which pretends to produce a quality no less personal than virtue, no less the fruit of experience and maturity, if, indeed, it is not mainly virtue itself, by the same short and easy method; and which then succeeds in incorporating its pretensions in the law of the state. The State of Indiana (one out of many) says to the graduates of its high schools who are intending to teach, virtually this: "Young man (or young woman), if you associate with the professors of pedagogy for twelve weeks, and, among other things, listen to their wisdom regarding the science of education, you will be fit to teach—for one year. After that, twelve weeks more of their society will send you home a better teacher than before and fit to receive a longer license and a larger minimum salary. A third twelve weeks will produce a corresponding spiritual and pecuniary improvement. A degree from the State Normal School will render you, after two years of successful experience, fit to teach for life; but the degree of bachelor of arts from the State University will produce no fitness whatever—except as it covers the requirement of pedagogy." It may be doubted whether a better example could be found of a tariff-protected industry.

I.

We might derive considerable amusement from these latter-day sophists, were it not that for some time past they have been getting their amusement out of us. Early in the era of academic expansion it was perceived that a rich and permanent source for the numbers that are supposed to attract endowments and appropriations lay in the prospective teachers; and to-day it may be said that an important part of the work of all of our universities, and the mainstay of the Western institutions, is the training of teachers for the secondary schools. To bring the teachers to the university a department of education is established which offers to furnish professional training upon a scientific basis.

Yet wherein does the pedagogy of the university differ from that of the despised normal school? To this question, put formally to a representative of the subject, the answer was given that, "It treats the subject from a university standpoint." I suspect, however, that the response expressed, even for the respondent, a good intention and a hope. For the present the pedagogy of the university shows no superiority over the common brand. It has no more ideas to offer, and it attracts hardly a better grade of students. What it really does is to introduce the normal school point of view into the university. The idea of vocational training, already too prominent, is substituted for that of intellectual discipline and personal culture, and vocational training is then translated into job-getting. At the same time a class of students is brought to the university to whom "the idea of a university" is foreign and unintelligible, and perhaps the entrance-bars are lowered to let them in. Often painfully illiterate and deplorably in need of the power of forming a few simple and clear ideas, in spite of the technical completion of a high school course, these students are then dosed with platitudes about the social function of the school and the aims and methods of education. Such is the general situation. Familiarity with its character would suggest that what the public school teacher especially needs to learn, and what the university is especially called upon to teach him, is just this—that his real efficiency as a teacher, and his ability to speak to his boys and girls from the standpoint of personal and social authority, will depend in the last analysis, not upon any mastery of the "formal principles of method," or what not, but upon the soundness and breadth of his knowledge and upon the evidence in himself of a thoughtful attitude toward life. With this idea, however, the pedagogy of the university, as of the normal school, is wholly unfamiliar.

The natural result of the policy of expansion through pedagogy is to give a commanding position in academic affairs to a set of men whose chief interest lies in—let us call it management. In the university, as in the State, the professional managers of affairs are always "on the job," and the college professor who is absorbed in the work of teaching and study awakes to find, like the private citizen at election-time, that the conditions in which he is supposed to have a voice have been quietly determined for him. There is nothing strange in this. One of the stock courses on pedagogy is on School Management, in which, as I have heard, the unpublished chapter on the management of school boards is no unimportant part of the text; and the function of the school of pedagogy in the university is less to teach than to keep the university in touch with the schools, bringing the graduates of the high schools to the university as students and getting them back again as teachers. Management, however, is the theory of pedagogy. What it teaches is not the training of children, and never their discipline, but their management. Avoid compulsion; use indirect suggestion; never speak of

"work"; and above all place no strain upon the mind. I am told, indeed, that the older "soft pedagogy" has been somewhat unsettled of late years by the appearance of a work in which some excellent psychology was expended upon a careful demonstration of the necessity of intellectual effort; but, at least until recently, the above were the accepted principles. Moreover, the professors of the art may be said to be conceived in management. The older generation has been drawn from the school superintendents, who may be capable teachers and executives, though not necessarily instructive in expounding the philosophy of education. The newer generation, however, is furnished ready-made by the Ph.D. mills (I have high authority for the phrase), especially those having branch factories known as colleges of education or teachers' colleges. The most important part of the machinery is that which places the product, and the test of efficiency is what it will place. I have heard of a machine which appears to be capable of filling any chair of pedagogy with any human being.

If we except a few excellent works on the history of education, it may be said that the literature of pedagogy as a science has contributed virtually nothing either to scholarship or to ideas. This is not to deny that a few men of ideas who were getting them elsewhere have had something good to say. Curiously enough, these occasional and unprofessional contributions to the subject are apt to be the most prized. Within the professional field, however, there are no men to measure with the larger men of other fields, and, with two or three respectable but not brilliant exceptions, the whole literature is banal and inane. In strange contrast to its modernist pretensions, educational philosophy reads like nothing so much as a volume of old-fashioned sermons, the most conspicuous feature of its style being Parson Thirdly's substitution of methodical division for thoughtful analysis. As a random illustration, in one of the later pedagogical works I find that the following are required for the training of memory: (1) Health; (2) avoidance of brain-fatigue; (3) making first impressions vivid; (4) repetition; (5) following memory with understanding; (6) improving the habit of study; (7) making pupils think; (8) training also indirectly through the acquiring and assimilating powers of the mind. It requires no very keen eye to see that the second point virtually repeats the first, and that the fifth, seventh, and eighth are identical—unless, indeed, we are to assume that thinking and understanding are different things and that both are different from acquisition (*i. e.*, mental acquisition) and assimilation.

What is true of the peaks is true of the general level of the range. It seems a dangerous statement, but I believe that, if released from the obligations of professorial courtesy, a nine-tenths vote of our college professors would support me in saying that, as a rule, the professors of education are the least educated men in the university faculty, from the standpoint either of general culture or of special attainment. I say "as a rule," because there are exceptions; they, however, would vote with the nine-tenths. Such is likewise the feeling of the body of students toward the department as a whole. In the university generally mention of the department of pedagogy is very likely to be accompanied by a smile. Pedagogical courses are everywhere regarded as snap courses, and pedagogical methods of teaching are usually the worst. The favorite method is to send the student to the library with a long list of miscellaneous references, from which he is to fill a notebook or present a "report." The notebook serves as a test; but I have known of courses where, without a shadow of test of any kind, everybody passed and received credit toward a degree of bachelor of arts. Of course, one may reply, there may still be ideas. I have made it a practice, however, for some years past, to inflict an informal *questionnaire* upon older students of several institutions who had taken pedagogical courses—many of them men of thirty or so who had taught a few years—to ascertain their impressions; and the nearly universal verdict has been that, up to the present, pedagogy has little or nothing to say. Some of these students have manifested considerable impatience over the character of the work which had been put before them as "professional" and "scientific."

II.

The pedagogical sophistic, as rhetorically presented by one of the professors of the art, runs somewhat as follows: "Would you entrust your sick child to a physician without a diploma? In providing for him in your will, would you consult an attorney unread in law? How, then, can you think of entrusting the development of his mind to a teacher untrained in the science of teaching?" The argument is plausible and may easily deceive; for it is a question of fact. Those in position to know the facts will see a clear case of false analogy. Scientific training is valuable to the physician because medical science possesses a body of definite fact and established principle which would be inaccessible to untrained observation and common sense; and, further, because, although much must be left to the judgment of the practitioner, between medical science and medical practice there is a fairly definite relation. The science of education has virtually no establishment whatever. In plain terms, it is mostly a science on paper, hastily got together *ad hoc*, by a process of forced abstraction, to meet the demands of a professional analogy. At the very best it is one of those "new sciences of human nature" whose claim to be scientific rests upon good intention. And between its science and its practice there is only the vaguest relation. The physician with a difficult case can turn to his "Practice of Medicine" and find some definite and enlightening instructions. The teacher, having diagnosed a case as laziness, turns to his "Practice of Pedagogy," and finds something like this: "Diligence: (1) Teach practically; utilize activity. (2) Fix pleasant associations with work. (3) Use exposition with older scholars. (4) Seek cause of laziness and root it out. (5) Allow for disposition." Or, inquiring for a method of holding his pupils' attention, he learns that he is to apply a judicious mixture of incentives immediate and remote—which not only furnishes no information, but fails to grasp the real question, namely, how to obtain attention for the *subject*.

The scientific basis of education is psychology, and the special brand of psychology used for the purpose is called "educational psychology." No work in educational psychology holds a position of authority as psychology; that is, to put it mildly, there is nothing which approaches the great works of Wundt, James, and Stout, or Ward's article in the Britannica. Just why it should be distinguished as educational psychology, I have never been able to make out, for the textbooks show little distinctive subject-matter. One or two who have taught the subject have whispered into my ear that it was just psychology; and this was confirmed by the fact that in one institution the course in general psychology given under "philosophy" was parallelled by a course in educational psychology in the department of pedagogy, which used the same text and printed a syllabus covering the same topics. The students, however, distinguished the courses as "the men's psychology" and "the girls' psychology." Educational psychology is supposed, of course, to work out the educational corollaries of psychological analysis. But the truth is that the points of contact are surprisingly few, and, for the most part, the educational applications are either highly vague or, as James would say, "the unprofitable delineation of the obvious." Here are some typical examination-questions, all from one paper: "What facts, in your opinion, render a human being capable of education? Explain what is meant by exactness and thoroughness in education? Is it important that the teacher shall understand the emotional nature of children? Do you accept or reject the old doctrine of mental faculties?"

The older style of educational psy-

chology is much occupied with an unintelligent elaboration of Herbartian "apperception," ignoring the improvements introduced into that conception since Herbart. The newer style, nothing if not scientific, is given to measurement and statistics and is much interested in a discussion of the value (*i. e.*, the entire lack of value) of general training, or "formal discipline." The importance of this question may be easily appreciated; for if general training *is* important, it is all up with pedagogy. But we shall hardly abandon our faith in intellectual discipline upon such opaque grounds as these: Of thirty students, those who ranked well in English ranked variously in Latin, French, and German; young children trained to discriminate blues had improved little if any in the discrimination of lengths and weights; adults who by special practice had improved greatly in their accuracy in estimating long lines, had made no improvement in their power to estimate short lines; and an untold quantity of like evidence, all of which, as it seems to me, curiously misses the point. For few would hold that extension of power into other fields comes from the blind cultivation of a habit, but only from the exercise of thinking. But this exercise of thinking is just the last thing to be obtained by laboratory methods.

Other staple articles of trade are the history and philosophy of education. I have already indicated my respect for the history of education as a subject for scholarship. The history of any form of education related to our public schools is, however, exceedingly brief, and the "practical" value for the teacher of a study of mediæval universities or a discussion of Plato's arrangement of music, gymnastics, mathematics, and story-telling is very difficult to see—especially under a régime where, thanks to pedagogy, the freedom of the teacher is ever more restricted. On the other hand, for the philosophy of education there is no establishment of ideas, that is to say, no store of philosophical literature. It must not be forgotten that the justification of philosophy in the academic curriculum is its rich endowment of literature, to which the best minds of all ages have contributed from Plato to the present day. For the philosophy of education the philosophers have little to offer. One or two books of "The Republic," a book of Aristotle's "Politics," Locke's "Thoughts," some perfunctory lectures of Kant, Herbart's pedagogical writings, and Spencer's essay are nearly all. Hence, for the purpose of a philosophy of education, the philosophers are lugged in by the heels; and here, as in some other courses, notably those in "social education," a pretentious curriculum is filled out by duplicating the work of other departments.

III.

And now, what is to be done about it? For one thing, the teachers are in the university to stay, and it is well that it should be so. No finer opportunity could be offered for making the influence of the university felt in the community as a whole; no class of students should have a better right to be there, and none should be more welcome. But if the university is to be of service to the teacher, then it must be said that no need of the teaching profession is clearer at present than that of a sound and liberal education. So fundamental is this need that the science and art of teaching sink into humorous insignificance. On the other hand, the duty rests upon the university to see that its degree of bachelor of arts is solid at all points.

Accordingly, I believe that university men should stand fast for the principle that the degree of bachelor of arts from a reputable college should constitute in itself, without pedagogy, a license to teach in the secondary schools, as against any degree of inferior academic rank; and any qualification of this principle should be in favor of the higher scholarship. If it be objected that a bachelor of arts is not necessarily acquainted with methods of teaching, the simple reply may be that he has been taught for fourteen to sixteen years past by a great variety of methods. It is curious that pedagogy never thinks of this, for just in this way are the good teachers made—by the intelligent adaptation of the best methods by which they themselves have been taught.

As for the study of education as a special discipline apart from sociology, psychology, and ethics, all that I can say is that a subject whose problems are so complex, and so broadly involved in all the problems of social order, of civilization, and of life itself, belongs in the graduate school. This suggestion should be pleasing to those who uphold the dignity of the subject, but I fear rather that it will be regarded as a repetition of Swift's "modest proposal."

WARNER FITE.

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

PARIS, August 18.

"Le Secret de Dubois, Cardinal et Premier Ministre" (A. Colin; 448 pages, 8vo, 10 francs), by Emile Bourgeois, is the author's third and last volume devoted to the beginnings of the Secret Diplomacy of the eighteenth century. The first volume investigated the "Secret" of the Regent, with the policy of the Abbé Dubois in the Triple and Quadruple Alliances from 1716 to 1718; the second, that of the Farnesi and Philip V, with the policy of Alberoni. The present volume takes the investigation down to 1723, the year of the death of Dubois, shortly after the declaration of Louis XV's majority.

It is some years since an historical work of this magnitude has been brought to a conclusion in France. It is twenty years since Professor Bourgeois began reading at the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, whose laureate he was, the results of his documentary work in the history of Alberoni and Elisabeth Farnese. During the years in which he trained to research the students of the old Ecole Normale, whose pupil he had himself been, and in his chair of diplomatic and political history at the University of Paris, he has persevered in digging deeper his special groove. His work may not be conclusive in every respect; and he has kept well within the bounds of his peculiar subject, which is not the complete history of France during the years studied, but France, Rome, all Europe involved in the tortuous diplomacy of the Regent and Dubois. It is possible that he has left little to be done in its documentary study, where long experience and facilities for research in public archives have given him easy mastery. Future study must rather bear on the proper understanding of the ideas of the men whose words are written and whose deeds are recorded in the documents. Meanwhile, these three volumes are necessary even to the general reader of this portion of French history, in which the abuses and, worse still, the inefficiency of the old order were leading straight to revolution in France.

The style is clear, though somewhat heavy for a French historian; and there is a lack of the literary arrangement which, in history, serves to bring out the logic of events. The references, sufficiently full otherwise, are confined to footnotes, with no analysis of sources and no index, but with a detailed table of contents. Perhaps the diplomacy of England, which was little less tortuous than that of the Regent and Dubois, to the great advantage of the house of Hanover, has been studied with too limited reference to the concurrent secret diplomacy of France. In the various Roman questions, mainly connected with the ending of Jansenists as Roman Catholics and the "submission of the Church of France," there is an ignoring, perhaps ignorance, of Roman Catholic religion and church law and operations. Instances are: the canonical position of Lafiteau; the logical, quite as much as religious, force acting on Innocent XIII equally with Clement XI, although the author acknowledges in passing the vital distinction between Roman political relations in France and Spain and the underlying religious needs of Roman Catholics in those countries; the life and character of Daubenton, apart from his position as royal confessor at Madrid, without which his

irruption into diplomacy cannot be appreciated with fairness to himself and his cause. In the immensely important story of Law, while M. Bourgeois follows good financial authority, the three projects of this man whose work in part and ideas in totality still exist or periodically reappear are not sufficiently distinguished. All this simply means that the best documentary research does not, by itself, unfold the ideas which issue from the back of heads and make history.

"Pascal, sa vie religieuse" (G. Beauchesne; 427 pages, 8vo), by H. Petitot, theological professor in the Ecole Biblique of Jerusalem, and "Les derniers jours de Blaise Pascal" (H. Champion; 70 pages), by A. Gazier, add something to our knowledge of that uneasy genius who, in life and in death, equally disquiets friends and foes. The more considerable work of Père Petitot is of peculiar value, even after the judicious pages of Professor Strowski. From the inside of Catholicism—and his hero, living and dying, thought himself a Roman Catholic—he weighs carefully all that remains to show Pascal's veritable religious life, and (in a second part) the real process and meaning of his defence of Christianity. The book shows competent acquaintance with the enormous literature of the subject, and with the original sources; and its judgments are guided by what is still more uncommon, a knowledge of Roman Catholic ideas and teaching in Pascal's time. As his own religious order is not concerned historically in the attacks of the "Provinciales," it has been easy for the author to execute his task with all the impartiality that we have a right to demand.

In the recent controversy started by the publication of memoirs of the priest who heard Pascal's deathbed confession, Père Petitot agrees substantially with M. Gazier, who is a Jansenist *contra mundum*, that Pascal made no essential retractation of his controversial writings. M. Gazier might accept an attenuation in his attitude toward Molina on predestination, but never toward the casuistry of Molina's brethren. Pascal, asked by his sister if he had read the books which he attacked, answered indignantly: "Why should I read bad books?" He added that their authors formed one, however empoisoned, of the twelve accredited fountains of instruction in the church. Now the church, he assured his sister, was as the body, of which the Pope was the head; and he does not seem ever to have considered the possibility of his being cut off from the head. He would perhaps have defended his resistance by the distinction which De Maistre caught up from the succeeding generation between the indefectible Roman See and its fallible occupant; but even this was rejected by Bossuet in his controversy with Fénelon. Perhaps the best explanation of what seems contradictory to outsiders is the obvious fact that Pascal was not a theologian.

"Autour d'un Racine ignoré" (Mercure de France; 440 pages, 7.50 francs), by A. Masson-Forestier, is one of those surprising books in which Port-Royal pops up again, to speak with reverence, and which do so irritate that usually placid censor of French literary history, Emile Faguet. The author is descended from Racine's family, and, in looking up his genealogical tree, he has acquired grave doubts of Port-Royal's formative influence upon his ancestor. By race, family, environment, and the known facts of his life, Racine, he assures us, was not the gentle, momentarily backsliding saint of the Jansenist legend, but a full-blooded, passionate, cruel, selfish lover. The book is entertaining reading, not without clear flashes in the dark night, significant of things which many readers of French literature do not divine. "A miracle it is, in sooth, that Racine held out to live, that he was able to withstand the fearful forces which, turn by turn, threatened him without let or stop—his cruel Jansenist family; the furious sensuality, 'Venus holding to her prey,' which was an infliction of his blood; and then that abominable wild beast who, at Versailles, held in his hand, says Goethe, the life and death of a Racine!"

"Les Ecrivains français jugés par leurs contemporains" (first volume, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; P. Delaplane; 680 pages, 4.50 francs), by Marcel Hervier, although intended for college classes, deserves a place among professed historical works. As a textbook it is worthy of all commendation. It reaches from Clément Marot to Fénelon, including Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, Malherbe, Corneille, Pascal, Madame de Sévigné, Molière, Boileau, Racine, La Fontaine, Bossuet, La Bruyère, Bourdaloue, and less but shining lights like Descartes, La Rochefoucauld, and others of a fairly complete list. With connecting links of dates, history, and intelligent comment, the book gives typical passages of the authors, and then pertinent criticisms and appreciations of their contemporaries. The concentrated history, of almost documentary kind, which is the result, is over and above the literature of the pages. Thus, since Pascal is uppermost, Nicole, who furnished him with citations, is here heard in his own pertinent words; Père Daniel, whose answer is little known, is allowed fair play, as is even the grave Bourdaloue, pursuing the controversialist with his own arms in a sermon on *médisance*. Acquaintance with these judgments of the time reads us somehow into the time's history, a most difficult and desirable thing. Another school-book, "Fénelon, pages choisies" (A. Colin; 400 pages, 3.50 francs), follows another method for a different purpose, to give us a concise knowledge of the voluminous work of one great writer. This, too, is excellently done as history. S. D.

Correspondence

THE EFFICIENCY OF THE STUDENT OF GREEK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Greek is disappearing from the secondary school at the instance of those who question its "efficiency." A "practical age" needs facts and figures. And to meet this need evidence is beginning to come in to show that the substitutes for this time-honored discipline are unable to do the thing that a college preparatory education should do—fit a boy to carry on a college course with credit to himself, and to those who have toiled to prepare him. Recent articles emanating from the departments of Latin and Greek, at Dartmouth College, have shown how largely the best scholars in all fields, including that of natural science, are recruited from the men who have been trained in the ancient classics. Having noticed at Wesleyan the prominence of the students of Greek in the honor lists at several successive commencements, I was impelled, even before the appearance of the evidence from Dartmouth, to see if the superiority of the "Greeks" ran through a series of years, and what, if any, were its limitations.

At Wesleyan, as elsewhere in New England, the study of Greek in college was long essential to the attainment of the B.A. degree. To those who presented only Latin for admission the degree of bachelor of philosophy was awarded; those who presented neither ancient language were candidates for the degree of bacheler of science. The number that commenced the course leading to each of these degrees was nearly equal, with a slight tendency to an increase in the number of the science men and a decrease in that of the students of Greek. In 1907 Wesleyan saw a great light—a reflection of that which had previously dawned upon most of her sister colleges. Greek was omitted from the requirements for the B.A., and the degree of bachelor of philosophy was no longer awarded. The effect was a drop, very marked from the beginning, in the number of students presenting Greek for admisslon, and an increase in the number of candidates for the B.S.

My figures are taken from the records of the classes of 1904-1913, in the years 1904-1911. During the greater part of this time Wesleyan was nominally co-educational and had from six to a dozen women in each class. My figures, however, deal only with the men, except in the matter of prizes, where the women are included in the reckoning. I shall let G denote the students of Greek, L those of Latin, and S the candidates for the B.S.

A further word of explanation must preface the table. "High honors" in general scholarship, are awarded to those who have received first grade on at least forty-six hours' work, second grade on at least ten

hours additional, and who have never fallen below third grade. "Honors" are granted for a distinctly lower grade of work. The winner of these must have received third grade on at least fifty hours' work, and as many first as fourth grades, and must never have fallen below fourth grade, that is, must never have failed in any course. Furthermore, each class at Wesleyan suffers heavy loss between entrance and graduation. Few leave by request, perhaps fewer still for reasons purely pecuniary; the large majority drop out because of failing interest and poor scholarship. The figures in the following table must be read in the light of the first two sections of it. Some will think the first section offers the fairest basis for estimating the efficiency of the student of Greek; some will prefer to use the second.

TABLE OF PERCENTAGES.

		1904-5	1905-6	1906-7	1907-8	1908-9	1909-10	1910-11	
Percentage entering as freshmen	G	45.6	38.2	45	47.8	36	29.7	28	
	L	28.9	39.7	24.2	25.3	32.1	28.6	36	
	S	25.5	22.1	30.8	28.9	31.9	41.7	36	
Percentage graduating	G	54	38.8	48.2	52.7	38.7	42.8	34.5	
	L	23	42.8	26.8	29.1	29	27	34.5	
	S	23	18.4	26	18.2	32.3	30.2	31	
High honors	G	100	100	100	100	—	66.6	none awarded	
	L	—	—	—	—	100	33.4		
	S	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Honors	G	50	60	75	69.2	50	68.7	62.5	
	L	21.4	20	16.7	—	20	25	37.5	
	S	28.6	20	8.3	30.8	30	6.3	—	
Elections to Phi Beta Kappa	G	57	75	82	75	50	66.7	63.6	
	L	21	12.5	18	—	25	20	36.4	
	S	21	12.5	—	25	25	13.3	—	
Prizes in group I.	G	50	50	60	57.1	75	100	33.3	
	L	25	50	40	14.3	8.3	—	66.7	
	S	25	—	—	28.6	16.7	—	—	
Prizes in group II.	G	50	80	60	60	70	80	40	
	L	50	20	40	40	30	20	60	
	S	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Prizes in group III.	G	87.5	100	37.5	12.5	—	—	75	
	L	—	—	62.5	37.5	100	33.3	—	
	S	12.5	—	—	50	—	66.7	25	
Members of debating teams, 1905-1911	G	75	66.7	77.8	50	50	66.7	100	
	L	25	33.3	22.2	50	50	33.3	—	
	S	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Members of baseball teams, 1904-1911	G	33.3	36.4	40	20	22.2	20	—	—
	L	33.3	27.2	30	50	55.6	30	—	10
	S	33.3	36.4	30	30	22.2	50	100	90
Members of basketball teams, 1905-1911	G	33.3	33.3	—	—	50	—	—	
	L	33.3	33.3	17	17	16.7	—	33.3	
	S	33.3	33.3	83	83	33.3	100	66.7	
Members of football teams, 1903-1910	G	53.3	23	—	—	12.5	25	21	6.2
	L	20	31	36.4	9.1	31.2	43.8	21	18.8
	S	26.7	46	63.6	81.9	56.3	31.2	58	75
Managers of above teams and of track, 1904-1911	G	50	50	50	50	50	50	75	25
	L	25	50	50	50	25	25	25	75
	S	25	—	—	—	25	25	—	—

Note.—In the records the number of men reckoned as composing the football team varies from eleven to nineteen. The team of 1906 contained one "Special."

I. Concerning the science students the table reveals the following facts:

(1.) Some years ago they were winning their share of honors in general scholarship and of elections to Phi Beta Kappa.

(2.) Their numbers even then showed a greater tendency to shrink in the four years of the course, than did those of the classical men.

(3.) They have never won a "high honor."

(4.) They have frequently, particularly in recent years, won only a small fraction of "honors" and of elections to Phi Beta Kappa.

(5.) They have won no prizes in group II, which consists of history, economics, and philosophy; never their whole share, and frequently much less than their share, in group I (the languages, omitting the classics), and in group III (the sciences).

(6.) They never represent the university on the debating teams.

(7.) They tend increasingly to form the backbone of the baseball, football, and basketball teams.

(8.) They seldom attain the responsibility of a managership.

II. Of Latin students it may be said that:

(1.) There is comparatively little shrinkage in their numbers in the college course, while the proportion of students who enter with Latin but no Greek, tends to increase.

(2.) They seldom obtain "high honors," and have sometimes fallen behind the B.S. men in honors, but not in elections to Phi Beta Kappa.

(3.) In capturing prizes they distinctly surpass the science men, particularly in the language group.

III. Of the students of Greek we see:

(1.) Their number, proportionately to the size of the class, is steadily decreasing.

(2.) The proportion of the "Grecks" who graduate is considerably greater than that of either of the other two classes of students.

(3.) They take virtually all the "high honors," and nearly double their share of "honors" and of elections to Phi Beta Kappa.

(4.) In the capture of prizes their superiority is greatest in group II, but in the language group (not reckoning the ancient languages) they take more than their share, and usually, though not always, outdo the science men in their own field.

(5.) They form the backbone of the debating teams.

(6.) They hold about half the important managerships.

Certain other pertinent facts not shown in the table may be added here. In the period covered by the survey, honors in special departments were awarded to the number of sixteen. Of these ten went to the Greeks, four to the Latin men, two to the science men. Preliminary honors are granted in two fields only, the classics and mathematics. Ignoring the former as not germane to this discussion, we find that (in our period) honors in mathematics have been granted to twelve men, none of whom was a candidate for the B.S., and only five of whom had not offered Greek for admission.

To draw conclusions from these data is a sore temptation for the teacher of Greek. For the present I forbear, leaving my readers to interpret as they will. This much, however, no one can dispute. For some reason or other the students of Greek, numerically fewer than those of either of the other classes, are more than holding their own in all the distinctly academic activities. The Latin students are inferior to them, but superior to the students of the science and of modern languages, who, though usually outnumbering either of the other two classes at entrance, are holding their own in one field only—that of athletics, and have very little share in the management even of that! A better title for this article would perhaps have been "The Inefficiency of the Non-Classical Student."

J. W. HEWITT.

Wesleyan University, August 24.

THE INVERTED PEDANTRY OF INCORRECT ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Several laments have recently been made over the bad English of which teachers, especially teachers of English, are sometimes guilty. Is not this bad English, in part at least, a by-product of modern scholarship? Along with the profound and relentless study of origins in language, along with the consequent exalting of the spoken over the written word, there has come a contempt for book grammar, for any authority or conservative force which may tend to restrict individuality of expression. The English professor need not worry about the distinction between *shall* and *will*, for that is merely a matter of "book grammar"; but not to know Grimm's law argues himself unknown. If he betrays ignorance of the difference between *Umlaut* and *Ablaut* in Old English, he is eternally damned; but it is scarcely worth his while to distinguish *lie* and *lay* or *like* and *as*. In fact, the attitude of a good many scholars toward correct English is almost exactly that of Fred Viney in Middlemarch (I quote from memory): "Correct English is only the slang of the prigs who write essays and history."

These reflections are suggested by a recently published book which is being advertised and no doubt used as a text for college English classes. Its author, a university professor and a doctor of philosophy, is a scholar of the distinctly modern type. Let me say that the book is interesting, consistent in theory, and, in the main, well written. I wish merely to make a few quotations illustrating the author's attitude toward "book grammar," and to raise a question as to the probable influence of his doctrine on the average college student.

As to *lie* and *lay*, the author writes, p. 292:

> The past tense of the verb *lie* is conventionally *lay;* but the form *laid* is also in very general use, especially among persons not held in restraint by academic traditions. An illustration may be cited: "Apparently the bear laid in wait beside the game trails, along which the deer wandered." (Roosevelt, "Hunting the Grizzly," p. 69.)

At first I thought this a gentle criticism

of the distinguished author quoted, but consider the following as to *shall* and *will*:

If grammar is, as we assume it to be, the usage of the people who employ the language in the practical and effective communication of thought, any theoretical dogmatizings as to the way in which *shall* and *will* or any others ought to be used, will be worse than useless. . . . With the great majority of speakers, . . . with those who must be counted as the average intelligent population of the country, the greatest freedom prevails. Indeed, one may say that where a strong academic standardizing influence has not been brought to bear, *I will* is as generally used for the future as *I shall*. In the face of these facts, it will obviously not do simply to dismiss *I will* as "vulgar" and "incorrect." It is incorrect only according to the system of theoretical, not of practical, grammar, and the notion of its incorrectness is the comparatively recent outgrowth of the modern grammarian's striving after a rigid regulation of the forms of speech. . . . The observation of the widespread popular usage . . . should encourage one to a disagreement with the strict law of the formal or literary usage.

As to *who* and *whom*:

Since this latter construction ("Who did you call?") follows the logical tendency of modern grammar, by that test it is correct; and since, moreover, it is in wide colloquial use, it can be condemned in practice only by the believer in the rigid theoretical system of grammar.

As to *like* and *as*:

A colloquialism *like* as a conjunction may be, but indefensible it certainly is not. It is, first of all, a widespread custom of the speech, it has arisen naturally and in the same way that *as* has, and unless one starts from the *a priori* position that there is only one legitimate form of expression for every idea in speech, it makes as strong a bid for favor as the conjunction *as*.

I might quote other passages, but these are perhaps sufficient to indicate the nature of what may be called an inverted pedantry. What is likely to be the influence of such a textbook on the speech and writing of the average college student? Will it not encourage him to persist in every slovenly colloquialism which he has acquired? Will it not strengthen him in the conviction that "correct English is only the slang of the prigs"? And if the next generation of English teachers are brought up on such doctrine as this, what will their speech be?

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, August 22.

A LIE THAT POPE DID NOT TELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So much has it become the habit of critics of the last two generations to accuse Pope of lying upon all occasions that every admirer of the poet must be pleased to learn that even a single one of his "lies" was really not a lie after all. One of the more recent accusers is Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, who, in an elaborate study of the "Dunciad" in "The Text of Shakespeare" (1906), concludes his thirteenth chapter thus:

. . . It is a striking illustration of the carelessness which Pope had more than once manifested in his edition of Shakespeare that his own numbering of the lines of "The Dunciad," which were to be regarded as authentic, was not true of any edition of it ever published. He gave it as ten hundred and twelve. The editions of 1728 consisted of nine hundred and twenty lines, the three earlier editions of 1729 of ten hundred and fourteen, and the so-called second edition of the same year, followed by the later ones, of ten hundred and eighteen.

"His own numbering" is given by Pope in "A Declaration" affixed to the text of editions of the "Dunciad" after 1730. It is commonly reproduced in modern reprints with the alterations made in 1743, and so I quote here a sentence from an earlier edition: "*Now We*, having carefully revised this our *Dunciad*, beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*, containing the entire Sum of *one thousand and twelve Lines*, do declare every Word, Figure, Point, and Comma of this Impression to be authentic:" etc.

And the edition in which this Declaration probably made its initial appearance does contain just one thousand and twelve lines. I say "probably," because in the uncertainty that still envelops the bibliography of the "Dunciad" it is advisable to speak circumspectly. This particular edition is a rare one; it is the folio mentioned by Col. Grant as K2 in the list given in Volume IV (p. 311) of the Elwin-Courthope edition of Pope's "Works." It is slightly unlike the folio listed as 12 in the Lefferts collection of early editions now in the Harvard Library, but I believe the two folios are variants of the same edition. There is no title-page (the Lefferts folio has one), and consequently the year of publication is uncertain. The date usually assigned to it has been 1732 or 1733, but either of these is too early; internal evidence makes it clear that it appeared either in the latter part of 1734 or, more likely, in 1735. The text is very nearly the same as that of the last of its predecessors, the Second Edition (so called on the title-page), published by Lawton Gilliver in 1729. But two lines of the Second Edition (book iii, lines 209-210) are omitted from the folio. Hence the total number of lines in the folio is 1,012.

Professor Lounsbury states that the Second Edition contains "ten hundred and eighteen lines." This assertion I believe to be an error founded upon a printer's blunder (and again I speak circumspectly and under correction). The number is really 1,014, just as in the preceding editions of the year 1729. The blunder not only misled Professor Lounsbury, but was also a source of puzzlement to Mr. Lefferts, as appears in the following quotations from Mr. Lefferts's manuscript notes now at Harvard:

Some issues of the book [Gilliver's 1729 Second Edition] have the leaf "P3" (pp. 109-110) also cancelled and a new leaf substituted, why it is difficult to determine as there is no change in the verses, and the substituted leaf is very incorrectly printed; having four lines beginning "a second effort brought but new disgrace" (lines 167-170 inc.) printed on and properly belonging to p. 111 reprinted on p. 110 and also leaving out twelve lines of the notes to "Remarks v. 149," necessitating a rearrangement of the type-form. This note in its entirety was given in the previous editions and was repeated in subsequent editions.

It might be presumed that the incorrectly printed leaf appeared in the earlier issues of the book and that this was the one cancelled, while the correctly printed leaf was the substituted one, but the stubs left in the book and a careful separation of the "signatures" show that this was not the case; the correctly printed leaf was originally printed as part of the complete signature and afterwards cancelled and the incorrectly printed leaf was substituted for it.

That is to say, two varieties of this Second Edition are known (the existence of a third variety may be inferred, but I do not know of a copy of it), the difference between them occurring in pp. 109-110. The explanation of how this difference came into being is, I think, not difficult to surmise. It presumes a considerable degree of dumbness of head on the part of the printer; but any man of the many who have corrected one error in galley proof only to find several in its place in the page proof will think the explanation entirely plausible. A volume of Gilliver's first octavo of 1729 was corrected and annotated and sent to the printer to serve as "copy" (as is demonstrable, I think). In setting up page 109 of "copy"—it was to be approximately page 110 of the new book, the Second Edition—a line in a note, the third line from the bottom of the page, was omitted. The new book was printed, the type distributed, and then the omission of the line was discovered, perhaps by Pope himself. "Copy" was given a printer, and he was told to correct the error. Two pages of copy, 108-109, were reset, "copy" being followed closely, the leaf was printed, and without sufficient inspection was pasted on the stub of the old leaf in so many copies of the book as remained unsold. But the old paging and the new did not fit; and, as a consequence, instead of a passage correct except for the omission of one line in a note, we have one in which the notes are badly tangled and four lines of the poem already given on one page are reprinted on the page that faces it.

In counting out the lines—they have to be counted in every edition, for the printer's numbering is not to be depended on—Professor Lounsbury used a copy of the Second Edition that contained the substituted leaf, and so was misled into asserting the presence of 1018 lines, instead of the correct 1014.

And Professor Lounsbury is still further wrong. So far is the Second Edition of 1729 from being "followed by the later ones," that it is followed by none of the editions that I know. The folio has 1012 lines, and so has the quarto ("Works," II) of 1735, issued at the same time as the folio. And we might reasonably expect to find that the number had remained at 1012 in later editions, for Pope had continued his Declaration: "And do, therefore, enjoin and forbid any Person or Persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between Hooks, or by any other means directly or indirectly change or mangle any of them" [His lines]. Yet within a few months, he was disregarding his own injunction. The folio was succeeded by the small octavo published by Gilliver without date, yet almost certainly in 1735, though the bibliographers who have suggested a date have hitherto given 1733; the number of lines in it is 1016, the four additional lines, arising through a revision of book i, 250-256 of the folio. The number of lines remained at 1016 through the four succeeding editions that I have and presumably through all the editions to 1742, though curiously enough the Declaration was not altered from its first form to suit new conditions. In the recasting of the poem to make Cibber the hero, instead of Theobald, the number of lines was considerably enlarged, and the Declaration was revised.

R. H. GRIFFITH.

The University of Texas, August 21.

THE REAL AMERICAN SPIRIT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been reading an essay, dealing with the relative merits and positions of American men of letters, in which Lowell is regarded as having adhered too closely to European literary convention to be called wholly American. But if Lowell is not American, who is? What is the type American, and what is the American literary character? Must the frontiersman or the out-and-out business man represent the real American spirit? I do not agree that a literary effort must be uncouth, aggressive, and commercial to take its place as a true part of our letters. The literature of a people rises from its culture more readily than from its barbarians. Lowell was an American to his finger-ends—and what an incrimination of this country to suppose that his cultivation made him less so! That active wit, that quick, sane perception and ardent loyalty to ideals, and that brilliant intelligence are the characters extraordinary of the veritable American.

Many feel that a man who does not lend himself willingly to a slap-on-the-back and a jolly tale is a tacit criticism of themselves, and is hence no true American. Are indiscriminate familiarity and the nonchalant impertinence of public officials who feel that to be gracious is to compromise their independence representative marks of American democracy? This is the spirit that has complained of Lowell. Yet his incorruptibility in sentiment and in action, his sincere and ready sympathy, make us wish that such Americans (they exist in all parts of our country) could represent us at all times. Those who knew him know that he brought the traits of his mind and personality to championing his country in a way that the shouting patriots who resent him have helped to defeat.

E. F. Stafford.

Boulder, Col., August 20.

THE REFERENDUM IN SWITZERLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation.

Sir: In your issue of August 24 the reviewer hazards the suggestion "that there is, here and there, something of interest and value in 'Switzerland of the Swiss,' by Frank Webb." Permit me to supply some quotations from the work in question which make timely reading in view of a discussion now current in our country. The initial chapter, entitled A General Survey, has a section on the referendum, from which the following extracts are taken:

> The independent character of each canton allows full scope for political squabbles, which, unfortunately, take up too much of the time of the men. The referendum is a democratic measure that cuts two ways. One can have too much of it. The people are always up in arms and in a constant state of ferment over some trivial question. Legislation is sometimes impossible.
>
> Provided the necessary number of votes demanding the referendum be obtained, the electorate go to the poll. Thus, the cantons are in a constant state of effervescence. In a general way, when the vote is taken the attendance at the poll does not represent 25 per cent. of the electorate.

Advocates of the initiative and referendum have pointed to Switzerland as proving the excellencies of the system, but the testimony of this writer, who has had thirty years' contact with the Switzers, does not justify holding up their example as one to follow.

Max Lowenthal.

Rochester, N. Y., August 29.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND RATE REGULATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We are told that no one was responsible for the horror on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which resulted from the breaking of a rail. The rail that gave way had been examined repeatedly, and there was nothing to reveal its rottenness. No one seems to have considered whether it is possible to construct a railway in such a manner that a derailment on a viaduct, bridge, or embankment shall not involve plunging down into an abyss. Nor was the question raised on the occasion of the recent disaster on the New Haven road at Bridgeport. When the spreading of the rails on an embankment wrecked a train laden with school teachers on one of the Pennsylvania lines a few months ago, no one was heard to suggest that embankments, especially curving embankments, which are the scenes of a large proportion of the worst railway disasters, might, perhaps, be constructed so that not merely a few inches of earth shall intervene in case of derailment between the ends of the ties and eternity.

Of course, the safety viaducts and safety embankments that I have in mind are very expensive things, and perhaps their cost would in most cases be at present well-nigh prohibitive. Some railways, however, could afford them, just as some can afford to have a quadruple track or to do away with grade crossings. But one thing is certain, and that is that we shall not have these things under any system of rate regulation that reduces the earning capacity of our roads to a level at which they are obliged to confine their reconstruction work within narrow bounds. We may regulate the rates of transportation, but we have no machinery for preventing railways from curtailing their outlay for improvements when their finances are inadequate. We hear sufficient talk already of the decision of railway managers to abstain from undertaking certain badly needed constructive work on the score of a lack of funds. The fact that so many of our great railway lines are still single-track is a crying evil. The innumerable grade crossings produce a slaughter at which we are beginning to stand aghast. Yet we shall continue to put up with such things so long as we persist in compelling railway companies to operate at rates too low to yield a surplus adequate to the imperative needs of repair.

Our legislators have chosen to put cheapness of transport above the assurance of safety to the travelling public, and to our army of railway employees. Are we sure that in the present policy of clipping the wings of the railway companies we are not simply running off the track? We ought to be going straight ahead to bring our railway system up to the needs of traffic and the requirements of safety, and instead we are doing our best to defeat this object.

What has happened to make ocean transportation so safe? Suppose that through some kind of international agreement fares and freight charges had been kept down at a minimum, should we now behold the progress in transportation that has taken place within the last quarter of a century?

L.

Deal Beach, N. J., August 29.

Textbooks

PEDAGOGICS AND ENGLISH.

If we are to enter the educational New Jerusalem, as prophets foretell us, through the portals of the psychological laboratory, the future of experimental psychology is immense. At present, however, the pedagogical-psychological alliance is to be justified rather by its faith than its works. Pending the development of the "science of education," the immediate value of textbooks on that subject is likely to be in inverse ratio to their scientific pretensions. For the publishing educator, eager for results, drives hard at practice; and it is not the experimenter's handful of indigested conclusions that the young teacher should carry into the classroom, but the old teacher's handful of tested and animated platitudes. To preserve, refine, and vivify our inherited wisdom—that is the problem; nor is there any virtue in translating the precious commonplaces of experience into a pseudo-scientific jargon. L. H. Jones, in "Education as Growth" (Ginn), aims at pupils in normal schools and teachers in reading circles. His book, in spite of its "efferent" and "afferent" nerves and "molecular impulses," is as free as could be desired from scientific pretensions. It represents, indeed, a reaction against the vigorous and rigorous materialistic interpretation of the world, positing as the educational object "a spiritual entity whose essence is self-activity." Its hopeless dreariness is due mainly to the solemn and abstract delivery of the truisms of which it is composed. Thus when a man of this world would say, "If you study a thing hard, you may master it," our author, catering for the sophisticated palate of the normal school, decorates as follows: "A definitely guided process of self-activity in thinking upon a definitely selected object of thought or theme may lead the self-activity from a state of ignorance in reference to such object into a state of intelligence in regard to the same."

The first merit of W. C. Bagley's "Craftsmanship in Teaching" (Macmillan) is that it avoids this phraseological iuanity. Constituted of a dozen essays and addresses on specific and timely topics, it is written simply and vigorously, and is informed with common sense and enthusiasm. Its most stimulating chapter—which gives the title to the book—is a thoroughly admirable plea for the development in teachers of the "artistic conscience" and pride in the technique of their profession. Professor Bagley feels an orthodox faith in the possibilities of psychological investigation, leading to scientific method and organization, but he constantly recognizes and seeks to quicken the rather incalculable elements of moral responsibility and personal inspiration in the methodizers and organizers. In a second work, on "Educational Values" (Macmillan), he undertakes the more ambitious task of classifying educative forces ("conduct-controls"), in psychological terms, evaluating these forces, and outlining the methods for the

efficient use of educative materials. His categories ("rubrics") are from the nature of things arbitrary, his values infinitely disputable, his methods, as he informs us, are to be expanded in a subsequent volume. When he assures us that the relative worth of translations and originals of the classics is a problem "far from insoluble by the methods that experimental education even now possesses," he provokes a wide elevation of eyebrows; we are incredulous, but open to conviction. It is the saving grace of Professor Bagley that, though he is credulous, he too is open to conviction. If his book is not rich in conclusions, it at least organizes questions with a somewhat unusual definiteness and a sense for the pressing concrete problem, utilizing the light available from recent experimentation.

All who know the excellence of Prof. George R. Noyes's edition of Dryden's poetical works have looked forward with confidence to his "Selected Dramas of John Dryden" (Scott, Foresman & Co.), which proves indeed clearly superior to any other selection of Dryden's plays. Though it contains but four of them—"The Conquest of Granada" (both parts), "Marriage à la Mode," "All For Love," and "The Spanish Friar"—these adequately represent their author's varied achievement in heroic drama, comedy of manners, tragedy, and tragi-comedy. The accompanying essays, "Of Heroic Plays," "Defense of the Epilogue," and the preface to "All For Love," are among the most important of his critical utterances. Of the notes, which are scholarly, pertinent, and succinct, many are judiciously chosen from little-known Restoration writers and from the best critics of later times. The entire text has been more carefully collated than by any previous editor; in fact, in only one trivial case (in the notes, p. 455, "Barroy" for "Chedreux") has a trial of the work revealed the slightest inaccuracy. As the best contemporaneous criticism of the heroic play, "The Rehearsal" has been included in the volume. Since this is obtainable in two good inexpensive editions, by Arber and by Lindner, one may judge it here unnecessary; but largely because its exclusion might have given us another play of Dryden so competently edited by Professor Noyes. The introduction is so modest in tone that its worth is apt to pass unrecognized. Heretofore the readily accessible criticism of Dryden's plays has been rather untrustworthy, and the reliable has been buried, amid much error, in philological publications. Professor Noyes has painstakingly studied these modern discussions about Dryden, has pruned away what was false or futile, and has so well pondered the rest as to create an essay of true value.

Not only is the making of textbooks one of the recognized industries of the time, but so far has the differentiation of labor gone already—when it is no uncommon sight to see anywhere from two to five writers collaborating in the production of an English composition—that the business bids fair to become in a little while a matter of guilds and corporations exclusively. Perhaps one of the best texts of the season on the popular subject of public speaking is a work of this kind, "Argumentation and Debate" (American Book Company), the joint product of J. V. Denney, C. S. Duncan, and F. C. McKinney. The volume makes something of a departure from the usual routine by its reliance on the principles of legal evidence as a source of illustration and by the amount of space, nearly one-half of the book, which it devotes to material for the practical exercises of analysis and briefing. In this way the statement of theory becomes uncommonly concise—not altogether a disadvantage in comparison with the discursiveness of the general run of textbooks; though in one or two cases, as the introduction to argument, it seems to have led the authors to scamp matters which have difficulty for the student.

An excellent little anthology for use in school or elsewhere is supplied by "Characteristic Passages from the Hundred Best English Prose Writers" (Crowell), by A. L. Gowans. The book is a small one and the "passages" are, if anything, rather curt; but the range of selection is wide—from Malory to Stevenson—and the choice is admirable. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine a more representative exhibition in anything like the space.

According to his introduction, Professor Halleck has spent seven years in preparing his "History of American Literature" (American Book Co.). The result is a volume which seems to possess all the features which have made its author's "History of English Literature," such a popular and successful textbook. Its estimates and criticisms show the same immediate contact with the subject and the same knack of treatment and presentation. There are general reviews and parallel surveys of English literature for each period; and there are references for literary and historical study. At the close there is also an appreciation of the significance of American letters, together with a supplementary reading list.

LATIN AND GREEK.

Those who believe in the value of Greek and Latin in education will gain much comfort from a series of essays entitled "Latin and Greek in American Education" (Macmillan), edited by F. W. Kelsey. These papers were presented at the Michigan classical conferences held during the past five years, and have already appeared in the *School Review* and the *Educational Review*. The first three chapters on the Present Position of Latin and Greek, their Value as Educational Instruments, and their Place in the Course of Study, are by Professor Kelsey. Chapter iv, on the Nature of Cultural Studies, is by Professor Wenley. Then follow symposia on the value of the classics in the study of medicine, engineering, law, theology, in practical affairs, in the new education, and from the point of view of formal discipline. Distinguished men from the learned professions, business pursuits, and cultivated circles in general come forward with virtually no dissenting voice to maintain that without the classical training a man is at a disadvantage in all walks of life. In these discussions emphasis is laid first upon the exceptional value of the study of Latin and Greek for training the mind. Formal discipline is somewhat in disesteem at present, and many psychologists look askance at it (wrongly as appears from the last symposium in the book), but it is refreshing to find these men insisting upon this side of training as of prime importance. A few scientists, mainly chemists, demur, but their voice is lost in the larger chorus.

The progress of the new method of teaching Latin in secondary schools is evident in the two most recent elementary textbooks, "Latin for Beginners" (Ginn), by B. L. D'Ooge, and "A Latin Primer" (American Book Co.), by H. C. Nutting. These books are wholly unlike, but they are also unlike any that have preceded them. Mr. D'Ooge is much more conservative than Mr. Nutting; his book is intended to prepare for Cæsar in one year. Accordingly he has limited his vocabulary to six hundred words, mainly Cæsarian, selected on the basis of the word-lists of Lodge and Browne. The syntax too has been limited to the essentials indicated in Byrne's summary of secondary Latin syntax. Latin grammar is treated largely from the English point of view. Connected reading is introduced early, and various devices are employed to keep up the interest. A few exercises in conversation at the outset show how the material of the lessons can be handled in the oral fashion. The general style is clear and simple. There is a slight tendency to talk down to the pupil, but it is not offensive. While superfluous things are excluded, there is no inclination to give an appearance of ease by omitting essentials. The reading matter is unusually full. The illustrations are well chosen. Four plates in color, though somewhat crude, add life to the stories. The printing is excellent, and mistakes are surprisingly few. Mr. Nutting's book is not so large, as it is intended to provide material only for the first year in a five-year curriculum, and does not prepare for Cæsar. Hence the vocabulary contains a large number of words that are rare in the usual secondary Latin curriculum. Oral work is insisted upon from the beginning, and the ordinary life of man is made the basis of the reading lessons. There is evident an intention to show the pupils that Latin is a practical language, and that the Roman children were very like those of to-day. Balls, dolls, baskets, roses, monkeys, dogs, chairs, shoes, are the material of the first lessons. As the period covered is briefer, some things are deferred to a later study. Thus, the syntax of the verb is confined to constructions with *ut* and *cum*, the accusative with the infinitive, and simple indirect discourse. In the latter part of the book the reading matter consists largely of stories connected with early American life, particularly the period of the Indian wars. The impression produced by the book is very pleasing, and it should be popular with those who are not afraid of the novel, if it is good.

Dr. Walter Headlam, at his death in 1908, left unfinished an edition of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, on which he had been at work for some years. The introduction and verse translation were nearly complete, but the text had not been thoroughly revised, and the commentary was fragmentary. A. C. Pearson has now supplied these gaps, so far as he could, from various publications of Dr. Headlam in philosophical periodicals, and from such manuscript notes and marginalia as were available, and the result is a valuable edition (Cambridge University Press; Putnam). The introduction gives an account of the adaptation of the old epic story to the dramatic needs of his own day by Æschy-

lus, and his interpretation of it as a political upheaval due to party faction. While in this interpretation he agrees with Dr. Verrall, he does not accept Dr. Verrall's interpretation of the course of events in the early part of the play, but assumes that an interval of time is supposed to elapse after verse 493 for the return of the Greeks from Troy. There is also an interesting discussion of the moral and religious ideas in the play, in which the editor tries to show that Æschylus's political and social sentiments were those of his own period. The commentary, inadequate and fragmentary though it is, shows how much we have lost in the death of this distinguished scholar. The verse translation is characterized by great dignity and beauty, and will take rank alongside of Dr. Murray's translations from Euripides.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

Laurie's "Mémoires d'un collégien" is to the school life of France what "Cuore" is to that of Italy. If De Amicis's book is the more effective in its lessons of idealism and the more varied in character and incident, Laurie's is the better piece of narrative, and is more complete and coherent in its record of school experiences. The story has been well edited, with notes and vocabulary, by Prof. O. B. Super (Heath), and should prove interesting, in this form, to young American readers.

Prof. C. A. Eggert has edited "les Femmes savantes" for early reading (American Book Co.). The notes are well adapted to initiate the student into the peculiarities of Molière's language and of French verse order, and the vocabulary is unusually rich in its treatment of idiomatic phrases and in its distinctions of meaning. In his introduction, and now and again in the notes, Professor Eggert is at considerable pains to assure us that Molière did not really intend "to throw ridicule on the pursuit of higher studies by ladies"—a contention decidedly less sound than gallant.

"The Poetry of Victor Hugo" (Ginn), a selection of above a hundred poems, edited by Professors Edgar and Squair, is an excellent book. The poems chosen are divided into twelve groups, according to the general character of their content. Nature Poems, for instance, form one group, Napoleon Poems another, and Humanitarian Poems another. Within each group the order is chronological. A few brief notes are given, and at the end of the book appears a long and very necessary glossary of proper names. The introduction contains an analysis of the stylistic development in Hugo's poetry, and a list of his many volumes of published verse. To each of the several groups is prefixed a brief special introduction. The criticism thus presented, if not inspiring, is thoroughly respectable, and affords a good starting point for classroom discussion or independent thought.

Another book which well deserves a place in courses on French literature in the nineteenth century is a collection of eight essays by Edmond Scherer, edited, under the title "Études françaises et anglaises" (Frowde), by Francis Storr. With the passing years Scherer's work is coming to be valued more and more highly. He is admirably qualified to mediate between French literature and the English mind, for he is English in that he is most of all concerned for moral worth, and he is French in the alertness of his understanding and the keenness of his judgments. Mr. Storr's selection of essays is good. Those dealing with George Eliot, Chateaubriand, Thiers, and Sainte-Beuve are particularly notable, both for the criticism of the writers treated and for their expression of Scherer's own views on certain underlying problems of literature and life.

Prof. J. D. M. Ford's "Old Spanish Readings," published some years ago as a pamphlet of selections from critically edited texts, has now appeared in its complete form, with introduction, notes, and vocabulary (Ginn). The introduction consists of a brief treatment of Spanish phonology, excellent alike in the clearness of its exposition and in its typographical arrangement. The notes contain detailed discussions of the many and varied problems connected with the linguistic material or the formation and transmission of the several documents. In the vocabulary are assembled all forms appearing in the texts, with identification or analysis, when requisite, and thorough etymological treatment.

By the omission of some whole chapters, the excision of sundry descriptive passages, and by various other abbreviations, A. Kenngott has reduced by about one-half the bulk of C. F. Meyer's "Jürg Jenatsch," and so made an admirable historical novel available for college classes (Heath). The artistic quality of Meyer's work naturally suffers in consequence of this somewhat violent treatment, and not all the threads of the complicated narrative now seem well knit together. But the student probably will not, and indeed need not, realize what has been sacrificed in order to make his task easier. The text as it stands is good German, and the story told is both interesting and instructive. Mr. Kenngott has supplied all the historical information necessary to an understanding of the text His grammatical notes seldom go to the root of the matter, and many of the translations which he suggests for difficult passages do scant justice to the elegance of Meyer's style.

American students of Germanics are not likely, when they take up the study of Old High German, to need a textbook of the subject written in English; and, as they have by that time familiarized themselves with German methods of presentation, they will probably be inclined to turn to the new edition of Braune's "Althochdeutsche Grammatik" as the most complete and authoritative work on the subject. The subject, however, is complicated, and, in spite of logical arrangement, Braune's book is often baffling to the beginner, on account of the multiplicity of details. Furthermore, Braune presupposes in his reader wide acquaintance with general Germanic philology. The purpose of Lionel Armitage in his "Introduction to the Study of Old High German" (Clarendon Press) is to build upon the foundation of a good knowledge of the ancient classics, to derive Old High German from primitive Germanic, and to link Germanic in outline to Indo-Germanic. This method partakes of the merits of Victor Henry's method, in his "Comparative Grammar"; and, like Wright's "Gothic Grammar," Armitage's book commends itself at sight, with a certain aspect of simplicity and orderliness. It has a map, a classified list of literary monuments, and many tables, as well as the usual paradigms and discussions of the development of sounds, in which abundant examples illustrate the phenomena. Intended primarily for learners, the book is also well adapted to serve the purposes of reference.

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS.

"A History of the United States for Schools" (Appleton), by Profs. A. C. McLaughlin and C. H. Van Tyne, is, in the main, a creditable performance. Its characteristics are its selection (not always very consistent, be it said) of facts which are significant, rather than merely entertaining, its emphasis upon national rather than local points of view, and its relatively full treatment of Western development. The style, while showing a good many signs of "writing down" to the assumed level of the pupil's mind, is at least clear and readable. In the case of an elementary handbook, however, where there is likely to be a good deal of virtual memorizing of the text, the question of accuracy becomes a crucial one; while the points of view, the estimates of personal character or motive, are likely to leave lasting impressions. In these respects the volume before us is not impeccable. There is the same old picture of Stuyvesant, for example, just as though Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer had not recently shown its defects. The summaries of four of the five coercive acts of 1774 (p. 149, note 2) are either incorrect or misleading. In speaking of the disastrous issues of paper money during the Revolution, there is, as usual, no intimation that the States issued as much of the stuff as did Congress, or that Congress, with all its faults, performed a notable feat in the matter of the "new tenor" bills. Was Jefferson's "hesitation" about Louisiana anything more than *pro forma*, and was he "persuaded to yield" in the approval of the treaty (p. 234)? The references for further reading appended to the several chapters show a curious blend of light and heavy books, and both omissions and inclusions seem not to conform to any principle of selection.

Marion F. Lansing's "Barbarian and Noble" (Ginn) is, apparently, the first of a series of six volumes to be issued under the general title of "Mediæval Builders of the Modern World." The seventeen topics of the present volume, ranging chronologically from Drusus and Alaric to Rollo and Richard the Crusader, are treated as separate stories, and in a style which is, on the whole, successfully simple and attractive. We are not quite clear as to the grade for which the book is intended, since it is obviously too elementary for the high school, and mediæval history is not commonly taught in grammar grades.

"A Short History of Europe" (Dutton), from the fall of the Roman Empire to the fall of the Eastern Empire, by Prof. Charles S. Terry of the University of Aberdeen, presents few of the external characteristics of a school book. It has neither maps nor illustrations, no paragraph or marginal headings, and no references for supplementary reading; no "apparatus," in fact, beyond some genealogical tables. The typographical appearance, too, with its small type and closely set page, is rather forbidding. The work itself is an interesting attempt to bring the story of England into the field of early European history, from which it has often been well-nigh wholly excluded; or, as Professor Terry says, to sketch

European history in a British perspective. The book is designed for the conditions of English schools, but should not be without value for American teachers also.

Arthur D. Innes's "A General Sketch of Political History from the Earliest Times" (Macmillan) is a painstaking, well-written, and unusually correct epitome, by a practised hand. It calls for but one comment in these columns. Like almost all attempts to condense within the space of a small textbook all that passes current for the history of mankind, it fails to maintain proper proportion. For obvious reasons, the treatment of ancient history, even in standard publications of this kind, is far more satisfactory than that of more recent times. In Mr. Innes's volume the leisurely pace of the first 120 pages which carries the story down to the middle of the fifth century A. D. becomes breathless haste in the thirty pages devoted to the European Powers from 1815 to 1871; in the brief chapter (less than ten pages) given to America, Australasia, Africa, and Asia, during the century ending in 1871; and in the seven pages which suffice for the nations since 1871. Here we have no longer rapid summaries, but vague allusions. Thirteen lines are made to do duty for an account of our civil war, in which not a single battle or a single name (besides that of Lincoln) is mentioned; and twenty lines tell the story of the Russo-Japanese war, which closes the volume.

The "History of Economic Thought" (Macmillan), by Prof. Lewis H. Haney, will fill a long-felt need. There are a number of other works on the general subject, notably Cossa's and Ingram's, but for one reason or another they are not well adapted to class use. The present volume is of suitable compass, and the treatment is such as to make it satisfactory as a textbook. It includes a survey of economic thought from the time of the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews down to the latest modern writers. In such a vast field it is evident that the author is compelled to exercise a large amount of personal judgment in selection. Since no two writers could possibly agree on the matter, criticism of this aspect of the book is both easy and useless. In the preface, the author acknowledges his large indebtedness to Prof. Richard T. Ely, whose contribution to the work was so great as almost to justify the inclusion of his name as a joint author of the book. The influence of that broad-minded thinker must have had much to do with giving the work its common-sense, teachable character. On the whole, the subject matter seems to be well chosen and well arranged, though the English in which it is expressed is frequently rough and at times obscure. There is little attempt to correlate the development of economic thought with the economic conditions of different periods, though the determining influence of these conditions is not forgotten.

In their "Outlines of Economics, Developed in a Series of Problems" (University of Chicago Press), three members of the department of political economy in the University of Chicago have performed with remarkable thoroughness and grasp a task of great difficulty. The book consists in the main of sets of searching questions, dealing successively with every phase of the great subject, the order being determined by the attempt of the authors "not only to link economic theory with descriptive material, but in a measure to build the theory up out of the familiar events of economic life"; an attempt in which, we believe, they have succeeded as completely as the case admits. But the questions do not stand alone; as a rule, each set is introduced by a concise indication of the central ideas or doctrines involved, the statement in every instance being marked by exemplary clearness and vigor. The authors are careful to state, however, in a prefatory note, that their work is not intended to take the place of a textbook, but rather to parallel some book embodying a systematic presentation of economic theory. Still less, of course, can it enable the instructor to dispense with the furnishing of guidance of the most essential kind; on the contrary, it may be said with emphasis that the use of these questions must subject the teacher to a test far more severe than any it imposes on the student. In the hands of any instructor lacking either in individual force or in mastery of the subject, the experiment would be sure to prove a failure. Indeed, the one doubt that suggests itself concerning the book is as to the possibility of a teacher, however strong, being able to consider with his class these hundreds of questions, when there is often material in a single one of them for many days of difficult and perplexing discussion. But as the book is "the outgrowth of a three years' experiment in elementary economic instruction," we are bound to assume that, with the right teachers, the difficulty is not insuperable; and in any case Professors Marshall, Wright, and Field are to be congratulated on having produced a book that is sure to be stimulating and instructive to teachers of economics, whether they use it directly in their classes or not.

SCIENCE.

Three textbooks of general physics have been received. The "Principles of Physics" (Century), by Professor Magie of Princeton University, is a thoroughly commendable and reliable book. The author has a well-defined purpose, which is to teach physics not only because of its intrinsic interest, but also because it is the best means of presenting to all students the scientific method of thinking. Very rightly, he bases his presentation on the historical development of the subject, as the one likely to proceed from the simple to the difficult. The book, as a result, shows a logical treatment and bears evidence of a most careful verification of material. The style is excellent. The only adverse criticism to be made is that, in basing mechanics on the laws of statics, the writer has overexpanded this subject so that the remainder of the book seems rather compressed. Prof. A. L. Kimball, who has published his "College Physics" (Holt) after considerable delay, presents the science rather from the experimental side and simplifies the mathematical treatment much more than Professor Magie. His text is accurate, and will prove to be a good manual. The discussion is not very different from that of other standard texts. The third one of these books is the "College Physics" (Macmillan), written by Professors Reed and Guthe of the University of Michigan. A sufficient reason for the book is difficult to find, as it is certainly not so good as a number of others now available. There is no evidence of any work in its composition other than a rather hasty expansion of lecture notes, and the style, while it is possibly not bad, is certainly not good. The text is best when phenomena and experiments are described, although the frequent references given to technical articles are useless and pedantic. The mathematical analysis is adequate, but the use of calculus even in a concealed and apologetic form is here quite out of place. It is when the authors give definitions and outlines of physical theories that they show a lamentable weakness. To mention a few examples: "Matter may be defined as that which we can perceive by our sense of touch"; on page 18 the motion of a particle is discussed as if it could have a motion other than linear; in the subject of heat, it is stated that "heat and temperature are two entirely different physical quantities." There is no need of multiplying such illustrations; the book does not attain in any way to the level of the other two. In make-up and in freedom from typographical errors all three are excellent.

The need which has been felt of a good textbook on the development of the applications of electricity in chemical processes is supplied in a most satisfactory way by Prof. M. de Kay Thompson. He has collected "in a single volume the material that would be comprised in a course aiming to give an account of the most important electro-chemical industries, as well as the principal applications of electro-chemistry in the laboratory"—"Applied Electro-Chemistry" (Macmillan).

"A Concise History of Chemistry" (Van Nostrand), by T. P. Hilditch, is an attempt to outline briefly the historical development of chemistry, and assumes that the reader has a fair knowledge of present-day chemical theory and practice. Two features are to be noted in this really worthy effort, namely, the biographical index of chemists with a chronological summary of chemical events of outstanding interest, and the almost complete failure of the author to include American contributions. Willard Gibbs, who originated perhaps the greatest generalization in modern chemistry, the "phase rule," is barely mentioned, and even then is confused with Wolcott Gibbs, who is not credited with the founding of electro-analysis. Acheson's name is lacking in the enumeration of accomplishments in industrial chemistry; yet his artificial graphite has made possible the remarkable development in technological electro-chemistry. Nor do we find Hall's name, although cheap aluminum came about through his absolutely novel process, which is used to produce many million pounds of that metal a year in this country alone. Every recipient of the Faraday medal is enrolled except Richards, one of the world's authorities on the determination of atomic weights. Guthrie is not down as an independent discoverer of chloroform, though he was the real discoverer. The makeup of the book is satisfactory, and some of the tables might be included in a "Universal Almanac."

Prof. Irving W. Fay, the author of "The Chemistry of Coal-Tar Dyes" (Van Nostrand), would have our students and dyers know something of the history, methods of making, chemical constitution, and proper means of applying and detecting the coloring matters of coal tar. Some of the colors simulate, while others are superior to, natural dyes, and still others find no counter-

part in nature at all. The book "is intended for those students and dyers who have a good knowledge of general chemistry, and some knowledge of organic chemistry." In general it is well done, though proper proportion is not always kept, and the English is frequently involved. Phenolphthalein is not used chiefly as an indicator in quantitative analysis, as stated on page 253; its medicinal value has become well recognized. Chapter xix, dealing with experimental work, is excellent, and so is the index.

Students of human physiology who keep in touch with the European literature of their subject have long and favorably known the textbook, by Luigi Luciani of Rome, in the German or French versions, if not in the original Italian, of which the third edition has recently appeared. For the English reader Frances A. Welby has prepared a smooth translation under the editorial supervision of Dr. M. Camis of Pisa. The first volume with the title "Luciani's Human Physiology" has now been published by Macmillan in the excellent form familiar to readers of their books of this class. The work is to be completed in four volumes, making a rather large and somewhat expensive treatise. This first part contains nearly six hundred pages, and deals with the circulation and respiration, and includes three interesting introductory chapters, and also a considerable chapter on the Lymph. Judged by this volume the work will appeal to the better sort of student, not merely because it presents the conclusions of a skilled investigator and experienced teacher, but also by the fact that the historical development of the various topics is given in considerable detail. The more important authorities are noted at the end of each chapter, and Dr. Camis has added valuable, but by no means complete, lists of reference to the physiological literature in English. Without undertaking an extended review at this time, we note that the text contains no account of the electrical phenomena of the beating heart, which have been studied assiduously for some time, and in the past few years have come to be regarded as probably of great significance, not merely for physiologists, but for the practitioner. In the matter relating to the study of the isolated mammalian heart too little credit is given to Martin (disguised in the text, but not in the index, as both Newell and Martin) for his discovery of the possibility of keeping up a vivifying circulation through the coronary arteries—a discovery which was somewhat obscurely published, and which has been overshadowed by the successful and more extended work of Langendorff. These and some other deficiences are not serious blemishes in a book which well deserves to be read. In a brief introduction Langley commends the treatise, but takes occasion to enter a hearty protest against Luciani's conclusion that the credit of discovering the circulation of the blood belongs to Cesalpinus, rather than to Harvey. This bids fair to reopen the floodgates of controversy.

"The Animals and Man" (Holt), by Dr Vernon L. Kellogg, ambitiously attempts to cover an enormous field—the structure, physiology, behavior, and classification of animals, together with the makeup and physiology of the human body. The author succeeds as well as could be expected, although it is rather bewildering to leap by the turn of a page from public hygiene to ancient man. The text is well divided between statements of fact and questions which tend to develop originality in the pupil. The chapter on Animal Physiology is especially excellent, both in text and illustrations. Unimportant errors are unfortunately frequent, such as giving ten thousand as the total number of species of birds, whereas, twenty thousand would be far nearer the mark; *gallus* is written both as *bankiva* and *bankirus*, etc. But the volume as a whole is a well-balanced textbook, worthy of a place in school courses of a year's length.

Literature

THE YOUNGER PITT.

William Pitt and National Revival. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

It is nearly half a century since Stanhope published his monumental life of Pitt. Since then the archives of the Foreign Office, the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Home Office for the period of the Younger Pitt's career have been opened to investigators. Rich bundles of letters to and from Pitt and his friends, especially the Fortescue Papers of the Grenville family, have had a century's dust knocked off and have been published in part by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Worthy German monographs in microscopic detail have penetrated the mysteries of cabinets and laid bare many of the hitherto unknown secrets of European diplomacy in the decade which saw the end of the American Revolution, the beginning of the French Revolution, and the attempted partition of Turkey. No English writer, perhaps, is better fitted to weld this mass of new material into a readable and scholarly biography of Pitt than the able biographer of Pitt's greatest world rival. Mr. Rose's "Life of Napoleon I" we have always regarded as the best considerable life of the Corsican, and that in spite of the fact that it is coldly critical and at times icily insular. This criticism cannot lie against his life of Pitt, which is written with an admiration and warmth amounting almost to hero-worship.

The Younger Pitt is indeed a subject to inspire enthusiasm and invite worship. Though personally frigid in manner and cool in calculation, he must always by the purity of his patriotism and the magnitude of his achievements warm the heart of every subject of the British Crown. In 1766, at the age of seven, he said to his tutor: "I am glad that I am not the eldest son, but that I can serve my country in the House of Commons like papa." This remark, his first recorded utterance, strikes the keynote of his character, the life-long desire to serve his native land. At the close of 1783, when England was suffering from a constitutional crisis of peculiar intensity and when he himself was not yet twenty-five, this "Wonderful Boy" became Prime Minister of England. Thenceforth, with one short interval, he controlled the destinies of Great Britain through twenty-two years marked by the gravest problems, both political and financial, social and diplomatic, ending in wars of unexampled severity. He guided the threads of English diplomacy in an age of unusual difficulty and complexity. He improved the commercial relations between England and Ireland, strengthened the imperial hold on India, and encouraged the beginnings of an Australian commonwealth. By an energetic assertion of English rights and English honor in the Nootka Sound affair, he preserved British Columbia for England, and prepared the day, had he but known it, when the vivifying forces of science and commerce would endow with a common life the conquests of Clive and of Wolfe and the discoveries of Capt. Cook. Out of a rotten Whiggism he created a vigorous new Toryism. He tactfully saved England from the unsavory set who surrounded the Prince of Wales and steered the ship of state skilfully through the crisis of George III's first bad attack of madness. He laid the solid foundations of good finance in an age when England, like France, had started down the decline toward national bankruptcy. Mr. Rose has a thrilling subject, and he has handled it worthily. His volume tells not merely the life of an individual man; it describes also, as its title indicates, the revival of a nation.

By way of an introduction, Mr. Rose describes conditions in England about 1780. Two great revolutions were then taking place. The speculations of Rousseau, the teachings of the Encyclopædists, and the writings of Adam Smith were preparing the way for a revolution in thought, and subsequently in politics, such as no age had seen. And by the side of the "Contrat Social," the "Wealth of Nations," and the "Declaration of the Rights of Man" must be placed as equally important the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and the double-acting steam-engine. The year 1814 ought to be remembered, not only for the first abdication of Napoleon, but also for George Stephenson's "No. 1" Killingworth locomotive. Mr. Rose is one of the political historians who insist that "only those can read aright the riddle of the modern sphinx who have ears for both her tones, who hearken not only to the shouts of the leaders and the roar of mobs, but also listen for the multitudinous hum of the workshop, the factory, and the mine." The lot of William Pitt the Younger was cast in the years when these revo-

lutions in thought and in industry began their mighty work. The active part of his father's life fell within the old order of things. The age of Chatham was far less complex and baffling than that of his son. It is true that, with a prophetic vision of the future, the old man foretold in thrilling words the invincibility of the American cause, but then his life-work was done; from his Pisgah-mount he could only warn, and vainly warn, the dwellers in the plain below. His son was destined to enter that unknown land; and he entered it when his people were burdened by debt, disaster, and disgrace.

To persons who advocate the early intellectual training of children and the development of mental prodigies like young Sidis or Wiener, to name only the most recent, the life of Pitt must be instructive, and, on the whole, encouraging, in spite of the fact that his health was never robust and that he died at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. Mr. Rose has discovered among the Pitt MSS. a letter, written apparently by Pitt at the age of seven, which shows a healthy boyish interest in American Indians, and incidentally a surprising command over Latin for a child of that age. "Mi Charissime Pater," it begins, "Gaudeo audire te rursum bene valere. Vidimus primates Mohecaunnuck et Wappinger, Tribuum Indicorum a septentrioli America, qui veniunt in Angliam supplicare regem ob quosdam agros." Pitt also, like that later prodigy of learning and oratorical power, Macaulay, did not go to one of the public schools like Eton or Rugby. Owing to his delicate health, he was trained by tutors, and by reading with his father, until he went to Cambridge. To this education at home Mr. Rose ascribes in part Pitt's intense hopefulness. "Brought up on the best authors, imbued with the highest principles, and lacking all knowledge of the seamy side of life, he cherished an invincible belief in the triumph of those aims which he felt to be good and true." Such hopefulness is an invaluable human asset. It is the sail-power which helps men forward to success; but it needs to be steadied by the ballast of a familiar acquaintance with the ideas and conduct of the ordinary man. In this ballast Pitt, like Macaulay, was deficient. His lack of knowledge of men, except by hearsay, and his stiffness and reserve in dealing with every one except his few most intimate friends, were undoubted faults due in part to his early private training.

In the volume before us, which brings Pitt's career down to 1791, Mr. Rose appears to have allotted about equal space to three main subjects. The first is Pitt's personality: his precocious boyhood, his college friendships at Cambridge, his visits to Westminster and Goosetree's, his leadership in Parliament, and his frisky mornings with Wilberforce on the edge of Wimbledon Common, after one of which that great and good man recorded in his diary: "We found one morning the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising in the careful sowing of the garden beds with the fragments of a dress-hat in which Dudley Ryder had overnight come down from the opera." Less edifying, it must be admitted, were occasional deep potations with Dundas, one of which rendered the Prime Minister unable to speak intelligently in the House of Commons. Fox generously forebore to take advantage of his rival's incapacity, but the situation was hit off amusingly in the skit on Pitt and Dundas:

> I cannot see the Speaker, Hal, can you?
> What! Cannot see the Speaker, I see two.

The second main subject is Pitt's management of England's internal affairs. Mr. Rose wisely treats this topically rather than chronologically. His chapters on parliamentary reform, financial retrenchment, the Prince of Wales, the regency crisis due to George III's lunacy, the slave-trade, India, Ireland, Australia, and Canada are admirable.

In the third subject, England's foreign affairs, Mr. Rose has made use of much new material and given a good deal of information which was unknown to Lecky and will be new to English readers. This was the decade when Joseph II was recklessly trying to centralize and strengthen his congeries of lands; when Catharine II was ruthlessly designing to seize Constantinople and erect the Balkan Peninsula into a kingdom for the grandson whom she had purposely named Constantine; and when the upheaval in France and the unpredictable events at Paris were perplexing Pitt as to whether he ought to incline toward the Francophile policy of Fox or accept the Francophobe ideas of Burke. The chapters on these topics are valuable, but they do not reach the high level of sprightliness and interest with which the author has written of Pitt's personality and his management of England's internal affairs from 1784 to 1791.

Mr. Rose attempts to vindicate his hero, and on the whole successfully, on many points in which Pitt has often been severely criticised. In the investigation of the charges against Warren Hastings he justifies the Prime Minister's attitude of judicial neutrality on the earlier charges, and reconciles it with his fatal speech on the Cheyt Singh charge, which changed some forty votes in the Commons and led to the impeachment. Fanatical abolitionists have found fault with Pitt for not espousing the abolition of the slave trade as a Cabinet question. Mr. Rose shows that Pitt did give the good cause his heartiest support by his eloquence and influence in Parliament, but that, in view of the hostility of the King, of the Lords, and even of a majority of his own Cabinet, he would have been politically foolish and untrue to his patriotic desire to serve his country, if he had made abolition a Cabinet question and resigned office upon its failure. When he first became Prime Minister, Pitt was repeatedly defeated by votes in the House of Commons, owing to the scandalous coalition of Fox and North against him, but for many weeks he refused either to resign or to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. Mr. Rose explains this apparently incorrect and unconstitutional conduct by showing that Pitt knew, as the elections eventually overwhelmingly proved, that he, and not the existing majority in the Commons, enjoyed the confidence of the country. This is why he refused to resign immediately. And he refused to dissolve immediately, partly because the Whig opposition objected to a dissolution, and partly because he shrewdly calculated that, the longer he kept Parliament together and allowed the Fox-North coalition to disgust the voters, the greater would be his own eventual triumph at the polls. The outcome showed his calculation to be correct. Just before the fall of the Bastille, Necker appealed to Pitt to allow English grain to be exported to relieve the scarcity in France. Because of the limited supply in England, Pitt coldly but politely refused to propose to Parliament that Necker's request should be granted. It is possible that, had there been sufficient food in Paris, there might have been no banishment of Necker, no fall of the Bastille, no march of hungry mothers to Versailles. Mr. Rose thinks that Pitt's refusal was legally justifiable, but politically regrettable. He pertinently cites the Irish policy of refusing to allow the export of wheat to England when wheat in Ireland sold at more than thirty shillings the barrel; but by a curious mistake, the substitution of "until" for "when," his citation (p. 544) asserts the exact contrary of what he really means.

Mr. Rose promises to complete his life of Pitt in a second volume to be entitled, "William Pitt and the Great War." He also intends in "Pitt and Napoleon Miscellanies" to publish many documents, notes, and other gleanings which he has picked up in the course of his study of these two great men. If the second volume of the biography maintains the high character of the first, we are inclined to believe that Rose's Pitt will rank with Masson's Milton, Trevelyan's Macaulay, Morley's Gladstone, Lockhart's Scott, and the other great biographies of great Englishmen.

CURRENT FICTION.

Kennedy Square. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If it were not for the well-known name on the title-page, this story would be taken for the not very promising work of a novice. The truth is, Mr. Smith is not a novelist, though he has written a number of long stories. His strength has always lain in brief and picturesque sketches of scenes and persons with whom he has come in contact abroad; or with sentimental portraits like "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." When he sets the large canvas before him, and applies himself to the composition of a novel, all of his inspiration and much of his skill desert his finger-tips. His plan is commonplace and his execution crude: he works with a stiff arm. It is a pity and a wonder that a man who can build good lighthouses and paint good water-colors and write good short stories should be unable to compass a really good novel. But one cannot do everything: we suspect that Michelangelo himself would have failed to produce the great American novel.

"Kennedy Square" is a story of the ante-bellum South. The scene is laid in a little inland neighborhood, aristocratic and sufficient unto itself. The central figure is St. George Wilmot Temple, an elegant gentleman of fifty, a bachelor of waning fortunes, but impregnable charm and spirit. He is a member of the bar, but has never practised. His chief merit is in being the best loved man in the community, and his chosen function is to play the fairy godfather to all loving or lovable young couples within his social range. This figure is of the sort Mr. Smith is most successful in portraying—a member of Colonel Carter's guild, of Col. Newcome's—the preposterously chivalrous gentleman of the old school. But one's impression of the character does not grow as the tale goes on. "Uncle George" is the same person on the first and the last of these five hundred pages. The incidents and characters with which he is supposed to be concerned have little reality. We are informed that Harry and Kate are a most charming pair: but we do not believe in them in any capacity. They are merely the leading juveniles in a conventional romantic comedy. It is impossible to believe that this story wrote itself, or that Mr. Smith wrote it without a good deal of tugging at the bootstraps.

The Downfall of the Gods. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

To one desiring to escape from modern times and themes to the ancient and the East may be commended this story of Kambodia and the downfall of Brahman ascendancy. It is not a cheerful tale. The atrocities with which it deals and the long-drawn-out manner of recital create the effect of a thick enveloping cloud of sombreness. Descriptions of Brahman ritual and architecture, of vast forests and great temples, of agonized toil and brutal tyranny, of demigod masters and oppressed "casteless folk," make a dark atmosphere. Nor is relief to be found in the scenes of degrading submission on the part of the young hero to the wiles of the power-thirsty woman of the temple. Yet a series of pictures inspired by serious research into the history of a once mighty civilization possesses of necessity a certain interest and value. Out of gloom, horror, and heaviness an impression is imposed upon the imagination of a great movement in race history; of caste tyranny succeeded by anarchy, and that by subjection to an outside enemy. Perhaps the most vividly surviving recollection of the whole story is the figure of old Slat, the wise man, sitting under the shadow of colossal cone-shaped towers and evolving in secret exultation the formula of the arch.

The Ne'er-Do-Well. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Beach has painstakingly sought to avoid serving the general with caviare. He has been so very careful about it that he has given us a rather dry and stale feast. He knows how to tell a story, but he is intensely afraid of being original. So we have the good-hearted young scapegrace, the wealthy and affectionate old father, the *ingénue* heroine, the scheming and passionate adventuress, the brutal and cowardly villain, and the supposedly comic negro boy, all according to the ancient recipe. There are several unnecessarily irritating things about this book. One of these is the violent and long-drawn-out abuse of the government officials of Panama, where Mr. Beach has staged his story. The athletic young Kirk Anthony, who has been drugged and shipped to Colon in the place of a chance-met criminal, performs prodigies of valor at a fire. The Colon fire department is described as composed of cowardly fools. Anthony is arrested for turning the hose on the commandant of police. He is thrown into a filthy lock-up and treated with the most flagrant injustice and abominable cruelty. Nor are the natives of Panama Mr. Beach's only victims. The United States consular service does not escape. It is here represented by one Mr. Weeks, consul at Colon, a drunken, dishonest, and disreputable creature. The work of digging the canal and the course of local politics are directed, according to this narrative, by the whims of an adventuress, who complicates matters by falling in love—quite unaccountably—with Kirk. He resists her advances, and, finally, with his father's blessing, wins a beautiful young bride, a native of Panama, but born of an American mother. Mr. Beach gives us a great deal of jingoistic sentiment, and plenty of cheap sneers at people who do not happen to be white citizens of the United States. It is to be regretted that a story-teller of his ability should lower himself sufficiently to write such a book as this. On the cover, Howard Chandler Christy shows the hero to be about eleven feet tall and to have only one leg.

The Ship of Coral. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

Very different from Mr. Stacpoole's "Patsy" is his newest story, as different as "Treasure Island" is from "Gil Blas." His isle of adventure is located a few hundred miles west of Martinique, and the scenes of the action are divided between the two places. Gaspard Cadillac, having saved his fellow-stoker Yves from the wreck of the Rhone, kills him a few days later in a dispute over a few gold pieces found on the island where the men stranded. He is soon rescued by a vessel commanded by Pierre Sagesse, the "Long John" Silver of the story, and is taken to Martinique, but returns to the island for a larger hoard. The return is marked by sinister incidents, culminating in the marooning of Gaspard on the island, and the destruction of the vessel in a storm. Gaspard gets back to Martinique on another conveniently passing boat, only to find the city buried under the ashes of Mt. Pélée. This would have signified nothing to him if he had not met and loved Marie of Morne Rouge. Mr. Stacpoole, however, is not writing a tragedy, and his reader's gloomier emotions are stirred only long enough to sweeten the pleasing discovery which, along with Gaspard, he finally makes. The story is notable neither in plot nor in style, but it is an agreeable blending of love and adventure in a rather fresh setting.

A BOOK OF ESSAYS.

Learning and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

The collection of occasional essays ordinarily illustrates the dispersion of the author's thought. Though sufficiently diversified in its topics, this little volume, unusually fine in temper and expression, is coherent in purpose. It illustrates the way in which a man sensitive to the finer issues of life may retain possession of his soul in the presence of modern learning and in the engagement with modern drama, business, politics, and art. Emersonian in its serenity, its individualism, its ethical integrity, it

refutes the common assertion that New England transcendentalism expired leaving no legitimate issue. Its Emersonianism, however, is transferred from the village to the city, from the hermitage to the forum; it is infinitely subdued, though not baffled, by its more complex environment and its more difficult experience.

It is a curious paradox that the transcendentalists, who of all men fronted the future with most sanguine expectation and spoke most jauntily of the ancients, were, as a matter of fact, among our most enthusiastic and wide-ranging explorers of antiquity. Indeed, a genuine familiarity with the traditions which they hoped to outgrow is one of the marks which distinguish them most sharply from their false disciples. In his admirable essay on "Learning" Mr. Chapman argues that the future of all that we have not and desire depends upon our power to form and sustain a vital connection and intercourse with the past. He who would alter the direction of evolution must be conscious of its previous course; the significant works of art and scholarship, even the great works of character, are blossoms put forth by an ancient stalk. "Many tongues, many hands, many minds, a traditional state of feeling, traditional symbols—the whole passed through the eyes and soul of a single man—such is art, such is human expression in all its milllon-sided variety." It follows, then, that for him "all teaching is merely a way of acquainting the learner with the body of existing tradition," and that doing away with the classics means doing away with education:

> For the classics are education. We cannot draw a line and say, "Here we start." The facts are the other way. We started long ago, and our very life depends upon keeping alive all that we have thought and felt during our history. If the continuity is taken from us, we shall relapse.

Both in this and in the following essay on "Professorial Ethics" Mr. Chapman analyzes with acumen some of the more dangerous tendencies in current education. Among the chief perils of the hour he emphasizes the bent in our universities toward rigorous business organization, undue exaltation of administrative offices, the elevation in the academic world of ideas of success borrowed from the market, and a blind faith in educational machinery. In the last generation, he declares, the colleges have been "manned and commissioned for a certain kind of service, as you might man a fishing-smack to catch herring." "Professorial Ethics" is anent those who, like Jonah, have been summarily tumbled overboard for objecting to the course:

> The colleges have simply not been different from the rest of American life. Let a man express an opinion at a party caucus, or at a railroad directors' meeting, or at a college faculty meeting, and he will find that he is speaking against a predetermined force. What shall we do with such a fellow? Well, if he is old and distinguished, you may suffer him to have his say, and then override him. But if he is young, energetic, and likely to give more trouble, you must eject him with as little fuss as the circumstances will permit.

Possibly Mr. Chapman and other critics underrate the necessity of organization in our immense educational enterprises. Yet, however indispensable executive talent may be to the general efficiency of our universities, Mr. Chapman's protest against the domination and subordination of the scholar by the business man needs at present to be uttered emphatically and repeatedly. For great scholars are not made by machinery, but by men and in spite of machinery. And the minority which our rigorous organization tends to crush, the independents, the incorrigible individualists, whether learners or teachers, are often, here as elsewhere, the saving remnant, the hope of the world.

Mr. Chapman himself, if we are not mistaken, belongs to the saving remnant. Beneath the thoughtful urbanity of his style, touched with irony and subdued humor, there vibrates that sheer moral idealism which clears the brain and animates the heart like a gust of fresh air in a close room. His address on "The Unity of Human Nature" was delivered before the graduating class at Hobart College. We wish that more graduating classes could hear a message like his. Most commencement orators tell young men how to succeed in life—or attempt to do so. Mr. Chapman tells them how to fail:

> Try to raise a voice that shall be heard from here to Albany and watch what it is that comes forward to shut off the sound. It is not a German sergeant, nor a Russian officer of the precinct. It is a note from a friend of your father's offering you a place in his office. This is your warning from the secret police. Why, if any of you young gentlemen have a mind to make himself heard a mile off, you must make a bonfire of your reputations and a close enemy of most men who wish you well.

We have heard that note struck by a white-haired, unbent, stately, old professor of moral philosophy in one of the New England colleges—one of the last of the transcendentalists. When he spoke his face lost all its customary mild benignity, and grew hard, grim, and lonely like a crag in a high mountain, and his eyes seemed to be fixed upon something far away that none of us had seen. He told us that, if we would live true to our clearest vision, we must not hope for the world's success; that in the significant crises of our lives, in every moment of deepest trial, whether triumphant or tragic in issue, we must stand utterly alone; yet not alone, because upheld by the hands of men before us who had embraced disaster like a bride, sustained by faith in her ultimate issue. What the old man said seemed to cut like a sword through the knot of contemporary moral and political compromise. While he was speaking he seemed to lift us without stooping toward his own level, and to steel our hearts with something of his own heroic and inspiring inflexibility. And when we left his presence, we felt that he had given us a lamp trimmed and burning to guide us through the night of experience. He conducted no doctor's dissertations that we remember, but he showed us the face of truth and the austerest beauty of character.

Such was the choicest gift of the old colleges. To a man of perhaps somewhat similar temper, Dr. Coit of St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, Mr. Chapman pays tribute in his remarkably subtle and interesting essay on "The Influence of Schools":

> Dr. Coit was a tall man in a long black coat; and, as he moved and walked about the paths and corridors, he remained always within an invisible tower of isolation, so that you could not be sure that his feet rested on quite the same ground as your own. . . . He lived within that solitude which a great purpose and constant prayer sometimes cast about a man. There was a chasm between him and the rest of mankind which could not be bridged by trivial intercourse. Neither he nor the rest of mankind were at fault for the difference in tension between them. He was so charged with moral passion that many people could not receive the delivery of it.

Such men as these cannot work in the machinery of our modern universities. Such men are not bred by our modern education. Yet Mr. Chapman feels, as every one must who has undergone their influence, that with their disappearance and the decay of the institutions which they created, we shall lose a force in our social and national life that is of quite inestimable value.

John Redmond: The Man and the Demand. By L. G. Redmond-Howard. With 9 illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Before John Redmond was a Nationalist member of the House of Commons, he was on the staff of the House, and in the office that has charge of issuing the orders of the day. When it was suggested in 1881 that Mr. Redmond should be nominated as a Nationalist candidate for New Ross, Timothy Healy described him to Parnell as "Young Redmond, who hands us out the programmes." Since then, and especially since 1900, when Mr. Redmond became leader of the reunited Nationalists, his power to order programmes at Westminster, to determine what business should be taken, has been enormous.

To-day, with party conditions as they have existed since the general election of January, 1910—that is, with the Lib-

eral Government absolutely depeudent upon the Nationalists and the Labor group in the House of Commons—Mr. Redmond's position as Parliamentary leader is as great as that of either Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour; and perhaps greater than Mr. Balfour's position. For while Mr. Balfour can only appeal or protest, Mr. Redmond can command. It is not unnatural that there should be a biography of him. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Lloyd George have all had to submit to the publication of their lives.

None of these statesmen, however, has been so fortunate in his biographer as Mr. Redmond; for Mr. Redmond-Howard, who is a nephew of the Nationalist, lived for years in the Redmond household. He states in the preface that his book has been written independently of his uncle. There can be little in print—in the reviews and magazines, as well as in the Hansards, and the English and Irish newspapers—concerning the Nationalist leader that Mr. Redmond-Howard has uot drawn upon.

All this material is handled in the book with much care and discrimination. It never overloads the story of Mr. Redmond's political career; and, moreover, for Irish political biography, it is singularly free from flamboyant eulogy. It carries the story of the Nationalist movement from the downfall of Parnell in 1890 to the general election of December, 1910—the second election due to the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords in 1909; and is the only book in which the varying fortunes of the Home Rule movement can be followed in detail during these eventful twenty years. With the enactment of the Lords' Veto bill assured, the Irish Nationalist movement is now within reasonable distance of realization—a condition that gives more than ordinary value to a study of the policies and methods of the man who apparently will be the last of the Nationalist leaders at Westminster.

The Republican Tradition in Europe. By H. A. L. Fisher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

This is a brilliant, if not a profound, book. It sparkles with clever phrases, and brings together the results of a keen intellect reacting upon a very wide reading. It is dedicated to President Lowell and is substantially identical with the lectures as they were delivered at the Lowell Institute in 1910.

In a broad and sure sweep, popular in form but scholarly in content, Mr. Fisher traces the course of republican thought and action from the downfall of the Roman Empire to the foundation of the Republic of Portugal. He passes in review the mediæval theory of government, the Italian city-states, the rise of the Dutch Republic, and the Cromwellian Commonwealth. He gives his largest attention to the French Revolution, following closely the master of those who know, M. Aulard. He rightly points out the fact that there is an underlying incompatibility between Rousseau's revolutionary doctrine of the perfectibility of man through human agencies and the Roman Catholic dogma that man is born in original sin and that only through the practices of his religion can he succeed in wiping away some part of the evil which is inherent in human nature. The gulf which was opened between Republicanism and Catholicism by the confiscation of the lands of the church and the Civil Constitution of the Clergy has been widened by the bitterness of ultramontane journals, the Syllabus of 1864, the Infallibility Dogma of 1870, and the anti-modernist movement of to-day. The incompatibility is absolute, the gulf abysmal, the war truceless. The old school of Gallicans, like the later school of Liberal Catholics, has been killed out. Interesting also are the pages in which Mr. Fisher deals with the less familiar Spanish experiment with a federal republic in 1873, and the wave of republican feeling in England in the early seventies, when Bradlaugh thought that the English people would not tolerate a successor to Queen Victoria and Richard Carlile hoped to see the day when an English Senate would disown the divinity of the Christian religion.

Mr. Fisher thinks that republicanism has made no substantial progress since 1870. This is due, he holds, to several causes. The personal character of excellent monarchs, such as Victoria, Edward VII, and William I, has won a greater respect and love for kingship than was possible with most of the degenerate Bourbons and Hapsburgs of an earlier age. It is also true that remote persons are difficult to know, and, being difficult to know, are difficult to like. But modern science tends to make the monarch the friendly familiar of every one of his millions of subjects. The art of photography catches him at chance moments, as he steps from a train, walks after partridges, chats with a friend, or pats a dog. The cinematograph exhibits him as a spectacle in motion to crowds who have never beheld him in flesh and blood. Electricity diffuses his messages of congratulation and condolence; steam carries him from one end of the empire to the other. Thus the image of the sovereign and his circle is continually stamped into the brain-stuff of the country; the peasant in the little thatched village carries about with him in his daily task the image of the King and Queen, as beings both splendid and familiar, whose doings in the great capital or elsewhere it is always pleasant to know and to discuss. A more fundamental cause is the growing recognition of the fact that the precise form assumed by the executive is no scientific measure of political or civil liberty. People are beginning to understand that monarchical England is more democratic than republican America in the sense that the will of the people is more swiftly translated into acts under the English system of government than under our own. The cost of kings also is relatively far less to-day than a century ago. A nation which spends tens of millions on Dreadnoughts and old-age pensions can afford to pay its hard-working king a salary exceeded by the income of not a few among its more prosperous merchants and manufacturers. Finally, the two other factors which have given monarchy a stronger hold to-day than fifty years ago are the success which has attended the monarchies which Bismarck and Cavour helped to found, and the growth of world empires; a monarchy, with an unchanging ritual and an hereditary dynasty which are touchstones for sentiment and loyalty, is a more potent means of holding together a great scattered empire than any kind of shifting presidency or constitutional abstraction.

Classical Rome. By H. Stuart Jones. With illustrations and maps. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

This book is issued in the series of Grant Allen's Historical Guides. It aims to be a sufficient and trustworthy guide for the student of the pagan antiquities of Rome, both out of doors and in the museums. Few men could be so well equipped for the task of its composition as the author, who was the head for a time of the British Archæological School in Rome, and is well known for his special studies in a very important part of the field covered by this book. The book appears to be without doubt the best general manual of its kind. It is also not over the heads of ordinary intelligent travellers who desire something more than tneir Baedeker; and its chapters on the museums (and on the out-of-door sculptures) may well serve for home-review or for preliminary self-instruction with the help of photographs.

The only misprints noticed by the reviewer that might be misleading are "marked" for "masked" (p. 46), "Dionysius" for "Dionysus" (p. 127), and one or two dates. The monuments under the "black stone" in the Forum (p. 53) were disinterred in 1899, not in 1901, and we imagine that the stretch of the wall of Aurelian, the collapse of which is noted on p. 360, fell some years later than 1893. With regard to the immense mass of detail in a book like this, much room for disagreement must be left to scholars. Generally speaking, however, Mr. Jones is thoroughly well up on the literature of his

subject and well balanced in judgment and presentation. We permit ourselves only one or two minor comments. There is some doubt about the question whether there ever was a saddle connecting Quirinal and Capitoline (pp. 5, 155, and 157). If there was in Republican times a roadway through to the campus at a lower level than that of Trajan's Forum, what evidence is there that a continuous saddle, however low, ever joined the two hills? On p. 28, we are told that "marble quarries were not worked in Italy until late Republican times, so that the Etruscans, when they did not employ volcanic stone or terra-cotta, were forced [*sic*] to use bronze." Why "forced"? The glittering cliffs of Carrara were in their own country. Could they not have learned as easily from Greece to quarry marble as to cast bronze? On p. 49, it should have been noted that the stunted brick piers erected in the early seventies of the last century on the floor of the Basilica Julia do not accurately indicate the ground-plan of the building (cf. Hueison). The Ministry of Finance certainly does not mark the Viminal hill, but the Quirinal (cf. p. 197, where the building is correctly located as partly on the site of the Colline gate, though there are other inaccuracies in the statement). The plan of the Senate-house in the map on p. 43 disagrees unnecessarily with that in the map opposite p. 153; and the latter plan could hardly be defended. We had supposed that before the building of the railways travellers "from the north" (p. xi) usually entered Rome by the Porta del Popolo, and only those coming over from Cività Vecchia came in by the Porta S. Pancrazio.

Surely it is indefensible for the publishers to omit the date of issue from the imprint in a book of this sort—or of any sort, for that matter.

Syntax of Early Latin. Vol. I: The Verb. By Charles E. Bennett. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.

In 1853 F. W. Holtze put forth a modest specimen of a proposed syntax of early Latin. The completed work, "Syntaxis priscorum scriptorum Latinorum usque ad Terentium," in two volumes, was published in 1861-2. Although he had almost no critical texts, and almost no special treatises on particular topics, this work was of enormous importance, and has been a storehouse of information since its publication. In 1874-8 A. Draeger published his "Historische Syntax der Lateinischen Sprache," which, much enlarged in the second edition (1878-81), has been for the whole Latin language what Holtze was for the early period. In the interval between these two works wonderful progress had been made in textual criticism, and numerous studies of the style of different authors had appeared. Since 1881 almost every conceivable topic of syntax has been treated exhaustively by scholar and doctor, and there has long been a crying need for some comprehensive treatment of Latin syntax in its historical development. The "Historische Grammatik der Lateinischen Sprache," in course of publication by a group of German scholars, is to include, of course, a full study of the syntax. But there has thus far appeared only a treatment of the tenses, moods, and voices by Biase (1903), and the nominative and accusative cases by the late C. F. W. Mueller (1908). Meanwhile, Holtze's work has become less and less usable, and the need for a special discussion of the earlier field has been imperative. This need Professor Bennett has endeavored to meet in the present work. The first volume of 500 pages is devoted to the verb, the remaining subjects being reserved for a second volume.

After an introductory chapter on Agreement, Voices, Impersonal Verbs, and Omission of Verb, we find eight chapters as follows: Tenses of Indicative in Principal Clauses; Indicative in Subordinate Clauses; Subjunctive in Principal Clauses; Subjunctive in Subordinate Clauses; Imperative; Infinitive; Participles, Gerund, and Supine; The Sentence Question. This arrangement has certain obvious advantages, for it enables the author to treat model usages on the basis of some assumed fundamental meaning or meanings. It has the very serious disadvantage of separating different elements of the same logical category; thus, temporal, causal, conditional clauses, and indirect questions are divided in treatment between the indicative and subjunctive. Nor is there anywhere any attempt to group together these usages, so as to make clear the encroachment of the subjunctive upon the indicative, which is discernible even in the early period.

The natural plan to pursue in arranging categories would be to adopt some general scheme of linguistic origin and growth, and then cite the examples under the various headings. Mr. Bennett is never satisfied to do this. He prefers to summarize and discuss all the theories that have been advanced on every subject, and then to state and defend his own position. The book thus becomes in reality a treatise on theoretical syntax with illustrations from early Latin. The most striking example of this practice is the introductory discussion of the fundamental meanings of the subjunctive mood, which covers seventeen pages, beginning with the Greek and Latin conceptions of mood and coming down to the most recent pronunciamento. Virtually nothing of this discussion is in place in a book of this kind, which should register the phenomena of the period, and Mr. Bennett's own views, which are given in two pages at the end, are all that is needful. Those teachers, however, who are interested in syntactical theory, but have no access to the large literature cited, may feel grateful for these summaries. In treating the historical present, Mr. Bennett follows the arrangement and material of Emery's dissertation; but also consumes two pages with a criticism of Emery's contention that the use of the historical present rests primarily upon the idea of duration in certain verbs. Whether this is true or false, it has nothing to do with the facts of early Latin usage.

The passion for subdivision and multiplication of minute categories, which is so characteristic of the Hale school of syntacticians, is very much in evidence here. Thus the future indicative shows eight volitive uses, with six additional subdivisions, while the present indicative in conditional protases comprises the astounding number of above seventy varieties. This certainly is minuteness run mad. Even where the categories are less numerous, they are often too many. Thus Merc 915, *paullisper mane!—Quid, manebo?* is classified as "an inquiry after a command or advice," while Men 197, *salta sic cum palla postea!—Ego saltabo?* is a "repudiating question." But this difference, though correct, does not constitute a difference in origin or justify a separation of categories.

Not every one will agree always with Mr. Bennett's interpretation of individual passages. His mind is more rational than sympathetic, and he seems often to miss the actual meaning through lack of feeling. Sometimes actually wrong categories result. Thus, he finds only one case of *cum* in the sense of "while" (during), Ba 1122, *pastor dormit, cum cunt palitantes.* But he should know that *cum* can never be the same as *dum* (while). In the passage quoted it is plainly adversative, "whereas."

In discussing the imperfect indicative, Mr. Bennett follows Wheeler in assuming aoristic force for certain imperfects in early Latin. But while Wheeler is inclined to restrict this force to verbs of saying, especially *aibam*, etc., Mr. Bennett includes *cram* and its compounds, *oportebat* (Men 195, Heaut 536), and a few sporadic instances of other verbs. But here he is unquestionably astray. In his typical sentence, Am 429, *cadus erat vini, inde implevi hirncam*, he sees no difference in effect between *erat* and *implevi*. But if *erat* is aoristic, *fuit* could be substituted for it. We doubt whether Mr. Bennett would dare to do so.

In the preface Mr. Bennett says that "examples without figures unless accompanied by *'c. g.,'* are intended to represent the complete material." This statement is not borne out by the facts. In a number of places the material as

thus indicated is not complete. Thus he gives four examples from Plautus of *ecquis*, with the subjunctive in the indirect question. There are actually ten.

When all is said in criticism, however, the book represents an enormous amount of labor, and will stand as one of the most important products of American classical scholarship, and add much to our prestige in foreign circles.

Notes

Among the miscellaneous books announced for publication this autumn by the University of Chicago Press are found: "The Historicity of Jesus," by Shirley J. Case; "American Poems," selected and edited by Walter C. Bronson; "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collections of the British Museum," edited by Robert Francis Harper, Vols. X and XI; "Statistical Studies in Education," by Walter F. Dearborn, and "Sociological Study of the Bible," by Louis Wallis.

The Swanston edition of Stevenson, which will be issued by Chatto & Windus first in a limited set, will contain a long preface by Andrew Lang.

The autumn list of announcements made by the Scribners includes: "A Window in Thrums," by J. M. Barrie, illustrated in full color by A. C. Michael; Stevenson's "Treasure Island," with sixteen full-page illustrations, by N. C. Wyeth; "Little Lord Fauntleroy," illustrated by Reginald Birch; "Spanish Sketches," by Edward Penfield, with the author's illustrations; "Cupid's Fair-Weather Booke," by Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay; "Memories of Two Wars," by Brig.-Gen. Frederick Funston; "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon," by Charles Sheldon; "Recollections, Grave and Gay," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Robert E. Lee: Man and Soldier," by Thomas Nelson Page; "The Great Duke," by W. H. Fitchett, two vols.; "The Arctic Prairies," by Ernest Thompson Seton; "The Relations of the United States and Spain—The Spanish-American War," by Rear-Admiral F E. Chadwick; "Narratives of Early Pennsylvania, Delaware, and West Jersey, 1630-1708," edited by Dr. A. C. Myers; "The Common People of Ancient Rome," by Prof. Frank Frost Abbott; "Old Provence," in two vols., illustrated; "A New Dooley Book"; "Football," by Parke H. Davis; "Criminal Responsibility and Social Restraint," by Ray Madding McConnell; "Referendum in America," by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, new edition; "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour, new edition; "The Poems of Henry van Dyke"; "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning," by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury; "The Sad Shepherd," by Henry van Dyke; "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Isobel Strong, Stevenson's step-daughter; "The Courage of the Commonplace," by Mary R. S. Andrews; "The Song of Renny," by Maurice Hewlett; "The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. W. Mason; "Ethan Frome," by Edith Wharton; "The Moon Lady," by Helen Huntington; "The Outcry," by Henry James; "Mr. Wycherly's Wards," by L. Allen Harker; "Son," by Ethel Train; "The Confessions of Artemas Quibble of the New York Bar," revised and edited by Arthur Train; "The Ship's Company," by W. W. Jacobs; "Interventions," by Georgia W. Pangborn; "The Centenary Edition of Charles Dickens's Works," thirty-six vols., published in conjunction with Chapman & Hall; "Boat-Building and Boating," by Daniel C. Beard; "Neo-Platonism and Christianity," by the Rev. F. W. Bussell; "The Makers and Teachers of Judaism," by Prof. Charles Foster Kent; "Periodical Articles on Religion, 1890-1899," compiled by E. E. Richardson; "Introduction to the Life of Christ," by Prof. William Bancroft Hill, and "One Hundred Bible Stories," by Robert Bird.

"Warning Out," a book by Josiah Henry Benton, which is in preparation by the W. B. Clarke Co. of Boston, reverts in its setting to the days when the power of constables in New England towns was supreme.

Longmans, Green & Co. will have ready shortly the following miscellaneous books: "Castles and Country Seats of Present-Day Italy," by Mrs. Francis Batcheller; "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy," by George Macaulay Trevelyan; "The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire," two volumes, by Bernard Holland; "The Position of Women in Indian Life," by her Highness, the Maharani of Baroda, and S. M. Mitra; "An Eirenic Itinerary," by Silas McBee; "Reminiscences," by James B. Angell; "The Mahatma and the Hare," a dream story, by H. Rider Haggard; "Chess Tales and Chess Miscellanies," by Willard Fiske; "Butterfly Hunting in Many Lands," by G. B. Longstaff; "Alexander Viets Griswold Allen, 1841—1908," by Charles Lewis Slattery; "The Credibility of the Gospel," by Pierre Batiffol, translated by the Rev. G. C. H. Pollen; "William James," by Emile Boutroux, member of the Institute, authorized translation by Archibald Henderson; "Salvador of the Twentieth Century," by Percy F. Martin, and "The Life of a Tiger," by S. Eardley-Wilmot.

Fifteen essays and addresses, delivered before more or less popular audiences by William James during the last years of his life, have been collected, under the title, "Memories and Studies," and are to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co.

It is a matter of congratulation that the new Oxford text of Cicero's "Orations" has now been completed. The last two volumes which have recently appeared (Clarendon Press) contain the six speeches for Tullius, Fonteius, Sulla, Archias, Plancius, and Scaurus, by A. C. Clark, and the speeches concerning his recall and the restoration of his property, for Sestius and Balbus, against Vatinius and in behalf of Cæsar's demand for a longer term in Gaul, by Principal W. Peterson of McGill. The same principles have been followed in these volumes that have made the preceding volumes models of textual criticism and have associated Mr. Clark's name indissolubly with Cicero's speeches. New manuscript discoveries, great critical judgment, and extreme care have been displayed throughout the edition. Mr. Peterson is a worthy associate in the work. The new Cicero now lacks only the philosophical works.

"The Blood of the Arena," by Blasco Vincente Ibáñez, the Spanish novelist, will be published this autumn in an English translation. A. C. McClurg & Co., who have the work in hand, announce also "Something Else," a romance of modern New York, by J. Breckenridge Ellis; "Robert Louis Stevenson in California," by Katharine D. Osbourne, and "Fifty Years of Public Service," by Shelby M. Cullom.

On September 15 Houghton Mifflin Co. will issue: "Mother Carey's Chickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "The Jester of St. Timothy's," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "The Indian Book," by William J. Hopkins; "Dramatis Personæ," by Robert Browning, with ten full-page illustrations in color by E. F. Brickdale; "Why We May Believe in Life After Death," by Charles E. Jefferson; "Bird Stories from Burroughs," by John Burroughs; "The Scarlet Letter," and "The Marble Faun," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, new holiday edition; "Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray," Riverside Press edition; "The Riverside Third Reader," edited by James H. Van Sickle, Wilhelmina Seegmiller, and Francis Jenkins; "Old World Heroes," by Eva March Tappan; "A Dickens Reader," edited by Ella M. Powers; "Cooper's The Spy," with an introduction and notes by Charles Swain Thomas; "The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, with a biographical sketch, and "Polly Oliver's Problem," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, with an introductory sketch.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have a long list of titles for autumn publication. It includes in fiction: "Sixes and Sevens," a posthumous volume of O. Henry's stories; "The Boss of Wind River," by A. M. Chisholm; "Adventures of Bobby Orde," by Stewart Edward White; "Abe & Mawruss," by Montague Glass; "The Taming of John Blunt," by Alfred Ollivant; "An Enemy to Society," by George Bronson Howard; "The Transformation of Krag," by Eugene P. Lyle, jr.; "The Case of Richard Meynell," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Margery," by E. F. Benson; "Cicely," by Sara Beaumont Kennedy; "Further Adventures of Nils," by Selma Lagerlof; "The Adventures of a Suburbanite," by Ellis Parker Butler; "A Venture in Identity," by Lucile C. Houghton; a booklet containing "The Gift of the Wise Men," O. Henry's Christmas story; "Joey the Dreamer," by Henry Oyen; "Strawberry Acres," by Grace S. Richmond; "The Composer," by A. & E. Castle, and "The Boy Who Brought Christmas," by Alice Morgan. In biography and history their list includes: "The Life and Letters of Moses Coit Tyler"; "The Life of Andrew Jackson," by John Spencer Bassett; "Reminiscences of Basil W. Duke"; and "The History of England," by Kipling and Fletcher. Miscellaneous: "The Passing of the Idle Rich," by Frederick Townsend Martin; "The Call of the Carpenter," by Bouck White; "We and Our Children," by Woods Hutchinson; "My Larger Education," by Booker T. Washington; "The Richer Life," by Walter A. Dyer; "The Forester's Manual," and "Manual of Signs and Sign Language," by Ernest Thompson Seton; "Wild Animals Every Child Should Know," by Julia E. Rogers; "Shakespeare a Child Can Read and Act," by Ben Greet; "The Magic of Dress," by Grace Margaret Gould.

and "Many Celebrities and a Few Others," by William H. Rideing.

"A Likely Story" has been finally decided upon as the title of De Morgan's new novel which has been announced by Holt as "Bianca."

"Land of Play," a collection of old favorites in verse and prose, selected by Sara Tawney Lefferts, is in the press of Cupples and Leon Co.

The progress of the admirable Centenary Edition of Dickens (Scribner) is marked by the appearance of two volumes containing the "Christmas Stories."

"A Study in Southern Poetry" (Neale), by H. J. Stockard, is in reality an anthology—and not, as the name might seem to imply, a criticism—of Southern verse. Intended for use in school and college, as well as for general reading, the volume is equipped with an introduction on Poetics, which is too slight, unfortunately, to be of very much service, with brief biographical sketches of the several poets, and with comments and questions on the various pieces, which, if not always very discriminating and illuminative, are at least characterized by unfailing enthusiasm for the subject. But, whatever the shortcomings of the critical apparatus, the selection of material is not only wide, but representative—even the emphasis laid upon the singers of the Confederacy is significant—and the book in this respect is well calculated to gratify its editor's wish for a more extensive acquaintance on the part of the general public with the poets of the South.

In view of the frequent identity of names and places mentioned in the two books, "Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal" (Dutton), by A. G. C. Liddell, and "Memoirs and Memories" (London: Smith, Elder & Co.), by Mrs. C. W. Earle, one is not surprised to learn that the authors are cousins; but since the first Lord Ravensworth left fifty-nine living grandchildren at his death, it is not strange that these two fail to mention each other. Mr. Liddell, "the ordinary mortal," assures us that his only reason for writing is the existence of "a considerable class who may be amused, and even interested, by any memoir honestly written." If we add those who will enjoy an intelligent and agreeable companion for 350 pages, we shall precisely state his case. But he is wrong in thinking that he is not for the most part occupied with "persons that I have seen." Of his own career, in the law, on government commissions, and then as a minor public official, his way of taking himself humorously leaves us in doubt. But in his visits to country houses, in his shooting, painting, and dining out, he has "seen" everybody of importance in English letters, politics, art, and science for forty years past. For some reason these celebrities had little that was significant to say at the dinners attended by "the ordinary mortal," but his sketches of them are good: Carlyle after dinner, delivering his views upon things in general while young ladies sat on the floor at his feet; Huxley eating and expounding oysters; George Eliot and the author engaged in a correct conversation about dialects (here the humor is unconscious). There is an interesting picture of a vacation reading party, with plenty of fun and eight hours a day of steady work, under Jowett and then under "Tom" Green. And here is a sketch of Arnold: his speech "was delivered with great self-confidence, one might also say self-enjoyment; but his superior air was so natural and unaffected, and he seemed altogether such a 'brave garçon,' to say nothing of the excellence of the matter, that there was no offence." Mrs. Earle, the author of a "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden," which has run to twenty-nine editions, writes with the pleasing simplicity of an old lady of seventy. Her memoir is largely a family document, occasioned by the possession of a box of letters, mostly of her father and mother, Edward Villiers and Elizabeth Liddell, dating from about 1830. Apparently, as she says, the Villierses were ardent letter-writers. But these letters are extremely interesting as showing that under the old-fashioned formality of English family life of two generations ago there lay a genuine grace and courtesy.

The Baedeker for Switzerland, which has just appeared in its twenty-fourth edition, is a volume of nearly 600 pages (Scribner).

In the preface to his seven lectures on Ruskin ("Ruskin, a Study in Personality," Putnam), Arthur C. Benson explains that he has no intention of writing another small biography. He has nevertheless skilfully interwoven a biographical and bibliographical sketch into his study of personality, so that in general character and usefulness the work may stand beside Frederic Harrison's volume in the Men of Letters series; and it would be difficult to point to the exact difference between the two judgments of the man. There is the same note of warm affection, the same tribute to Ruskin's prophetic intuition, the same unsparing criticism of his dogmatism and his ignorance of the technique both of art criticism and of economic theory. Yet Mr. Benson is worth reading for himself, if only for the freshness and animation of his style, and in the end there remains the difference of the positivist and the idealist. For to Mr. Benson, Ruskin, in spite of his many limitations, clearly and relentlessly set forth, is still something of a hero and a god—at least a wonderful and mysterious personality, hardly to be appreciated by men at large, and least of all by the stolid British Philistine. Ruskin attained his position in the literary world by work that "was pervaded by gross faults of dogmatism, erring knowledge, and baseless judgments. His best work is still to a great extent unappreciated and unpraised, his genius hardly suspected." And this because he persisted in referring two perfectly separate impulses—the moral and the artistic—to one basis. Yet it is not clear how far, for Mr. Benson himself, these impulses are independent. His criticism of "art for art's sake" suggests a moral standpoint; and he thinks that perhaps some of the finest of all art is born out of "that very struggle" between a love of the pure and a passion for the gross.

To the series issued under the name of The Wisdom of the East, A. Hart Edwards has contributed what purports to be a rendering of a Persian poem of which "no comprehensive translation has hitherto been placed before the reading public"—the well-known "Bûstân of Sadi" (Dutton). Ten minutes' search would have shown Mr. Edwards that, even if we ignore as foreigners the scholars and poets Graf, Schlechta-Wssehrd, Rückert, and Barbier de Meynard, there was already an English version of this poem, published in 1879 by Captain Clarke, a thorough Persian scholar and possessed of an admirable diction, which Mr. Edwards is far from equalling. To call the present work a translation is simply a misnomer. It is nothing more than an abridgement, devoid of any flavor of the original, of a fine Persian poem that is far too beautiful in style and noble in content to be mutilated as it here appears. Presumably the condenser's purpose was to cull out noble sentiments; but if so, one is doubly puzzled to know why he should ignore many of the most exquisite thoughts in the "Bûstân."

Dr. James Guinness Rogers, who died a fortnight since at the age of eighty-eight, was a leader of the nonconformists, a friend of Gladstone, and, besides numerous contributions to the periodicals, wrote several books, among them "Church Systems of the Nineteenth Century," "Present Day Religion and Theology," "The Christian Ideal," and his "Autobiography."

The death is reported, in his sixty-sixth year, of Freiherr Raban von Canstein, professor of civil law in the University of Graz. He is remembered chiefly for his two books "Anerkennung und Geständnis" and "Lehrbuch des österreichischen Civilprozessrechts."

Science

GOVERNMENTAL GASTRONOMY.

Consul George N. West writes from Kobe that the prohibition in America of colored tea has encouraged Japanese planters to make some improvement in the quality of their teas. A marked change is noticeable this year, and the planters intend to make still greater efforts in the future to improve the flavor rather than the color and appearance of green tea. It would be a good thing if the example thus set by the Japanese, spurred by our pure food laws, were generally and voluntarily followed in our own country by the producers of foods and beverages. One would naturally suppose that in the making and marketing of things to eat and drink, flavor and palatability would always be considered first; but, as a matter of fact, the judges at county fairs allow 20 points on looks and only 15 on flavor; and this ridiculous verdict reflects the attitude of the majority of purchasers. A few years ago one of the Government's food experts contributed a long article on this subject to the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, under the head of "Consumers' Fancies." Dr. Wiley has written sarcastically on the same subject, noting how the wise farmer culls out the small strawberries and blackberries and the unsightly apples because they are better, and sends the large and showy ones to market because they sell better.

It is not always, however, the consumer who is to blame for inferior fruit

in the markets. Take the pineapple. Nothing is more refreshing in hot weather, and the juice is held to be as great an aid to digestion as pepsin. In a recent number of the Consular and Trade Reports attention was called to the fact that while large quantities of canned pineapples are imported into France (1,684,980 pounds having been received in 1910) the importation of the fresh fruit is very limited. The French prefer the canned article to that in its natural state because the latter is no longer fresh when it arrives after a long trip in the hold of a ship; whereas for canning, the best ripe fruit is used in India or the West Indies. In the United States canned pineapple—especially the luscious Hawaiian brands—has also sprung into great and sudden favor. In this case the fresh fruit is placed at a disadvantage, not so much because of deterioration during transportation as because of inferior quality. Professor Bailey's assertion that the pineapple commonly seen in our markets is run down and ought to be replaced by hybrids, which are much better, is endorsed by epicures. In the Yearbook of the Agricultural Department for 1905 Herbert J. Webber wrote that when the Department's pineapple-breeding experiments were started the question of the variety to be cultivated was agitating growers. Many of them insisted that the red Spanish is the "best"—and so it is, from their point of view; that is, it is well adapted to open-field culture, is free from disease, and is a good shipper. Other growers, however, contended that "as varieties existed that were of far better quality and flavor, the market should be educated to demand these better so-called 'fancy fruits.'" The rapidity with which the public discovered the excellence of the canned Hawaiian pineapple suggests that there will be little need of educating it to appreciate fancy fresh pineapples, if the dealers will only supply them in abundance and at reasonable prices.

The officials of the Department of Agriculture are doing good work in behalf of gastronomic America. In the Yearbook for 1907 attention is called to the fact that there has been for years a strong tendency in the trade to urge fruit-growers to reduce the number of varieties. The result is shown, for instance, in the lamentable lack of variety in the peach and grape markets, barely a dozen kinds of each being offered out of hundreds of existing ones. The dealers who pursue this policy of restriction would do well to ponder the words of William A. Taylor, pomologist of the Bureau of Plant Industry: "Attractive diversity in appearance and quality stimulates a demand for fruit among consumers." For this attractive diversity the Government is providing in its agricultural experiment stations, of which each State and Territory now has one.

Primarily, the aims of these experiment stations are, of course, agricultural and economic; the results obtained are given to the public free in the form of Farmers' Bulletins, the number of which already far exceeds four hundred, and among which are special practical treatises on various cereals, vegetables, fruits, berries; on cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry; on eggs and their use, and on cheese-making; on canning vegetables and fruits, and so on. In the last analysis, however, what are all these bulletins but so many governmental lessons in national gastronomy? In the last two years, moreover, the Department of Agriculture has boldly invaded the kitchen itself, providing admirable lessons in the art of preparing and serving appetizing food, in such bulletins as "The Care of Milk and its Use in the Home," "Bread and Bread-Making," "Food Customs and Diet in American Homes," "Care of Food in the Home," "Economical Use of Meat in the Home."

Among the most interesting of the Government's contributions to gastronomic literature are the chapters in the Yearbooks describing and illustrating the new fruit productions of the Department of Agriculture, among them the tangelo, a cross between the tangerine and the pomelo (grape fruit), the "citrange," besides new limes, improved pineapple hybrids, etc. The "Bulletin on Guinea Fowl" (of which there are many varieties) suggests an interesting solution of the feathered-game question. In the guinea fowl we have a partial substitute for our rapidly disappearing edible birds, as its flesh has naturally an agreeably gamy flavor. Unfortunately, the price of guinea fowl has already begun to soar like that of the few remaining game birds.

In "The Call of the Snowy Hispar" (Scribner importation) Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman give an account of their exploration of the Hispar glacier of north Kashmir in the western Himalayas. The text has but little literary charm and makes heavy reading as a personal narrative of travel. Though the native Nagar coolies are not particularly interesting, and though the region offers little but bare rocky slopes and snow fields, yet there are many aspects of general interest in such a trip which are almost totally neglected, the preponderating emphasis of the volume being laid upon geological and glacial matters. To the mountaineer and glaciologist the book appeals, and to these it offers much of importance. The photographs and telephotographs are extremely good, equalling any glacier pictures ever published. Three appendices treat respectively of the Basin of the Hispar Glacier, Summary of the Minerals, and of the Plants Collected. These are by Drs. Calciati and Koncza, two graduate students of the University of Fribourg, who accompanied the expedition. Besides traversing the entire length of the glacier, seven of the lateral tributaries were explored and mapped. Chapter xii affords some amusement in its hint of the professional jealousy existing between rival feminine mountain-climbers. It seems that one Miss A. Peck claimed to have ascended a peak in Peru to the height of "above 23,000 feet, and probably 24,000 feet." Doubtful of the lady's facts, Mrs. Workman sent to South America a special expedition of engineers to determine by triangulation the exact altitude of this mountain. This proved to be 21,812 feet. So the final sentence of the volume triumphantly announces: "The altitude of the lower summit of Huascaran, claimed to have been ascended by Miss Peck, is some 1,500 feet lower than the highest altitude attained by Mrs. Bullock Workman."

Dr. G. Carroll Smith's "What to Eat, and Why" (W. B. Saunders Co.) is not exactly the popular treatise which the title may lead the casual purchaser to expect. It is rather an aid to the medical student, and yet more particularly to the general practitioner in deciding dietetic questions such as arise in the treatment of the more common diseases. It is not intended for the guidance of the laity, although intelligent readers of this class may glean much useful information from the book. A brief introductory chapter lays down the fundamental principles of proper feeding, mainly by a consideration of the opinions of standard writers, but with frequent restrictions and modifications dictated by the very practical good sense of the author. Dr. Smith is no faddist, but evidently believes that the food habits of a community have a certain good foundation, however much harm may come from them in special cases. He is thoroughly skeptical concerning any general application of the doctrines of Chittenden; has no sympathy with one-mealers, or even two-mealers; favors careful mastication, without advocacy of multi-mastication, and with no allusion to Fletcher and his isms; and finds in alcohol a very useful servant to man, but a servant that must be taught to know his place. The greater part of the book discusses diet in disease, and contains much that is suggestive and well calculated to be helpful to the practitioner and to lessen his dependence on the specialist. There is a useful bibliography, which would be better were the references more precise, and also if more of the strictly original sources were included.

Prof. W. L. Jepson, author of "The Silva of California" (Berkeley, Cal.: The University Press), has been gathering his material for about a score of years, and a part of it has plainly been long awaiting publication. The delay has not been without its advantages. It has enabled the author to emphasize many subjects bearing on conservation and forestry which would have fallen on dull ears only a short time ago. And it has permitted him to adopt a system of scientific nomenclature which is open to the fewest objections, namely, that which was agreed upon at the Vienna International Botanical Congress in 1905. For the common names of the trees and shrubs, however, he had no guide or authorized standard, a condition which was aggravated in the case of California by the rough-and-ready inventions of a very wide range of transient immigrants, especially during the

gold fever. His practical sense in selecting good distinctive names—thus "maul oak" (Quercus chrysolepis) in place of a dozen other names for this tree—is evident throughout. Professor Jepson's descriptions give the impression of first-hand knowledge. The records appear to have been made largely in the forest, and supplemented by herbarium comparison at home and abroad. The author evidently has a happy knack of getting well acquainted with lumbermen, and therefore his contribution to a practical knowledge of California forests and forest-products is of great value at this critical period in the history of forest-waste. We can commend to every Californian the pathetic appeal made by Professor Jepson to save a remnant, if no more, of the Redwood of the coast. The illustrations are numerous and are worthy of the text. The volume—an ample quarto—taken in conjunction with Professor Sargent's "North American Silva," makes the study of the woody vegetation of California possible for all.

The first volume of the fourth edition of Brehm's "Tierleben" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner) has now made its appearance, and when completed this old standard work will be as up to date as is possible for any published treatise on general natural history. It is edited by Prof. O. zur Strassen, who, with his assistants, has completely rewritten the text. Volume I, "Aves," of the present edition shows complete inversion of plan when compared with the same volume of an earlier edition. The classification is inverted, beginning logically with the generalized Flachbrustvögel, or ostriches, and their allies, instead of with the thrushes. While no generalizations can be made until the remaining volumes on Aves appear, several radical changes are apparent, such as the reduction of the three orders of Ratires to a single order, this in turn being divided into six sub-orders. The title of the introduction, "Ein Blick auf den Bau und das Leben der Gesamtheit," is well fulfilled in the text, and the accompanying photographs of feathers and embryos are excellent. A considerable number of the famous old wood-cuts still survive, but the colored plates have been replaced with new and better ones. The most pleasing innovation is the number of remarkably fine photographs, and it is flattering to note that more than a fourth of these were taken in the New York Zoölogical Park. Readers of German will welcome this new presentation of a work which for many years has held so high a place in the field of general natural history.

Samuel Hawksley Burbury, who was well known in England as a student of the classics and mathematics, is dead, at the age of eighty. He published three works on mathematics: With Dr. H. W. Watson, "Generalized Coördinates" and "The Mathematical Theory of Electricity"; alone, "A Treatise on the Kinetic Theory of Gases."

The death is reported from Paris of Paul Georges Dieulafoy, one of the most distinguished medical men in France. He was born at Toulouse in 1839, was a commander of the Legion of Honor, and wrote an important work, in two volumes, entitled "Manuel de pathologie interne."

Dr. Albert Ladenburg, whose death in his seventieth year is announced from Breslau, was professor of chemistry at the university of that town. He wrote extensively in his subject, among his works being "Entwicklungsgeschichte der Chemie," "Die Kosmischen Konsequenzen der Spektralanalyse," and "Ueber den Einfluss der Naturwissenschaften auf die Weltanschauung."

Drama and Music

Chatto & Windus announce "Original Plays," by Sir W. S. Gilbert, fourth series, with a portrait of the author.

"Ibsen's Drafts of His Plays," translated by A. G. Chater, with an introduction by William Archer, is promised shortly by the Scribners.

"The Single Man," a comedy in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies, which was produced in the Empire Theatre on Monday night, with John Drew in the principal part, proved a disappointment in almost every respect. There was little in it worthy of the author of "Cynthia," "The Mollusc," and "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace." It contains many bright lines, some of questionable taste, one or two amusing situations, some clever characterization, and one excellent scene, but, on the whole, it suggests an immature work, hastily prepared for a particular occasion. The story is trite and the personages are old theatrical types. A bachelor author, in the early forties, a man of gravity, imagination, and learning, engages himself to an empty-headed hoyden of eighteen, who soon reduces him to the last stages of boredom and fatigue. Next he is exposed to the fierce amatory suit of a malicious, desperate, and determined spinster. Then he discovers that the only woman in the world for him is the secretary who long has loved him in secret. The scenes in which these lovers find each other and make common cause are by far the best in the play, and partly justify its existence. But generally the piece is crude and conventional in structure, slovenly in composition, and ineffective in action. Moreover it is not cast happily. Mr. Drew, himself, in spite of his technical dexterity and ripe experience, is quite unable to identify himself with such a character as that of Robin is supposed to be, especially on the sentimental, romantic, and emotional sides. It is strange, indeed, that he should have been induced to undertake it. Nor are his associates much more happy in the parts allotted to them, with the exception of Mary Boland, who plays the secretary with a simple sincerity and womanliness which prove very effective. She carried off the acting honors of the evening.

The first volume of the dramatic works of Goethe in the Grossherzog Wilhelm Ernst Ausgabe (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag), edited by Hans Gerhard Gräf of Weimar, appeared nearly two years ago. The volume was also published separately with the title "Goethes Faust, Gesamtausgabe" (see *Nation*, January 20, 1910). Gräf's example of printing in full the "Urfaust," the finished texts and fragments that Goethe published or left for his administrators to publish, and all other known manuscript fragments, has since been followed by Karl Alt and Georg Witkowski, yet, despite this fact, Gräf's "Faust" has already reached a third edition of 5,000 copies. His second volume of the dramatic works appeared a few months ago, and the third and concluding volume will be out before long. The second contains, in chronological arrangement, the dramas and dramatic fragments written in the years 1765 to 1785, except a fragment from "Belsazar" and one from the "Königliche Einsiedlerin," found in the "Urmeister" and included by Morris among the "Nachträge" to his new edition of "Der junge Goethe." The two versions of "Götz" are given in full, as are also the two of the "Jahrmarktsfest." The first version of "Erwin und Elmire," "Claudine," "Iphigenie," and "Elpenor" appear in this volume; the later forms will be included in Vol. III. "Stella" in the earlier version is followed by the later ending of 1806 (three and a half pages), as nothing would be gained by printing the whole text a second time. Likewise "Jery und Bätely" is followed by the expanded ending of 1825. The thin-paper volume of 905 pages, somewhat smaller in form than the Everyman's Library series, is not quite three-quarters of an inch thick. It is beautifully printed from Latin type and bound tastefully in flexible red leather. A cheaper blue cloth binding is also to be had.

"Franz Liszt," by James Huneker, is in the Scribners' list of autumn books.

A Liszt Museum was opened at Franz Liszt's birthplace, Raiding, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death. The ceremonies were preceded by a funeral service in the church.

German opera at the Metropolitan next season will not be confined to Wagner and Humperdinck, but will include the novelties: "Lobetanz," by Ludwig Thuille, and Leo Blech's one-act opera, "Versiegelt."

Among the pianists to be heard in this country the coming season, none will be more welcome than Katharine Goodson. Besides giving a number of recitals she will be heard with several orchestras, including the Boston Symphony and the New York Philharmonic, with which she once before played the Grieg concerto. In addition to this great work her répertoire will include concertos by Liszt, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Saint-Saëns, and her husband, Mr. Hinton.

Another artist who will be cordially welcomed here the coming season is Albert Spalding, who has won laurels on two continents by his excellent violin playing, the outcome of hard work combined with unusual talent.

Not only will F. C. Whitney not produce the "Rosenkavalier" in this country, but he has also postponed his production of Strauss's new opera in London till next spring, chiefly because of the difficulty of getting the necessary singers. He tried to procure Nordica and Alice Nielsen, but both had previous operatic and concert engagements.

The Milan Scala's repertory for next season does not include the "Rosenkavalier," which was produced in that theatre last winter. Next year the whole season in Milan will be devoted to a Verdi cycle, in commemoration of his centenary.

After a successful tour of the world,

Sousa and his band will reach American soil again late in the autumn by way of Hawaii.

Saint-Saëns's latest opera, "Déjanire," which was first sung at Monte Carlo with great success, is to be produced soon in Paris, and, in a German version, at Dessau. The hero of the opera is, of course, Hercules.

Hamburg newspapers announce that Caruso will appear at the opera house in that city on October 15, 18, 20, as Don José in "Carmen," as Canio in "I Pagliacci," and as Count Richard in Verdi's "Masked Ball."

Oscar Hammerstein intends to open his London Opera House with "Quo Vadis."

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, whose comic opera, "Suzanne's Secret," was so successfully produced in New York last season by Mr. Dippel's company, will cross the Atlantic next season to conduct the rehearsals of his latest opera, "The Madonna's Jewel," at Chicago, and to conduct his "Le donne curiose," which is to open the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Geraldine Farrar and Johanna Gadski in the leading rôles.

Humperdinck's "Königskinder," which was the most popular opera at the Metropolitan last winter, will be the novelty at the autumn season of German opera in London, which begins on October 20. There will be no Geraldine Farrar or Otto Goritz in the cast, but the music is so beautiful and the play so touching that it will doubtless score a success nevertheless, as it has done in the cities of Germany. In Berlin, where the performance was so unsatisfactory that the opera did not at first arouse much enthusiasm (the New York papers printed cablegrams to the effect that it was a failure there), it nevertheless achieved a brilliant success, having had more performances during the season than any other work excepting Mozart's "Magic Flute," on the staging of which a fortune had been spent.

Art

Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Journals: Confidences of a Collector of Ceramics and Antiques throughout Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Austria, and Germany from the Year 1869 to 1885. Edited by her son, Montague J. Guest, with Annotations by Egan Mew. Illustrated by upwards of 100 plates, including 8 in color and one in photogravure. In two volumes: New York: John Lane Co. $12.50 net.

This record of an indefatigable Englishwoman's ceramic quest describes the formation of the valuable Schreiber collection, given to the British nation in 1885. The diarist, born in 1812, was the only daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsey, who at sixty-five, in a second marriage, had wedded Charlotte Layard, daughter of the Dean of Bristol. The father died in 1818. His daughter's education, directed by an easy-going mother and uncongenial stepfather, the Rev. Peter Pegus, was neither extensive nor methodical. An active mind, however, supplied deficiencies. The young lady read voraciously and, helped by her brother's tutor, studied Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Persian. At twenty-one she was married to a middle-aged widower, Sir John Guest, ironmaster of Dowlais, near Merthyr Tydfil. The young wife not only bore her husband ten children but took a most active interest in his affairs, concerning which she wrote, "I have so schooled myself into habits of business that it is more congenial to me to calculate the advantage of half per cent. commission on a cargo of iron than to go to the finest ball in the world." As a recreation she mastered the Welsh language and literature. Her translation of the "Mabinogion" inspired Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Sir John Guest died in 1852. Three years later his widow was married to Charles Schreiber of Melton, Suffolk, eldest son of Col. J. A. Schreiber of Wellington's army. In 1869 Lady Charlotte, now past fifty, unexpectedly caught the "china mania" from two of her sons who had become connoisseurs at a time when "any person with a very small amount of knowledge could go round the old shops and pick up the untold treasures of to-day for the most trivial sums." The mother soon outdid her children in enthusiasm and connoisseurship. Accompanied by her husband who carried a red bag and a chicken basket known to every customs inspector in Europe, she rummaged about, and ransacked antique shops, bargained, and dickered, with successes that appeared when, in memory of Mr. Schreiber, who had recently died, she gave to the public about 2,000 of her finest pieces.

This gift did not result from a sudden impulse, for in 1884 Lady Charlotte wrote:

> The idea is not a new one with me. Indeed, years ago C. S. used to say what a pleasure it would be to collect national objects for the benefit of our country. This plan has slumbered of late years. But the last thing I did last October, before leaving England, was to make a Will, leaving all the "English Collection," as far as I might have the power of leaving it, to the South Kensington Museum, under certain conditions as to its being kept in its integrity.

On November 19, 1885, came the parting with her treasures:

> Before 10 o'clock the storekeepers from the South Kensington came to commence their labors. They have packed and carried away all the Bow—and have packed most of the Chelsea. I have been in all day—attending to the packers. The dear Chelsea Aviary is gone. I close this sad volume with my adieux to the collection.

The lady's sight at this time was failing and many of her former pursuits were denied her. She lived, however, until 1895.

Lady Charlotte for many years kept journals, of which such portions as relate to the years of china collecting appear in the volumes now published. The entries show her to have been a woman of broad sympathies and many interests. Comments on British politics alternate with narratives of adventure among antique shops, for she was of the old Whig persuasion and never in her travels forgot the game that was playing at home. At the general election of 1880, her husband and two sons stood for seats as Conservatives, two other sons as Liberals. As literature, her journal will rank high. Its style befits such a person as her son, Montague Guest, has described:

> In her nature, she was a woman with a deep sense of moral duty, very self-possessed and calm, with an extraordinary control over her feelings. I can truly say that I never saw her angry or unduly excited in my life. She had an untiring energy and was endowed with unlimited perseverance.

Charles Schreiber, though quite as enthusiastic as his wife in collecting, appears to have been less of a connoisseur than she, and he suffered from such physical disabilities that the ferreting, figuring, and haggling often devolved on her alone. A high principled woman she was, but a born bargain hunter also, alert to take advantage of another's ignorance or need of ready money. A characteristic "find" was one at Rotterdam in 1874:

> C. S. presently ran joyfully back to me bringing what de Maan was offering for sale. What was my astonishment and delight when he displayed before my bewildered eyes no less than 5 beautiful Bristol figures!—The price was not small for Chelsea, which de Maan considered them to be, but it was little enough for Bristol, which they really were, and we gladly gave him the £22 to which, after a little parley, he came. Our Bristol figures now surpass every collection.

The unexpected often occurred in the quest, as in the following instance:

> We drove about at Haarlem. The character of its shops has altered a good deal. Franse having changed his manager had nothing good or old to show, Romain's new shop was bad and dear; we got a plate at old Hauja's and were regretting our loss of time and trouble, when, as a sort of forlorn hope, we looked into Leeuw's, where we never yet found anything to buy, and our eyes were greeted with the sight of the loveliest of smelling bottles of fine Bristol glass! I need not say that I carried it off in triumph to add to the three other little darlings that I have at home.

As collector, Lady Charlotte frequently encountered amateurs from the United States. At Dresden in 1879, she wrote: "We came across an American gentleman who told us he had a large collection at home. . . . He cor-

roborated what we had already heard, that the Americans are now paying great attention to antiquities and making collections everywhere." Through the later entries are scattered personalia concerning a wealthy woman, of small knowledge, but long purse and patience, who bought curiosities for an American museum.

The journals, apart from their considerable interest as a human document, should be consulted by future compilers of manuals for ceramic collectors. Bits of out-of-the-way information abound in them. In Portugal, for example, Lady Charlotte unearthed data unknown to the ceramic books of her day—and to several very recent publications—concerning the royal works superintended about 1775 by Gen. Bartholomew da Costa, who had "discovered the art of making a beautiful biscuit porcelain and plaques and medallions *à* la Wedgwood." Elsewhere are minor but valuable additions to ceramic knowledge. In bringing out these memoirs, Mr. Lane will have performed an especially important service, if they should lead to published accounts of the formation of other great museum collections.

The Scribners announce for publication this autumn: "Other People," a Gibson book; "Fair Americans," by Harrison Fisher; "The Annual of the Society of Illustrators"; "The Classic Point of View," by Kenyon Cox, and "History of Art in France," by Louis Hourticq.

"Materials for Permanent Painting" (Van Nostrand), by Maximilian Toch, is an admirable manual intended for the use of manufacturers, art dealers, artists, and collectors. The author is one of the foremost paint technologists; he is also a chemist, practical color manufacturer, and art connoisseur; and is well known as the author of "The Chemistry and Technology of Mixed Paints," the first work ever written on the subject. The manual is not technical, yet sufficient of the chemistry of pigments, solvents, varnishes, driers, etc., is included to give the work a particular as well as general value. The chapters on History of Painting, Sinopia, Photo-Chemical Deterioration of Oil Paintings, and those dealing with the causes of the cracking of paintings, the renovation and cleaning of pictures, and the choice of materials are especially interesting. The description of the pigments (107 pages) appears to be well distributed and of the sort to serve as an excellent artist's guide. If painters will follow Mr. Toch's advice and "will limit the colors used on their palettes to the least possible number [these are stated] and use only those which do not interact [a discussion of this is ably presented], as well as exercise a little judgment in glazing over colors only after they are thoroughly dry," it is reasonable to conclude, as does the author, that "absolutely permanent results will be obtained." The book is supplied with a well-prepared index, and the print, binding, and illustrations are unusually good.

"Rugs of the Orient," by C. R. Clifford (New York: Clifford & Lawton), is planned rather for the practical rug-buyer than for the collector. It goes thoroughly into the modern weaves, especially those of carpet-size. For the identification of weaves the author proposes seven empirical tests, which we believe would work out with all rugs in original condition. There are many plates, including useful photographs of the backs of characteristic types. Outline plates give the elements of the various types of design, and there is some attempt to link these to ancient patterns. On the whole this album is as good a guide as we know to the rug market as it is. It omits certain important types dear to the collector, such as the geometrical mats in scarlet and azure generally ascribed to Damascus. The various kilims might have been mentioned, though the author may not regard these thin fabrics as rugs.

The archæological excavations in Nubia, which were undertaken by the Survey Department of the Egyptian Ministry of Finance, have resulted in interesting discoveries. Excavations were carried on at Bega, Shellal, Khor Bahan, and other important sites. The first pre-dynastic remains were discovered at Shellal. The bodies, which had mostly been buried in the usual contracted position, were found lying on their left side and were in each case accompanied by pottery of good workmanship. In one grave were found no less than twenty-five persons of both sexes. At Khor Bahan some very ancient graves were examined, but here the bodies, though in a perfect state of preservation, were so fragile that it was found impossible to remove them. In graves of a later period some pottery, slate palettes, axe-heads, and beads were brought to light. Between Shellal and Dehmir some graves of the Pharaonic age were cleared, but owing to the infiltration of the Nile they were found to be so damp that most of the bodies crumbled away at the slightest touch. The bodies were not bandaged in the Egyptian style, but were occasionally covered with reed mats or skins.

The excavations which were carried on this season at Priene in Asia Minor, under the auspices of the Austrian School of Archæology at Athens, have had some important results. Among the most interesting finds was a large cistern of very early date, which was restored in later times. Near the cistern were discovered some pieces of early Greek sculpture, and a female statue of Roman workmanship. Some buildings of the Doric and proto-Doric order were also brought to light, as well as a temple dedicated to Apollo. In the neighborhood of Priene a large number of reservoirs were found, which appear to have supplied the town with water, and these were connected with a spring by means of water-pipes. One of the reservoirs ended in a vaulted chamber, built almost entirely of enormous limestone blocks in a primitive manner.

Various archæological discoveries of interest are reported from Italy. Prof. Dante Vaglieri, who is in charge of the excavations at Ostia, has discovered in the theatre there a fine statue of Venus, probably a copy of a Hellenistic work dating from the third or second century B. C. It is supposed that the statue formed part of the ornamentation of the theatre. Professor Dall' Osso, director of the Museum of Ancona, has just found near Osimo the remains of a large Gallic settlement, superimposed on a collection of neolithic huts, which are supposed to date from about 3,500 B. C. The huts are of circular form, with a hole in the centre for the pole which supported the roof. At Paestum excavations have been carried on of the Roman buildings between the temples of Neptune and Ceres. A fine statue was found, larger than life size, which probably represents Drusus Junior in sacerdotal garments.

The intense heat which has prevailed this summer in Europe has threatened to destroy many of the most valuable paintings in the Germanic Museum of Nuremberg, among which some of the works of Albrecht Dürer are especially to be mentioned. The varnish melts and runs across the pictures, and the wood on which they are often painted cracks and falls in pieces. It has been found necessary to remove these rare artistic treasures from the extremely hot gallery to the cellar until a new building is erected, in which they will not be subjected to such excessive and destructive variations of temperature.

The death is reported of Charles Louis Gratia, the oldest member of the Société des Artistes Français. He was born in 1815 and began exhibiting at the Salon in 1837. He is best known as the author of portraits in pastels.

Finance

THE THREAT OF A RAILWAY STRIKE.

Last Friday's conference, at San Francisco, between the Southern Pacific managers and the representatives of the machinists on the line, ended as most fair-minded people expected and as all of them must have hoped. It ended in a courteous but firm refusal of all the shopmen's demands. The decision had been awaited with considerable anxiety, for two reasons. One reason was the financial community's apprehension that, if the demands of the railway machinists were denied, the men would strike. The other was the doubt which existed in some quarters whether the railway managers might not yield. Either a strike or a surrender by the companies to these new demands would have been badly received in financial circles generally, but in view of all the circumstances, it is probably safe to say that the second alternative would have had much the worse effect. The question was not tested. The railways having stated their position, the employees did nothing except to express, through their leaders, a wish to have their proposals arbitrated. So the matter stands at this writing, the probability of a strike having greatly decreased. It remains to inquire what was the nature of the issue which has been thus raised and brushed aside.

When the employees of the Union and Southern Pacific Railway shops voted

two weeks ago, apparently by overwhelming majorities, to place certain demands before their employers and to strike if the demands were not conceded, a good many people declared that the long-predicted "labor trouble" was at hand. There had been much talk ever since 1907, but especially since last spring, about "liquidating labor," and although nobody seemed to know exactly what was meant by that somewhat singular figure of speech, there was a general feeling that the process would mean industrial collision.

It was only last week that the general public got the text of the shopmen's ultimatum. They wanted the company to deal, in shop disputes, with a federated union of all crafts throughout the system, instead of with separate unions for each craft. They insisted that the company should compel all shop employees to join that union, whether they so wished or not; that the union's committees should designate who should be laid off when forces were reduced, and that no union employee should be discharged or suspended without that committee's previous consent. They asked for an increase of wages and a shortening of hours which, the management set forth, meant average total increase of 36 per cent. in payrolls. Last, but not least, they asked that the company should put a stop, now and hereafter, to all piecework, premium, or "bonus system." That is to say, they asked the official abandonment and rejection of the "scientific management," whose possible general introduction, with its resultant economies to employer and employee, was the central argument before the Interstate Commerce Commission, six months ago, against the granting of higher railway rates.

When these demands were published, it was manifest to every thinking man that the railways could not possibly concede them. It was at least peculiar, when the Harriman lines were laying off 20 per cent. or so of their shop employees, because of falling earnings and reduced requirements of business, to expect them to increase wages. The concessions to the federated union would have been tantamount to surrender by the companies of final management of their shops.

The matter was probably at no time taken as seriously outside of Wall Street as on the stock market itself. Our railway employees have been encouraged to make demands, because of the ready yielding of the companies to the demands of other years. The earlier concessions may have been wholly warranted, but they evidently encouraged the making of fresh demands which were not. Almost alone among the industries, the railways have increased the average pay of their employees since the panic of 1907; the shopmen themselves have had 12 to 15 per cent. increase in the past five years; therefore they have no grievance. A year ago, some 27,000 Pennsylvania Railroad trainmen voted authority to the union leaders to call a strike unless wages were increased. The managers explained that they could not do it; that wages had already been raised while profits were declining, and that no further increase could be made. The men accepted the reply and did not strike. There is reason to believe that enough of this spirit exists in the ranks of American labor to avert any general outbreak of such trouble.

The industrial history of this country, during the past quarter-century, indicates that strikes are most numerous at the culmination of a business boom, and naturally most successful, but that when they break out in a period of trade depression, they are then more violent than at other times and usually least successful. Prior to the beginning, in 1898, of the last epoch of prosperity, the year with the greatest number of strikes in the United States was the "boom year," 1890, and nearly 53 per cent. of them were successful. The greatest "strike year," numerically, on the Bureau of Labor's published records, was 1903.

But 1877, when the Pennsylvania Railroad strikers virtually declared war on the public authorities; 1882, when the famous Homestead strike occurred, and the employees of the Carnegie mills intrenched themselves behind steel billets, firing at whomsoever the company sent to recover the works, and 1904, when the United States regular army had to be called upon to protect the trains from the insolent embargo of the Railway Union at Chicago, were all years of financial and industrial depression. The companies could not grant demands for higher pay, and the workingmen fought with all the greater bitterness. But sometimes the issue was not a question of wage advances, but reductions. This, at least, has not yet become an issue in the present industrial situation—least of all with the railways. That is one reason why people best qualified to judge have not predicted for the United States an experience like that of England.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold, M. The Scholar Gipsy and Thyrsis. (Illustrated in color). Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.25 net.

Auvergne, E. B. d'. Famous Castles and Palaces of Italy. Scribner.

A Woman Alone: An Autobiography. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

Baedeker's Switzerland. 1911 Edition. Scribner. $2.40.

Baumbach, R. Der Schwiegersohn. Edited, with notes, by E. Manley. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 50 cents.

Bebel's Reminiscences. Translated from the First German Edition by E. Untermann. Part 1. Socialist Literature Co. 75 cents net.

Besler, R. Lady Patricia: A Comedy in Three Acts. Duffield.

Bible, The 1911: Being the Authorized Version of 1611, with the Text Amended by American Scholars. Frowde. $1.25.

Bindloss, H. A Prairie Courtship. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Blake, E. C. Marcia of the Little Home. D. Appleton. $1.20 net.

Blanchard, A. E. Talbot's Angles. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.

Bluthgen's Mama Kommt and Schanz's Die Alte. Edited, with notes, by F. Betz. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 50 cents.

Burroughs, J. Bird Stories: Sketches Taken from the Works of Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 80 cents net.

Briggs, M. S. In the Heel of Italy: A Study of an Unknown City. Duffield.

Brown, E. A. Four Gordons. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Brown, V. The Great Offender. Brentano. $1.35 net.

Burchill, G., Ettinger, W. L., and Shimer, E. D. The Progressive Road to Reading. Book Four. Silver, Burdett. 50 cents.

Cabaton, A. Java and the Dutch East Indies. Scribner.

Collins, C. W. Great Love Stories of the Theatre. Duffield. $3.50 net.

Conway, J. P. The Question of the Hour: A Survey of the Catholic Church in the U. S. Third edition. P. J. Kennedy & Sons. 35 cents.

Crawford, S. J. Kansas in the Sixties. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.

Crommelin, M. Madam Mystery. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.25 net.

Denison, C. P. The Paracelsus of Robert Browning. Baker & Taylor.

Dickens Centenary Edition. Christmas Stories. 2 vols. Scribner.

Dillingham, E. T., and Emerson, A. P. "Tell It Again" Stories. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.

Duffey, A. On the Cinder Path. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

Duncan, N. The Measure of a Man. Revell. $1.25 net.

English, D. A Book of Nimble Beasts: Bunny Rabbit, Squirrel, etc. (Illustrated). Boston: Dana Estes. $2 net.

Fisher, E. J. New Jersey as a Royal Province, 1738 to 1776. Col. Univ. Studies. Longmans.

Garnett, P., and Stricklen, E. G. The Green Knight: The Ninth Grove Play of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Privately printed by some of its members.

Geiger, A. Judaism and Its History. Translated from the German by C. Newburgh. Bloch Pub. Co. $2 net.

Godfrey, W. H. A History of Architecture in London. Scribner.

Griffis, W. E. The Unmannerly Tiger, and other Korean Tales. Crowell. $1.

Haslette, J. Desmond Rourke, Irishman. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Herrick and Damon's New Composition and Rhetoric for Schools. Revised. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. $1.

Hopkins, W. J. The Indian Book. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

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Report of the Minister of State for Education, for 1908-1909. Tokyo, Japan: Department of Education.
Sparhawk, F. C. Dorothy Brooke's Experiments. Crowell. $1.50.
Stephenson, E. S., and Asano, W. Famous People of Japan. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.
Stoltze, E. M. Lose Blätter. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Thackeray's English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. Edited by S. Young. Boston: Ginn.
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Wentworth, G., and Smith, D. E. Vocational Algebra. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.
Wentworth's Plane and Solid Geometry. Revised by G. Wentworth and D. E. Smith. Boston: Ginn. $1.30.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1911.

The Week

Gov. Harmon's criticism of Mr. Taft's tariff vetoes is not so easily answered. Who can deny the truth of his statement that Mr. Taft needed no tariff commission report,

> when he promised a general reduction before his election, nor when he called the special session to keep the promise, nor when he signed the bill that broke the promise, nor when he confessed that the woollen and cotton goods duties were too high, nor when he made the agreement with Canada?

Nor is it possible to deny the Governor's assertion that Mr. Taft refuses to give any tariff relief where he admits it is needed "until five men who are not responsible to the people, nor even experts, shall advise him" how much the profits of men who by tariff-making trickery have obtained the right to rob the people shall have those profits reduced. On what he deems Mr. Taft's abuse of the veto power, Gov. Harmon is equally emphatic. He believes in the veto; but for Mr. Taft to use it to defeat the plain mandate of the people as expressed by Congress, because he himself is not certain about its wisdom, and wishes to wait for somebody else to advise him, is, the Governor thinks, "a new and perilous departure from the wise design of the Constitution." Even discounting the fact that he is a Democrat, Mr. Harmon's criticism, coming after Champ Clark's vigorous protest, puts Mr. Taft more clearly on the defensive than before, just as he sets forth on his tour of vindication.

Senator Bailey's announcement that he will not be a candidate for reëlection at the end of his present term does not constitute the sole basis for expecting the Senator's absence from Washington after March 3, 1913. Mr. Bailey could not be reëlected if he would, such has been his steadily mounting unpopularity among the people of Texas. The Democratic victory of last year, the Democratic record in the last session of Congress, and the Democratic hopes of next year, have all combined to make Senator Bailey's position untenable. It may be pardonable in the member of a minority party to kick over party principles and the party traces. A touch of madness is always permissible in people who are in a minority, and besides there is no harm done. But with the Democrats once more come into their own, recreancy of Mr. Bailey's type becomes a very real source of embarrassment. The Democratic party cannot afford to have it said that one of the most conspicuous survivals of "Aldrichism" is to be found within their own ranks. Mr. Bailey entered the United States Senate at the early age of thirty-eight. He will leave it at fifty, what we regard in politics as still a young man. His passing is significant of the profound change that is coming over the make-up and the temper of the Senate.

In Monday's vote in Maine, on the proposal to strike prohibition of the liquor traffic from the State Constitution, the cities went strongly against prohibition; the country districts stood stanchly by the old policy. This does not necessarily imply that Bangor and Portland and Biddeford are as wicked as Sodom and Gomorrah. Nor does the vote of the rural sections prove that they are models of all the virtues. But the large towns and the villages gave a natural verdict upon the conditions as they have been affected by them. In the cities, the prohibition law has been too often a mixture of farce and failure. There has been not only drunkenness, but a great deal of beastly drunkenness. Maine seaports have had a bad name with naval officers, who have said that shore-leave there meant the worst kind of intoxication for the sailors. At points near the Canadian or the New Hampshire line the going to and fro in search of intoxicants has long been notorious. One Sunday morning train from the north has had the nickname of the "Grand Drunk Train." Near Portsmouth the sight of returning revellers, many of them raging drunk, has been painfully common. All these facts have inevitably led many dwellers in the cities to come to the conclusion that prohibition had broken down, that it caused greater evils than it cured, and that a wiser plan would be high license and strict regulation.

Residents in hamlets and the countryside, on the other hand, have had a different moral beaten in upon them. An occasional drunkard has staggered down the village street, or been discovered in a ditch by the road, but in general there has been, not only an entire absence of open temptation to drink, but a very high level of temperance in practice. People will tell you, with pride and with deep feeling: "Why, two generations of boys have grown up here without once seeing a saloon!" They cannot be blamed for thinking this an inestimable blessing.

Maine may find it difficult to make up her mind about prohibition, but she has no doubt as to direct primaries, the returns from the vote upon this question showing a large majority in favor of the direct-nominations bill. In this respect the State is thoroughly in line with those others that have been permitted to express an opinion upon the subject, and which have jumped at the chance of trying a weapon that the politicians have been so stupid as to fight to keep out of their hands. No longer ago than last January, Gov. Plaisted, in his inaugural address, advised limiting direct primaries to those offices in which the people feel the deepest interest and the candidates for which are likely to be well known to the mass of voters. "We are bound," he said, "to enact a direct primary law." But he thought it unwise to go farther than nominations for Governor and Representatives in Congress. The Legislature passed such a bill. There was a demand, however, for a more inclusive measure, and it is this that the voters approved on Monday, even the Governor having at last come out for it.

> In a decision involving the right of the judge of the Police Court to sit in extradition cases, thus paralleling the case of John J. McNamara, now in jail at Los Angeles on a charge of dynamiting, Judge Remster of the Circuit Court held to-day that the Police Court has no jurisdiction in such cases.

Thus runs an Indianapolis dispatch. We call attention to it as a matter of justice; for if the McNamaras were illegally extraditcd, the country ought to know it. But the question is still to be answered whether any substantial injustice was done by taking J. J. Mc-

Namara before this police judge or whether the injury is purely technical. It is hard to see why, in view of the statements of Mr. Burns, there was not more than enough evidence to warrant any judge, high or low, in handing McNamara over for trial. At the samo time it must be pointed out in fairness to the labor people that this Indianapolis Circuit Court's decision will confirm them in their belief that wrong has been done to the McNamaras, whom they believe to have been illegally kidnapped by men who have since been indicted.

A grave danger confronts this republic. It is not the danger of anything fundamentally wrong with our government to-day. It is the danger of the socialistic horde sweeping in from the West, and threatening to overwhelm the rest of the nation. It must be stopped or the liberties and the freedom of this people will be blotted out and representative government, the best ever devised by human minds, will have ceased to exist.

This trumpet-call to duty by Senator Lorimer is a gratifying demonstration that not all of our public men are mere office-seekers. A few of them at least have the statesman's point of view. "The only thing, in my opinion, that threatens American freedom and American liberties," continues the Senator, "is the proposed changing of our system of government." He refers to the initiative and referendum and the recall, advocated, as he discriminatingly declares, by so-called "progressives" who are in reality simply Socialists. The Chicago *Daily News* recalls that when the infamous Yerkes street-car bills were defeated at Springfield, despite the heroic efforts of Mr. Lorimer and his friends, the disappointed traction magnate proceeded to deplore the triumph of Socialism. Political authorities in Illinois, both past and present, are evidently agreed, therefore, upon what constitutes the real peril of the republic. As a fitting climax to his appeal, the Senator should call upon all Senatorial investigating committees to drop their comparatively unimportant tasks in order to give their entire attention to the new Attila.

The incorporation last week, under the New Jersey laws, of a new steamship company to build and operate vessels through the Panama Canal between New York on the East coast and San Francisco on the West, is of particular interest, for two reasons. First, it insures the building of American ships adapted to the service, in time to engago in this transportation work when the canal is finished in 1913, and, next, the terms of the charter provide with the greatest care for an absolutely independent service. Nobody who is connected with any competitive rail or steamship enterprise, whether as a director, officer, or agent, is to be eligible as director in the new company. Even a stockholder is to be barred from voting on any question if the Postmaster-General serves notice that such stockholder represents a competing interest. The shareholders' voting power is so arranged that holders of large blocks of stock shall have less voice in proportion to their holdings than the small investor.

Additional provisions of the plan, chiefly prescribed by the United States Government, bar out absolutely both underwriting syndicates and stock watered to give a bonus to promoters. In return for these binding stipulations, the Government engages not to let its mail contracts to any steamship company not conforming to the same essential requirements—especially the absence of entanglement with competing railway enterprises. The reason for all this scrupulous provision may readily be found in the past history of the Panama route between our Eastern and Western coasts. Through ownership of such facilities, direct or indirect, and often through heavy cash subsidies to the Isthmus railway and the steamship line connecting with it, the transcontinental railways have for a very long time past been able to block the competitive possibilities of the ocean route.

Mr. Alvey A. Adee's completion of his twenty-fifth year of service as Assistant Secretary of State constitutes a remarkable record in our ever rapidly changing Federal Government. In the State Department Mr. Adee has furnished precisely the link between a new Administration and the past which is indispensable in a branch of the service where precedents count for so much. He himself has long personally proved the desirability in the United States of such permanent under-secretaries, removed from politics, as are to be found in every foreign country of importance. But it is in the diplomatic departments that such valuable officials as Mr. Adee seem to be most readily developed. The case of Herr von Holstein, who for many years was tho real power in the German Foreign Office, but whose name was hardly known outside of that bureau, is an example of this. Of Sir Robert Herbert, who was from 1871 to 1892 under-secretary of the British Colonial Office, it was said that he really "controlled its destinies."

The outcome of the Mayoralty primary in Cincinnati should not be overlooked. Henry J. Hunt, the young prosecuting attorney who has served two terms in that office as an independent Democrat and did his utmost to bring Boss Cox to trial last winter, received the Democratic nomination without opposition, while the Republican nomination goes once more to Mayor Louis Schwab. From now on there will be a contest in that city worth watching. Mr. Hunt is no mean campaigner, as his reëlection to the prosecuting attorneyship shows. He represents, moreover, the best type of the young college man in politics and is a fit representative of the new and progressive Democracy. Behind him the forces of good government ought to rally vigorously.

A Cincinnati professor has been advising teachers of civics to read the newspapers. By studying his own community and comparing it with others, he holds, the pupil arrives at a correct understanding of the fundamental principles of community life. This looks like putting a pretty heavy burden of induction upon the pupil. Older heads than his might be puzzled to work out the fundamental principles of community life from the records of Cincinnati, Omaha, and Seattle which appear in the daily press. Rather, let the pupil learn his fundamentals from his civics text as developed by his instructor, and then turn to the newspapers for illustrations of them. This kind of perusal would tend to have an effect upon the press itself. Once set any large number of intelligent persons to searching for matters of significance in the columns of the newspapers, and it will be harder for sensational editors to justify their practice of "burying" such items in order to give prominence to the brutish or tho trivial. Meanwhile, classes in civics may ponder over the problem of community life that is presented by its distorting mirrors.

To what extent are our sentiments regarding death, love, and other elemental facts a matter of good taste and easy command of language? A young wife has been shot down by the side of her husband under circumstances that cast grave suspicion on the latter. How does the unfortunate young man bear up under the double burden of the great calamity and the horrible suspicion? On the morning after the murder the bereaved husband is discovered sitting on the porch of the house within which the body of his wife still rests. He is drinking beer, and he expresses regret at the tragedy in very much the same manner he might deplore losing his hat through a car window. Is it moral depravity? It may have been in this particular case, but the news of every day brings instances of men neither criminal nor abnormal, but only uneducated, who speak of death neither with emotion nor with complete indifference which in itself would be a form of emotion, but with an utter inadequacy of expression that is almost ludicrous. Does this mean that speech is everything, and that without a ready command of the words in which literature has enshrined the tremendous facts of life these facts have little of the sacred honor or sacred joy that commonly surround them?

Mr. Balfour's recent utterance upon the necessity of the party system finds an echo in the Far East. As the Shanghai *Mercury* puts it, one does not apologize for eating one's dinner, nor even for breathing, unless one happens to be very badly affected by a cold. But it is impressed with the ex-Premier's statement of the waste of political energy caused by party politics, his calculation being that about 80 per cent. of the brains, character, and health employed goes for naught. It makes a suggestion, therefore, for saving a large part of this activity. All that is needed is the formation of a Central party of moderates, lying between the irreconcilable Tories and the equally irreconcilable Socialists. Of the 670 members of the House of Commons, 500, it believes, would naturally belong to this new party, which would debate and vote with far less time, talk, temper, and money than are required now. The shortest reply to this proposal is that, while the great bulk of the Commons may be called moderate, no Prime Minister could hold it together for a single session. One may be moderate and still have opinions at sharp variance with another moderate. The ground that lies between extremes is wider than a garden-patch. It has taken all of Mr. Balfour's metaphysics to keep one party together, even with Joseph Chamberlain out of the arena, while Mr. Asquith has not had too easy a time keeping the other united.

It is interesting to take a glance at the figures for foreign commerce in the French colonies with a view to determining how far French rule militates against the traders of other countries. The term "Tunisification" has come to mean the transformation of a dependency into a closed commercial preserve. It is the Tunisification of Morocco that Germany protests against. The figures, however, show that twenty years ago Tunis bought 60 per cent. of her imports from France and sent 78 per cent. of her exports to France and her colonies. In 1898 the respective ratios were 66 2-3 per cent. and 76 per cent. In 1906 they were 67 per cent. and 57 per cent. In 1907 they were 67 per cent. and 54 per cent. Thus, during twenty years of French rule, Tunis has brought France an increase of 7 per cent. in imports and balanced it with a decrease of 24 per cent. in exports. Evidently, the foreigner has not suffered severely, and as a matter of fact British and Italian trade has been growing with remarkable rapidity. Taking all the French colonies with the exception of Algeria and Tunis, it appears that, twenty years ago, France had about 40 per cent. of the colonial trade, fifteen years ago she had about 45 per cent., five years ago she had 43 per cent., and in 1908 she had 45 per cent. Here again there is no evidence of a rapid tendency to undermine the trade of other nations.

Just how embarrassing is the Kaiser's speech foreshadowing additional naval construction appears from an examination of the German press. The Socialist organs alone are jubilant; it is for them a splendid campaign issue, this statement by the Kaiser that new fiscal burdens and more grinding taxes are to be placed upon the poor. Without doubt, this speech helped to bring out the 200,000 workers who paraded the other day to protest against a possible war with France over Morocco. The *Vorwärts* makes for the Socialists a severe attack on the Crown and points out that it is impossible to expect peaceful tendencies to develop in England so long as such a programme is threatened in Germany. As for the cry of more taxes, why nothing could help the Socialists as much, and a programme of more ships will but widen the cleft between the Liberals and Radicals and the Conservatives. Moreover, it will be recalled that when the British Prime Minister approached Germany with a view to the discussion of the question of limiting armaments the Chancellor replied that, much as his Government desired such limitation, it was unable to do so, owing to the Navy Law regulating the building of the fleet for some years to come. But if that law is to be amended so as to provide more ships, the question of a *rapprochement* between the two nations is again indefinitely postponed. It is no wonder that the Berlin *Tageblatt* thinks that "it is scarcely to the public interest to give an extended meaning to the Kaiser's words," and that the bulk of the non-Socialistic press remains silent.

Educational problems are getting unusual attention in China. The Ministry of Education is proposing to introduce a system of compulsory education for elementary studies. The details are apparently not well worked out, but, in the opinion of the *North China Herald*, criticism for the moment may confine itself to one vital principle, namely, that where education is made compulsory, the state must be prepared to pay for its poorest citizens. It is led to this reflection by Rule 6 of the tentative plan, which exempts those who are too poor to pay for the elementary course. The *Herald* admits that possibly, since the abolition of the old form of competitive examination in the Chinese classics as the one road to official promotion, the keen interest of Chinese parents in the education of their children has become somewhat deadened. It holds, nevertheless, that in China the problem is not so much the making of education compulsory as the bringing of it within the general reach. It may be a far cry to free public schools in China, but there is evidence that the initial step—the step that costs—is not remote.

THE SERIOUS CANADIAN OPPOSITION.

In the course of the political campaign now going on in Canada, an immense deal of clap-trap has been talked. This was inevitable. Canadian politicians are not so different from our own that they do not know how to run off on side issues, appeal to prejudice, and seek by every cunning device to make the worse appear the better reason. So we have had the cries in Ottawa and Toronto and Vancouver about threatened annexation to the United States and about the American Trusts financing the anti-reciprocity campaign; have seen Canadians lash themselves into excitement about their proposed navy, though what that has to do with reciprocity it would puzzle seven men who can render a reason to say, and have heard bewildering discourses about "loyalty" and about the peril to the British Empire which would result from Canadians and Americans buying and selling more freely. Of such is the kingdom of politics, one side of the Canadian border or the other.

This is not to say, however, that the campaign has not produced some thoughtful and worthy debating. The weight of argument, as we believe, has been on the side of the Government in its efforts to bring about closer trade relations with the United States, but the Opposition has not been without speakers who have had something to say deserving the attention of sensible men. In the speeches of Mr. Clifford Sifton, in particular, there have often been a gravity and a force that command respect even if they do not compel agreement. This ex-Liberal who has had so much to do with the development of the Canadian West, and who has now cast in his political fortunes with the Conservatives, disclaims all idea of hostility to the United States. In opposing the reciprocity pact he does not accuse this country of sinister intentions. Dismissing, in fact, the common anti-American "bogeys" of the campaign, he bases his position upon considerations of national welfare. This he thinks that the Canadians can best procure while completely detached from us. A good indication of his line of reasoning is given by the following extract from a recent speech of his:

> We regard the United States as a great nation confronted by serious problems of unemployment, of exhausted resources, and monopolistic control of commerce. We wish our great neighbors well in the solution of these difficult questions, but do not desire to mingle their problems with ours. We object to this treaty because it binds the provinces of Canada in firm bonds of social and commercial union with the United States.

This is obviously something more than the average humbug of the hustings. In it there is food for thought, not only for Canadians but for Americans. Our Northern neighbors will in due time pass judgment upon this reasoning from the point of view of national economy and wise public policy for the distant future. We hope that they will detect the element of exaggeration in it, and refuse to believe that the freeing of commerce between two nations necessarily means the absorption of one by the other. If trade with the United States means the doom of Canada, then she is already doomed, for that trade is great and growing, despite tariff barriers. But it is chiefly to Americans that the sober language of Mr. Sifton should give pause. How much truth is there in what he says? Is it true that our situation as a country is now such as to make patriotic Canadians honestly shrink from putting themselves into nearer contact with us? This is, for the United States, the serious side of Canadian opposition to reciprocity.

It will have to be confessed that Mr. Sifton could justify some of his statements by citing our own public men. That we have squandered our natural resources until some of them are at the vanishing point, has been a commonplace with us for years past. Particularly in the matter of our forests can the charge of Mr. Sifton be maintained, and the fact shown to have a direct connection with our efforts to establish reciprocity with Canada. There has been no concealment of the desire to extend our purchasing radius for wood-pulp and printing paper. And something of the same sort may be said in regard to our exhausted soil, in certain sections of the country. As for our having fallen into the grip of monopoly, and having labor and industrial problems of the most difficult kind, we are in no position to make denial. Have not all these things been shouted from every stump and printed in every magazine?

It is not a very flattering picture of us which Mr. Sifton presents. By way of protest, we could, if so minded, insist that Canada is not ignorant of evils of the same kind as those we suffer from. It is the better part, however, to admit the element of truth in what Mr. Sifton alleges. The proper reply to him would confess our national sins, but point to the signs of repentance and amendment. If we have been prodigal, we are resolved now to be prudent. We are striving to break monopoly and to deal wisely with the discontents and the dangers of labor. And in any event, we should have to tackle our own problems. Canada could not help us more than we could help her. Nor need she fear any such assimilation as would draw her away from her own national housekeeping into ours.

THE BARBARIAN.

If a Zulu were asked to agree to settle in court his quarrels with a neighboring chief, his disdainful clicks and snorts would be promptly heard. "What, give up the chance to sneak up by night and burn his kraal and steal his cattle and kill his women and children? Not so long as I can hurl a spear or brandish a club!" And it is equally natural for a nominally civilized man in whom the barbarian instincts are dominant to indulge in savage antics when it is proposed that nations shall abolish that form of murder called war, by entering into treaties for the quieting of all disputes by arbitration. The greater the applause evoked by such an effort to establish universal peace, the more violently will the barbarian rage against it. He will fall before his war-gods, like an Ashantee grovelling at the feet of Unkulunkulu or an Aztec in the dust before Huitzilopochtli, and call upon them to save us from the awful calamity of having no more skulls to crack.

If this particular barbarian happened to be a man who knew nothing about the law, he would attack the work of the ablest lawyers in this country and in Great Britain as betraying "hopeless confusion." They, to be sure, had carefully studied their problem, had chosen precise legal terms in which to express their meaning, had explained and defended their aim and the exact effect of their proposals, and in so doing had commanded the assent and approval of our leading jurists, as of the humane and Christian people, not only of this country but of the whole world. That, however, would only inflame the barbarian the more. He would cry out that

these men of light and leading were nothing but sentimentalists and hypocrites. He would delight in setting up his opinion against that of our best, and would let the world know that, like Moloch, his voice is still for war.

If this particular barbarian happened to be a man who could not endure the popularity of a President, he would set himself to doing all that he could to undermine it. Having noted the acclaim with which the whole civilized world had hailed the forward movement of that President along the path toward universal peace, he would seize the occasion of an adverse Senate report to fling himself into the fight against the arbitration treaties, and so endeavor to cloud the President's best title to present gratitude and to future fame. He would eagerly ally himself with the basest elements arrayed against the President. All the inveterate enemies of England, the Clan-na-Gael, the physical-force conspirators, the schemers who for their own selfish purposes would keep alive old animosities and continue to make of industrial democracies armed camps—with all these the barbarian would gladly join himself. Not for him self-restraint, or the courtesy due a friend and the official head of his own party. No; the war-drum and the snake-dance would set his blood tingling, and he would rush out to help bring the noblest work of the President to the ground.

If this particular barbarian happened to be a man with pretensions to literature, he would assiduously shape his conduct according to the directions of the great master of perfidy in statecraft. Machiavelli's Eighteenth Chapter would be his guide. The Italian instructed the public man that nothing was more important than to have always in his mouth words about truth and good faith and religion, while ever ready to violate a pledge or to disregard the most solemn obligation. Accordingly, the barbarian would have much to say about "righteousness," but would betray his real nature and intent by declaring that "this country would not keep an agreement to arbitrate all questions of vital honor and interest, even though it were so unwise as to make it." And the precedent of the tearing up of our treaty with Colombia and our theft of Panama would be tacitly in the mind of the barbarian as in that of all of the rest of us.

If this particular barbarian happened to be a man who for six years had been drunk with power, and who could not bear retirement, he would let no opportunity slip to grasp at the old notoriety and the grateful clamor. If a chance offered to stir up a row, he would seize it; if the worst passions among his countrymen seemed to be dormant, he would seek to rouse them; if leadership in the cause of secure and permanent peace seemed to be developing strength, he would dash in to shatter it if he could. Anything to make trouble, to excite ill-will, to widen breaches, to embitter factious, to create a sensation. But just because he was a barbarian, he would not know how hopelessly out of touch with his time he had become; would not realize the mingling of contempt and disgust which his leaping forth as the plotter against the President and as the champion of war would cause throughout the country; would not understand that the American people are no longer minded to dance when he pipes to them. And so of this barbarian, as of the shorn Samson who said that he would go out as at other times and shake himself, it has to be recorded that he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.

THE COLLEGE AND THE MAKING OF MEN.

The alumni of Washington and Lee University are naturally gratified by the remarkable number of its graduates who are now occupying prominent positions in politics, on the bench, and in the various fields of social activity. A new Justice of the Supreme Court, Joseph R. Lamar, is a graduate of the law school's class of 1878, in which were also ex-Gov. Stephens of Missouri, ex-Gov. MacCorkle of West Virginia, the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama, the general counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and the director of the Russell Sage Foundation. In the Senate of the United States are five graduates of this university—Foster of Louisiana, Chamberlain of Oregon, Owen of Oklahoma, Bryan of Florida, and Poindexter of Washington. Six graduates speak for five States in the House of Representatives, including such useful Congressmen as Slayden of Texas and Hay of Virginia. It is claimed for Washington and Lee that its law school, "though never large in comparison with such schools as Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and others," has none the less more "alumni upon the supreme courts in a larger number of States than any other law school in the country." The Chief Justice of the Court of Claims in Washington was graduated in 1868, and still other prominent graduates are Thomas Nelson Page, Clifton R. Breckenridge, lately Ambassador to Russia; Wade H. Ellis, Dr. James H. Dillard, the head of the Jeanes Fund, and Julius Kruttschnitt, now prominent as the executive of the Harriman railways.

Altogether, this is an extraordinary showing, and one which has set people to wondering just why Washington and Lee should have produced so many notable men, particularly during a period when it was sharing the reconstruction miseries and the poverty of the South. The advocates of the small college will, of course, find in it a complete justification of their contention that the smaller the institution, and the closer the contact between professors and students, the more the graduate gains from the teachings and personal impress of his instructors. The St. Louis *Republic* has a theory of its own about this particular case of Washington and Lee. It is this:

> The kind of education that makes great men is not merely cultural, technical, or what not; it is a training that unlocks the possibilities of personality. In Washington and Lee to-day the life of the teachers is static rather than dynamic; they were and are men of small incomes, simple habits, and well-furnished minds, secure of their positions, honored in their communities, and satisfied with the scholar's kingdom. Is there not more, perhaps, in contact with men at peace with themselves and the world than in membership in a great university where the instructor desires to become an assistant professor, the assistant professor an adjunct professor, the adjunct professor to head a department, and the president to secure five millions more of endowment than did his predecessor?

Now, we should be the last to deny the spiritual influence of the man at peace with himself and the world and free from restless ambition—of him whose thoughts are ever centred upon things eternal rather than temporal. With much of the *Republic's* contention we are wholly in sympathy. That the advocate of the small college is, moreover, correct in asserting that there is in it a greater opportunity for moulding the students, for guiding their thoughts, and particularly for inspiring them with high ideals of public service, we have often contended. But it is quite possible to go too far in this direction. If

the record of Washington and Lee is exceptional, it is surely due to exceptional conditions, as well as to the self-abnegation of a faculty whose fruits prove them to have been remarkable teachers. In the first place, it would be hard to find another small college with such a tradition and setting. When Gen. Lee, after Appomattox, rode his famous Traveller over the mountains to Lexington and became president of Washington College, it was to a town already distinguished as the home of "Stonewall" Jackson and the site of the Virginia Military Institute. Many distinguished soldiers and citizens had lived there or near-by, and the college itself had grown out of a benefaction of George Washington.

After the idol of the Confederacy, there came to Lexington the colonels and captains of his defeated legions, men of unusual character, fortified by years of warfare and suffering, who sought to complete their interrupted education. To them succeeded, after Gen. Lee's death, youths also of unusual character, for it required sacrifice, courage, and ambition to obtain a college education in the South in the late sixties and the seventies. They found at Lexington an unusual spirit and inspiring associations, as well as teachers to admire and profit by. Hence it is not altogether unnatural that the graduates of this period speedily became leaders in their communities. The really educated men were rare, and these had also acquired the pioneering spirit in the Virginia hills and found their way readily to Oregon, to Oklahoma, to New York, to New Orleans, all over the new South. Thus, while we would not rob the faculty of Washington and Lee of a tittle of its just due, it is only fair to say that conditions as well as the teachers were responsible for the record of public service to which we are glad to call attention.

It is idle to deny, too, that more and more in the larger universities the teacher is lost in administrative work and can give but less and less of himself to the thronging students. Ex-President Eliot found it necessary to devote himself to the working out of great educational and administrative problems and had but little time, and perhaps inclination, left for direct personal contact with the students. Yet in Harvard, crowded as it has been, there are and have been rare personalities, like Agassiz, Norton, Lane, Child, and Shaler—to mention but a few—who did their wonderful work of inspiration, even though 400 men listened where but forty would have heard at Washington and Lee. Nothing was more distant from their minds than the thought of their titles, their power within the walls of the faculty-room, or their pay. They were great teachers, born for their places, and the men under them were quickened for a lifetime by their spirit and their thought. In Texas again it is the large university of that name which sweeps everything else before it in the public and social life of the State. So that it is not the size of the college that counts alone, nor its distance from the marts of the world. It can only be said that for him who has a distaste for administrative problems and would find his life's happiness in setting firmly the stamp of his personality upon the students before him, the small rural college does to-day offer the best opportunities.

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY.

Short-story writing, says Mr. H. G. Wells in the introduction to his new volume, "The Country of the Blind," is a young man's game. It is the "jolly art of making something very bright and moving." It may be "horrible or pathetic or funny or beautiful or profoundly illuminating," but it must move quickly or it will never get done in time. An eminent authority thereby subscribes to an opinion that is commonly accepted but is by no means absolutely true. We fall into error by reasoning from abstract principles. Writers on the theory of the short story have taken it for granted that, because a short story is short, its technique must bear the same relation to that of the novel as the technique of the 100-yard dash bears to the Marathon race. The theorists find that the short story is in essence a single incident, an anecdote; and to a certain extent that may be true enough. It is certainly more true of the short story as it is written on the Continent and even in England than it is among us. But taking the anecdote for granted, why does it follow that the manner of its telling must be a "sprint"? The art of telling a good story consists precisely in the elaboration of detail. It is no paradox to say that if we compare the novel and the short story with regard to the ground covered in either—plot, number of characters, breadth of canvas, and duration of time—the pace of the big book will be found to be proportionately swifter than that of the short story.

The secret of successful short-story writing in this country was formulated by the editor of an "all-fiction" magazine, who tells his contributors, "Pick out your subject and write all around it." That was not Maupassant's method, but it is open to question whether Maupassant, if he were writing to-day, would find an easy entrance into the American magazines. The Frenchman's stories moved rapidly, but it was with a swiftness that carried him by the shortest route from the beginning of his story to the end. Our own short stories move rapidly, but it is a form of speed that is confined within the limits of each paragraph. Every sentence must have "go" to it and stimulate the desire for the next sentence as an object in itself, and only secondarily because it brings us nearer to the end of the anecdote. In brief, our short-story writers concentrate, as a rule, on the manner rather than on the substance of the narrative. They elaborate, they embroider, they are not particularly anxious to keep their surprise to the end, as the tradition of the anecdote and the short story requires. Their specialty is rather in creating sustained interest than in creating suspense. They make the walk pleasant by pointing out one curious object after another on the road rather than by hurrying you on to a big treat at the end.

The magazine editors believe they know what they want in the line of short fiction. Their pathetic cry for movement and plot must be familiar to tens of thousands among the army of the rejected. But if movement and plot are what editors insist upon, their most successful stories indicate that they do not get what they want. Movement we have discussed. Take plot, now. To what extent does plot enter into the stories of the late Myra Kelly? To what extent does it enter into the graceful fiction of Mr. Gouverneur Morris? Of what importance is it in the brilliant Western stories of Mr. George Pattullo? Of what importance is it in the eminently successful stories of Mr. Montague Glass? The late O. Henry and Mr. Jack London stand closer to the European

tradition than most of our popular short-story writers. But even in these two men the plot is often subordinate to the manner. They do not disdain the snap of surprise or emotion at the end, but they give infinite attention to the entertainment of the reader on his way from the very beginning to the end. Thus instead of plot or real movement we have action, which is not at all the same thing as movement. For the latter means progress toward the point of the story, whereas action means agitation in any direction, provided only there is "something doing" in each paragraph.

From the beginning: that is the secret of short-story writing to-day. You must start at the crack of the pistol, not necessarily to tell your story, but to seize the reader's attention. You may do so with a laugh, or an epigram, or a flaring bit of headline matter, but the trick must be done at once. It is the secret of the "lead" which has been imported from the newspapers into the magazines, a secret of which Maupassant knew nothing and of which the foreign writers to-day know very little. Maupassant usually begins his stories by stating that two men or three men or any number of men are sitting about and talking in a Parisian drawing-room, or are pheasant-shooting in Normandy, when one of the company points to a man or woman that happens to pass by and says, "There is a very tragic story connected with that person." The others then ask him to tell the story, and he does so. It is a method which strikes most of us as stale, and in editorial offices is taken as the hall mark of the hopeless amateur. Contrast it with the "lead" as O. Henry developed it—those wild, antic, irresponsible, irrelevant beginnings that had little or nothing to do with the matter of the story and were frankly intended just to put the reader into good humor. Contrast Maupassant's beginnings with Mr. Morris's sparkling progress through a string of opening paragraphs that only gradually, gradually creep up to their subject. The theorists who preach the straightforward method of beginning a short story are guides to failure.

There is between the classic forms of the short story and the successful forms of to-day the same difference that exists between the humor of a classic like Mark Twain and the popular humor of to-day. Mark Twain got his effects by pages or paragraphs; to-day we must get our effects by lines. Mark Twain, that is, was content to move forward on a normal level of fluent talk, with here and there the suggestion of a humorous overtone, to his climax of loud laughter. Then comes subsidence and an easy approach, full of joyful anticipation, to the next outburst. Our humor of to-day must have its laugh or its attempt at laughter in every sentence. A true humorist like Mr. Dooley almost succeeds in doing so, though at the cost of a vast exhaustion and comparatively limited productivity. The would-be humorist takes recourse to that violence and contortion of language which passes as slang. Slang is now the great staple of humor because slang has a "kick" in every word. There is the parallel. A "kick" in every sentence is what the successful short story of to-day demands, no matter if it takes an hour of kicking to get to a point that might be attained in a half-hour of quiet going.

A SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY: ITS FIFTH CENTENARY.

SYDNEY, Australia, August 7.

At the head of one of the many bays that break the contour of the iron-bound coast of Fifesnire a rudimentary harbor has for ages afforded shelter to a small fleet of fishing-boats. A fishing village sprang up, and proved the mother of the most famous ecclesiastico-university town in Scotland. With an eye to the possibilities of the situation, the monks found it out, and there the ancient Culdees planted a brotherhood, to which a more orthodox order of Augustinian canons succeeded. On that foundation was reared a bishopric, and out of it, as it expanded, grew many things —a world of ecclesiastical relations, a centre of political intrigues, and finally the starting-point of a great reformation. There the proto-martyr of Scottish Protestantism was given to the flames, and there the last representative of traditionalism was done to death in his own castle. There the chief author of the new régime thundered and "dung the Bible into blads," and within a few miles of it the venerable figurehead of a bastard system, midway between the old and the new, was cruelly assassinated. The very stones of the ancient place were drunk with blood, and every rod of ground is saturated with history. That tall tower was built by a fabulous saint, many centuries ago; here are the remnants of the longest cathedral in Europe; and there is Cardinal Beaton's castle, with the dungeon where the Giant Despair of the old religion immured his victims. Does not the cheek whiten and the heart beat faster as we contemplate the spots where memorable things happened that influenced all future time, where men acted greatly in a right cause or a wrong, where heroes lived and martyrs died? We do not wonder that the historical imagination of Dean Stanley was fired to see in the old stones reminders of both Canterbury and Oxford. Others may feel that St. Andrews is the old-world Salem, the Calvinist Wittenberg, the Scottish Geneva.

The tumult has long since died away, and now picturesque red-gowned figures walk the peaceful streets. The traditions of learning and teaching that preceded its memories of strife have survived them. By far the most ancient of Scottish universities, St. Andrews can produce such a beadroll of teachers and scholars as few seats of learning can boast. From John Major, George Buchanan, and Andrew Melville to John Hunter, and Thomas Chalmers, Brewster and Forbes, Ferrier and Tulloch, it has enjoyed the instruction of professors and principals unsurpassed in Scotland. Its students have been no less distinguished. Two famous marquises —he of Argyle and that other of Montrose—adorned it, and they have been followed by lords-chancellor, lords-justice-general and lords of session, poets like Ferguson and mathematicians like Napier (of the logarithms), while ecclesiastical leaders like Robert Wallace, divines like Lindsay Alexander, philosophical controversialists like Patrick Proctor Alexander, metaphysicians like William Wallace (of Oxford), and men of letters like Andrew Lang, have in recent times worthily maintained the credit of the university.

The celebration of the fifth centenary of the venerable institution may justify some reminiscences of its teaching staff, as I knew it in a past generation.

The leading professor in the curriculum of arts, John Campbell Shairp, was a deeply Anglicized Scot, who had undergone the influence of Newman at Oxford, and has painted the most vivid portrait of the future heresiarch—on the streets, in St. Mary's, and in privacy—that has ever been drawn. He was next assistant master at Rugby under Archbishop Tait, and there he bred the eminent materialist metaphysician, Shadworth Hodgson, who confesses that he derived more from the contagious enthusiasm of Shairp than from his scholarship. It was the same at St. Andrews, where he was professor of Humanity, as the Scots call Latin. He was still the enthusiast, and though "humanity" was not neglected, the humanities were assiduously cultivated. He was ever citing Plato, with his doctrine of *mnêsis* and *anamnêsis*, or spouting Wordsworth (especially the sublime "Ode on Intimations of Immortality"), with a gusto

that indelibly branded both on the memories of his students. He was already known as a poet, and his "Kilmahoe: a Highland Pastoral" was on one occasion read by Archbishop Tait to a party of stranded tourists on the shores of a Highland loch. The professor, however, was greater in criticism than in verse, and his essay on Wordsworth in the *North British Review* was a revelation. Never before, or never since Ruskin glorified Turner, had a great master been so adoringly and yet so illuminatively expounded. It was the high-water mark of impassioned criticism in our time, and it deserved the eulogy of Matthew Arnold, who said that it ought to be printed at the head of every edition of Wordsworth's works. Shairp succeeded F. T. Palgrave as professor of poetry at Oxford, and his "Aspects of Poetry," delivered there, was one of the saintly Henry Drummond's canonical books. He will be most celebrated for his friendships, which he carried through life. In youth, at Glasgow College, the large-hearted Norman Macleod was his bosom friend, and to the last the good Norman wrote to him as "Dear John." At Oxford Dean Stanley and Archbishop Tait, A. H. Clough, and Matthew Arnold were among his intimates. Well might Professor Knight compose his biography with the title, "Principal Shairp and his Friends."

Shairp's colleague in classics was Lewis Campbell, who was reckoned to be one of the first Grecians of his time. He had edited three of Plato's dialogues in a manner worthy of a German scholar; he was to coöperate with Jowett in editing the "Republic"; and he issued a scholarly edition of the plays of Sophocles. We might have perceived it in the classroom, but we were then young and not very wise, and it was not till he published his translations of Sophocles and Æschylus that we realized that we had had a poet for our prælector in Greek. He, too, was an enthusiast, but while Shairp disported on the streets of St. Andrews (like Blackie on the streets of Edinburgh) in Highland plaid and shepherd's crook, Campbell had his translations of the "Trachinian Maidens" of Sophocles and the "Choephoroe" of Æschylus performed in Scotland; and, only a few days before she received the tidings of the professor's death two years ago, an accomplished lady-principal in Sydney, a daughter of the celebrated Grecian, Dr. Badham, and therefore Campbell's cousin, trained her pupils to reproduce, with acknowledged success, the Sophoclean "Trachiniæ." He was the joint-biographer of his old fellow-student, Clerk Maxwell, and of his master, Benjamin Jowett. His later years were given to larger studies in Greek tragedy and religion. Tall, but shortened by the student's stoop, with a high but receding forehead and delicate features, he diffused around him an atmosphere of refinement in which everything coarse died in the act of being born. Perhaps he lacked masculine robustness, but many of his old students will remember his genuine solicitude alike for their intellectual progress and their material interests.

In those days, though he had been dead for more than a decade, Sir W. Hamilton filled the chairs of philosophy in Scotland with his pupils. Three of them—William Spalding, John Veitch (Hamilton's biographer), and Thomas Spencer Baynes—successively occupied the chair of logic and metaphysics at St. Andrews. Veitch had a rugged and craglike exterior, but a kind heart, and was the soul of integrity. Another Wordsworthian, he was a dreamer and something of a poet, and he had made extensive researches in the early history of Scottish philosophy, which were destined never to mature, save in an article in *Mind*. Baynes had been Hamilton's class-assistant, and had expounded the "New Analytic of Logical Forms," which the indolence of the master had hindered him from elaborating. In a sparkling controversy with Augustus De Morgan, carried on in the *Athenæum* through weeks, he vindicated the claims of Hamilton to originality with a stringency of reasoning and a literary brilliancy that matched—they could do no more than match—like qualities in the versatile mathematician. An Edinburgh reviewer and a Saturday reviewer, Baynes edited a great part of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," but left no philosophical work to perpetuate his name. The Hamiltonian school has been almost sterile.

The most brilliant of St. Andrews professors a generation ago was James Frederick Ferrier. A nephew of Miss Ferrier, the novelist, he was the most literary of modern philosophers. He soon won his spurs by fascinating essays on Consciousness and on Berkeley, about which Emerson inquired of Carlyle. He published a treatise on metaphysics, scintillating with wit and humor, yet reasoned with Spinozistic rigor. Just once did the present writer hear him lecture, but the occasion was unforgettable. To listen to him was an enchantment. The illuminated face, as of one who had had a vision of absolute truth, the musical voice, spiced by the "Northumbrian burrh," the flashes of wit, the novelty of the ideas, the subtlety of the reasoning, the soaring thought, carried his class through the history of speculation as over a summer sea.

Some high figures these reminiscences have left untouched. Principal James David Forbes, who claimed to have discovered the polarization of heat and fought fiercely with Tyndall over his alleged discovery of the viscosity of ice; Principal Tulloch, leader of the Broad Church in the Kirk, who was delighted to find that scholars in Cambridge (Mass.) knew more about his "Cambridge Platonists" than did English Cantabridgians; Prof. Robert Flint, from whom we heard the first exposition of Spencer's Classification of the Sciences—a course of lectures published only forty years afterwards—these and others still would well deserve the brief delineation here necessarily denied them.

J. C.

Correspondence

BUSINESS MEN AND SCHOLARS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All scholars, from the humblest to the most distinguished, are cognizant of the fact that the foundation stone upon which civilization is based, the axis upon which the world turns, is business. Religion, education, art, the drama, all sorts of thought are subject to the laws of, and feel the inspiration of, business. Business men frequently tell scholars what they think of them, and sometimes favor them with their advice, very often with their money. The scholar then becomes the employee, but of this relation it is not my purpose to speak. Of the business man's contribution to education, in the way of advice how to do it, the *fine fleur* is the famous report of Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke to Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation. Dr. Pritchett, being a practical man, in the employ of a practical man, Mr. Carnegie, employed another practical man, Mr. Cooke, to see what the business man could tell the scholar that would make him more efficient. This report, which goes into most minute details, from the covering of apparatus with a neat muslin cover to the making two men breathe the air in rooms that only one had breathed before, from the question of high-class inbreeding to the estimation of research as a business proposition, has been treated in your columns, and I will not stop to comment upon it. But, according to the proverb, turn about is fair play, and I think it only fair that the business man should occasionally get a word of advice from the scholar. It may do him no more good than his does us, but still it is only fair.

Frankly, then, I am tired of scientific management, so-called. I have heard of it from scientific managers, from university presidents, from casual acquaintances in railway trains; I have read of it in the daily papers, the weekly papers, the ten-cent magazines, the fifteen-cent magazines, the thirty-five-cent magazines, and in the *Outlook*. Only have I missed its treatment by Theodore Roosevelt; but that is probably because I cannot keep up with his writings. For fifteen years I have been a subscriber to a magazine dealing with engineering matters, feeling it incumbent on me to keep in touch with the applications of physics to the convenience of life, but the touch has become a pressure, the pressure a crushing strain, until the mass of articles on shop practice and scientific management threatened to crush all thoughts out of my brain, and I stopped my subscription. From now on, I shall have

to get my applied science through those charmingly imaginative reports that the daily papers give us. (They are written by the same person who, we are told in the "Bab Ballads," writes the mottoes in the little paper crackers.) I have read Mr. Taylor's book, and found the tale of bricks, as told by him, ineffably tedious. When I was a boy and belonged to a military company, I learned that from the carry to present arms was in "one time and two motions"; but I refuse to believe that bricks are laid in one time and eighteen motions. In fact, Mr. Taylor's quantitative statements remind me of Babbage's famous emendation of the lines:

> Every moment dies a man,
> Every moment one is born.

Calling attention to the fact that if this were true the population of the world would be stationary, Babbage proposed in the interest of accuracy:

> Every moment dies a man
> And one and a-sixteenth is born.

Thus the story of the old Dutchman carrying pig-iron, and subject to the commands, "Now walk—now rest," while it may make the unskilful laugh, is more likely to make the judicious grieve. Its conclusion, so familiar to the student of physiology, reminds one of Dr. Holmes's apostrophe to the katydid:

> Thou say'st an undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way.

Would that Mr. Taylor had kept to high-speed steels, and had let low-speed men alone.

But to come to the business man and his product. For upwards of a hundred years this country has produced little besides business men; so that we may expect to see him here in his supreme development. Of course, if he knows anything, he knows how to do business. Of course, he has elaborated a philosophy of business, and systems upon which he may forever smoothly work. But let us see. The most prominent items in the papers to-day have to do with the cracking of business systems built up by such intellectual giants as John D. Rockefeller. The Trusts are being investigated. The banks are being investigated. The railways are being investigated. (The universities are not being investigated, but they ought to be.) Wherever you see business men gathered, the conversation is all of one thing: "What next?" "Lord, is it I?" It is not so much that they are expecting to be caught in wrongdoing, as that they seem to be trying to find out whether they have been doing wrong. Business is such a businesslike thing! The National City Company is a great business organization. Is it lawful or unlawful? Business men must know. To-day comes George W. Perkins, an extremely capable business man, bitterly assailing Congress for its policies destructive to business, and making a number of sensible propositions which it would seem practical men should have made long ago. And yet Congress is composed of practical men, supposedly. The Vice-President of the United States, like thousands of other business men, is snivelling over present tendencies with regard to the tariff, although the tariff has for half a century been "framed up," as they call it, by these same business men, who have not, for all that, been able to devise a philosophical, that is, practical, scheme by which tariff policy can be made stable by being removed from politics.

I realize that it will be replied that the problems of business are greater than any others that confront us, more than those of science or philosophy. This I do not for a moment believe. If so, we shall find all countries similarly convulsed with business earthquakes, but I fail to see that this is the case. To be sure, great social movements are going on, of which our business troubles are a small but interesting symptom. These are attacked in a serious and thoughtful way in many countries, but I believe that we are somewhat backward. I believe it is not too much to say that the business man has not yet come to the realization that man does not live unto himself alone; but he is coming to it. Shall scholars then continue to look with equanimity upon the management of our universities by business men, under the application of business criteria of efficiency? Heaven forbid! I propose rather that business be put under the advisement of scholars who, uninfluenced by the desire to get the better of somebody else, are influenced by the desire to get at the truth, and to answer Pilate's question.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Mass., August 13.

A TEST-CASE FOR UNIVERSAL ARBITRATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The present situation in Morocco furnishes an excellent example of one of those basic facts of history which the advocates of disarmament and of universal peace entirely ignore. And naturally, for it is the one unanswerable fact which vitiates most of their logic and which disproves their fundamental assumptions. The Hague Tribunal may very well settle all cases where *both* nations have an arguable position, and where the only matter involved is the case itself. Such cases have rarely caused wars and have usually been decided even since the earliest times by discussion. Men have not ordinarily fought until they have become convinced that their desires or rights could not be attained in any other way. But the presence of the German fleet at Agadir is so direct a violation of the Algeciras conference that Germany would have no defence which even the fluid forms of international law could recognize. She is in the position of the bully who covets the other boy's apple, and who knocks him down, and then demands the apple as the price of letting him up. The wrong is all on one side. What possible object would there be, moreover, in submitting this matter of pure aggression to arbitration, when every diplomat in all Europe knows that the settlement of affairs in Morocco and the Congo for all time would not decide the real question at issue? We are dealing here with the one thing which the peace advocates ignore, that most great wars in history have been the product of aggression, not of actual wrong. The issue is not ownership, or trade rights, or fishing within one, three, or five miles from shore, but the relative position of great nations, their supremacy one over the other, their possession of certain bits of land, which they desire because these are aids to further aggression or simply to regain what their country once held. The throwing from the windows at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, Jenkins's Ear, the march of the British on Concord were only the subterfuges put forward by great forces which had been long in contention. The supremacy of Protestantism in Germany, the English monopoly of the West India trade, the independence of the colonies were the real issues at stake and could no more have been decided by arbitration than the relative influence of Germany, France, and England in the affairs of the present world can be settled at The Hague. For Germany to allow the present case to go before a board of arbitration would mean the withdrawal of the real claims she had in mind, when she sent the fleet to Agadir; it would mean that the real decision had been already made and the real question settled, and that the judges at The Hague would be allowed simply to "save" Germany's face as best they could, by hiding from the general public what the diplomatic world judged it inexpedient to publish. Arbitration would mean that France and England had checkmated Germany, did not themselves wish to use the case as a pretext for war, and allowed Germany to retreat, because they believed that a more favorable opportunity for the decision of the real issue would appear at a later day.

ROLAND G. USHER.

Washington University, St. Louis, Sept. 7.

THE PINCH OF THE CUSTOMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In contrast to many "wild and whirling" words about the United States customs, Miss Repplier's protest, in *Life* for August 10, advocates a practical remedy for an almost intolerable condition. In connection with her point, that the limit of $100 barely allows for "wear and tear," it seems apposite to call attention to what has been largely overlooked—(1) the kind of person who suffers most from the customs law; and (2) the resulting repudiation of culture.

Few object to a 60 per cent. charge on the spoils of the idle and vagrant rich, but it seems wholly objectionable to throw such an obstacle to extended foreign travel in the way of professional men that they must think twice before they dare leave the country, especially if they have families. This objection would be equally true were they rich or poor, but it happens that most professional men are not rich; so that the question of customs dues seriously affects their acceptance of an opportunity to go abroad. Yet it is surely a fair assumption that such men, if a reputable institution gives them a year's leave of absence for study and research, will return to their country more valuable citizens than when they left. The very fact that we have little in this country, outside of science, to attract professional men with a free year is only another way of saying that we need greatly the culture which these men know is to be found in the Old World, and which we can acquire only by encouraging them to bring it back.

Any one who has tried to live abroad for a year knows how uncomfortable it is to

acquire only one hundred dollars' worth of personal effects; at least, though he might manage for himself, he would refuse to subject his wife and family to the regimen; and usually, when the allowance for "wear and tear" has been made, he still has to pay more than he can easily afford. Too often the Sabbatical professor must renounce Paris or Rome and return with sad heart to the public library of Kalamazoo.

Of course, our law-makers do not mean to lay such a heavy tax on the importation of ideas, but when they tax prohibitively the necessary luggage of the professional man, they tax in effect the culture which he brings. "The significant thing," I heard a European say, "is that your Government seems to be unaware of what it is doing; or, if it is aware, that it attaches no importance to a wilful repudiation of what leavens the wisdom of a nation." What the United States makes from its small inquisitions is inconsiderable; what the individual professor loses is very considerable to him; and what the United States really loses, when it deters its scholars from going abroad, is perhaps more than can be measured in the medium of exchange now current in the Custom House.

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Groton, Mass., August 25.

AN ALLUSION TO BLAKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has never, I believe, been pointed out that Browning's "Transcendentalism: A Poem in Twelve Books," is a criticism of William Blake and a parody, in title and general method, of Blake's "Milton: A Poem in Twelve Books." Both of these poems are absurdly short by contrast to the pretentious length of their titles. In "Transcendentalism" there is a personal reference to Blake's idol, Jacob Boehme:

As German Boehme never cared for plants
Until it happed a-walking in the fields,
He noticed all at once that plants could speak,
Nay, turned with loosened tongue to talk with him.

In the last lines of the poem, too, there is a distinct word-picture, exactly in the style of Blake's engravings:

So come, the harp back to your heart again!
You are a poem, though your poem's nought.
The best of all you showed before, believe,
Was your own boy-face o'er the finer chords
Bent, following the cherub at the top
That points to God with his paired half-moon wings.

But even without the evidence of parody and personal allusion, we should recognize at once that Browning's poem is a remarkably plain statement of Blake's poetic evolution and of his greatest fault:

But here's your fault; grown men want thought, you think:
Thought's what they mean by verse, and seek in verse:
Boys seek for images and melody,
Men must have reason—so, you aim at men.

For, even more than the difficulties that arise through the loss of the key to Blake's symbolism, his ever-increasing tendency

. . . to speak these naked thoughts
Instead of draping them in sights and sounds,

robs us of much that would otherwise have been poetry, and leaves us to struggle with the "stark-naked thought." Browning is to be thanked, in this poem, for a criticism of a fellow-poet which is more searching and perhaps, too, even more usefully suggestive than the criticism of Wordsworth in "The Lost Leader." At any rate, the reference to Blake is indubitable.

THURMAN LOS HOOD.

Cambridge, Mass., September 4.

Literature

THE PRAGMATIC SYSTEM.

Some Problems of Philosophy: A Beginning of an Introduction to Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

A posthumous work on philosophy by the late Prof. William James must be received by all students of philosophy, especially by all American students, with peculiar interest and respect. A virtue has gone out from James's pages, not only intellectual, but moral and humane; the aspiration of a great intelligence struggling, in a sense desperately, toward a more real and fair understanding of man and world. There have been few even amongst professed philosophers in this latter day who have believed in philosophy, its influence and its advance, so warmly as he. He seemed to cry "On" to all his fellow-thinkers. No one felt more the uncompleted, fragmentary character of all extant science—forever more and never all. No one had a more childlike expectancy in the depths of his mind. He has left us only a fragment; but it is a fragment that adds notably to the substance and design of his philosophy.

Once again, of course, the vivifying touch of his style is felt:

Philosophy, beginning in wonder, . . . is able to fancy everything different from what it is. It sees the familiar as if it were strange, and the strange as if it were familiar. It can take things up and lay them down again. Its mind is full of air that plays round every subject. It rouses us from our native dogmatic slumber and breaks up our caked prejudices. Historically it has always been a sort of fecundation of four different human interests, science, poetry, religion, and logic, by one another. It has sought by hard reasoning for results emotionally valuable. To have some contact with it, to catch its influence, is thus good for both literary and scientific students. By its poetry it appeals to literary minds; but its logic stiffens them up and remedies their softness. By its logic it appeals to the scientific; but softens them by its other aspects, and saves them from too dry a technicality. Both types of student ought to get from philosophy a livelier spirit, more air, more mental background. "Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?" This question of Touchstone's is the one with which men should always meet one another. A man with no philosophy in him is the most inauspicious and unprofitable of all social mates.

The volume consists, broadly speaking, of a general introduction, and a study of three problems. The introductory chapters include an extended defence of philosophy, a concrete description of the nature of metaphysics, and a dismissal of the hopeless "problem of being," so-called, that is, the question why the sum of things and its total arrangement came to be. "Our business," he proceeds "is far more with its What than with its Whence or Why." The three problems concerning its What to which he then addresses himself are (1) the relation of thoughts to things, or "concepts" to "percepts"; (2) the question whether the universe is one indivisible nature or system, "the only genuine unit in existence," or a mere collection of different existences not wholly controlled by one another, and (3) the question whether true novelty here and there bursts into being or whether the present always unfolds by a mechanical fate from the past. Upon the second and third hangs, in James's opinion, the question of human freedom. With the third, the problem of novelty, he discusses the ancient difficulties in the notions of infinity and continuity, and in the notion of cause. Under the first problem, we have the conflict of rationalism and empiricism, under the second that of monism and pluralism, under the third that of determinism and indeterminism (or "tychism") applied to nature as well as to human lives. Yet it is striking that, for the author, these are all one problem and one conflict. The problem is that of control—rationalism, for instance, is a doctrine according to which reason can find out the principles that control the world. "Rationalists prefer to deduce facts from principles." Monism, again, is just the doctrine that each particular fact is controlled by the mass of fact. Determinism, or the denial of "true novelty," is the doctrine that what has been controls what is. In each subject, James rebels against this tyrannous control. He stands across the path of the masterful philosopher, bent on "strong government." He believes that experience gives the lie to arrogant theory; proclaims novelty in the present, initiative in the individual, and light in particular facts. Thus his faith in experience as the source of knowledge is the basis of his whole philosophical position. This faith has never, in his opinion, been carried far enough. The conceptions with which earlier empiricists were accustomed to work were, he thinks, already tampered with by rationalism. "Most empiricists have been half-hearted." They did not look freshly at experience and take true note of its living flow, its trembling alternatives, its indescribable strangenesses and originalities. To do this is to make a more radical departure than theirs from the intellectualism which has tried to cut and stamp the facts of life with its hard and angular concepts

Thus far, in our own form of sum-

mary, we have only James's familiar mode of looking at our situation in philosophy. Quite new in this volume, however, is the strict order and method of the exposition, beginning with the deepest problem and carrying it into developments and consequences that are often ranged and numbered in a manner foreign to his accustomed philosophical style of informal comment. We see here, not chiefly the impressionist, but that intent analyst who was not infrequently to the fore in the "Principles of Psychology." In the treatment of contending views, too, there is somewhat more of a judicial procedure, including a respectful unfolding of the enemy's thought. New also (besides much detail) are the discussions of infinity and of cause, the elaborate argument to prove the breakdown of intellectualism, and the telling defence of philosophy against the assailants who would brand it as unprogressive and unpractical.

On the last of these topics a few words must be quoted:

> The opposition is unjustly founded, for the sciences are themselves branches of the tree of philosophy. As fast as questions got accurately answered, the answers were called "scientific," and what men call "philosophy" to-day is but the residuum of questions still unanswered. At this very moment we are seeing two sciences, psychology and general biology, drop off from the parent trunk and take independent root as specialties. . . . It does not follow, because some of these questions have waited two thousand years for an answer, that no answer will ever be forthcoming. Two thousand years probably measure but one paragraph in that great romance of adventure called the history of the intellect of man. The extraordinary progress (in science) of the last three hundred years is due to a rather sudden finding of the way in which a certain order of questions ought to be attacked, questions admitting of mathematical treatment. . . . To the spiritual questions the proper avenue of approach will also undoubtedly be found. They have, to some extent, been found already. In some respects, indeed, "science" has made less progress than "philosophy"—its most general conceptions (those of science) would astonish neither Aristotle nor Descartes, could they revisit our earth. The composition of things from elements, their evolution, the conservation of energy, the idea of a universal determinism, would seem to them commonplace enough—the little things, the microscopes, electric lights, telephones, and details of the sciences, would be to them the awe-inspiring things. But if they opened our books on metaphysics, or visited a philosophic lecture-room, everything would sound strange. The whole idealistic or "critical" attitude of our time would be novel, and it would be long before they took it in.

On the whole, the interest of the book centres in the asserted breakdown of intellectualism, or rationalism. First we have what can be said in laudation of concepts; then the author opens fire on their claims to supremacy. On the good side, they open up an immense perspective of practical consequences and adapt us to an immensely wider environment; when compared with each other, they proceed to disclose unsuspected relations which also give practical guidance; and they have a third merit, that of enriching life. "Their relation to percepts is like that of sight to touch. Sight, indeed, helps us by preparing us for contacts while they are yet far off, but it endows us in addition with a new world of optical splendor, interesting enough by itself to occupy a busy life. Just so do concepts bring their proper splendor. The mere possession of such vast and simple pictures is an inspiring good. They arouse new feelings of sublimity, power, and admiration, new interests and motivations." On the harmful side, when taken at their face-value, they simply falsify reality. They break a living whole into parts and then represent the whole as nothing but those parts added together. They cut our flowing life into bits and pin them on a fixed relational scheme. Thus activity, continuity, self, in short, life, escapes the conceptual view of things. Nothing happens therein; concepts are timeless and can only be juxtaposed and compared. "The concept 'dog' does not bite; the concept 'cock' does not crow." "The deeper features of reality are found only in perceptual experience." While classic philosophy has at all times inclined to say, "Distrust sense-perception; follow reason," James says, "Distrust reason; look to perception for the heart of truth." For our own part we regret that he has stated the matter as though a prevailing habit of short-sighted analysis were a vice inherent in concepts themselves. Continuity, activity, happening—not to mention biting and crowing—are all concepts. If there is in them something not capable of analysis, then we have only to remind ourselves that this is true of all concepts whatever. It is expected to be true of them. The author holds further that reality, when stated with the aid of concepts and of logic, turns out to be self-contradictory and thus discredits the aid we have employed. But may it not prove that, wherever this is the case, there has been some needless ineptitude in the concepts or some needless assumption in the logic? With certain concepts and certain assumptions, no doubt, his thesis is made good.

In the present confusion of tongues and tenets in philosophy, the volume will encounter, no doubt, all degrees of assent and difference. But we cannot conclude our study of this striking literary bequest without asking ourselves what are the undeniable gains in philosophy, as distinguished from psychology, that we owe to James. Within the sphere of controversy there are, of course, various specific contributions from him, such as the revolutionary and, we believe, wholly original theory of "the function of cognition." But however strong the evidence that this and others are in substance permanent additions to knowledge, our question here relates to forms of furtherance that all will admit. Of these there are many, but one stands forth as chief. He said, as it were, in the old words to the thinking world, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy"; more things and more rich chances of things; more in the universe at large (for this is the meaning of his pluralism, "tychism," "piecemeal supernaturalism"); more in the mind (subliminal consciousness, etc.); more in the possibilities of social life (the value of ethical and other social experiments); more in character and human capacity ("The Powers of Men"). Nay, there is more in your own daily experience than the theoretic routine of your thinking will suffer you to see. Be not so sure that you know what your experience will bring forth; look at it for what it is, regain the innocence of the eye, do not by prejudgment rob it of its deep colors before it comes. Be not so enamoured of your boundary-lines; there is more in this wild world than they can possibly confine—no one, we conceive, has ever taught this lesson with the inborn force and fire of William James.

CURRENT FICTION.

Mother Carey's Chickens. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Whether or not Mrs. Riggs has in this story, as her publishers vaunt, pictured "the ideal American mother," she has certainly written a pleasant and wholesome story for boys and girls. It deals with just the sort of impossibilities children delight in. The charming house which stands ready in its Eden for the impoverished Careys is like the sugar-plum dwellings of fairyland. Such stately mansions do not really rent at sixty dollars a year even in the most abandoned parts of New England. But never mind: there are, roughly speaking, such good turns of fortune as befell the Careys in their need. And there are, we doubt not, somewhere or other such adorable family circles as that of the Careys themselves.

Mother Carey is the still young and lovely widow of an American naval officer. His death has left her almost without means; and the family must leave their city house and city way of living. Fate directs them to Beulah and the wonderful Yellow House. Its owner is an American diplomat, long an absentee. He has tender memories of the Yellow House, but his life has led him into hard and worldly paths, and he is an unlucky member of what Mrs. Riggs calls "a family rhomboid."

In other terms, there is no simple warmth of relation between him and his wife and daughters. Now Mother Carey's eldest daughter, Nancy, is an enterprising chicken. Soon after the Careys take the Yellow House, Nancy writes the consul a letter which wins his heart. It is true that, coldly regarded, the letter is such as a ten-year-old might have been forgiven for—virtually a begging letter—and Nancy is fifteen. However, it wins the consul. The sixty dollars rent is eliminated, and on the Careys is bestowed virtual ownership of the Yellow House, which, with no money to do it with, they proceed to make beautiful. We ought perhaps to commend Mrs. Riggs for abstaining from the "back-to-the-soil" motive. If they had gone into some little old farmhouse, and beautified it, and halved their table expenses by keeping a cow and chickens and growing their own vegetables, their experience would have been comparatively commonplace in these days. As a matter of fact, they remain little city people gracefully condescending to rural conditions—carrying, as it were, a light into that darkness. To them the country is a place where goodhearted but rather ridiculous people live, and where trees and crimson ramblers grow in uncommon profusion. When the worst pinch comes, the girls start a little summer school, and the oldest boy becomes clerk and delivery boy in the local "store"; they have to get money to buy milk and eggs and vegetables with! And they are finally delivered from their poverty not by their own ingenuity, but by the immemorial succor of a legacy.

But the tale is, we say, a pleasant one, a frankly sentimental celebration of motherhood as it may be. All the crabbed persons turn sweet under her influence, and in the end everything is as lovely for everybody as anybody could desire. We confess to an impression of Nancy as, like all Mrs. Riggs's heroines, something of a minx.

Tales of the Town. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is another collection of amiable bachelor tales quite in the same vein as Mr. Davis's "The Lodger Overhead," but with a greater stress on the life of the theatre. They are not very deep or very affecting or very funny, but they are all eminently readable, partly because there is always a story to tell and partly because it is told in pleasantly crisp and unaffected language. There is also less insistence here than in the earlier book upon tiger-skin rugs and heavy fur coats and a nonchalant use of taxicabs. For this we are grateful. The first story in the book is also the one that comes nearest to dealing with a very real human trait. The little country bride, who comes to New York and develops a taste for magnificent hats that go badly with her modest beauty and her young husband's income, has her little tragedy and surmounts it. But even here the emotional climaxes are not high.

Fenella. By H. L. Stuart. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Stuart tells us regarding his hero Paul Ingram that he had broken with the old tradition of fiction writing:

> In all the stories I had read the character seemed to start, full-fledged, on the first page. All the action of the book develops it and shows it up. Now that might be literature, but it wasn't life. What was the reason? Not a mistake; because the best men do it. No. But I think unconsciously they are following the line of least resistance. They start the first chapter under a disadvantage: with the last one in their heads.

Here and there in "Fenella" the indications are that Mr. Stuart has set out to do what Paul Ingram did or what Arnold Bennett is doing. But the old methods assert themselves in the end. The new principle evinces itself in a broad canvas painted in with a great amount of detail, and in a fondness for digression. Chapters are given to the depictment of characters whose part in the general machinery of the book is only incidental, and these characters are, for the most part, very successful. But it is in his chief personages that Mr. Stuart fails to live up to Ingram's standard. Fenella, Paul Ingram, and Sir Bryan Lumsden confront us at the beginning, ready made; if anything, they are more vivid when we first meet them than when we leave them. Having said that, we must immediately add that Fenella is a charming, and, allowing for the exigencies of plot, a lifelike conception. For one thing, she is that rare being, a great dancer without a temperament, and her food is what most of us eat and not the bones and gristle of hapless men. Ingram is not so well drawn; he is too real for melodrama, and a bit too melodramatic for Fenella's company. Allowing for certain langnors of pace, we find the book readable. It is certainly a serious, dignified piece of writing.

OLD PENNSYLVANIA TRADERS.

The Wilderness Trail; or The Ventures and Adventures of the Pennsylvania Traders on the Allegheny Path, with some New Annals of the Old West, and the Records of Some Strong Men and Some Bad Ones. By Charles A. Hanna, Author of "The Scotch-Irish." With 80 maps and illustrations. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10 net.

These two volumes of nearly 900 octavo pages deal chiefly with the traders and trading paths of western Pennsylvania and Ohio from 1692, when the Dutchman, Arnold Viele, led the way, to 1752, when the destruction of the English trading station among the Miami brought to a head the contest between France and England for control of the Ohio Valley. The Indian tribes chiefly concerned, the principals or the objects in every intrigue and murderous raid, were the Iroquois, the Delawares, the Shawnee, the Miami, and the Wyandot, under such chiefs as Demoiselle and Newcomer, and largely influenced by such traders as Chartier and Croghan.

The first four chapters are devoted chiefly to an account of the native tribes originally occupying the "debatable land," an entire chapter being given to the devious wanderings of the Shawnee. As is well known to students of American history, the confederated Iroquois of New York claimed the tribal dictatorship and held the balance of power for England until the French flag went down at Quebec. It is not so commonly known, however, that their political dominance was of recent origin, dating only from their first obtaining guns through contraband trade with the Dutch of Albany about 1630, and was built up by a systematic policy of wholesale incorporation of captives to such an extent that as early as 1660 it was estimated that more than half their warriors were of alien origin. An important point is the fact that nearly all of these incorporations were of tribes of closely cognate stock, and therefore easily assimilated, as the Huron, Neutral, Erie, and Susquehanna. In regard to the relative position of the Delawares, whom our author derisively calls the "petticoat Indians," there has been much misunderstanding and considerable warmth of argument. The last word is probably with Hewitt, our best authority on Iroquois custom, and himself of that blood, who states that "women" was a figurative term used to designate, not a conquered tribe, but a tribe taken under suzerainty or protection, but not admitted to representation in the league council. Even the kindred and allied Tuscarora, refugees from North Carolina, held this relation to the league and were never admitted to equal representation in the league council. The Hurons, Neutrals, Erie, and Susquehanna (Conestoga) were conquered and destroyed as tribes, their council fires extinguished, their territories seized, and themselves deported bodily and parcelled out among the villages of their conquerors, whose tribal names they were compelled to assume. The Delawares, on the contrary, retained their own territory, tribal organization, name, and council fire, surrendering only the right of foreign relations, including the making of war or peace and the sale of lands. It is probable that the Delawares entered into this relation voluntarily, as a matter of self-preservation, after the conquest of the

Susquehanna in 1675 had rendered the Iroquois supreme from Lake Huron to the Chesapeake, with the powerful English alliance to back their claims. The Delaware suzerainty lasted until their withdrawal to the Ohio country brought them into the neighborhood of the French, under whose encouragement they soon asserted their complete independence, replying to an insolent message from the Iroquois in 1757: "We are men, and are determined not to be ruled any longer by you as women, so say no more to us on that head."

In regard to the tribal identification, it is probable, as stated by early French writers, that the Erie took their name of "Cats" from the abundance either of the raccoon or of the wildcat in their country. The two animals were frequently confused in nomenclature, and according to Gayarré, the "cats" of Cat Island, near Biloxi, were raccoons. The Carantouan of Champlain were probably the Onnontioga, about the present Binghamton, N. Y., conquered and incorporated by the Iroquois. Gatschet's etymology of Sawokll, like some other guesses by the same writer, is very doubtful. The Assiwikalae, from whom Sewickley, Pa., takes its name, were the Hathiwikala, or Absentee Shawnee, one of the five (not four) original subtribes of the Shawnee, but always in history keeping somewhat aloof from the others. It is quite possible that they were the Sawokli, or Souikila, incorporated with the Creeks. The "Sauna" on the upper Roanoke, in 1670, are not the Chowanoc, but the Sara, or Cheraw, the Xuala of the De Soto narrative, formerly the most important tribe of Piedmont Carolina. The Chowanoc of Chowan River were entirely distinct from the Shawnee. The name of Savannah River is not derived from the Spanish word for "prairie," as asserted by Gatschet, but from Savanna, or Savanogi, the Creek name for the Shawnee, who still had three villages upon that stream as late as 1715, and probably later. Taken altogether, the chapters upon the Shawnee and the Susquehanna are the best that have yet been written. It is also quite possible that the Rickohockan, or Rechahecrian, of Virginia history are the fugitive Erie, although Lederer's map of 1670 should seem to place them to the southwest, in Cherokee territory. The Gachoos, Capitanasses, and Ioteccas of the Dutch map of 1614, are, respectively, the Erie (Gahkwa), Onondaga, and Juniata. Several names remain to be identified in the Ohio region, the probability being that the tribes were exterminated by the all-destroying Iroquois.

The chapters on the early traders of the Pennsylvania frontier are particularly interesting, containing much valuable documentary information not easily accessible. Two whole chapters are given to George Croghan, who had so much to do with holding the Ohio tribes to the English interest. The gradual withdrawal of the tribes to the westward between 1720 and 1750 brought them finally under French influence. The main trading paths and travel routes between East and West, with all their Indian towns and camp stations, are described in detail. Valuable biographie sketches are given of the principal chiefs and leaders, including the Chartiers and the Montours, of whom Madame Montour was reputed to be the daughter of the great Frontenac. Her son held the unique distinction of drawing a salary of £300 from Virginia as interpreter, while at the same time there was a standing offer from Canada of £100 for his head. Considerable attention is given to the Moravian missionary explorers.

The author's Scotch-Irish bias occasionally leads him afield, particularly in his frequent severe strictures upon the Pennsylvania Quakers, who, in view of their well-known peace principles and generally friendly relations with the Indians, and in a government of their own creation, may be forgiven for having hesitated to take up a war urged upon them by a restless border population of different stock and religious tenets, whose indiscriminate hatred of all Indians is exemplified in the Conestoga butchery, the murder of Logan's family, and the atrocious massacre of the unarmed and unresisting Moravian Christians at Gnadenhuetten. "James Adair, the Scotch trader," while of remote Scottish origin, was a native of the neighborhood of Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, where his ancestors had resided for at least 120 years before his coming to America. While a large proportion of the Pennsylvania traders were of Scotch-Irish stock, the list as published contains also a number of genuine old Milesian names, such as Crowley, Kelly, Devoy, McGuire, McLaughlin, Reardon, Denis Sullivan, and Terence O'Neal.

The valuable series of maps includes reproductions of every one of importance, Dutch, French, and English, for the region under discussion, down to the close of the Revolution, supplemented by a clear-cut author's map, the most complete of the kind yet published, showing every trading trail and Indian town, with date, as far west as the present Fort Wayne. The fifty-three fine illustrations, many of them from photographs by the author, add much to our understanding of the descriptions in the text. It is to be regretted that the numerous footnote references were not brought together into a compact bibliography, but the ample index is all that could be desired. The make-up of the book is in keeping with its scholarly excellence. The edition is limited to one thousand copies, and the type has been destroyed.

The Mother of Goethe. By Margaret Reeks. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50.

The author of this handsome volume has conscientiously studied the portrait of her subject as found in Goethe's autobiography. Much of the material drawn upon is furnished also by the letters of the Frau Rat, who enjoyed commenting fully upon the experiences of her life in and about the old Goethehaus. Another source of the book is indicated by the author in her quotations from "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann and Dorothea," and "Erwin and Elmire," which to any one who knows of the companionship that existed between the young mother and her children, are most significant. Married at seventeen to a man more than twenty years her senior, she made her children her friends, and confided to them all her little joys and sorrows. Thus one has reason to assume that the portrait contained within the pages of this book is trustworthy.

Born into a prominent burgher family of the rich old town of Frankfurt, Elisabeth Textor was probably brought up much in the manner in which Olympia describes the education of girls in her youth in "Erwin and Elmire"; and it is likely that she was married, as was the custom for those girls to marry, before she knew her own mind. There is no doubt that her innate good sense and her *Frohnatur* helped her to accept the situation with good grace. It brightened the spooky atmosphere of the rambling old house into which she had come as its mistress. When Elisabeth became a mother this same *Frohnatur* stood as a buffer between the rigorous father and his intelligent, but not too docile, offspring. The son undoubtedly derived more inspiration and enjoyment from the hours when he listened to his mother's friendly chat or to her rich fund of stories, than from the methodical instruction imparted to him by the father, whose hobby was teaching those about him, but whose pedagogical system was of a kind to make the young idea withdraw into its shell. Elisabeth Textor reigned in undisputed sovereignty not only upon the "fableseat" placed as a birthday gift under a pear tree in their garden, which, as the author tells us, was on that February day a mass of delicate "pink" bloom, but even more so in the hearts of her children.

In some parts of this life of the mother the author dwells with unjustifiable length upon incidents properly belonging to the biography of the son. The two chapters entitled Billeting and Hätschelhans have little to do with the remarkable woman, though her admirable tact in the dispute between her all-too patriotic husband and Count Thorane is mentioned. It is curious that the

name of the distinguished French guest of the Goethehaus should be persistently spelled in this book with a final *e*, although both Goethe in his autobiography and Gutzkow in his "Königslieutenant" have a final *e*. Not until Goethe receives the call to Weimar does his personality cease to dominate the canvas of his mother's life. The latter part of the book conveys a far more direct impression of "Frau Aja." One wishes that her letters, those spontaneous expressions of herself, were more frequently drawn upon. One of the most charming is addressed to the Duchess Anna Amalia of Weimar. The two mothers had much in common; the one with her good sense and invincible humor, the other with her various intellectual gifts —she was a scholarly musician—knew how to make the best of every day. When the counsellor's infirmities grew upon him, the wife joyfully assumed the reins of the house and bore his whims with patience. In her widowhood, too, she did not give way to unreasonable grief. Replying to a letter from the duchess, who had inquired what she was doing, she says: "Just to make the best of the present and not keep thinking how things might be different, that is how one gets best through the world, and to get through (all things considered) is the chief business." She remained the same sensible, good-humored "Frau Aja" from the time the name was bestowed upon her when the old house was ringing with the shouts of Goethe's fellow-students, to the Saturday afternoons when, in her age, she gathered about her the young girls of her acquaintance. Wonderfully stimulating must have been the influence of this genial matron whose mind and hands were busy to the end. To her clavier-playing, which she had practised with her strict husband, she added other accomplishments, among them the making of Brabant lace. She was a clever chess-player, a great reader, and an enthusiastic theatre-goer, extending her patronage from the stage to those of the profession that managed to enlist her sympathy. Her criticism of Frankfurt audiences at the performance of "Hamlet" is delightful, and her censure of her townspeople for seeking entertainment in "Bacchanalia," which "look like tedium as one drop of water is like the other," was probably only too well justified.

The book appeals to a popular taste; yet one might have been spared phrases like "sweet singer" when applied to Schiller. Typographical errors mar some pages. The illustrations are good. That the figure of the son too frequently interposes itself between the reader and the subject of the book, is after all excusable; "Frau Aja" herself would not have had it otherwise.

Notes

We learn from Sturgis & Walton that M. A. DeWolffe Howe's "Life and Labors of Bishop Hare" will soon appear.

From the same press is promised "A Ship of Solace," by Eleanor Mordaunt.

"The Spell of Holland" is a new volume of travel which Burton E. Stevenson has placed for publication with L. C. Page & Co.

Sudermann has written a collection of stories, long and short, under the title of "The Indian Lily." It is advertised by the publisher, B. W. Huebsch, as a cycle of womanhood.

The same house announces further, "Love and Ethics," by Ellen Key; "The Fool in Christ," translated from the German of Hauptmann; the autobiography of the late Tom L. Johnson.

The Abbey Co. promises for early in October "Legends of Long Ago," translated by Dr. Charles Hart Handschin from the German of Gottfried Keller's "Sieben Legenden."

A new Social Service series will be inaugurated this autumn by the Appletons. The first volume entitled, "Citizens of Tomorrow," is by Dr. W. B. Forbush.

The Clarendon Press announces "Richardson's Novels and Their Influence," by Dr. F. S. Boas; "Jane Austen," by Dr. A. C. Bradley, and "Description in Poetry," by A. Clutton Brock.

Small, Maynard & Co. promise shortly six new novels: "The Knight Errant," by Robert Alexander Wason; "Her Husband," by Julia Magruder; "The Marriage Portion," by H. A. Mitchell Keays; "The Loser Pays," a story of the French Revolution, by Mary Openshaw; "The Incorrigible Dukane," by George C. Shedd, and "One Way Out," by William Carleton. In juveniles their list includes: "The Land We Live In," by Overton W. Price; "Harmony Hall," by Marion Hill; "The Young Timber-Cruisers," by Hugh Pendexter; "The Young Gem-Hunters," also by Mr. Pendexter; "The Sultan's Rival," by Bradley Gilman, and "Grandmother Goose Stories," by John Howard Jewett.—Miscellaneous: "The Librarian at Play," by Edmund Lester Pearson; "The Log of the Easy Way," by John L. Mathews; "The Story of the Aeroplane," by Claude Grahame-White, and "The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti," translated by Ezra Pound.

Macmillan's long list of recent or forthcoming books includes in fiction: "The Man in the Shadow, and Other Stories," by Richard Washburn Child; "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill; Dostoievski's novels, "Crime and Punishment," "The Possessed," "The Idiot," "The House of the Dead," and "The Brothers Karamazov," translated by Lucy M. J. Garnett; "Puppets," by George Forbes; "Mothers to Men," by Zona Gale; "The Healer," by Robert Herrick; "South Sea Tales," by Jack London; "The Believing Years," by Edmund Lester Pearson; "The Jugglers," by Molly Elliott Seawell; "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, and "The Love that Lives," by Mabel Osgood Wright.—Juveniles: "The Children's Book of Christmas," edited by J. C. Dier; "Honey Sweet," by Edna Turpin; "Peggy Stewart," by Gabrielle E. Jackson; "Peeps at Many Lands and Cities" and "Fairies Afield," by Mrs. Molesworth.—Travel: "From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam," by A. V. W. Jackson; "Panama," by Albert Edwards; "Universities of the World," by Charles F. Thwing; "The Soul of the Far East," by Percival Lowell; "Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes," by Clifton Johnson; "Home Life in Russia," by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport, and "France and the French," by Charles Dawbarn.—Verse: "Poems," by Madison Cawein, and "The Overture and Other Poems," by Jefferson Butler Fletcher.—Biography: "The Life of Ruskin," by Edward Tyas Cook; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," by W. F. Monypenny, Vol. II: "The Record of an Adventurous Life," by Henry M. Hyndman; "The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon," by Sir Henry Craik, 2 vols.; "Statesmen of the Old South," by William E. Dodd; "The Philanthropic Work of Josephine Shaw Lowell," by William Rhinelander Stewart, and "Autobiographic Memoirs," by Frederic Harrison.—History: "Studies: Military and Diplomatic," by Charles Francis Adams; "Democratic England," by Percy Alden, M.P.; "A History of the United States," by Edward Channing, Vol. III; "The New History," by James Harvey Robinson; "The Presidential Campaign of 1860," by Emerson David Fite; "The Cambridge Modern History," two supplementary volumes; "The Cambridge Mediæval History," planned by J. B. Bury, Vol. I; "A History of German Civilization: A General Survey," by Ernst Richard; "The Quakers in the American Colonies," by Rufus M. Jones and others; "The First American Civil War," by Dr. H. Belcher; "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons; "Hellenistic Athens: An Historical Study," by William S. Ferguson, and "Social Life in France in the XVII Century," by Cecile Hugon.—Politics and economics: "Principles of Economics," by F. W. Taussig; "Wages in the United States," by Scott Nearing; "Economic Beginnings of the Far West," by Katharine Coman; "The Law of the Employment of Labor," by L. D. Clark; "The Rise of Chinese Nationalism," by Paul S. Reinsch; "The Tariff in Our Times," by Ida M. Tarbell; "Making Both Ends Meet," by Mrs. S. A. Clark and Edith Wyatt; "Problems in Railway Regulation," by Henry S. Haines; "District Nursing," by Mabel Jacques; "The Lowell Social Survey," by George F. Kenngott.—Religion and philosophy: "Christianizing the Social Order," by Walter Rauschenbusch; "Success Through Self-Help," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times," by Henry Churchill King; "Everyman's Religion," by George Hodges; "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus," by Henry C. Vedder; "William James and Other Essays on the Philosophy of Life," by Josiah Royce; "The Five Great Philosophies of Life," by William DeW. Hyde; "Life, Love, and Light"; "The Basis of a Scheme of Life," by Rudolf Eucken; "The Bible for Home and School," edited by Shailer Mathews, and "Job," by George A. Barton. Macmillan's list of announcements will be completed in the *Nation* of next week.

In a neat volume bound in red limp leather Crowells have issued the "Complete Poetical Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti,"

with W. M. Rossetti's Preface of 1886 and Notes.

The *American Journal of International Law* for July, which has just appeared, opens with the Presidential address of Senator Root, delivered at the annual meeting of the American Society of International Law held in Washington last spring. In it, as in his previous Presidential addresses, Mr. Root undertakes to discuss a practical, utilitarian question, in this case codification as applied to international law. The function of the codifier of municipal law is to produce a systematic and authoritative statement of the law already prescribed by a sovereign, whether that sovereign be the people or some other body. To codify international law one deals with different material, and with a different process. The substantial work of international codification is not merely to state rules, but to obtain agreement as to what the rules are by the nations whose confirmation of them is indispensable to establishing them. In short, to codify international law is primarily to set in motion and promote the law-making process itself. Publicists have long occupied themselves with formulating international systems: Mr. Field, in 1872; Professor Bluntschli, Heidelberg, in 1868; Sig. Fiore of the University of Naples, in 1888; M. Duplessix, in 1906; while the Institute of International Law, established at Ghent in 1873, has devoted itself to the scientific study and discussion of the law. Associations for such study have so grown in numbers that when in 1910 the central office of international institutions at Brussels invited representatives of similar associations to meet in a congress, one hundred and thirty-four accepted, and it has appeared that there are about three hundred associations in existence. The paper by the late Gen. H. W. Halleck, U. S. A., on "Military Espionage" discusses the case of Major André, whose execution Gen. Halleck thought was legally justified. The paper corrects certain misstatements, among others as to the composition of the trial court, which consisted of fourteen general officers of distinction. Gen. Halleck's opinion—that a spy who has succeeded in carrying information to his own army is not liable to punishment for that offence if subsequently captured by the enemy—is also shown to be confirmed by the Hague Conference, in Art. 31 of its "Regulations Respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land." There are two papers on the right to fortify the Panama Canal; the first, by Prof. Eugene Wambaugh, maintaining the right; the second, an elaborate study by Crammond Kennedy, denying it. Professor Wambaugh's shorter paper quotes Lord Lansdowne as saying that "there is no stipulation prohibiting the erection of fortifications."

Ching-Chun Wang, in an article on "The Hankow-Szechuan Railway Loan," gives a very intelligible narrative of complicated negotiations. The railway line is to extend from Hankow, on the Yang Tse, a great railway centre, westward to Shengtu, the capital of the very rich Szechuan province. In 1903 Sir Ernest Satow, British minister to Peking, after long negotiation and a naval demonstration, concluded an agreement with Prince Ching, president of the Board of Foreign Affairs, which provided that if China desired to construct a Hankow-Szechuan line, she might obtain all necessary foreign capital from Great Britain and the United States. This offer was in harmony with the British policy of connecting India with China, via Burma, Yunnan, and the head waters of the Yangtse River. Thomas Willing Balch contributes an article of historical significance on Albericus Gentilis, the Italian scholar and exile, who, coming to England in or about August, 1580, was one of the founders of international law. He became a doctor of the civil law and soon after his arrival was called on for advice in the case of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, who had been detected in plots against Queen Elizabeth. His advice was to conduct Mendoza to the frontier, and send him back to Spain, and this is a practice approved in more recent times. Mr. Balch credits Gentilis with having clearly laid down rules of conduct between nations in beginning war, waging it, and bringing it to a close; with having held advanced ideas on the rights of neutrals; with striking a blow for more humane practices in the treatment of prisoners, and of the defenceless in the enemy's country.

Those who would expect some interesting philosophy from a man of President David Starr Jordan's experience in science and in public life will be disappointed in the little book, "The Stability of Truth" (Holt), which is a mass of irrelevancies. In the first place the character of the six lectures is irrelevant to the purpose of the McNair Foundation; science is represented, but theology is quietly ignored. Then the title of the book is irrelevant to the eager and avowed pragmatism of its message; for if truth is being ever developed in action, it is not conspicuously stable. Yet this irrelevancy, or inconsistency, is faithful to the internal confusion of the doctrine, in which pragmatism is crudely compounded with a naturalistic absolutism. Truth is that which works; yes, but nothing will work unless it corresponds to natural fact. Each of us may choose his truth—from the eternal truth of the universe. Throughout the six lectures the argument never progresses, but remains always pivoted. The most interesting feature is a choice collection of frauds and delusions presented under the head of Realty and Illusion. The book is the first number of a Philosophy of Nature series.

"Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots" (Lippincott), by Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, differs from the many other profusely illustrated books put forth annually concerning India in being the work of a man who has lived a number of years in the country he describes. Sir Andrew gives pleasant touches here and there revealing life as it was, in sharp contrast to life as it now is in diplomatic circles. His remarks on the ease with which testimony is bought in the law courts, the chapters on the police, education, and Christian missions, are all well worth reading. The author is not in sympathy with the present view of education which tends to neglect the higher in favor of the "lower orders," and says: "In our enthusiasm for the salvation of blind beggars, let us not overlook the possibility of enlisting a St. Paul." Politically, the chapter on Indian unrest will also attract attention. Sir Andrew regards this unrest as not altogether evil. He is, in fact, somewhat sanguine, but his is an argued and reasonable hopefulness, which is good reading after the vague diatribes against the government. The chapter on the partition of Bengal should be especially instructive to the natives themselves. Under the caption Humours of Administration many good stories are told. There are also tales of hunting to please Nimrods, and some details of massacres, showing what sort of wild beasts in human form India still contains.

"Adventure, Sport, and Travel on the Tibetan Steppes" (Scribner), by W. N. Fergusson, is, in the main, a record of two journeys taken through China by the late Lieut. Brooke, who in the first instance left Shanghai on August 1, 1906, and, after partly crossing Tibet, returned in October, 1907. On the second journey he left Shanghai in December, 1907, and travelled for a year in western Szechuan and eastern Tibet. On December 28, 1908, he was cruelly murdered in the Independent Lolo Land. Mr. Fergusson has elaborated the diary of this unfortunate Englishman, and has added the experiences which he himself had in this interesting region, while distributing tracts for the Foreign Bible Society. It is a pity that Lieut. Brooke did not survive to record his own wanderings, as even in his rough diary he reveals a delightful power of description and a grasp of salient points of interest. On the first day's ride of his journey into Tibet he was attacked by a Tibetan, who with sword and stones tried to kill him; on the second day his Yaks broke his instruments and half-murdered his servant; and, after weeks of the hardest travel, he was finally turned back and not allowed to proceed to Lhasa. Mr. Fergusson's style is not so pleasant, being more matter-of-fact, and burdened with many repetitions; yet he gives many interesting facts concerning the semi-independent tribes of western Szechuan, and the few allusions to the flora and fauna are all of value. For one who has travelled in these isolated regions, it is an easy matter to fill in the gaps of descriptions—the hundred and one common things which make up the picture—but it will be impossible for the untravelled to form anything like a correct impression. He will see but vaguely the dark, rocky valleys and their torrents; the brilliant, snowy heights, with their strips of blue sky; the soaring lammergeiers, and the grace and poise of the living serow or goral. Two maps of Szechuan show the line of travel.

The "Bellum Civile" of Petronius, edited by Florence T. Baldwin (Columbia University Press), takes the place of the customary dissertation for the degree of doctor of philosophy in Columbia University. This poem of less than 300 lines has been the subject of a vast amount of discussion. It swarms with difficulties, both of text and meaning. What was Petronius's object in writing it? Is it a parody or serious work? What is its relation to Lucan's "Pharsalia"? Has it any allusions to Seneca? These and many other problems have continually vexed the critics. Miss Baldwin's work shows the most conscientious care in sifting all authorities and in weighing all the suggestions of the preceding critics. While contributing little herself to the elucidation of the various questions, she has made a very useful edition, and supplied a need that has

been increasingly felt since Burmann's time.

Francis Andrew March, who died on Saturday in his eighty-sixth year, was emeritus professor of the English language and comparative philology at Lafayette College. At the age of twenty he graduated from Amherst. Princeton gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1870, and Amherst a year later. From Columbia he received an L.H.D., and in 1896 Oxford and Cambridge, England, made him, respectively, a D.C.L. and a Litt.D. He was president of the American Philological Association for two terms, an honorary member of the London Philological Society, and vice-president of the New Shakespeare Society of Loudon. Among his works are "Method of Philological Study of the English Language" and "Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language." He also edited several Latin and Greek texts.

The Rev. George Thomson Knight, D.D., professor of Christiau theology at the Crane Theological School, and formerly connected with the Tufts Divinity School, died on Sunday, in his sixtieth year. He wrote many treatises ou theological subjects, and two books, "The Goodness of God" and "The Praise of Hyprocrisy."

James Russell Soley, a lawyer who was noted as the author of books on naval affairs, ex-assistant secretary of the navy, for a time professor of history and law at the United States Naval Academy, and since 1885 lecturer on international law in the Naval War College at Newport, died on Monday. He was sixty years old, and a graduate of Harvard. Professor Soley was counsel for Venezuela, at the arbitration at Paris of the Venezuela-British Guiana boundary dispute in 1899. Among his books are "History of the Naval Academy," "Foreign Systems of Naval Education," "The Blockade and the Cruisers," "Rescue of Greely" (with Winfield S. Schley), "Boys of 1812," "Sailor Boys of '61," and "Life of Admiral Porter." He edited the autobiography of Commodore Morris, 1886, and contributed to "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" and to Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America."

The death is reported from Kelso, N. B., of Miss Anna M. Stoddart, who was the author of several volumes of interesting memoirs: of Professor Blackie, Mrs. Pease Nichol, Sir Philip Sidney, Saint Francis of Assisi, and others. She also wrote a monograph on Jacopone da Todi, and was engaged at the time of her death on a life of Paracelsus.

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston died suddenly last week in Cork, the city of her birth. Mrs. Thurston was known on this side of the ocean as the author of several best-sellers, among which "The Masquerader" and "The Gambler" are perhaps best known. "The Circle," "The Fly on the Wheel," and "Max" were others.

Dr. Otto Kirn, professor of dogmatics, is dead at Leipzig, aged fifty-four. He was the author of "Schleiermacher und die Romantik," "Grundriss der Theologischen Ethik," "Sittliche Lebensanschauung der Gegenwart," and other works.

Not until he was twenty-eight years old did Prof. J. E. Lieblein, the Egyptologist, whose death at the age of eighty-four is announced from Christiania, contrive to become a student of the university. Before that he was a workman in a sawmill and later a clerk. The University of Christiania made him a professor in 1876. He is remembered for his two books, "Deux Papyrus hiératiques du Musée de Turin" aud "Gammel-ägyptisk Religion."

Science

Science books in the autumn list of the University of Chicago Press include: "American Permian Vertebrates," by S. W. Williston, and "Agricultural Education," by Benjamin Marshall Davis.

There are two science books in Stokes's autumn list: "The World's Minerals," by L. J. Speucer, and "Overheard at the Zoo," by Gladys Davidson.

"With Pack and Rifle Through Trackless Labrador," by H. Hesketh Prichard, is promised shortly by Sturgis & Walton.

"The Steam Engine and Turbine," a work by Prof. Robert C. H. Heck, which Van Nostrand will shortly issue, is announced as a textbook of engineering students.

Yves Delage, the French experimenter, has written a new book on "Theories of Evolution." The publisher in its English ferm will be B. W. Huebsch.

Under the title "Zur Geschichte der Wissenschaften und der Gelehrten" (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft), Wilhelm Ostwald has issued a German translation of Alphonse de Candolle's "Histoire des sciences et des savants," as the second volume of his series of studies of "Grosse Männer"; his own work with this latter title in its new edition is numbered as the first of the series. The series was an afterthought, caused by the great interest which Ostwald's own book aroused. The trifling change in the title given to M. de Candolle's work in the German translation makes it express more clearly the real character and purpose of the book; it is not a formal history of science, but contributions to that history. Alphonse de Candolle was a botanist with decided predilection for statistical methods, and his book is a statistical study of the causes that help to produce the scientific investigator, more precisely expressed in the author's own words as being a man who "is anxiously inquiring about real facts which are unknown or little known," and who "loves truth for its own sake, without bothering about other people's opinions, personal advantage, or the possible results." It is a biological study of the particular sub-species of *homo sapiens* known as the "great man," greatness being conceived as spiritual and being measured by the esteem in which men are held by the groups of men who might be supposed to be competent above others to judge —namely, the members of the great scientific academies. An investigation is made into the lives of the foreign members of the Académie des Sciences in Paris, of the Royal Society in London, and of the Akademie der Wissenschaften in Berlin. M. de Candolle gives (pp. 326-328 of the German translation) a list of twenty conditions which tend to foster the proper soil for the production of great men; among the most important being the existence of a wealthy leisure class, an old civilization, well organized learned institutions, a public interested more in truth and reality than in poetry and fancy, a religion which does not make use of the principle of authority.

Dr. George Alexander De Santos Saxe died at his home in New York city on Sunday. He was boru in St. Petersburg in 1876, the son of a chemist. He came to New York in 1890, and four years later graduated from Columbia. He was made gynecologist of Bellevue and the Postgraduate hospitals. Several textbooks bear his name.

Dr. Thomas Dwight, who died in Boston on Friday of last week, aged sixty-seven, was successor to Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Parkman professorship of anatomy at Harvard. He was a member of the Association of American Anatomists and of the American Society of Naturalists. He was the author of "Anatomy of the Head," "Frozen Sections of a Child," and "Variations of the Bones of the Hand and Foot."

Masuchika Shimose, a distinguished Japanese chemist, died on Wednesday of last week at Tokio. He was born in 1859, and was educated at the Imperial College of Engineering. His first official associations were with the Imperial Printing Department, where he improved methods of manufacturing printing ink and pigments. Mr. Shimose was transferred to the Naval Arsenal in 1887. As superintendent of the ammunition department he prosecuted researches in high explosives. His compound was adopted in June, 1893, by the Japanese navy, which gave it the name "Shimose powder." The Government showed its appreciation of his service by granting him a decoration and money. In 1899, the Shimose powder factory was established at Takinogawa, with the inventor as its superintendent. Mr. Shimose was the holder of the Kogakukai (engineering society) medal, and was a member of the Order of the Rising Sun.

Drama

THE DRAMAS OF MAETERLINCK.

The welcome accorded by America to the "Blue Bird" just when its power over the French public had been attested at the Théâtre Réjane, and its promise of renewed welcome this year, recall our minds to the whimsicality of that destiny which has twice at least granted brilliant popular success to the most reserved and least obsequious of dramatists. His success with "Monna Vanna," a real dramatic achievement, was humiliating to prophets, and his reconquest of the public with a mixture of poetry and spectacle like the "Blue Bird" bears curious witness to his versatile aptitudes or the persistence of his good fortune. The time seems auspicious for a survey of the dramatic output of this extraordinary mind.

I.

Between the years 1889 and 1894 a young Belgian writer, previously known to the public only through a thin volume of original and remarkable verse

called "Serres chaudes," published eight little works bearing the name and the form of dramas. Four of these, "L'Intruse," "Les Aveugles," "Les Sept Princesses," and "Intérieur," were one-act plays, dealing with groups of persons, and all, by a suggestive coincidence, night pieces. The other four, "La Princesse Maleine," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Alladine et Palomides," and "La Mort de Tintagiles," mustered, with some difficulty, five acts apiece, were indistinctly amatory or domestic, groped falteringly after a plot, and in common with the other group were checkered with those vague intimations for which the enunciation of the word "symbolism" is held to sum up the measure of critical responsibility. To call these pieces drama would be an act of intrepidity or of irony: not merely the action but even the psychology is stationary, the emotional and intellectual content is jejune, and the character displayed would not overtax the histrionic capacities of those marionettes for which four of the later plays were nominally destined.

None the less these so-called plays are remarkable productions. The materials are handled with a singular and striking union of solidarity and isolation: all things are enveloped by a single mood, yet against this monotonous and melancholy background each object stands out in an impressive solitude, the sources of which are distinct and succinct utterance and unexampled hardihood in repetition. The imagination unites a youthful opulence with a poignancy more usual in maturity; the diction mixes the gravity of ritual with the lisp of infancy. Certain images recur with the frequency of figures in a pattern—large architectural landmarks, towers, lighthouses, windmills, caverns and crypts, corridors and sealed doors, dividing love and fear upon the one side from crime and mystery upon the other; trees, commonly cypresses and weeping willows; birds, often nightingales and swans; water, in the curiously different forms of seas, fountains, and tears; parts of the human body, the hands and eyes, of course, and (notably and redundantly) the hair. Many of these are in a way the traditional properties of fantasy and mysticism, but nothing that touches Maeterlinck can remain conventional.

In one of his essays, "La Justice," section 5, the author has himself pointed out the dominant note in these early dramas as that of old-world fatalism qualified with the retributive phase of Christianity. The power of fate is most naturally and effectively brought out by the strength of the resistance which it masters, and Œdipus and Macbeth have accordingly received from their creators an ample portion of resolve and energy. Maeterlinck has adopted an opposite course; the universal and normal helplessness of human nature before the rigors and mystery of fate he has typified in special states of peculiar or abnormal infirmity. This explains many features in his work: the partiality for night, the omnipresent interest in sleep, the emphasis on sickness and on feebleness of mind, the prominence of blindness, the extraordinary part assigned to old age, the frequent, though less frequent, introduction of children. Most significant of all are those exhalations that bear the names of women—Maleine, Alladine, Mélisande, foreigners and outcasts, faint, dumb, cowed, ineffectual, the symbols of their helpless race on this mysterious planet.

The artistic value of an underlying idea of this kind is open to question. To us it seems as if the term fatalism or fate were little more than a juggle by which poetry seeks to reinvest the external order with the prestige of the will, intellect, and consciousness to which, in the opinion of Maeterlinck at least, it has no longer an authentic claim. A fate that is disjoined from award and intention—even, it should seem, from the uniformities of science—is, in fact, merely accident in a periwig. It is difficult to convert nothing into something by the naïve expedient of writing it with a capital N.

II.

During the period from 1896 to 1903 three dramas, "Aglavaine et Sélysette," "Monna Vanna," and "Joyzelle," gave signs of a new phase in the evolution of the powers of Maeterlinck. The old style, all incisions and punctures, made way for stately, cadenced, and flowing periods. The tension, the restiveness, of the early manner was replaced by a meditative serenity; a richer psychology, a distinct, though ethereal, intellectuality, was substituted for the dead level, not to say the fixed point, of poignant but stationary emotion. The imagery declined in power, and already showed symptoms of that Oriental exuberance which was to culminate in the deluge of flowers in "Sœur Béatrice" and the cataracts of jewels in "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue." The symbolism receded, and the issues became, in an eccentric fashion, moral. The fatalism which had levelled kindness and malice, goodness and evil, in the impartial ignominy of a common abasement before its decrees made room for the exercise of judgment and conscience; and the women, in particular, who had been, in Vaughan's language, mere "glimmerings and decays," became courageous, resolute, and masterful. Of the three plays in this group, however, two scarcely rose above their predecessors in sheer dramatic force; the third was the incomparable "Monna Vanna."

III.

Almost every dramatic aptitude except that of characterization had been shown or at least indicated by Maeterlinck in brief passages in his earlier works. It would be easy to collect instances of tragic events, of acute tension, of impassioned outbreaks, of significant declarations, of penetrating suggestions, of remarkable settings, of homely reality, of pointed dialogue. But these manifestations had been too episodic or too careless to lessen the surprise following the appearance of a powerful stage-drama from the pen of a dreamer and a mystic. In spite of obvious and serious defects in the form of finespun reasoning, redundant speech, and retarded action, the defect of "Monna Vanna" on the score of pure drama is superabundance rather than deficiency. Three successive acts develop three perfectly distinct though firmly articulated situations, of equal and superlative intensity, originality, and force; and two at least of these situations involve profound moral questions. The affluence of power overflowed the very episodes, and the quite incidental collision of Prinzivalle and Trivulzio is handled with an incisiveness unapproached by the earlier works. The mere advance in characterization was almost enough to cast doubts on the drama's authenticity.

Maeterlinck's mastership in this field seems to have been, like the kingship of Villon, the prerogative of a day. The evolution of his mind was already taking him in a direction which was to preclude either a return to the early fatalism, or a carrying onward of the phase which "Monna Vanna" half fulfilled and half interrupted, or the origination of fresh methods. His mind was to experience two distinct changes: the removal to the sphere of thought of that august and mysterious something which, in the vague guise of fatality, had first drawn him to the objective world, and the later transfer of the same impression from the outer court of the mind, where the passions jostle with the conscience and the reason, to the dusky inward tabernacle of divinations, intuitions, and reverberations. It is obvious that drama could not accompany him in the first of these migrations without difficulty, nor in the second without disaster.

The later work of Maeterlinck has an effect of excursion or byplay. In "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" an old fairy tale is deftly and lightly applied to the illustration of a modern problem; in "Sœur Béatrice," a miracle-play of the Virgin, an overcharge of pathos breaks down the slender frame of the supporting incident with injury to both; in "Marie Madeleine," a brief and rather casual effort offers us the New Testament with an edging of Sardou. Hardly more valuable as a symptom, though somewhat more solid as a product, is the child

fairy-tale of "L'Oiseau bleu." In this whimsical five-act piece Maeterlinck has shown that the same art which commonly volatilizes the earthy may serve on occasion to solidify the impalpable. The most distinctly fantastic in form of all his productions except "Joyzelle," it is in spirit and tone the most matter-of-fact; much of it is rather elementary and obvious, and there is a bluff fellowship and jovial tartness in the handling that would almost justify a parent in hanging it on a child's Christmas-tree between a trumpet and a cornucopia.

IV.

The renascence of symbolism in our own time and its countenance by Ibsen give a peculiar interest to the forms it assumes in a man of Maeterlinck's originality. Ibsen's own success in this material never justified his frequent resort to its aid; he was unable either to blend it with his realism or to keep it entirely distinct; it clung loosely like a pendant or affix. Has the success of the younger dramatist been great enough to constitute a recommendation of the method?

The first point of interest is the smallness of the bulk of the really significant symbolism in Maeterlinck. It is in only a few of the dramas, regarded as wholes, that the meanings found by the reader are clear enough to make him sure of their validity for others. "Les Aveugles" embodies a clear, powerful, and awful symbol; in "L'Intruse," the meaning is evident, but has no ethical quality; in "Ariane" a pointed lesson falls on us with the percussion of a *bon mot*. Excluding what is equivocal or incidental, we find little else to detain us before the date of "L'Oiseau bleu." In this play, the losses of color in the several birds suggest clearly enough the illusoriness of the happiness to be found in memories, in dreams, in the world's future, in the kingdom of death, and even the uncertainty of the better founded hopes that place it in the affections and sacrifices of common life. The allegory which makes the life of departed spirits ebb and flow with the rise and fall of remembrance in the hearts of the living is of touching and unequalled beauty. But even here the returns in symbolism seem hardly commensurate with the outlay in picture, and the invention is at times more suggestive of the workshop than the studio.

We doubt if Maeterlinck can properly be called a symbolist, if that term is held to connote a fondness for the precise and definitive attachment of moral ideas to external objects, for making, in other words—after the fashion congenial to Swedenborg and Schelling and not distasteful to Ruskin—a lexicon of the spiritual world in terms of the material. What he craves is not so much suggestions as suggestiveness, and he is a little shy of interpretations which cheapen the mystery they resolve. He loves the secrets of life as a Gothic warrior might value the runes inscribed upon his sword-hilt; they enrich the weapon all the more that their meaning is inscrutable.

There remains the general mystic atmosphere, which impresses us as most distinct and effective in the author's closest approximations to life. Between the mystical and the romantic there is an undoubted affinity, but what each needs is not so much an ally as a corrective. The object of both is to strip reality of its sheath of commonplace, and the end is gained in each case at a considerable and regrettable expense of verisimilitude. Either force, by itself, can effect this removal, and the double estrangement from reality which is produced by the union of the two merely impairs truth without profit to distinction. Accordingly, we fully agree with M. Lemaître and M. Chaumeix in the high estimate which they put upon the one-act piece called "Intérieur," in which the simplest actions of a normal evening in an every-day household are raised to mystery and dignity by the observer's situation in the darkness of the enclosing garden and his knowledge of the approach of fatal tidings.

V.

The six volumes of essays published by Maeterlinck lie outside of the immediate province of this article, but a glance at their moral content is essential to the formation of clear ideas on the ethical import of his writings. The ethics set forth in these works comprise the loftiest and most refined standards, the most fervent and inclusive charities, and a disinterestedness in the relinquishment of all premiums, both religious and utilitarian, which borders on the heroic. We are in contact with a mind which claims to have found joy and peace in the absence, the renunciation, of all the traditional and accepted guarantees. The unequivocal, almost unregretful, concession of the sternest demands of materialism and evolution has failed to disturb the author in that beatific tranquillity which religion once reserved for the favored hours of her happiest disciples. Claims of this sort advanced by a strong mind with unhesitating assurance should not be hastily or irreverently dismissed by an age whose heart is torn between its religious needs and its intellectual obligations. At the same time the very depth of the interest which we have in the truth of this philosophy impels us to be careful, even rigorous, in our examination of its credentials.

We find in the ethics of these essays a beauty which is almost unearthly, the loveliness which, in a human constitution, would suggest fragility. A sense of "a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed," is latent for us in the delicate luxury of permitting our minds to be sprayed, so to speak, by the emanations from these balmy sentences. Two things, in particular, arouse distrust: the superlatively high pitch both of the requirements and of the promises, and the marked rarity of specifications and applications. The relaxations of demand which practice extorts from the most resolute are never seen, and the ideals are unblemished by any signs of contact with the dust and smoke of the external world. Not one of those wails which the gap between hope and deed, between vision and attainment, has wrung from the tortured souls of saints and prophets from Paul to Emerson disturbs by so much as a ripple the assured quietude of Maeterlinck. We begin to be half ashamed of our evangelists and martyrs with their absurd fuss about this facile problem of redeeming their own souls and the human race from the yoke of moral evil. In this remodelled universe victories are a matter of course, and exaltations and felicities are dispensed with the same liberality as countships and dukedoms by a prince in exile.

These observations are naturally inconclusive, but they give interest and piquancy to the application of a second test, the test of the form which these ideals assume in the concrete representations in the dramas. In "Monna Vanna" the morality is eccentric to the verge of paradox. In this not extensive play we have the pattern of chastity assenting to a midnight assignation, the pattern of fidelity abandoning her husband, and the pattern of sincerity resorting to the most involved and elaborate duplicity. We are not prepared to condemn her actions as immoral; but we are entitled perhaps to some misgivings as to the wholesomeness and elevation of a mind which overhauls the recesses of possibility to discover and illustrate the few anomalous occasions in which perfidy may be noble and adultery magnanimous. Again, the culmination of "Monna Vanna" is signalized by three several transactions: the rescue of Prinzivalle, the abandonment of Guido, and the acceptance of Prinzivalle as a lover: and, however the author's subtlety or the reader's dulness may succeed in confounding or identifying the three, it is clear that they rest upon separate foundations, and that the foundations of the third are decidedly the least secure. Further, the really noble and inspiring outcome for the situation of the first act was either not discerned by Maeterlinck or was sacrificed to dramatic effects of a grosser but more powerful nature. That conclusion would have involved the consummation of the infamy, and forthwith—in keeping with the fine analogy of Godiva suggested by Mr. Courtney—the return of Vanna, in proud humility, to a life of invincible chastity with her husband. But the

blood of the Renaissance beats only too clearly and passionately in the veins of this Lucretia à la Maeterlinck, and the words with which she closes the play seem to vibrate with a luxurious foretaste of the very relations which it has been her glory in the first act to accept as martyrdom.

In "Aglavaine et Sélysette" there are two persons, man and woman, of highly refined and amiable temper, for whom life is, in Cowper's words, "Elysian reverie." All things become volatilized, as it were, in this rare and intangible medium; we get a vapor of right and a vapor of wrong which, like other gases, exhibit the property of interfusion to a degree which makes them virtually indistinguishable. These persons utter lovely sentiments in exquisite language; this seems indeed to mark the limit of their occupations and their capacities: and meanwhile they are driving a poor young creature—for whom they each feel a tenderness that is fairly celestial both in its fervor and in its condescension—into a state of mind which results in her casting herself down from a tower. It would be too much to say that Maeterlinck is in sympathy with these beatific personalities, but their perfect sympathy with him is only too fatally obvious. As with Simon Peter in the hall of Caiaphas, their speech betrayeth them; it is plain that they have read and reread "La Sagesse et la destinée" and "Le Trésor des humbles."

In Sélysette herself we have another instance of the moral contradictions so congenial to Maeterlinck: a young girl who is the embodiment of innocence and simplicity lies in the hour of death for a magnanimous purpose, and arranges the supports of her falsehood with a cunning hypocrisy which would have dazzled or appalled a Jesuit. In "Joyzelle" a woman buys her lover's life by the sacrifice of her chastity, and then proposes to protect her chastity by assassination (which is forgivable) and by treachery to the compact which has saved her lover. It is a striking fact that, in a dramatic output of five or six volumes, an author who pitches his philosophy in the key of Marcus Aurelius, Coleridge, or Emerson should have availed himself three times of the unsavory expedient which is immortalized in "Measure for Measure" and popularized in "La Tosca." To the cases of "Monna Vanna" and "Joyzelle" he has not scrupled to add that of "Marie Madeleine." To those of us who have not buried our good taste in the sepulchre of our orthodoxy, it may seem that the honor of making the safety of Christ the subject of one of these revolting bargains might well enough have been left in the undivided possession of the German playwright from whom Maeterlinck borrowed or (more accurately) wrested it.

The foregoing discussion by no means indicates that Maeterlinck is a sensualist or a hypocrite, or that he lacks many amiable and noble qualities. But, in spite of one or two instances of real sacrifice like that of Sélysette, it is impossible to affirm that the life exhibited in these plays affords any powerful or consistent support to the ideals of the nobler morality; it must even be conceded that it shows a rather evident leaning toward the paradoxical, the eccentric, the sexual, and the disingenuous. The plays as a whole unsettle, rather than confirm, the reverence inspired by the beautiful philosophy unfolded in the stately eloquence of the essays. The doubts which occur to the investigator relate less to the mere correctness of the affirmations than to that application and attestation in experience which alone can impart to moral truth a profound and enduring significance. The perusal of the philosophy itself is the origin of these doubts: and they are not dissipated by a reading of the plays.

O. W. Firkins.

University of Minnesota.

"The Summons of the King," a play in blank verse by Philip Becker Goetz, will appear late in October from the McDowell Press, Buffalo.

"The Pigeon," a new play by John Galsworthy, has been accepted by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie for future production at the Royalty Theatre, London.

J. Comyns Carr is, by arrangement with the author, making a stage version of A. E. W. Mason's novel, "The Four Feathers."

"The Quality of Mercy" is the title of Hall Caine's latest play, which has just been tried in Manchester. There are forty characters in the cast.

A. E. Thomas's new comedy, "What the Doctor Ordered," will be presented in the Astor Theatre on the 20th inst., with Fritz Williams in the lead of the merry-makers.

"The Outsiders" is the title given by Charles Klein to his new play, which will be produced by the Authors' Producing Company in November. The theme is taken from incidents in every-day life as gleaned from the daily newspapers, and in general character resembles "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Gamblers."

Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, to be produced in a week or two at the London St. James's, is called "The Ogre." In spite of the fierce title, however, the piece is said to be of a light character. The ogre is simply the head of a modern family, and the troubles dealt with are those of ordinary, every-day experience. The cast, which is a long one, will be headed, of course, by Sir George Alexander. The nature of Mr. Jones's work varies widely, but is generally distinguished by excellence of some kind.

"Disraeli," with George Arliss in the principal character, will be presented here for the first time in Wallack's Theatre on the 18th inst. This piece had a successful career last season, both in this country and Canada, and will be awaited with considerable interest. Mr. Arliss is said to provide a wonderful counterfeit presentment of one of the most picturesque of modern British politicians—in the matter of externals, at all events.

Music

A Viennese publishing house is said to have in press the autobiography of Karl Goldmark.

Kurt Schindler has compiled and arranged for the Schirmers "A Century of Russian Song," embracing songs by a dozen Russians from Glinka to Rachmaninoff, and including Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky.

New York's leading orchestra, the Philharmonic, last year, for the first time in its career, undertook a long tour. This season a second tour will be made, consisting of twenty-five concerts, as far west as St. Paul, and possibly further. The New York season of the Philharmonic begins with two concerts on November 2 and 3, at which the soloist will be the Russian violinist Zimbalist, who has created a genuine sensation in the musical countries of Europe.

Paderewski, who was one of the first to recognize the great merits of Frederick Stock, the present leader of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, paid a striking tribute to the man who is to be conductor the coming season of the New York Philharmonic. "Stransky," he said at a recent luncheon in Paris, "is one of the coming musicians, and is certain to make as deep an impression in America as he has done in the past few years in Europe."

Philadelphia will open its opera season as early as November 3, with Mary Garden as Carmen.

Saint-Saëns, Richard Strauss, Max Schillings, Ludwig Hess, Arthur Friedheim, and Busoni are among the famous musicians who will participate in the Liszt centennial festival at Heidelberg, October 21 to 25.

It seems to be the fate of Jewish composers particularly to be overrated during their life, underrated afterwards. Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn were so undeservedly popular compared with some other greater men of their time that one can understand the indignation which made Wagner write his pamphlet, "Das Judenthum in der Musik." After the death of Mendelssohn his vogue waned rapidly, till it became necessary for sane critics to call a halt and point out that he was, after all, a genius and some of his pieces masterworks. Meyerbeer's star sank more slowly. Not so many years ago he still held the prominent place in the Paris repertory which has now been won by Wagner. In New York, also, in the days of Maurice Grau, Meyerbeer held the first place at the Metropolitan, where Wagner now has a larger number of performances than any other composer, while Meyerbeer's very name seems to have been forgotten. In Berlin an effort is being made to rehabilitate Meyerbeer, who was born in that city in 1791, and who from 1831 on for over half a century was the favorite of Parisian opera-goers. A monument is to be erected in his honor in the German metropolis, and the funds are to be obtained by revivals of his works at the leading German opera houses. The most remarkable thing about this movement is the number of prominent persons who head

it. The Kaiser is interested, and among those who have signed their names are Count Hülsen-Haeseler, Leopold Schmidt, Lilli Lehmann, Rudolf Mosse, Dr. Muck, Georg Schumann, Albert Niemann, Richard Strauss.

The death is reported from Brussels of Imbart De La Tour, a Belgian tenor. He appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1901.

Art

Piranesi. By Arthur Samuel. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910. 215 pp. 25 plates. 12mo. $5 net.

Piranesi's most important work as an etcher, and that by which he is known to the connoisseur and collector to-day, is found in the best of the plates in which he contrasted the ruined magnificence of Rome with the every-day life around it. He presented always the picturesque aspect of these old structures, with a tendency to emphasize effect, to draw Rome, as Mr. Samuel puts it, "more splendid than she had been even at the zenith of her magnificence." He saw his subjects, and executed his large plates, in a large way. His extravagantly attitudinizing figures rather help to accentuate, by their own grotesque littleness, the monumental relics of the great art of a great people. Rhetorical emphasis was part of his method, and at its best his manner rises to the dignity of a style. His genius has been well described as scenic; there was an element of the histrionic in him.

One may appreciate fully the peculiar talent of this artist without necessarily subscribing to Mr. Samuel's dictum that "architectural etching has culminated with" Piranesi, or that "he summed up the results of the etcher's craft and carried them to a point beyond which they have not been improved." Incidentally, it is inexplicable why De Quincy and Coleridge should be quoted, with approbation, as calling Piranesi "the Rembrandt of Etchers," but perhaps there is a slip of the pen here, and "the Rembrandt of Architecture" (a name often applied to Piranesi) is intended. The tendency to superlatives is not calculated to make one feel that the present book, in its comments on Piranesi as an etcher, can entirely supersede the incisive and sanely appreciative criticism in the little pamphlet (1905) by the late Russell Sturgis.

It is, in fact, not so much Piranesi the etcher as Piranesi the archæologist, with the resolve "to preserve by means of engravings" the splendors of ancient Rome, who particularly holds the attention of the author. Mr. Samuel is so impressed with the fierce, untiring energy with which this Italian artist labored to arouse more widespread interest in ancient art, that he would extend the influence of his subject to the furthest limits. To Piranesi are indebted Robert Adam, Chippendale, Sir William Chambers, Ceracchi the sculptor (known to Americans particularly through his busts of Hamilton and Franklin), Cotman (who, indeed, himself said: "I decidedly *follow* Piranesi"), Dance the architect of Newgate, Sir John Soane architect of the Bank of England, Robert Mylne architect of old Blackfriars Bridge, Wedgwood, Flaxman, and finally American architects, with their strong leaning toward classic form. Even the "science of hypothesis," which Mr. Samuel himself characterizes as "not a fruitful one," is assiduously cultivated; for instance, in regard to a possible effect on Doré and Poe.

The facts, stripped of rhetoric, are about these: Piranesi, a prominent figure in the movement of the day toward appreciation of antique art, which found expression notably in the writings of Winckelmann and the activities of the Society of Dilettanti, devoted himself to the production of pictorial records of ancient architecture and decoration. The material thus made available educated public taste for the antique, and proved of great use to designers active in architecture and the decorative and applied arts. His infectious enthusiasm no doubt strongly influenced the artists with whom he personally came into contact, and his imaginative designs in the classical spirit, practicable or not, are still to-day, it is said, a source of inspiration to students of architecture.

Of the two usual and expected additions to a work of this kind, Bibliography and Index, the latter is useful, though not infallible, and though not including references to the different series of plates. A separate list of these series is given, however, which will be appreciated by those who have tried to collate a set of Piranesi's works, although it does not in any case note individual plates. (A. M. Hind has half promised a complete list of Piranesi's publications.) In the Bibliography, the "Catalogo delle migliori stampe di incisione in rame che esistono nella Regia Calcografia" (Rome, 1904), of which pages 37-52 are devoted to Piranesi, might well have found a place.

When all is said, and the fact recorded that Mr. Samuel's book is not to be used without reference to other literature on the subject, this well and discriminatingly illustrated volume, evidently the result of stimulating enthusiasm, remains an interesting addition to the growing list of monographs on individual practitioners in the reproductive graphic arts.

Among the books of the season announced by Heinemann we note "A Treatise on the Technique of Painting," by Charles Moreau Vautier; "The Biography of John Gibson," the sculptor, and two architectural albums on "The Romanesque School in France" and "Baroque Art in Italy."

From F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia we have received a photograph of the late Edwin Abbey. It is an excellent likeness, and could well be framed.

The large and fully illustrated folio, "Civic Art," by Thomas H. Mawson (Scribner importation, $20 net), is devoted to town planning, parks, boulevards, and open spaces. The examples are largely drawn from the author's designs, notable among which are the Dunfermline park projects under the Carnegie Trust, and the Southport and Lever Park improvements near Liverpool. A number of standard city and park plans from the Continent are included, but in general the book is pretty closely confined to English interests, and to Mr. Mawson's own activities. A general discussion of the limits of naturalistic and geometrical design will interest American landscape architects, to whom, indeed, the volume will serve rather for suggestion than for specific guidance. In paging over Mr. Mawson's interesting designs, your reviewer is struck by the skilful and artistic use of bodies of water. Here is a point in which American town, park, and country-place planning is strangely backward, less from lack of water than from the difficulty of mediating between the severe and picturesque methods. As in all design, success depends upon a reasonable linking of improvements with preëxisting conditions whether of man's or nature's making—a text upon which our author constantly and sensibly expatiates.

The well-known French painter of battle scenes, Auguste-Henri-Louis de Clermont, died recently in Paris at the age of sixty-seven.

Finance

THE BERLIN STOCK MARKET AND THE "WAR TALK."

At first glance, last Saturday's news of a sudden and demoralizing break on the German stock exchanges, combined with a sharp rise in money rates at Berlin and a run on various provincial savings banks, would seem to reflect a turn for the worse in the Franco-German negotiations. The curious fact about the incident, however, is that it occurred at the very moment when the "Moroccan situation" had become more reassuring than for many weeks past. Not only so, but financial Paris, which certainly had as much reason as financial Berlin to be concerned at a renewed prospect of war, remained calm while German prices were breaking. These facts suggest that there must have been some underlying cause for the financial disorder in Germany, not directly connected with the fear of war. As a matter of fact, there was such a cause; for the German market, like our own, had lately reached a position where it had to pay the penalty for a premature resumption of industrial expansion and financial speculation after the shock of 1907.

The event of that year was a world-wide phenomenon. It broke with the greatest violence on New York, but Europe was not spared, and the German markets had become a focus of serious trouble, even before the Knickerbocker Trust Company's failure precipitated panic here. The cause in Germany, as in America, was the straining of capital resources to the breaking-point in the excited financial exploitation of the day. But the Germans, like ourselves, refused to recognize the collapse of 1907 as anything but a passing incident; the movement of speculation and expansion was resumed, and in Germany it was resumed very largely on the basis of capital borrowed from France and England—a precarious basis, since those markets, too, were confronted with impaired resources.

Our own effort at premature resumption of the exploits of 1906 broke down a year and a half ago, and the resultant liquidation has not entirely ended yet. London and Paris passed through a similar experience this past summer. It was hardly to be expected that Berlin, relying as it did on the capital of those two markets, should escape a pretty severe financial reckoning; and, although the "war scare" cannot be called the fundamental influence, it certainly could not have helped matters that Germany's chief creditors at the time were the markets of the two nations with which the diplomacy of the German Government was threatening war.

But whether the break on Berlin's markets resulted immediately from fear of war or from causes apart from war, the inquiry naturally arises: How would the markets act if war were really on the cards? Sometimes markets "discount" war many weeks ahead; sometimes they hardly move until it comes. In 1898, our own stock and money markets had their violent convulsion in February, just after the "Maine" was destroyed in the harbor of Havana. When war was actually declared, on April 20, they hardly moved at all. But in 1899, when Kruger sent his ultimatum on October 10, the money market was only a week ahead of the event. The Bank of England rate began the month at 3½ per cent., on October 3 it rose to 4½, and two days afterward to 5. Even the London Stock Exchange did not grow excited until that week.

Perhaps, however, a more interesting case in point would be the European markets when the great Franco-Prussian war of 1870 began. That was a time when financial markets failed to show which way the wind was blowing, until the storm broke full upon them. Two or three weeks before France declared war, on July 15 of that year, the discount rate was only 3 per cent. at London, 2½ at Paris, and 3¾ at Berlin; and the trifling weakness on the stock exchanges was ascribed exclusively to drought in the harvest district of the Continent. When, however, France had presented its impossible demands to the Prussian King, and William had curtly ordered the French ambassador to leave, and the Paris government had declared war, the crash came.

There was panic on London's Stock Exchange, in the course of which all European government securities, including consols, went to pieces. Within a fortnight the London bank rate rose from 3½ to 6 per cent., the Berlin rate from 4 to 8½, and the rate of the Bank of France from 2½ to 6. Within a month the Bank of France had suspended specie payments. Wheat went up violently in price; bills of Continental banking houses could not be negotiated in London. Nobody knew certainly whether England herself could keep out of the fight, and most people thought that the French fleet, which was five or six times as large as Prussia's, would blockade the Channel and put a stop to trade with the German ports.

What would have happened, had the Franco-Prussian war been prolonged like those of 1899 or 1904, is a matter of conjecture. But the "débâcle" came with wholly unexpected swiftness. The German army moved instantly and with mechanical precision across the French frontier; this, while the strongest part of the French reserves, with its officers untrained and taken unawares, was marching and counter-marching nearer to Paris than to the Rhine frontier. The French fleet had no time to move, and no plan for action. Bazaine was beaten at Gravelotte barely one month after war had been declared, and was surrounded and "bottled up" in Metz, whence he could give no help to the rest of the French army. Napoleon III, after having allowed himself, his generals, and his army to be encircled at Sedan, surrendered almost exactly two months after the fighting had begun. Even before Gravelotte, the Bank of England had begun to reduce its discount rate; from 6 per cent. in the middle of August, it was down to 2½ before Sedan. Napoleon's surrender was the signal for a general rise on the stock exchanges and the cotton markets, and for a fall in wheat.

A mere review of the story of 1870, as it began and ended, shows the difficulty of drawing analogies with the present markets. There is this at least to say—that whatever else might happen, European markets would not be taken unawares by a declaration of war to-day, as they were in 1870. And then, who knows whether matters would move as swiftly and assuredly as they did forty years ago, when there were no frontier fortifications, no trained iron fleet, no aeróplanes, and no speech from an English Premier committing the British Government to stand by France?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Living Without a Boss. Harper. $1 net.
American Jewish Year Book, 5672 (1911-1912). Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
Atkins, F. A. Life Worth While. Revell. 75 cents net.
Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A: Cuneiform Texts. Vol. XXIX, Part I; by H. Radau. Philadelphia.
Barrett, W. A. English Church Composers. New edition. Scribner.
Bartlett, D. W. The Better Country. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Barton, F. B. Laurence Sterne en France. Paris: Hachette et Cie.
Bell, J. J. The Indiscretions of Maister Redhorn. Revell.
Bibliographical Society of America. Papers, Vol. V, 1910. University of Chicago Press. $3.08.
Black, H. Happiness. Revell.
Blaisdell, M. F. Tommy Tinker's Book. Illus. by F. E. Nosworthy. Boston: Little, Brown. 60 cents.
Brooks, A. Prue's Merry Times. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.
Brown, C. R. The Modern Man's Religion. Teachers College, Columbia University.
Carman, B. A Painter's Holiday and Other Poems. New York: Privately printed.
Carruth, H. Track's End. Harper. $1.
Chadwick, F. E. The Relations of the United States and Spain. 2 vols. Scribner. $7 net per set.
Churchill, A. P. Birds in Literature. Worcester, Mass.: The Davis Press. $1.50.
Cory, H. E. The Critics of Edmund Spenser. Berkeley: University of California.
Cox, J. H. A Chevalier of Old France. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Cox, K. The Classic Point of View: Six Lectures on Painting. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Crichton, F. E. The Soundless Tide. Baker & Taylor. $1.20 net.
Cummings, W. H. Purcell. New edition. Scribner.
Cumont, F. The Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Davidson, E. B. Nibbles Poppelty-Poppett: The Story of a Mouse. Boston: Little, Brown. 75 cents net.
Dawson, W. J. The Book of Courage. Revell. $1.25 net.
Dickens. A Tale of Two Cities. Illus. in color. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Douglas, A. M. Helen Grant's Harvest Year. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Douglas, G. The Book of Scottish Poetry: Being an Anthology of the Best Scottish Verse. Baker & Taylor. $2.50 net.
Downs, Mrs. G. S. Redeemed. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Eastman, E. G. Yellow Star: A Story for Girls. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Edler, F. The Dutch Republic and the American Revolution. Johns Hopkins University.
Elias, E. L. In Tudor Times; In Stewart Times, 2 vols. Crowell. $1.50 each.
Gajsek, S. v. Milton und Caedmon. Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. Illus. in color. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Gehring, F. Mozart. New edition. Scribner.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated in color. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Gordon, B. F. Songs of Courage, and Other Poems. Baker & Taylor.
Guerber, H. A. Stories of Shakespeare's Tragedies. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Hartley, P. J. The Hand of Diane. Baker and Taylor. $1.20 net.
Historical Papers Relating to the Henry Whitfield House, Guilford, Conn. The Trustees.
Home University Library. The Opening Up of Africa, by H. H. Johnston; Liberalism, L. T. Hobhouse; Crime and Insanity, C. Mercier. Holt. 75 cents net, each.
Hooker, B. Mona: An Opera in Three Acts. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Hughes. R. Miss 318. Revell. 75 cents net.

Kempis, T. à. The Imitation of Christ. With colored reproductions from the Old Masters. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Ladd, G. T. The Teacher's Practical Philosophy. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25 net.
Lamb's Essays of Elia. Illustrated in color. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Langley Memoir on Mechanical Flight. Part I, by S. P. Langley; Part II, by C. M. Manly. Smithsonian Institution.
Lengheed, V. Vehicles of the Air. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $2.50 net.
McDonald, E. B., and Dalrymple, J. Hassan in Egypt; Marta in Holland. Boston: Little, Brown.
McCutcheon, G. B. Mary Midthorne. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Marshall, A. The Eldest Son. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Michaëlis, K. The Dangerous Age. Translated from Danish. Lane. $1.20 net.
Mickens, C. W., and Robinson, L. A Mother Goose Reader. Silver, Burdett. 36 cents.
Mitchell, F. M. Joan of Rainbow Springs. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.35 net.
Mitchell, J. A. Pandora's Box. Stokes. $1.30 net.
Monroe, W. S., and Buckbee, A. Our Country and Its People. Harper. 40 cents.
Moore, S. On the Sources of the Old-English Exodus. University of Chicago Press.
Morice, C. The Re-appearing (Il est Ressuscité): A Vision of Christ in Paris. Translated by J. N. Raphael. Doran. $1.20 net.
Morton, E. P. The Technique of English Non-Dramatic Blank Verse. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.
Mullins, I. M. The Boy from Hollow Hut. Chicago: Revell, $1.00 net.
Neff, S. S. Power Through Perfected Ideas. Philadelphia: Neff College Pub. Co.
Odell, F. I. Larry Burke, Sophomore. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Osbourne, L. A Person of Some Importance. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Parker, D. W. Calendar of Papers in Washington Archives relating to the Territories of the U. S. (to 1873). Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Peabody Museum. Papers. Vol. V. The Archæology of the Delaware Valley, by E. Volk. Cambridge, Mass.
Phillips, D. G. The Conflict: A Novel. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Ranger-Gull, C. House of Torment. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Reed, M. A Weaver of Dreams. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Report of the Texas Library and Historical Commission, for the period from March, 1909, to August, 1910. Austin.
Richards, L. E. Two Noble Lives, Samuel Gridley and Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Dana Estes.
Robbins, A. E. A Tour and a Romance. Baker and Taylor. $1.50 net.
Rolleston, T. W. The High Deeds of Finn, and Other Bardic Romances of Ancient Ireland. Illustrated in color. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Rose, H. Maeterlinck's Symbolism. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Rudall, H. A. Beethoven. New edition. Scribner.
Smith, D. E., and Karpinski, L. C. The Hindu-Arabic Numerals. Boston: Ginn.
Smyth, M. W. Biblical Quotations in Middle English Literature Before 1350. Holt.
Snider, D. J. The Biocosmos. St. Louis: Sigma Pub. Co. $1.50.
Sommer, H. O. The Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances. Vol. IV, Le Livre de Lancelot del Lac, Part ii. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Speck, F. G. Ceremonial Songs of the Creek and Yuchi Indians. With music transscribed by J. D. Sapir. University of Pennsylvania.
Steele, J. The House of Iron Men. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.20 net.
Stockwell, H. G. Essential Elements of Business Character. Revell, 60 cents net.
Stoughton, J. A. A Corner Stone of Colonial Commerce. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
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Tomlinson, E. T. Four Boys in the Yosemite. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Twitchell, R. E. Leading Facts of New Mexican History. Vol. 1. Cedar Rapids, Ia. Torch Press. $12
University of Pennsylvania. Egyptian Department publications. Vol. V, Karanôg, the Town, by C. L. Woolley.
Van Dyke, H. The Sad Shepherd: A Christmas Story. Scribner.
Warner, H. E. That House I Bought. Dillingham. 75 cents net.
Whitechurch, V. L. Concerning Himself. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Wiggin, K. D. Mother Carey's Chickens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Wilmot-Buxton, E. M. The Story of the Crusaders. Crowell. $1.50.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1911.

The Week

The President's discussion of the Supreme Court's Anti-Trust decisions, in his speech to the Detroit Board of Commerce, was not only marked by the clear reasoning which distinguishes all his remarks on judicial or Constitutional questions, but was particularly timely. In consequence of much ill-judged inference from the language of Chief Justice White's opinions, a point had been reached where attacks on the court's position might have been made to play an unfortunate part in formal political declarations of the day. Mr. Taft leaves no doubt as to his own view of the matter. "The court," he said emphatically at Detroit, "has exhibited a courage in facing the necessary results in enforcing the statute that, instead of prompting an attack on it, ought to make every American proud that we have such a tribunal." Referring to the accusation fathered by the impulsive critics (who, of course, include Mr. Bryan) that the application of the "rule of reason" was a surrender of the people's rights and a usurpation of judicial power, the President challenges any man to come forth and say "what particular contract or restraint of interstate trade he would condemn, which would not be condemned within this definition of the court." Taking up the common assertion that in his own Presidential message of January, 1910, he had declared the "rule of reason" impracticable, the President answers that what he then said was "in exact accord with those decisions." His message of 1910 declared that insertion of the word "reasonable" in the statute itself, so as to distinguish "good Trusts" from "bad Trusts" in their restraint of trade, would make consistent and uniform application of the law impossible.

In other words, the court has declared, not that a combination whose ulterior purposes are presumptively harmless should be allowed to suppress competition and control prices, but that the scope of such combination and control must, in applying the law's prohibitions, be considered in the light of reason. Mr. Taft points out that in no other way can the manifest purpose of the authors of the Anti-Trust Law be made effective. For the notion that the Congress of 1890 had seriously in mind to prohibit all business combinations—even ordinary partnerships—merely because they eliminated a preëxisting competition, is absurd upon its face. In his view these later anti-Trust decisions, far from emasculating the statute, have in reality made feasible, almost for the first time, the uniform enforcement of the law.

Senator Works of California is the latest of the Republican Insurgents to confess that they will be confronted by a serious "problem" after President Taft is renominated. The difficulty will be to decide, not what to think of him, but what to do themselves. They have their minds made up, Senator Works declares, that Taft is too little of a progressive to give the Republican party any hope of success under his leadership, but, then, think of the awful alternative of voting for a Democrat! The California Senator shrinks from that, as much aghast as La Follette or Cummins. They have so long made speeches about the horrors of a possible Democratic Administration, and carried elections by that warning cry, that they cannot turn about now. Consequently, they discountenance all talk of a bolt from Taft, and intimate that their choice will be to stick by the party and gradually reform it "from within"—after the successful fashion of revising the tariff by its friends. It may well be that such a course on the part of the Insurgent Republicans is inevitable, but for them to announce it in advance is necessarily to take the heart out of their followers.

The "Wiley case" is disposed of by the President, in a letter to Secretary Wilson, presenting the whole subject with admirable clearness and with perfect judicial poise. While some of the points brought out by Mr. Taft had not been apprehended in detail by the general public, the essential features of the case became so well known within a few days after it first came up that there has never been room for reasonable doubt as to the President's disposition of it. Dr. Wiley is completely exonerated; and, so far from entertaining the proposal of the personnel board, backed by Attorney-General Wickersham, that he be "permitted to resign," the President takes occasion to emphasize the value and importance of his work and to express regret that such work should be hampered by unreasonable limitations of payment for the necessary service of experts. But the President's letter makes it absolutely clear that even as regards any technical violation of the law, Dr. Wiley was wholly innocent. In the case of two members of his bureau, the President finds a degree of willingness to stretch or evade the law in connection with the employment of Dr. Rusby, which he pronounces worthy of reprimand.

Of Mr. Wickersham's share in the matter, the President merely says that his recommendation approving the findings of the personnel committee had been given "upon only part of the evidence, and hence his judgment was different, doubtless, from what it would have been if he had had the whole record before him, as I have now." This is, of course, meant to let the Attorney-General down as softly as possible; but even so, is it not pretty hard upon him? Why is a matter referred to that officer, if not to guard against this very passing of judgment *ex parte*—on "only part of the evidence"? And even upon that part of the evidence which Mr. Wickersham did have before him, the recommendation to dismiss Dr. Wiley would have been preposterous; yet the Attorney-General, instead of limiting himself to a strictly legal opinion, went out of his way to endorse that recommendation with great emphasis. That he did this with no wrong intent, we feel sure, but it is unfortunate that he should have permitted himself to be used in this manner by persons having a strong desire to get a troublesomely zealous officer out of the way.

That Socialism is a bigger question than the tariff, few persons would deny; but it is a little queer that the one Socialist member of Congress should seek to enforce this fact by a statement which is absurdly wide of the mark.

"Figures will tell the story," said Mr. Berger:

> The entire yearly income from tariff duties is about $326,000,000, which means $3.50 per capita. Let us suppose the Democrats reduce this by as much as one-fourth. They can hardly reduce it more, because the country needs the revenue. Then the change would net the consumer about 87½ cents per capita. Suppose they would make a still more radical change and reduce the tariff by one-half, thus cutting down the country's revenue from this source in proportion. That would amount to the princely sum of $1.75 per capita. So in the question over which the Republicans and Democrats have been so bitterly at war for so many years just $1.75 per capita annually is involved.

Now, however absorbing may be the great question of Socialism, one would think that Mr. Berger would feel it his duty to have some glimmering notion at least of what the leading controversy in Congress was about. Mr. Underwood and his fellow-Democrats were not aiming to cut down the customs revenues by one-half, or one-fourth, or anything at all. What they desired to cut down was the prices which, under cover of the protective tariff, are extorted from American consumers for goods produced in this country. The amount of this enhancement of price bears no assignable relation whatever to the amount of customs revenue collected. Under an absolutely prohibitory tariff, no duty at all would be collected, but the enhancement of the domestic price of the protected articles would be greatest of all.

Mayor Harrison has only himself to blame if people are somewhat skeptical about the sincerity of his investigation into gambling and vice conditions in Chicago. By itself the plan seems straightforward. The Civil Service Commission is instructed by the Mayor "to inquire into any facts which tend to show a connection between any members of the Police Department and either gambling or vicious conditions." It is said to be the intention of the Commission to call upon members of the Vice Commission for explanation of charges in their celebrated report of last winter. And Commissioners and Mayor unite in saying that the investigation is to be the most thorough official inquiry that the city police force has known in a decade. But the question that haunts the mind of the reader of this declaration of war upon protected crime and vice in Chicago is why it comes just now. Mayor Harrison has been the city's Chief Executive more than once in this same decade, and it is but the simple truth that his name has been no more closely associated with bitter opposition to the granting of street-railway franchises without adequate compensation to the city than with apparent acquiescence in "wide-open" conditions and "red-light" districts.

The Western Union Company's quarterly statement of earnings, just published, is the best in ten years—a fact that ought to bring some encouragement to Wall Street, particularly when it is considered that this period covers such prosperous years as 1901, 1905, and 1906. But the explanation is, perhaps, to be found in the Western Union's new policy of a more scientific management of its own property. We take it that this satisfactory showing is in no wise due to extensions of plant nor even to the adoption of more economical appliances, but to the company's efforts to utilize its existing plant to a greater extent. In other words, it is the new night-letter and day-letter service to which this present prosperity is probably due. The public has appreciated the lower rates, and the business has been taken on such a basis that it has not called for more employees, but simply given the present telegraphers the opportunity to fill in spare moments with "slow" matter. We sincerely hope that, if our theory is correct as to this splendid showing in the face of keener competition than ever before, the company will go still further in the direction of lower rates, and particularly that it will at last have the decency to cut loose from its indefensible alliance with pool-sellers.

No ear but that of Gov. Dix has caught that popular clamor for boxing which is held by the Governor to justify public rioting such as marked the opening event at the Madison Avenue "Athletic Club," or brutal exhibitions like that of last Friday night at the same place. Boxing is the noble art of self-defence; in the process of popularizing this art the other night, one exponent "was practically slaughtered. Both of his eyes were closed, his nose was broken, his lips were slashed, and he received so many blows on the right side of the head that it swelled to the size of a small pumpkin." It is for entertainment of this sort that Gov. Dix finds the voice of the people of New York calling loudly. But it is curious how this clamor of the crowd failed to make itself heard at Albany until a happy chain of circumstances swept into power a majority controlled by Mr. Murphy.

Once more it is necessary to say that automobile racing in enclosed spaces, with thousands crowding to the rails to see the spectacle, should cease. The tragedy at Syracuse ought to lead to the indictment and punishment of those responsible, for it is unfortunately not unique. Similar plunges into crowds with fatal results have taken place in Indianapolis, in New York, and elsewhere. For racing of this kind only a few places are suitable—beaches like that at Ormond and specially constructed tracks like the wonderful one at Brooklands, near London. Even on that track accidents happen to the racers; but they at least know the risks they assume. With spectators it is different. They have the right to believe that their safety has been assured by those responsible for the racing.

To say that Mr. Hilton, in winning the American amateur golf championship, had good fortune on his side, is no disparagement of his remarkable display all last week. Luck, or "the rub of the green," is a recognized factor in golf; and Mr. Hilton himself freely acknowledged that it favored him conspicuously at the deciding hole of his thrilling match with Mr. Herreshoff on Saturday. Further than that, he was highly fortunate in the draw for the tournament play, chance having given him three mediocre players to meet as against only two of high calibre. But no considerations of this sort really take away anything from the extraordinary game which he exhibited. To play through an entire week eleven rounds averaging about 76 is a performance of which it is safe to say no American amateur is capable. Any one of half a dozen might beat Mr. Hilton in a single match, but his sustained low scoring, day after day, is the golfing marvel. He carries off our highest honors, not only amid expressions of personal good will, but with the general conviction that the palm went to a man who merited it.

The death of Col. John J. McCook brings to mind anew the fact that the civil war was fought by boys. He himself left the class-room at sixteen to return to it three years later as a brevet colonel. At this distance of time the thing seems incredible, and yet there were many like Col. McCook, on both sides, though none were more promising young soldiers. It is related of Major-Gen. John Sedgwick that his staff called him "Old Uncle John," although he was only fifty when killed; but the title is explained by the record that the oldest of his staff officers was but twenty-five, the others being between that mature age and eighteen! Col. McCook's own father was killed at the age of sixty-three, when acting as an officer in a homeguard regiment called out by Morgan's daring raid into Ohio, and his age evened up somewhat in years the losses of this famous family, which began at Bull Run and included the murder by guerrillas as he lay ill in an ambulance of the gifted Col. Robert L. McCook.

The future implications of the tragic act at Kiev by which Russia gave notice to the world that her government is still a government of autocracy tempered by assassination, cannot at this moment be predicated with any degree of assurance. For that matter, the identity of the assassin and the nature of his motives have not been clearly established. The authorities at Kiev are under the necessity of explaining how an emissary of the revolutionists found easy entrance into a hall where, if he had so chosen, he might have turned his weapon against the Czar himself with a very good chance of success. The hypothesis has been brought forward that the assassin Bogroff was another Azeff, and that, in playing the double rôle of revolutionary conspirator and police agent, he finally found himself facing the choice between executing the revolutionary committee's orders or being put to death by his comrades. It is not a very convincing theory, since the choice was, after all, between the certain death that now awaits him and the rather problematic punishment that a disorganized and discouraged revolutionary faction might be able to visit upon him.

Measured by character and achievements, Stolypin without question towered head and shoulders above the common level of the Russian bureaucracy. He was a forceful personality in an environment where forcefulness is usually accompanied by the policeman's outlook and temper; such a type was the late Gen. Trepoff, the hero of "Red Sunday." Stolypin added to strength of will and an autocratic view of government, a knowledge of the business of statecraft such as no other minister during the reign of Nicholas II has displayed, with the exception of Sergius Witte. Called to the Premiership during the full tide of revolution in the summer of 1906, Stolypin went about the business of extinguishing the liberal movement with relentless thoroughness. There was a Russian Parliament in being and a full code of popular and personal liberties, but the methods of Stolypin were the old methods of the police state, elaborated and carried to a high pitch of perfection. He pacified Russia through the instrumentality of drum-head courts-martial and punitive expeditions, very much as Gen. Trepoff might have done. Where he went further than the old police minister was in developing a constructive policy of social and economic legislation which may have been designed primarily to make another revolutionary movement impossible, but which went a great deal beyond that. The breaking up of the communal system of land ownership and the colonization of Siberia were two projects of first-rate importance. Judged by his programme, his title to real statesmanship might have been made out. The trouble was in his methods. There he was at one with the police methods that had guided government policy throughout the reign of Alexander III and the present Emperor. Stolypin refused to recognize the new factor that had come into the national life with the creation of parliamentary institutions.

Allowing for the political factors that entered into Sunday's serious rioting in Vienna, it is still quite plain that the pressure of rising food prices which has been felt in Germany and has led to disorders in France, has become a serious question in the Austrian capital. If the Socialists have chosen to make an issue of the cost of living, it is only proof that the problem is a real one. We need not enter into the complex discussion of what underlies the present economic unrest in Europe. One temporary cause that suggests itself is the extraordinary drought and heat of the late summer, with their disastrous effect on the crops, a situation with which the Prussian Government has been compelled to deal by cutting in half the freight rates on food products. Putting this common factor aside, it is to be noted that the people of Austria suffer as much as any country under the double system which, rightly or wrongly, has been everywhere accepted as largely responsible for the rise in the cost of living—namely, a tariff on foreign food products, and the growth of Trusts. Discontent with the concentration of trade and industry has long been rife among the lower middle classes in Vienna.

The German army manœuvres seem to have ended in a veritable triumph for the military aviators. Lieut. Mackenthun, who had already distinguished himself in long-distance flights, is reported to have flown over the enemy and brought back in half an hour precious information which the cavalry could have obtained only after many hours of reconnoitring, coupled with heavy losses. But if both the opposing armies were similarly equipped with aeroplanes and dirigibles, they ought both, it should seem, to have profited in equal measure. Moreover, the ordnance sharps, who persistently refuse to believe in the possibilities of the aeroplane as a military scout, will be quick to point out that such manœuvres afford no real test, for, in war-time, thousands of men and many specially constructed balloon-cannon would have been blazing away at Lieut. Mackenthun and forcing him up so high in the air as to make observation difficult, if not impossible. Obviously, under actual service conditions, the difficulties of the air-scout will be vastly greater and success will be achieved only at a terrible risk and by the exceptional aviator. None the less, military men everywhere are paying more and more attention to this new method of scouting, even where there is absolute skepticism as to the use of the aeroplane for bomb-dropping. One has only to study some of our own civil war battles to see what terrible blunders might have been avoided had even captive balloons been more widely used.

MAINE AND THE REFERENDUM.

The closeness of the popular vote in Maine, on a question regarded as of vital importance to the welfare of the State, suggests some reflections on the general merits of the initiative-and-referendum system as a substitute for representative government. In the instance before us, this evenly balanced vote, this result which would have been reversed if only eleven electors out of 120,000 had changed their votes, had reference to the repeal of an established feature of the State's Constitution, but precisely the same thing might happen in regard to the introduction of some innovation of crucial importance. Under the system of initiative and referendum, a very small percentage of the voters may propose a measure, and, if it is then carried in a popular election by a margin ever so narrow, it becomes a law, without qualification or amendment, and without having to encounter the possibility of a veto at the hands of the Executive.

Now it is quite true that, under any system of republican government, the same closeness may arise in an election, and that the result, however momentous its consequences, must be accepted by a law-abiding people. The reversal of six hundred votes in New York State in the national election of 1884 would have made Blaine President instead of Cleveland; and in any legislative body that is almost exactly tied, it is easy to point out how few changes of votes, if properly distributed, would have sufficed to modify the complexion of the result. But there is a difference. To elect a Legislature, or a Governor, or a President, is not the same thing as to answer an abstract question with the single word yes or no. You have still human beings to deal with, men who have been more or less distinctly committed to certain lines of action, but who still retain—if they are men and not mere puppets—the right of private judgment on the whole state of facts that presents itself for their decision. The very closeness of the vote by which their party won may itself be a part of that state of facts which they may feel it not only their right, but their duty, to take into account; and this is especially true of the cases which are the most important, the cases in which some serious and critical step was included in the party's programme, the result of taking which might be attended with disastrous consequences. One has only to think of such a question as that of the free coinage of silver to see how desirable it is that there should reside somewhere, in the minds of some few men of superior intelligence and superior courage, the power to prevent the automatic consequence of a bare majority resulting from a mere count of noses.

Of course, in addition to the opportunity given for reflection and for individual judgment on the part of legislators, the representative system presents the advantage of giving opportunity for desirable modification of a proposed measure. But against all this the advocates of the initiative-and-referendum system place one argument which, to their mind, swallows up all the others, and the force of which it is, unfortunately, impossible to deny. What independent and honest Legislatures might do, they say, is very pretty to talk about, but the condition that confronts us in this country is that we cannot get that kind of Legislatures. Were it not for the degree of truth in this view, there would be no occasion to discuss the subject of the initiative and referendum as a practical issue. But whatever weight there may be in this consideration, it will not do to lose sight of the gravity of the change that is proposed by the direct-legislation men, nor of the immense loss that it threatens, along with any gain that it may bring. So long as the idea of representative government, in the full sense of the word, is still dominant in our polity, the true effect of its abandonment cannot safely be inferred from the fragmentary experiences of a few States. The heart of the issue lies in the question whether in the long run the initiative-and-referendum system will sap the vitality of representative government; whether it will result in turning over all really vital questions to the decision of a mere numerical majority at the polls—in a state of things in which a momentous change like the introduction of prohibition or the free coinage of silver may be effected in a moment, without the interposition of any chance for the assertion, by representative men, of those intellectual and moral powers which have hitherto been regarded as an essential part of the forces that shape our political destinies.

Upon a subject less far-reaching, and also less remote, the Maine election may serve to point a moral. When a proposed Constitutional amendment is under consideration, it is often thoughtlessly urged, when the objections to it are not manifestly conclusive, that the Legislature should give it the benefit of the doubt, since its favorable action would mean only the submission of the question for approval or rejection by the people. The fallacy of this view must be evident on a moment's thought; since, if it were adopted, the result would be that the Constitution could be changed with greater facility than an ordinary law. The closeness of the Maine election, however, brings into strong relief the lack of authoritative force in the mere acceptance or rejection of a fundamental measure by a popular majority. Approval of a Constitutional amendment by such a majority is designed to be a check on legislative action, not a substitute for it. In order that a change should be made in the organic law, it should satisfy, separately and independently, the requirement of being approved by the Legislature and the requirement of being approved by the people. No legislator can absolve himself from the duty of recording his own judgment upon it, on the plea that he is merely giving the people a chance to decide. It is his own duty to decide according to his judgment and conscience. The adoption of an amendment to the Constitution is understood to mean, first of all, that the Legislature has pronounced judgment in its favor, and secondly that the people have not reversed but confirmed that judgment. Any other view of the matter is manifestly absurd; and yet such views are so often put forward that the Maine election may serve a useful purpose in reminding us of their falsity.

THINGS FOR POLITICIANS TO DENY.

If a modern poet were to bring up to date the account of "the spirit who denies," he would have to reckon largely with men in public life. They are all the time being called upon to deny having said or done certain things with which they are charged. One of the latest and most amusing instances of this has just occurred in England. Mr. Lloyd George was accused of having declared that he "would never rest until he had made England bow the knee to Wales." Enemies of "the wretched lit-

tle Welsh attorney" were circulating this story with glee, and it was having a great run in the irresponsible newspapers. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer finally wrote a letter solemnly denying that he had ever said anything of the kind. So the national anthem will not have to be altered, and it will not bo necessary for Englishmen to practise going on their knees to Welshmen.

Candidates for office have regularly to make arrangements for a series of public denials. In this country there is one story that periodically crops up and that demands the most earnest disclaimers and refutation. It is that some man standing for high office has been heard to say that, in his opinion, a dollar a day is enough for any workingman. The figure is always precise: not $1.25 or $1.12½ a day, but exactly $1. No regard is had for rising or falling wages or changes in the cost of living; the hard-hearted man is charged with having asserted that a dollar a day is enough. Usually it is some old employee, or a farmer-friend, who has heard him say it, though the fact was never mentioned until a political campaign came up. Thereupon other employees, or neighbors in the country, come forward to bear witness that they know the sentiment attributed to the candidate to be abhorrent to him, since they had often heard him say that no rate of pay could be too high for the beloved laboring man. It will be remembered that this charge was made against Judge Parker in 1904, and was then impressively declared to be false. But it was really a revival or survival of earlier days. For many years the dollar-a-day fiction had been numbered in the United States among the things for politicians to deny.

During a recent turbulent Presidency, denial played a truly strenuous part. A collection of the mendacious and damnable charges made and exposed during those six years without a dull moment, would rival in length the list of specimens brought back from Africa for the Smithsonian. Indeed, so fixed and active was then the habit of denial, that some things were denied before they were alleged, and in one case, at least, a furious denial, with a threat of criminal prosecution, followed a newspaper article which on its face was plainly humorous. That period will long remain a high-water mark in the art, or duty, of political denial.

A more serious aspect of the matter is seen when we pass from what may be only campaign slanders or partisan attacks, to questions of political principle, supposed to be held peculiarly sacred. A good illustration of what we mean was furnished the other day in the discussions of the assembled Governors at Spring Lake, New Jersey. Debate chanced to grow pretty sharp on the question of Executive power and the control of Legislatures, and particularly on the subject of the referendum and recall. Every disputant, however, when hard put to it, had one triumphant resort. "Then you don't trust the people?" he would ask. Now, this is a question which always strikes terror to the heart of a politician—this is a charge which he must make haste to deny. No matter on which side he may be arguing, or how he may stand on the main question, his necessary postulate is that the people are always to be trusted, and that he, for his part, has not a particle of doubt that the American voters fully realize Plato's dream of sovereign power joined to absolute wisdom. Nor is it safe for him to attempt to make any nice distinctions in this matter. We observe that on this occasion one or two of the more daring Governors ventured to assert that there might be a difference between the settled and deliberate will of the people and a popular "caprice." But this is perilous. The retort is obvious, and it was made: "Can you feel sure that it was not a foolish caprice that put *you* in office?"

Alongside the things which public men have to deny is the even more troublesome category of things they have to explain away. These arise, not from vague or malicious charges, but from printed letter or recorded speech. It requires great skill in a politician to show how when he said black in 1902 he really meant the same as white in 1911—or, at all events, a neutral shade of gray. This was Senator Cummins's difficulty when Senator Williams confronted him with an extract from one of his own messages, as Governor of Iowa, deriding the notion that Canadian reciprocity could injure the American farmer. The Iowa Senator had not Gladstone's mastery in this kind of thing—for the latter was said to be able to "explain away" the wife of a bishop. But even he would have shrunk from the task of explanation which will soon be pressing upon Mr. Roosevelt. We refer to that congratulatory statement of his to the American people, issued shortly after President Taft's election, and positively and sweepingly asserting that the choice was the best one that could possibly have been made.

THE STATES AND THEIR PRISONS.

That the conference of Governors devoted so much time to the consideration of prison questions is at once a significant indication of the importance now coming to be universally assigned to such questions and an illustration of the varied usefulness which these conferences may have. Unlike some of the questions that have come before the Governors, this of prison management raises no questions of party controversy, nor any issue of the division of powers between the States and the Federal Government. In the matter of crime, except in the comparatively small domain of violations of Federal law, each State has complete control of the situation within its borders. As a result, the history of prison administration in this country furnishes ample material both for the advocate and for the critic of our system of federated States. In some respects, and preëminently in the establishment of juvenile courts, individual States of our Union have set an example that has been admired and imitated in a number of the leading countries of the world; while, on the other hand, in a large proportion of our States there have prevailed, in the ordinary management of prisons and reformatories—above all, in the county institutions—conditions that are a reproach to the country, conditions which have long ceased to be tolerated by any of the advanced nations of Europe. It is a safe conjecture that neither the worst nor the best that our States have had to show in this field would have been presented by the history of our prison administration had it been under the centralized control of the nation.

That in many of the States there is going on an earnest effort to advance toward a higher standard in prison management, and to take more and more seriously into account the possibilities of regeneration, instead of degeneration, for those condemned to

terms of service as convicts, there is ample evidence on every hand. The series of leaflets published by the National Committee on Prison Labor shows how many of the messages of Governors and the platforms of parties in various States have given attention to these questions. The difficult problems of contract convict labor, of direct State management of convict labor, of the direction which such labor should take, and of the disposal of its products, all receive earnest consideration. The importance of permitting the convicts to get in large measure the benefit, for themselves or their families or both, of the proceeds of their work, is coming to be more and more widely recognized. Another thing, of perhaps equal or greater importance, is the question of giving the convicts open-air occupation so far as possible; and along this line highly encouraging experience has already been put on record in more than one State. From such an interchange of facts and opinions as was had at the Governors' conference, whatever is best in all these movements for betterment of prison conditions must inevitably receive a strong impetus throughout the Union.

But it is by no means only upon the adoption of general principles or methods that the question of prison reform or prison improvement turns. In this, as in the general questions of government, there remains a deal of truth in the maxim "whate'er is best administered." Out of a fundamentally bad system, to be sure, good results cannot be expected; but a poor system can be made comparatively beneficent by admirable administration, and the best of systems can be made futile or mischievous by inefficient or corrupt management. The Maryland State Penitentiary, for instance, has for many years afforded a conspicuous lesson of great benefits procured for the prisoners, and great savings at the same time effected for the State, without any change of system, but simply through the extraordinary qualities and exemplary devotion of the warden, who has survived two changes of party in the State. So, too, there is an enormous range between the worst and the best in the contract system, both according to the spirit in which it is instituted and according to the kind of men in charge of it. Among the specific reforms brought to the attention of the Governors last week is the simple requirement of complete publicity in regard to prison-labor contracts —a requirement which is manifestly just in itself, and of which the exposure of outrageous abuses has abundantly emphasized the necessity.

In relation to the largest and deepest problems of the treatment of crime, the question of quality in the prison officials becomes absolutely essential. At the recent International Peace Congress, papers dealing with such fundamental questions as the indeterminate sentence, probation, etc., recognized the obtaining of a high class of officials as the indispensable prerequisite of success in these endeavors to put the treatment of crime upon a more hopeful footing. It is a satisfaction to be able to think that along this line great progress has been made in most of our States in recent years. This has been largely due to the infiltration of the ideas underlying the merit system throughout the whole country, even where its principles have not been embodied in any provision of law. The hideous monstrosity of making the guardianship of wretches condemned to prison a source of reward for party workers and "heelers" is gradually but steadily becoming apparent to the minds of decent Americans everywhere. But the old bad system still lingers, and still calls for vigorous effort to stamp it out.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND HERE.

Education in Great Britain has just been undergoing a careful scrutiny. The Educational Section of the British Association has been listening to papers and addresses on a wide range of topics, which have then become the subject of general discussion. Some of these topics are the same as those we are accustomed to; others are strikingly unfamiliar. An example of the latter class is the problem of Church and School, which has many phases. Thus, the professional training of teachers in Scotland, where it has made more progress than in England, has only recently been taken out of the exclusive control of denominational training colleges and assumed by the state. Another aspect of the same question was presented by Bishop Welldon, in an address that covered the field from elementary to university education. He dared to look forward to the time when Oxford and Cambridge would recognize Nonconformists as eligible not only for degrees, but for lectureships and professorships in the theological faculty. A result of the present situation, he pointed out, is that, since these institutions are the close preserves of the Church of England, the modern universities tend to become the preserves of non-conformity. In this way narrowness begets narrowness, to the disadvantage of all concerned.

When we turn to examinations and the relations of secondary schools and colleges, we seem to emerge from mediæval to modern times. We have never lived under the shadow of an official religious establishment, but we have heard much about the blessing and the curse of formal tests of proficiency, and very much about the futility of the preparatory school and the dictation of the universities. The suggestion that the subject of examinations deserved investigation by that court of last resort, a Royal Commission, indicates the gravity with which it was regarded. The report of such a body would be eagerly seized upon by American educators, especially if it realized in some degree the hope of one speaker that scientific method might be successfully applied to the examination of examinations. Even in these problems, however, which are common to Great Britain and the United States, there is as much difference as likeness. On both sides of the water there is complaint of the want of coordination between secondary school and college. But with us it takes the form of an outcry against the tyranny of the college. In England, there is protest against the "unnatural ascendency" enjoyed by secondary education. The trouble there is apparently a serious overlapping of work. Here, to judge by what the colleges say, a warm welcome awaits a nearer approach to overlapping, which, judged by the sighs and groans of the secondary schools, is utterly beyond the range of possibility. A point that comes closer to our conditions is that of too little overlapping of methods, between the much lecturing and little teaching of the university and the "spoon-feeding" of the schools.

It is in reference to the great end of education that the two nations find themselves most nearly at one, both in purpose and in uncertainty as to the best or even the second-best way to its

attainment. Bishop Welldon's four fundamental principles of education are implicit in the one he puts first: Every child shall enjoy the opportunity of developing in full measure the intellectual and moral faculties with which he or she is endowed. This is more abstract than Milton's stately expression of the supreme object of education as the providing of citizens able to "perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war"; but in other respects it is not different. There is nothing surprising in the fact that in form, at least, we have gone further than the mother country in realizing this ideal. It would be an absurdity for a speaker here to allude to a remnant of social exclusiveness still apparently lingering in "that most truly democratical" of institutions, the public school. Even more unintelligible would be a reference to the monopolizing of scholarships by the rich, to the loss of the very persons for whom they were founded. It would also be a ludicrous understatement which affirmed that "even now boys educated in elementary schools have attained the highest honors in the ancient as well as in the modern universities." In all this we are face to face with the tremendous social cleavage between the two countries, despite our numerous and well-attended private schools. In both, nevertheless, democracy more and more looks upon universal education as its only real safeguard.

The chief danger in this view was not overlooked by the bishop, whose fifteen years as headmaster at Dulwich and Harrow evidently did not blind him to the defects of the system of which he is still a part. It can hardly be truer of England than of this country that the public schools—regardless of the difference in the meaning of the phrase there and here—tend to become "the homes of the average," to applaud mediocrity. It is easy to see how this comes about. In the very process of leading democracy to higher levels, education makes efforts to adjust itself to the ideals of the institution for which it ostensibly sets the ideals. In the United States this is shown of late by the emphasis put upon vocational training. Democracy is willing to be educated, but it is inclined to prescribe its own courses. To this in itself there is comparatively little to object. The peril lies in the implication of intellectual equality that it fosters. Equality before the law is a sound and permanent democratic principle. Equality of personal capabilities is an absurd fallacy. Public schools will fail in one of their highest duties if they sacrifice the development of ability, and, consequently, of leadership, to a fetich of uniformity. A minimum of education for all must not be allowed to interfere with a maximum of education for some, for as many, indeed, as can be found or made fit for it.

NIETZSCHE.—I.

If the number of books written about a subject is any proof of interest in it, Nietzsche must have become one of the most popular of authors among Englishmen and Americans. Besides the authorized version of his Works appearing under the editorial care of Dr. Levy, every season for the past three or four years has brought at least one new interpretation of his theories or a biography of the man, among the most important of which are the expositions by Henry L. Mencken and J. M. Kennedy, and J. M. Hone's translation of the Life by Daniel Halévy.* Now a considerable part of Nietzsche's writing is just the sort of spasmodic commonplace that enraptures the half-cultured and provokes a disciplined mind to reject his books with disgust. But withal he cannot be quite so easily disposed of. He may be like Poe, "three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths mere fudge," but the inspired part of him is the provocative and, it might be said, final expression of one side of the contest between the principle of egotism and sympathy that for two centuries and more has been waging for the polity and morals of the world. We cannot rightly understand Nietzsche unless we find his place in this long debate, and to do this we must take a rapid glance backward.

I.

The problem to which Nietzsche gives so absolute an answer was definitely posed in the eighteenth century, but its source is best displayed by comparing it with the issue—different in substance, though somewhat similar in terms—of the preceding age. To the dominant moralists of the seventeenth century the basis of human nature was a pure egotism. La Rochefoucauld gave the most finished expression to this belief in his doctrine of *amour-propre*, showing itself in a vanity that takes pleasure in the praise of ourselves and a jealousy that takes umbrage at the praise of others. In England the principle of egotism had already been developed by Hobbes into a complete philosophy of the state. "In the first place," said Hobbes, "I put forth for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death." The natural condition of mankind, therefore, is that every man's hand should be against every other man, and society is the result of a compact by which individuals, since each is unable to defend himself alone against the passions of all others, are driven to mutual concessions. The contrary principle of natural sympathy did not, so far as I know, come to clear definition in that age. Something like it is implied in the theories of the sects called Levellers, underlying, for example, the protest of the fanatic company of Diggers who, when arrested for starting a communistic settlement in Surrey, declared that "the time of deliverance was at hand; and God would bring His People out of slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth. . . That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former condition. . . . That the times will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this Community of Goods."

In this opposition of Hobbes's notion of the natural condition of man as one of warfare, with the humble effort of the Diggers to restore mankind to a primitive state of equality and fraternity, one may see foreshadowed the ethical theories of self-interest and sympathy which were developed in the next century. But there was an element in the theorizing of the seventeenth century which quite separates these men from their successors. Above the idea of nature hovered, more or less distinctly, the idea of a supernatural power. Even Hobbes, though he was repudiated by his own party as an atheist, completes his conception of the civil commonwealth dependent on the law of nature with a Christian commonwealth based on supernatural revelation and the will of God. So, on the other hand, the political schemes of fraternity were almost universally subordinate to notions of theocratic government. Of purely natural sympathy, as it was later to be developed into the sole source of virtue, the epoch had scarcely an inkling. This distinction is of the utmost importance in the history of ethics, and may be ren-

**The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche.* The first complete and authorized English translation. Edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. London: T. N. Foulis; New York: The Macmillan Co. 18 volumes. 8 volumes have already appeared.

The Philosophy of Nietzsche. By Henry L. Mencken. Boston: Luce & Co. 1908.

The Quintessence of Nietzsche. By J. M. Kennedy. New York: Duffield & Co. 1910.

The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. With an Introduction by T. M. Kettle, M.P. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1911.

dered more precise by consideration of a few lines from that erudite scholar, but crabbed poet, Dr. Henry More. In his "Cupid's Conflict" the great Platonist becomes almost lyrical when this theme is touched:

When I myself from mine own self do quit,
And all things else, then an all-spreading Love
To the vast universe my Soul doth fit;
Makes me half equal to All-seeing Jove.
My mighty Wings high-stretch'd then clapping light,
I brush the Stars, and make them shine more bright.

Then all the Works of God with close Embrace
I dearly hug in my enlarged Arms:
All the hid Pathes of heavenly Love I trace,
And boldly listen to his secret Charms.

The same idea occurs more than once in the mystical doctor's prose, which was, if truth be told, a good deal more poetical than his verse.

II.

It is clear that this sense of compassion is a motive utterly different in kind from the sympathy which meant so much to the next age; to pass from one to the other a great principle had to be eliminated from the philosophy of human conduct, and this principle was manifestly the sense of the divine, of the infinite which stood apart from mortal passions and of which some simulacrum resided in the human breast. The man who effected this great revolution, partly by virtue of his own genius and partly as spokesman of his time, was John Locke, whose "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," published in 1690 as the result of eighteen years of reflection, became the bible, so to speak, of the next century. Locke did not expressly deny the existence of a supernatural world; on the contrary, he began his discussion by a kind of apology, declaring that "God having endued man with those faculties of knowing which he hath, was no more obliged by his Goodness to plant those innate notions in his mind, than that, having given him reason, hands, and materials, He should build him bridges or houses." Having thus apologetically cleared the field, Locke proceeded to prove that all our ideas spring from sensations, and reduced the human mind and soul to pure conformity with the phenomenal processes of nature. To explain our sense of morality, he had recourse to a law of God imposed upon man by decree and without any corresponding law in nature.

One of the first and strangest fruits of this new naturalism was Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees," which undertakes to show by the apologue of a hive of bees that the welfare of a state is the result of the counterbalancing of the passions of its individual citizens, that, in a word, private vices are public virtues:

Thus every Part was full of Vice,
Yet the whole Mass a Paradise.

The poem in itself was not much more than a clever *jeu d'esprit*, but the "Remarks" and the "Inquiry Into the Origin of Moral Virtue," which he published in defence of his thesis, are among the acutest psychological tracts of the age. "I believe man," he says, "(besides skin, flesh, bones, etc., that are obvious to the eye) to be a compound of various passions, that all of them, as they are provoked and come uppermost, govern him by turns, whether he will or no." The passions which produce the effect of virtue are those that spring from pride and the sense of power and the desire of luxury. "Pity," he adds, "though it is the most gentle and the least mischievous of all our passions, is yet as much a frailty of our nature as anger, pride, or fear. The weakest minds have generally the greatest share of it, for which reason none are more compassionate than women and children." Such a theory of the passions is a one-sided deduction from the naturalistic philosophy as it left the hands of Locke; the ethical conclusions, it will be observed, have a curious similarity with the system which Nietzsche was to develop so enthusiastically. The theory of Mandeville was too violently in opposition to the common sense of mankind to produce much direct influence, but it remained as a great scandal of letters. It brought the author an indictment before the grand jury of Middlesex for impiety; and as late as 1765 Diderot, in his criticism of a large and inartistic painting, could be understood when he exclaimed: "What shall we do with such a thing? You who defend the 'Fable of the Bees' will no doubt say to me that it brings money to the sellers of paints and canvas. To the devil with sophists! With them good and evil no longer exist!"

The real exegete of Locke's Scripture, he who made naturalism current by finding within it, without recourse to any extrinsic law, a sufficient principle of moral conduct, was David Hume. Hume's "Treatise of Human Nature," published in 1739, fell dead from the press, and was in part repudiated when he put forth his shorter "Inquiry Into the Principles of Morals," in 1751. Yet there is in reality no fundamental difference between his earlier and later theories, and the doctrines which passed to Rousseau and Kant were fully and definitely pronounced in the "Treatise" written before the author had completed his twenty-ninth year. He begins by resolving the world into an absolute flux, wherein the only reality for us is a succession of sensations, beyond which all is a fiction of the imagination. I enter a room and perceive a certain chair; if after an interval of time I return to the room and perceive the same chair, the feeling that this object of perception and the former are identical is merely created by my "propensity to feign." Our notion of cause and effect is likewise a fiction, due to the fact that we have perceived a certain sequence of phenomena a number of times, and have come to associate them together; we have no real assurance that a similar sequence will happen another time. And human nature is equally a flux, without any principle of unity or identity. An idea is nothing more than a reproduced and fainter sensation, and all knowledge is nothing more than probability. There is no persistent self, but only a "succession of related ideas and impressions, of which we have an intimate memory and consciousness." In this flood of sensations pleasure and pain alone can be the motives of action, and to pleasure and pain alone our notion of virtue and vice must be ultimately reduced.

In his analysis of the moral sense Hume begins with the conception of property. Self-interest is fundamentally opposed to admitting the claims of others to possession, but the only way I can be assured of retaining what I possess is by allowing my neighbor to retain what he possesses. Justice, then, is a mutual concession of self-interests for the advantage of each. A just act is an act that is useful at once to society and the individual by strengthening the security of property. But a just act is not in itself virtuous; the sense of virtue is the agreeable emotion, or passion, as Hume calls it, that comes to us when we perceive a man perform an act of justice which, by the power of throwing ourselves sympathetically into the position of others, we feel to be indirectly useful to ourselves. The pleasurable emotion of self-interest is the motive of just action, the pleasurable emotion of sympathy with an act of justice in which we are not immediately concerned is the sense of virtue. Besides this passion of justice which is necessary for the very existence of society, Hume recognized certain minor passions, such as benevolence, which are not instigated by mutual self-interest, but spring directly from the inherent tendency of man to sympathize with his fellows. Manifestly there are serious difficulties in this reduction of virtue and vice to agreeable and disagreeable passions. It leaves no motive for virtue when the individual has become conscious of the basis of justice in the mutual concessions of self-interest, and asks why he should not foster this concession by the appearance of surrendering his native rights while secretly grasping all in his power; it furnishes no clear difference between the passions which actuate the hero and the *gourmet*, between a Nathan Hale uttering his regret that he had only one life to give

for his country and a Talleyrand saying placidly, "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined." The lacunæ point to some vital error in Hume's philosophy, but his theory of self-interest and sympathy was none the less the beginning of a revolutionary change in thought and morals.

Hume's "Treatise" dates from 1739 and 1740; in 1759 his friend Adam Smith published "The Theory of Moral Sentiments," in which the doctrine of sympathy was carried a step forward. Utility is still the measure of virtue and vice, but a man now not only has the sense of virtue from sympathy with an act of justice, but is himself led to act justly through a sense of sympathy with the feelings that his conduct will arouse in others. Furthermore, through the habit of reflection we come to harbor a kind of impersonal sympathy with, or antipathy to, our own acts similar to that which we feel for the acts of others. "It is not," says Smith, "the love of our neighbor, it is not the love of mankind, which upon many occasions prompts us to the practice of those divine virtues. It is a stronger love, a more powerful affection, which generally takes place upon such occasions; the love of what is honorable and noble, of the grandeur, and dignity, and superiority of our own characters." Thus in the system of Adam Smith sympathy becomes the actuating cause of virtue and is even able to transform self-love into a motive wearing the mask of absolute virtue.

III.

Not the least significant feature of the advance from Hume's philosophy is the introduction of the word *sentiment* into the title of Adam Smith's treatise, for during the remaining years of the century the chief development of the doctrine of sympathy in England is found in the novelists of the sentimental school. "*Sentimental!* what is that?" is the record in Wesley's Journal after reading Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." "It is not English: he might as well say *Continental*. It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea; yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is become a fashionable one!" The hypercritical evangelist might have been told that if the word conveyed no determinate idea, it at least represented a very definite force and had a very clear origin. It was nothing else but the logical outcome of Hume's and Adam Smith's theory of sympathy entirely dissevered from any supernatural principle as the source of virtue. From 1760 to 1768 Sterne was issuing the successive volumes of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey," in which this virtue of sentimental sympathy, reduced to pure sensibility, if not to morbidly sensitive nerves, and utterly freed from reason or character or the law of cause and effect, appears full-blown. If there is any practical moral in these books it is to be found in the episode of my Uncle Toby tenderly letting the buzzing fly out of the window, or in the tears of the pilgrim over the carcass of a dead ass. If Sterne's sentiment was apt to grow a trifle maudlin, that of his contemporary, Henry Brooke, was a constant downflow of soul. "This is a book of tears," says the modern editor of Brooke's "Fool of Quality"; "but they are tears that purge and purify with pity and compassion." I am inclined to think the purging for many readers to-day would come more from ridicule than from pity; but the book is notable as an attempt to depict a life made completely virtuous by the new sentiment of sympathy for all mankind. Hearken for a minute to one of the sermons of the pious Mentor of the story to his youthful charge:

> I once told you, my darling [he says], that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the good which is in you belongs to your God. . . .
>
> Remember, therefore, this distinction in yourself and all others; remember that, when you feel or see any instance of selfishness, you feel and see the coveting, grudging, and grappling of the creature; but that, where you feel or see any instance of benevolence, you feel and see the informing influence of your God. All possible vice and malignity subsists in the one; all possible virtue, all possible beauty, all possible blessedness, subsists in the other.

Now two things are remarkable in this passage, and would stand out even more plainly if I had space to quote at greater length. First, we have got completely away from the utilitarian theory of social virtue as a mutual concession of self-interests, which was propounded by Hobbes and essentially retained by Locke and Hume and Adam Smith, though gradually overlaid by the modifying power of sympathy. In Brooke's philosophy self-interest and sympathy are finally and absolutely sundered: the one is all vice, the other is all virtue. And, secondly, we may see here how far this newer notion of sympathy is removed from the compassion of Hobbes's Platonizing contemporary; the contrast is even more vivid from the fact that Brooke gives a thoroughly Christian turn to the expression of the "eternal law of benevolence," as he calls it. In Henry More the "kindly compassion" for the world is entirely subsidiary to the rapture of a spirit caught up in celestial contemplation, whereas in "The Fool of Quality" love is indeed planted in us by a divine hand as a force contrary to what Brooke calls "the very horrible and destestable nature of Self," but its total meaning and effect are in a sentimental dissolution of man's self in the idea of humanity. We have reached, that is to say, the genuine springs of humanitarianism.

Meanwhile the doctrine of sympathy had passed in France into the pen, if not into the heart, of one whose genius was to give it a new color and a power sufficient to crush and remould societies. It is not necessary to go at large into well-known theories of Rousseau. In his "Discourse on Inequality" (1755) and his "Social Contract" (1762) he, like his English predecessors, starts with the motives of self-interest and sympathy, but soon gives them a different direction. He saw, as did Hobbes and Hume, that property depends on the mutual concessions of self-interest, but he saw further that on this basis alone society and traditional morality were in a condition of unstable equilibrium, were in fact founded on injustice and not on justice at all. He perceived no relief from this hazardous condition except through counteracting self-interest with the equally innate and human force of sympathy, which was somehow to be called into action as the *volonté générale*, or mystical will of the people, embracing and absorbing the wills and desires of individuals into one harmonious purpose.

One step more and we shall have ended this preliminary history of the growth of sympathy as the controlling principle of morals. From Rousseau it passed into Germany and became one of the mainsprings of the romantic movement. You will find its marks everywhere in that literature; in the peculiarly sentimental attitude toward nature, in the impossible yearning of the *schöne Seelen* for brotherhood, in the whole *Gefühlsphilosophie* or philosophy of feeling. It lurks in Kant's fundamental rule of morality: "Act on a maxim which thou canst will to be law universal"; it lives and finds its highest expression in Schleiermacher's attempt to reunite the individual with the infinite by dissolving the mind in sympathetic contemplation of the flowing universe of things. And in this heated, unwholesome atmosphere of German romanticism sprang up and blossomed our modern ethics of humanitarianism. The theories of socialism are diverse and often superficially contradictory; they profess to stand on a foundation of economic law and the necessity of evolution, but in reality they spring from Rousseau's ideal of sympathy working itself out as a force sufficient in itself to combine the endless oppositions of self-interest in the *volonté générale*, and from the romantic conception of the infinite as an emotion obtained from surrender of self to the universal flux. From the former come the political schemes of humanitarianism; from the latter its religious sanction and fanatical intolerance.

IV.

This survey of the growth of self-interest and sympathy may seem a long

introduction to the study of Nietzsche, but I do not see how otherwise we can understand the problem with which he struggled, or the meaning of his proposed solution. Into the life of Nietzsche—his strenuous education; his early professorial work at Zürich; his revolt from philology to philosophy; his rapturous friendship and bitter quarrel with Wagner; his years of self-imposed ostracism in Italy and Switzerland; his growing inability to associate with men, marked by his exclamation, "I have forty-three years behind me and am as alone as if I were a child"; his ill-health and increasing delusions, culminating in the incoherent letter to Brandes in which he identified himself with Jesus Christ; his pitiable breakdown and decay under the care of his sister; his death at Weimar in 1900, at the age of fifty-five—into all this I need not enter. The events of his life are told sympathetically, yet honestly, by M. Halévy; they are related in greater detail, and with an unfailing sense of hero-worship that is not without its charm, in the biography by his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche. One may begin the perusal of his life with a feeling of repulsion for the man—at least that, I confess, was my own experience—but one can scarcely lay it down without pity for his tragic failures, and without something like admiration for his reckless courage. And all through the reading one is impressed by the truth, which is as important for judging the man as it is for understanding his philosophy, and which one of his ardent worshippers, Meta von Salis-Marschlins, has brought out with special emphasis. "He, and this is the salient point," she says, "condemned a whole class of feelings in their excess, not because he did not have them, but, on the contrary, because he had them and knew their danger." His revolt from the principle of sympathy to the other pole of naturalism will form the subject of the concluding part of this essay. P. E. M.

Correspondence

SWIFT AND MARK TWAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article on "The Common Stock of Wit" has, because of vacation limitations, just come to my notice. I wish your purpose had permitted you to include within the range of your wise criticism the characterization which Mr. Howells gives us of Swift's humor. Mr. Howells writes:

> The one great English humorist who never had credit for the high moral quality of his humor was Swift, who really seldom hurt but to heal, and who got himself permanently imagined a cynical savage by a humorist who ought to have been kinder to him and truer. He came nearest being the purely and entirely humorous humorist we are requiring from the future as successor to Mark Twain, and he was the most eminent predecessor of Mark Twain in the conscienced humor we must always associate with that great pseudonym. Steele was not really gentler, though Thackeray tries to make him out so, and Pope was by comparison a venomous little viper, loving to bite the little heels of ladies. Out of most things that Swift wrote, the caustic irony has passed, and "Gulliver's Travels" remains the harmless delight of boyhood without a suggestion of the political satire it began by being.

As a characterization of Swift, this seems to have the qualities of the celebrated definition of the lobster. No credit for moral quality? Thackeray himself writes his essay, except the Stella-Vanessa portions, in a spirit justly enough indicated in this passage:

> His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent misanthropy are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigating.

Dead in earnest to right the wrongs of the world, all agree Swift was. "Purely and entirely humorous humorist"? Did an entirely humorous humorist write the "Modest Proposal," or "Laputa," or the "Houyhnhnms"? "Conscienced," suppose we grant: does this constitute a parallel with Mark Twain, the author of "Roughing It," of "A Tramp Abroad," of "Huck Finn"? "Steele was not really gentler"? Really, one's standards are turned topsy-turvy. One thinks of Steele as the type "gentleness." Where is there in Swift anything to compare in this quality with dozens of Steele's essays? "From most things the caustic irony has passed"? Has the caustic irony passed from anything Swift wrote about the church or about conditions in Ireland? Do the third and fourth parts of Gulliver's Travels remain "the harmless delight of boyhood without a suggestion of the political satire they began by being"? Were the first and second Voyages ever anything but delightful?

As a parallel to Mark Twain the choice of Swift seems as unfortunate as could be made. Because a critic is altruistic, must all great writers of the past be altruistic? William H. Powers.

Brookings, S. D., August 31.

HIRAM CORSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time has passed since the death of Prof. Hiram Corson, yet I have not ceased to wonder how a man of his attainments and scholarship could receive from a paper of the standing of the *Nation* merely the briefest mention.

Many Cornell students can recall him as he took a walk on wintry mornings, the epitome of loneliness—a pagan loneliness—one might say, without hope and without despair.

Those who had the good fortune to be at his home for the delightful readings he gave throughout the year on Sunday evenings, recall them with deepest gratitude. To hear him read a poem of Browning's or Shakespeare's was to know that poem, as much as one can know before life has brought a deeper appreciation of its meaning. Often the reading was followed by music, or we would wander freely about his interesting home, and examine rare prints and first editions; or, better still, he would give personal reminiscences, of which he had a rich store, about Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, and others.

These evenings brought more literary appreciation, to one at least, than did all the cut-and-dried lectures of the curriculum. And this is what he gave his classes, no rule of thumb or academic formulas to judge things by—he had the utmost scorn for them—but the very life of the piece; not a study about Shakespeare and his time, but Shakespeare who is life and the world.

Surely we have too few men of this kind, not to give them due honor. G.

Brooklyn, September 14.

"CURIOUS TO KNOW."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Just back among my books after a summer vacation, I have examined Mr. Theron Wilber Haight's letter (*Nation*, August 10), upon the phrase "curious to know." Mr. Haight has carelessly misread the Oxford Dictionary and thereby done it an injustice. He writes:

> I was horrified to find that the only appearance of it [the phrase in question] in that monumental work [the Oxford] is credited to E. E. Hale's "In His Name," with the date 1873, thus implying a recent American origin for the atrocity.

Now the Oxford, p. 1266, col. *a*, No. 5, under the definition: *Desirous of seeing or knowing*, ends this paragraph with a quotation from E. E. Hale's "In His Name": "Crowded with curious idlers"—an ordinary and perfectly unobjectionable use of the word "curious." The quotation immediately preceding, however, is quite different, namely, "1833, Ht. Martineau, *Brooke Farm*, x. 116: Two or three neighbours . . . were curious to know what he had seen abroad."

Evidently Dr. Murray and his co-workers should not rest under the imputation of trying to father the bastard "curious to know" upon America.

Mr. Haight's citations from Boswell are, of course, interesting and valuable.

J. M. Hart.

Cornell University, September 9.

THE WORKING VOCABULARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 6 you printed a letter from Prof. R. W. Brown, in which he submitted data to show the real size of the working vocabulary as contrasted with traditional estimates. He reported that six representative freshmen in Wabash College last year attempted to record their own vocabularies, and that after he had sifted the words in each list to avoid all possible repetitions, the totals ranged from 2,970 to 4,560 words. I have in my possession some facts touching this same matter. My material was obtained from an impromptu test, which I conducted at De Pauw University, with ten representative students, six freshmen and four upperclassmen. One evening last spring, without any intimation of what I desired to have them do, I called these students into my office and asked them to write down all the words they could think of in two hours. Of course, they worked independently of each other and of all sources of suggestion save only the laws of association. Since then I have carefully sifted and counted the words in each list, with the following result:

Freshmen—Men, 1,114, 1,596, 1,789; women, 847, 948, 1,230.

Upperclassmen—Men, 1,239, 1,464; women, 1,489, 1,573.

It is only fair to state that when time was called at the end of the two hours every student was still writing words rapidly, and insisted that he had by no means exhausted his supply. Since many of the commonest words of everyday communication were omitted in every list, it should seem that their protests were well grounded. Moreover, several of the students were handicapped by the fact that they write a very slow hand, so that their vocabularies would have been tested more accurately if they could have enumerated their words orally.

These results suggest many interesting questions which cannot be answered without more extensive study. For instance, is there any noticeable difference in the size of the vocabularies of the two sexes? What is the normal percentage of increase in vocabulary among students while in college? How does the size of the college student's vocabulary compare with that of the young laboring man or woman? How much of the ineffectiveness of the college student's writing is due to poverty of words? Let some university student in search of a subject for investigation enlighten us.

NATHANIEL WARING BARNES.

Greencastle, Ind., August 28.

THE HAIR IN BROWNING'S POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A specialist in psychology suggested to me, not long since, that in description of female beauty Browning relies to a very uncommon extent upon references to the hair. This, indeed, proves to be the case. A curiously interesting and not unimportant list of passages may be adduced. In the "Statue and the Bust," for example, the most strikingly beautiful phrase in a haunting quotation is the one italicized:

> The lip's red charm,
> The *heaven of hair*, the pride of the brow,
> And the blood that blues the inside arm.

More familiar, and perhaps quite as felicitous, is the close of "A Toccata of Galuppi's":

> Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's
> become of all the gold
> Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly
> and grown old.

Even in that much abused poem, "Sordello," there are similar references, of surpassing phraseology:

> How the tresses curled
> Into a sumptuous swell of gold and wound
> About her like a glory! even the ground
> Was bright as with spilt sunbeams. (Book i.)

> The very maid
> Of the North Chamber, her red lips as rich,
> The same pure fleecy hair; one weft of which,
> Golden and great, quite touched his cheek as o'er
> She leant. (Book ii.)

> Elys' hair
> And head that's sharp and perfect like a pear,
> So smooth and close are laid the few fine locks
> Stained like pale honey oozed from topmost rocks
> Sun-blanched the livelong summer. (Book v.)

The tribute to his wife, in "By the Fireside," is particularly noteworthy:

> Worth how well, those dark grey eyes,
> That hair so dark and dear, how worth
> That a man should strive and agonise,
> And taste a veriest hell on earth
> For the hope of such a prize!

Evidence of the same strange fondness for such description is to be found in the very crisis of that intense scene between Sebald and Ottima, in "Pippa Passes":

> I felt you
> Taper into a point the ruffled ends
> Of my loose locks 'twixt both your humid lips.
> My hair is fallen now: knot it again!
> . . . . . .
> Bind it thrice about my brow;
> Crown me your queen, your spirit's arbitress,
> Magnificent in sin.

Again, the somewhat morbid poem, "Gold Hair: A Story of Pornic," betrays an almost unmistakable fascination of subject, for the reason that elsewhere Browning is never morbid—unless in "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon." But in "Gold Hair" what may be called the capillary attraction proved too strong to resist. (Cp. Pope's "Beauty draws us by a single hair.") And so the story of the beautiful young girl, who, an unnatural miser, obtained her last request, that her wonderfully abundant hair, in which she had hidden many gold pieces, should be left undisturbed after her death, was duly chronicled—with much more than the reticence of a chronicle. And, finally, by way of contrast with praise of beautiful hair, one may cite the disparaging reference of James Lee's poor wife to her own locks, in a line to which a famous phrase of Kipling's "Vampire" probably owes something:

> Fade you might to a thing like me,
> And your hair grow these coarse hanks of hair.

All this does not show, of course—and is not intended to show—that glorification of the beauty of woman by varied descriptions of hair was with Browning an obsession. Nevertheless, it seems to have been a favorite subject, to a degree not discernible in other English poets, except those of a distinctly decadent type.

HARRY T. BAKER.

Rockland, Me., August 23.

Literature

CHINA AND THE WORLD.

The International Relations of the Chinese Empire. By Hosea Ballou Morse. The Period of Conflict, 1834-1860. With illustrations, maps, and diagrams. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

Mr. Morse is an American who has passed half of his life in China. He is familiar with its language and institutions. He has had much to do with its governing class. He adds to his experience and training sympathy with their point of view. His account of the impact of modern Western culture upon the Far East should be as complete and impartial a history as can be written by a member of one of the two races thus placed in antagonism. The result of his labors, so far as it lies before us, does not disappoint expectation. This volume carries the story of China's foreign intercourse from the beginning of modern sea-traffic to the close of the second Arrow War, and is to be followed by another detailing the events of the past fifty years; the two will constitute a history of the opening of China that will long remain an authority.

For this reason the work ought to be judged in accordance with the high standards of historical research. Its value and importance are such that its very few defects may be pointed out without fear of doing injustice. It is remarkable, in view of his opportunities when living in China, that Mr. Morse's sole Chinese sources are those printed in the *Chinese Repository* and the *North China Herald*. While it is too early yet to expect from any one a full acquaintance with Chinese accounts of the *Yi*, or Western Outlanders, there are public documents as well as published journals and reminiscences which a collector in China could accumulate for a study of their history. Imperfect and even inconsequential as they are, there exist, moreover, a few periodicals edited by the Young China of to-day which are characterized by national feeling and demand the historian's attention, as similar literature does in other countries. Indications of the abundance and importance of Chinese material are so numerous in the translations found in Professor Parker's books and Mr. Backhouse's "China Under the Empress Dowager"—to mention only two instances—that its neglect in such a work as this seems hardly justified by the author's easy assurance "that access to the original [Chinese] records would give us but little further light on the subject." As to European sources, the opportunity afforded by his residence in England for consulting the British Foreign Office records has made his study of the part of the protagonist in the long drama quite comprehensive, and afforded a valuable collection of hitherto unpublished documents reproduced on seventy pages of appendices. One would like, however, to know why these researches were not supplemented by similar reference to the store of papers in the India House, or why he disregarded the *livres jaunes* on French diplomacy, and the United States diplomatic correspondence covering American post-treaty relations with China. So far as the footnotes reveal his authorities, the author in recounting these negotiations has relied upon Cordier's compendium in the one case and on Gen. Foster's "American Diplomacy in the Orient" in the other.

But if Mr. Morse cannot be said to have satisfied the critical student in his use of sources, it may be readily conceded that the predominance of British interests during the Opium and Arrow Wars reduces the affairs of other nations in China to comparative insignificance. The crux of every history of this period is its verdict as to the real origin of the hostilities arising after the seizure of the opium by a Chinese high commissioner. Was it a necessary conflict,

or could it have been avoided? To the English in Canton, suffering for years under the "injurious proceedings" of the Chinese, war seemed a natural and legitimate remedy for an intolerable situation. But the British Government, in their ignorance of Chinese polity, were responsible for rendering the situation intolerable by withdrawing the East India Company's trade monopoly and virtually substituting anarchy for the old autocratic control. When they commissioned a chief superintendent to demand consular rights from a Government which recognized no other nation as independent of its suzerainty, they gave him neither the proper credentials nor the support of a force sufficient to procure recognition. How little Asiatic statecraft was understood by Europeans eighty years ago is evident from the Duke of Wellington's instructions declaring that "it is not by force and violence that his Majesty intends to establish a commercial intercourse between his subjects and China, but by the other conciliatory measures so strongly inculcated in all the instructions you have received." Mr. Morse most pertinently observes upon this: "The British Government alone, while necessarily and rightly directing that a conciliatory policy be adopted, could not see that the only probable result was that which attended Lord Amherst's embassy in 1816, and made no provision, and allowed their representative to make no provision, for the possibility of a different result."

If there were pride and obstinacy on the one side, then there was stupidity on the other. It is a disagreeable word, and Mr. Morse does not use it, but it describes the cause which deferred formulating a policy and let matters drift. "Repeated requests were sent for instructions and for increased authority; but during more than five years, beyond specific injunctions not to exceed their authority and not to interfere unduly with the operations of the merchants, the superintendents received no instructions which gave any indications of the general, or even of the specific, views of their Government." Few things, perhaps, are more futile than to talk of the "might-have-beens" of history, but it might be asked here, if the English had addressed themselves to the problem with the sort of policy and the sort of man the Americans employed in Japan in 1853, would the opening of China have dragged on for eighty years? Mr. Morse rightly concludes that the British did not begin hostilities because of their loss of some twenty thousand chests of opium, but he conceives it to be none the less true that the Chinese fought only because the drug came to them against their will. The vexed question has never before been handled with keener perception and more impartial analysis. So much literature of a highly controversial character has resulted from this famous war that it is gratifying to follow the author's consideration of the moral question involved. Whether opium-smoking is to be called a sin or a vice,

> it may be permitted to the historian to point out that the moral sense of the Western world has advanced far since a hundred years past; even then there were men, ahead of their time, whose opinions in these matters were such as we hold to-day, but in general, morality and what we term civilization made fewer demands upon mankind then than now. Buying, transporting, and selling slaves gave profit to many English and American shipowners through the eighteenth century, and it was not until 1807, after the issue of the Emperor's opium-prohibition edict, less than a generation before the date we have now reached, that the slave trade was prohibited to the people of the two countries. . . . By a common instinct the English and American people have refused to give state regulation to prostitution, and have adopted, instead, the policy which the Chinese adopted for opium-smoking, viz., total prohibition; and yet he would be a bold man who asserted that there was less of that form of immorality in London and New York than in other large cities where other views are held. All these considerations must be borne in mind when we attempt to [illegible] the motives and actions of those Chinese who wished to prohibit their national vice; of those Chinese who preferred to regulate it; of those foreign Governments which considered security of person and property before the social legislation of the Chinese.

A single exception to the admirable impartiality which characterizes his narrative may be noted in the author's treatment of the American envoy, W. B. Reed. Like all the other plenipotentiaries of that period, Reed reached China in utter ignorance of the Chinese, and had presently (in his own words) "to dismiss the dream of dealing with China as a power to which any ordinary rules apply." The task before him was not one to be accomplished in accordance with diplomatic methods customary in the West. He is rather severely handled by Mr. Morse for beginning treaty negotiations with the Viceroy Tan at Taku, in 1858, while the Allies were on the point of striking their blow. Of course, discussion at that crisis was bound to be abortive, but it was worth undertaking in order to explain to the Chinese the folly and danger of resistance, and it was morally justified by the American policy. The author also joins Dr. Martin in blaming Reed for withdrawing the anti-opium clause from the American treaty and proposing to Lord Elgin to legalize the traffic. It is not necessary to call him a great man, nor did the unhappy end of his career reveal him to be an entirely honest one, but to include him "among those who have betrayed great causes" is a serious indictment to be made by an historian who has not, apparently, consulted the minister's correspondence with his own Government.

A few matters of pregnant importance in this war, such as Ward's debate in Peking on the audience question, the Russian land-grab of Primorsk, and the surreptitious clause in the French treaty, do not receive treatment at all adequate to their significance; but it is reasonable to suppose that the author reserves them for fuller consideration in a second volume—a work which every student of modern China will await with eagerness.

CURRENT FICTION.

Monna Lisa, or The Quest of the Woman Soul. Transcribed by Guglielmo Scala. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The author professes, in his preface, that this narrative is translated from a manuscript found in a rubbish-heap in an old Florentine palace, and that internal evidence showed it to be the work of Leonardo da Vinci. Hence the transcription and presentation here of an important document. The publisher, rather quaintly fearful lest some ingenuous reader should take the author at his word, explains in an insert that the book is pure fiction, and that "Guglielmo Scala" is the pen name used for the nonce by an American writer "who has devoted long study to Italian art and literature, and who takes this method of sharing with the public the web of imagination woven for his own pleasure about Da Vinci and the subject of his famous portrait." Any possible illusion as to the nature of the work being thus satisfactorily removed, we are enabled to approach it in safety. To such lengths does the modern conscience bring us: fancy the publishers of "Robinson Crusoe" gravely assuring the world that Defoe isn't really telling the truth!

In fact, we should say the present narrative would have deceived only those who wish to be deceived and who ought to be permitted their dollar's worth. Not that the style is clumsy, or, in the main, unplausible, but that the whole affair is too neatly consecutive for credibility. Even the bad places in the manuscript, which defied the efforts of the decipherers, are conveniently placed so that no real gap occurs in the story of the Leonardo-Lisa relation. Lisa is represented as wife of a Florentine named Francesco Giocondo. She has long admired the great Leonardo at a distance, and it is at her solicitation that he undertakes her portrait. The reason for his consent, however, lies in his fancy that her smile and her strange beauty contain that mystery of "the woman soul" which he has never solved. For some years, he works at the portrait, and in the meantime, the bond between his own soul and that of the woman grows always stronger. The extracts from Leon-

ardo's story and from the letters which are supposed to have been exchanged between the lovers are managed with skill, though with here and there a lapse into modernism of thought or phrase. The upshot is that at the moment when the ideal love of the pair is threatened by passion, Lisa dies, and Leonardo at last catches the secret of her expression and immortalizes it upon his canvas. Alas, for that painted immortality!—the world now grieves over its possible loss after these few centuries. The author and his publishers are to be congratulated at least upon the chance timeliness of the work.

An Ardent American. By Mrs. Russell Codman. New York: The Century Company.

Two initial advantages—a distinct novelty in the way of heroines, and an unhackneyed point of view for the observation of American manners—lend promise to the opening pages. Yvonne Carrington, the young exotic patriot, whose mother after long residence abroad has "remarried herself to a German diplomat," unites a charming partiality for America, Americans, and American ways, with all the naïve seriousness of a properly "elevated" comtesse. Her diary, "written in English, with the help of a dictionary," divertingly records her enthusiastic efforts to follow idioms and customs in the land of her loyalty. When Yvonne returns to the household of the German diplomat, the end is not yet. A plot we must have, though it be of antiquated design. So the titled lover pursues, unkind mamma coerces, and Yvonne becomes the high-born fugitive of ancient fame. To share the precarious fortunes of a company of travelling players, to undergo privations in a garret, to fall, oh, desperately ill, and be rescued delirious by an estimable gentleman with a fine American talent for timing his arrival—all these are decreed for the fragile lady by a relentless author. Small wonder that the savour of the chronicle deteriorates and the reader's interest flags before the happy issue and the last page are reached.

Esther Damon. By Mrs. Fremont Older. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The harsh fate of the reformed drunkard and the penitent Magdalene in an "up-State" village fifty years ago, and the rigors which the Methodism of that dark age imposed upon its disciples, might well excite the pity of the modern reader; it would if one could give implicit credence to this tale. There is a certain crude vigor in the telling, but most of the villagers are too starkly uncompromising in their attitudes to seem quite human. The three figures that live and move are those of Esther Damon, her mother, and Robert Orme. Orme, whom financial ruin and a subsequent sojourn in New York have unaccountably regenerated, does in the course of long years reinstate himself in popular esteem as the organizer of a prosperous industrial "republic," where advanced social ideas and primitive handicrafts thrive together. To Esther Damon who has loved too well and finds the expiation beyond her endurance, he becomes an angel of tolerance and protecting strength. He is a completely modern type, emancipated from prejudice by a gospel whose message is social and economic. Esther, on the contrary, finds a more orthodox salvation in returning to the exacting faith of her mother, a pathetically saintly creature given over to the impulse of religious asceticism and able to translate all suffering into spiritual beauty. Some of the morbid phenomena of religious excitement are dramatic factors in Esther's progress, although there is nowhere evidence of much psychological insight. Recognizing certain poignant possibilities in lives where intense religious conviction takes the place of intelligent thought, the author has been content to dwell upon these exclusively without reckoning with such artistic considerations as just historical values and the mellowing effect of distance.

The Dilemma of Engeltie. By Emma Rayner. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Engeltie was a Dutch maiden of Colonial times on the banks of the Hudson. Her marriage to the man of her heart was at hand when her father quarrelled with him and bade him begone. At the same time the angry parent insisted that the wedding should take place, as appointed, with one trifling change in the cast, namely, that of the bridegroom. Hence he allowed his daughter to choose from among her neighborhood suitors, with the alternative of giving her to an old curmudgeon of his own selection. Promptly the six mothers of the six aspirants to Engeltie's hand inaugurated a series of festivities to give each suitor an especial opportunity. A detailed description of six sorts of junketings in the Dutch fashion may be set down as an intended contribution to colonial history. Six ways for a pretty maiden to hold at arm's length six undesired proponents might be called history of a more universal application. The true lover keeping watch and ward in the disguise of a negro slave is hard to believe in, but since there is provided superabundance of plotting, ambuscading, all but kidnapping, and since all ends happily for the loving pair, why kick against such insignificant pricks as absurdities and improbabilities?

THE CHIEF OF SCOTLAND YARD.

The Lighter Side of My Official Life. By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

This is a model of the way in which such reminiscences should be written. The author pretends to no mock modesty; he lets you see his personality plainly enough; and he criticises men and events freely. But there is no suggestion of "writing up" an event, or of exploiting pet hobbies. The touch-and-go quality of good talk runs through the book.

From 1868 till his resignation in 1901 Sir Robert was connected with the Police Department of the British Home Office, and for much of that time, he controlled the "C. I. D."—or Criminal Investigation Department—to which are referred all the important criminal cases. A Scotch-Irishman by birth, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and a devout Protestant, he was blest with a sense of humor and a love of justice, which saved him alike from fanaticism and from undue severity.

Many of the anecdotes he relates of strange crimes throw fiction into the shade. He very frankly shows how often luck helps in solving a mystery: but we get the impression that luck would be bad and not good without the careful organization of his force. His most significant chapter refers to Irish political crime, beginning with the Fenian conspiracy of 1867 and coming down to recent times. The story is not edifying, nor do most of the men who planned or perpetrated the assassinations and outrages deserve any sympathy. Dynamiters ought, as he says, to get short shrift everywhere. News to many of Sir Robert's readers will be his account of the Irish project to blow up Queen Victoria and her court in Westminster Abbey at her Golden Jubilee in 1887. His chapter on Le Caron, the informer, is highly instructive; and he has many casual revelations to make on the Phœnix Park murders and their sequel.

In general, he takes no stock in Home Rule, having too intimate an acquaintance with the Catholic Irish politicians and agitators to believe that they possess either the character or the ability for self-government. He quotes approvingly the epigrammatic definition of the Irish Question, by another Irishman, Lord Morris: "The attempt of an honest, stupid people to govern a quick-witted, dishonest people." Being on the inside of the Kilmainham Treaty, he calls the Irish section of Morley's "Life of Gladstone" "that charming historical romance."

When he talks shop, he is equally interesting: for it is no trifle to hear the head of Scotland Yard, where the largest police organization of the world is

centred, give his views on how to deal with criminals. He has contempt for the sentiment which a morbid public pours out on convicts; and he regrets that the observance of the Anglo-Saxon theory of justice enables many a known malefactor to escape. Sir Robert shows how the demand for technically satisfactory evidence often ties the hands of the prosecution. Thus "Jack the Ripper" was discovered to be a degenerate Polish Jew, with maniacal outbreaks, but the police could not procure testimony against him that would have satisfied the court. In this case the refusal of Polish Jews to bear witness before Gentiles against one of their number illustrates the difficulty which the racial problem has created for the London police. That difficulty, with which we Americans have had to cope for a long time, has grown rapidly in England during the decade since Sir Robert retired. In England, the tradition has been for centuries that the policeman is the friend and protector of the citizen: on the Continent and in Ireland the opposite view has prevailed; latterly, the crowding in of a cosmopolitan population has undermined the tradition there, as it did here much earlier.

As to relative efficiency, if the figures cited by Sir Robert are accurate, his force has no competitors on this side of the Atlantic. Out of only 92 murders in London during the six years, 1903-1908, in just six, or one a year, was the murderer undiscovered. No wonder Sir Robert was amazed when some American gentlemen assured him that Chicago had had 2,000 homicides the previous year; for though they probbly said "violent deaths" and not "homicides," the moral was clear. And yet he constantly inveighs against the red tape, antiquated methods, and divided jurisdiction which hampered his work.

Among many side-lights which he throws on historical events, we have space to mention only two. The "carbuncle" which was officially given out as the cause of Count D'Orsay's death in 1852, was really a pistol bullet aimed at Louis Napoleon. A lunatic named Townsend lay in wait for Gladstone in 1893, and would have killed him had he not been suddenly diverted by the unsuspecting Premier's smiling at him as he passed into No. 10 Downing Street; "a providential circumstance that," Sir Robert adds, "for Mr. Gladstone was not addicted to smiling."

In our effort to show some of the important contents of this book, we have hardly done justice to its abundant humor. But why do the publishers follow the suspicious practice, that has grown too common of late, of not giving the date of publication on the title-page?

A Companion to Latin Studies. Edited by John Edwin Sandys. With maps and 141 illustrations. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.

In 1905 the Cambridge University Press issued under the editorship of Mr. Whibley "A Companion to Greek Studies," which had so wide a sale that it proceeded within the next year to a second edition. That excellent book is now followed at an interval of five years by another, equally excellent, on the Latin side. It aims "to supply in a single volume such information (apart from that contained in Histories and Grammars) as would be most useful to the student of Latin literature." The book is in general plan like its Greek predecessor, a sort of select encyclopædia. Twenty-five contributors have furnished the articles, which appear to leave no necessary topic within the limited field untouched. The writers are for the most part men already celebrated for their special knowledge of the subjects here assigned them. No one could question Dr. Sandys's preëminent fitness to edit the whole, and to contribute more than one of the articles; and scholars much more advanced than those for whom this book is primarily designed will listen with interest and respect to Dr. Ashby speaking on Roman Topography; Prof. Otto Keller, on Fauna; Prof. J. S. Reid, on Chronology, Laws, and the Roman Constitution; B. W. Henderson, on the Municipal, Colonial, and Provincial System; Mr. Wace, on Sculpture; Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, on Palæography; Professor Postgate, on Textual Criticism; Mr. Verrall, on Metres.

The articles are every one distinctly readable, and most of them sufficiently up to date. Certain may be said to be even in advance of date. Prof. William Ridgeway is a scholar of high academic position, and one whose views will continue to attract attention from their intrinsic character. But his beliefs concerning the ethnological relations of the races of Italy have not yet won wide support, and that because his logic and facts seem too often faulty. The evidence that would make the Latins Ligurians is surely insufficient, to say the least. (We observe that the editor has allowed Dr. Giles's temperately agnostic statement to stand on p. 808 as against Professor Ridgeway's on p. 29). To cite but one other typical example, the two forms of disposal of the dead revealed in the necropolis of the Sacra Via at Rome do not by any means prove "the existence of two races with different views respecting the soul." And the penetrating in that graveyard of a tomb of cremation by one of inhumation works in the wrong chronological direction for some of Professor Ridgeway's theories. Also in his article on Coinage he utterly disregards in text and bibliography the greatest of recent works on early Roman coinage. The elementary student who takes the "Companion" as his guide on these matters will probably be much misled.

Elsewhere also modern investigation has been disregarded to the detriment of the book. Rüstom-Köchly's was a great work for its day, above half a century ago, but during the last few years there has been much study and reconstruction of ancient military engines. This is apparently all unknown to the writer of the article on the Roman Army, who even reproduces the certainly antiquated cut of a catapult from the venerable book aforesaid. The reader who desires knowledge on this head must turn to the excellent article on *Geschütze*, by R. Schneider, in the latest half-volume of Pauly-Wissowa's "Realencyclopädie."

An amusing misstatement in topography slipped by the editor on p. 61, where Hofrath Keller is represented as asserting that eels "were caught in the river Athasis at Verona, on their way from the Lago di Garda to the Mincius." The error is doubtless due in some way to the translation from the German, which was, however, as the editor tells us in the preface, revised "by two eminent zoölogists"! They ought to have been also geographers. Director Ashby's caution that Kiepert-Hülsen's *Formæ* contains a bibliography up to 1895 only may now be supplemented by a note that a new and enlarged edition is promised the present year. The "Companion" is a large book, but we could wish that more space could have been granted to certain important articles, such as Warde Fowler's on Religion and Mythology (24 pp.), Provost James's on Books and Writing (15 pp.), and Mr. Hicks's on Philosophy (18 pp.) And the new edition should be more securely bound. The book deserves a place not merely in every school, college, and public library, but in the private collections of all people of culture.

The First Decade of the Australian Commonwealth: A Chronicle of Contemporary Politics, 1901-1910. By Henry Gyles Turner. Melbourne: Mason, Firth & McCutcheon.

Emerson, in the essay on Politics, adopting a remark of Fisher Ames, says: "A monarchy is a merchantman, which sails well, but will sometimes strike a rock and go to the bottom; whilst a republic is a raft, which would never sink, but then your feet are always in the water." Both sides of this truth have good illustration at the present moment. Mexico for a generation or more has been ruled with an outward semblance of order by one man. The ship has sailed well, but now strikes a rock, the old age of the autocrat Diaz, and at

any moment many are expecting to see her engulfed in anarchy. Coeval with this is the close of the first decade of federated Australia, a detailed account of whose experiences we possess in this book of Mr. Turner's. Verily, it is the tossing of a raft on a turbulent sea. The feet of the Australians have been very much in the water, and there seems little chance that they will ever be dry.

It is impossible for one not close at hand and in daily touch with the events described to judge accurately Mr. Turner's account. It appears to be carefully and impartially done by a man much interested and with good opportunities for gaining information. He is clear, circumstantial, and, we take it, trustworthy. Foolish and discreditable things are not glossed over, nor is there sign of unfair bias toward or against any one of the contending parties. Ten years ago it was a hard matter to induce Australians to federate. Conflicting interests and opinions in the various provinces caused much wrangling; nor has the wrangling at all abated since the birth of the Commonwealth. As to the tariff, there are free-traders who would go to an extreme, and also protectionists who desire a Chinese wall; and between the extremes, every possible phase has its representatives. As to immigration, some would shut the country up virtually, leaving its peopling to the slow increase of those already established on its soil; while still others demand a large influx of Italians for the mines, and of Polynesians and Chinese for the fields. Here, too, every possible intermediate view has its defenders. Again, as to the relations between capital and labor, while some advocate conservative ideas, there are at the same time extreme Socialists who demand that the state shall control all money and industry; and here again between the extremes stand moderates of every type. Other questions concern the location of the federal capital, internal improvements, defence, the exact relations between the Commonwealth and the mother-country, etc. These have all been the subjects of extended, strenuous, often acrimonious debate, in which, while ability and high-minded wisdom are often apparent, ignorance, folly, and selfishness are not less in evidence. In the turmoil emerge figures which command our respect. Sir Samuel Griffiths, Sir Alfred Deakin, Sir G. H. Reid, the Labor members Watson and Fisher, and the Western Australian Forrest, men of statesmanlike qualities and strong, persistent character, but there are also demagogues and incapables. Altogether, according to Mr. Turner's portrayal, the Australian raft has been tossing for ten years on a very tempestuous sea, nor does he hold out any hope of betterment. At the moment the Labor party and the Socialists are very much to the fore.

We are not throwing stones at Australia. We are in no position to do that. Australia has had but one decade, the United States twelve, and can we maintain that the story of any one of these decades of ours, fully and faithfully told, would read any better than this story by Mr. Turner? In the long career of England there have been many decades during which the democracy has played a part, and can one be cited less free from such agitations and anxieties than those which have perplexed our brethren in the South Seas? No, strife and confusion are inevitable in the politics of any state possessing Anglo-Saxon freedom, and would we have it otherwise? We might surrender ourselves to a Diaz, with a probable result of smooth sailing for a time, but of an inevitable crash at the last on the rock always lying in wait. Turmoil is the essential condition of our freedom. We can comfort ourselves that it is, after all, grandly disciplinary and educative. Because of it the Anglo-Saxon has been schooled into the leadership among men which he enjoys. We need have no fear for the Australians. They are on their raft, the sections that make it up straining at the fastenings, the crowd discordant and tossing wearily. Their feet are very wet, but they will endure and prosper. They are only repeating what always has been the political experience of English-speaking men.

Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry. Translated by Kuno Meyer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Professor Meyer's little volume of barely more than a hundred pages has an interest and value quite beyond its modest pretentions. For it gives, what English readers have had only limited means of obtaining, a veritable indication of the nature and substance of the earliest Irish poetry. Celtic literature has been largely known and judged, either by Matthew Arnold's familiar essay, which, however sympathetic and brilliant, presents an inadequate and in some respects misleading account of it; or by the Anglo-Celtic production of Macpherson, in the eighteenth century, and of such recent writers as Fiona Macleod. These authors, again, while inexplicable except as products of the Celtic world which they have sought, or pretended, as the case might be, to interpret, have been by no means its most genuine representatives. In the interest, therefore, of historic truth, every book is to be welcomed which affords a direct knowledge of Celtic writings in any age, and particularly in the early periods when the expression of the Welsh and the Irish genius was most independent and characteristic. Though many scholarly translations of old Irish texts have been made in English, yet somehow they are little known even to serious students of literature. But Lady Gregory's "Cuchulainn of Murthemne" and "Gods and Fighting Men" gave to a wide reading public a true conception of the early Irish saga-cycles; and now Dr. Meyer has made a good beginning toward a kind of golden treasury of the ancient songs and lyrics. Only his volume is rather more inclusive than such a description suggests, and contains, besides pieces of strictly lyrical character, some didactic and proverbial material.

The collection is very fairly representative of the kinds of poetry written in Ireland down to the early part of the Middle Irish period, and few of the selections are of date later than the tenth century. Many of the best of the old Irish lyrics are preserved in the sagas, which were commonly composed, as is well known, in the *cantefable* form. Of these, Dr. Meyer has selected some good examples, notably two of the songs of Deirdre, from the tale of the sons of Usnech. Of the bardic songs in praise of a chieftain, perhaps the most extensively cultivated of all forms of secular verse in Welsh and Irish, three laments are included, and the striking "Song of Carroll's Sword." There are several strictly religious pieces, among them the fine old liturgical poem known as the "Hymn of St. Patrick," and the lines on Angus, the Culdee, which Arnold, in his essay, compared to a Greek epitaph. A number of the shorter pieces, meditative quatrains, and the like, are similarly noteworthy for happiness of thought or fancy and for fitness of style. The songs of nature are particularly charming, and some of them reveal a sentiment for which one can think of no better term than "natural piety," though the words must, of course, be freed from any specially Wordsworthian suggestion. The feeling is occasionally associated, as in the song of the "King and Hermit," with the other piety of religion. The sentiment of romantic love, finally, which like the delight in nature, was characteristic of the Irish, finds expression in the songs of Deirdre already referred to, in the lamentations of Cride and of Liadain, and—with a difference—in the song of the "Old Woman of Beare," whose regrets over her vanished youth recall those of *la belle Heaulmière* in Villon.

All these phases of Irish poetry are admirably illustrated in Dr. Meyer's collection. It is not necessary to add, in view of the translator's eminence as a Celticist, that the renderings are absolutely trustworthy. The metrical form of the Irish verse, highly finished with many complications of rhyme and alliteration, Dr. Meyer has not tried to reproduce; and an attempt to do so, on any large scale, in English would prob-

ably have resulted in an unnaturalness quite unjust to the original. Single bits of skilful imitation of the Irish measures may be found in Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and the Gall." Dr. Meyer chose, wisely for his purpose, to give close unrhythmical translations, and he has done them so well that the reader would never suspect him to be a German born and a professor-elect in the University of Berlin. His long expatriation has been in more ways than one of advantage to the cause of Celtic learning.

Notes

Everyman's Library will be increased shortly by fifty volumes, including: The final volumes of Aristophanes and Horace; two volumes of Bagehot's "Literary Studies"; Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places"; Scott's "Plays and Poems," edited by Andrew Lang; "A Literary and Historical Atlas of America"; Mommsen's "History of Rome," in four volumes, and a Life of Shakespeare, by Oliphant Smeaton.

Prof. Lane Cooper is issuing through Smith & Elder a concordance to the poems of Wordsworth.

Mr. Roosevelt contributes a preface to "Animal Life in South Africa," a book by Major Stevenson-Hamilton, warden of the Transvaal Game Reserves, which Heinemann announces.

Prof. A. E. Housman's second book of his critical edition of Manilius is announced by Grant Richards.

The new and revised edition of the Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas, which the Century Company will issue in the autumn, will appear in twelve volumes, instead of ten, as before. The paper used for the work is the result of much experimenting. There has been produced for this edition a thin, opaque paper, which is said to print cuts well, and which is strong and durable.

"The Life and Letters of John Rickman," by Orlo Williams, should prove to be an interesting volume in Constable's list.

Dent has arranged to publish Professor Legouis's "Chaucer" in an English translation.

George Allen & Sons have among their announcements: "The Life of Ruskin," 2 vols., by E. T. Cook; "Bismarck's Pen," by Dr. Abeken, translated by Mrs. Barrett-Lennard, and "The Memoirs of the Russells of Birmingham in the French Revolution and in America, 1794-1814," edited by the late S. H. Jeyes.

The Rev. T. H. Darlow has edited for Hodder & Stoughton "The Letters of George Borrow to the Bible Society."

The same house will publish a new translation by Prof. D. S. Margoliouth of Aristotle's "Poetics"; "The Complete Works of Emily Brontë: Vol. II, Prose," edited by Clement Shorter, and "The Feast of St. Friend," a Christmas book by Arnold Bennett.

Eugene P. Lyle, jr., is publishing through Doubleday, Page & Co. his novel, "The Transformation of Krag."

E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel "Havoc" will be issued October 7 by Little, Brown & Co.

By the same house is promised "The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court," in which Clare Jerrold tells the stories of the notable ladies whose portraits were painted by Godfrey and Kneller.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish the following books on Friday, September 22: "Her Roman Lover," a novel by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham; "The Enchanted Mountain," a story for children by Eliza Orne White; "Tommy Sweet-tooth and Little Girl Blue," a book for little folks by Josephine Scribner Gates; "The Story of the Roman People," written for children by Eva March Tappan; "Short-Ballot Principles," by Richard S. Childs; a large-paper edition of "Touring in 1600," limited to 300 numbered copies, by E. S. Bates; new limp leather editions of "The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody, and "Her Letter," by Bret Harte, illustrated by Arthur I. Keller; "Essentials of Exposition and Argument," by William T. Foster; "The Tudor Drama," by C. F. Tucker Brooke, and "Selections from the Riverside Literature Series for Sixth Grade Reading."

Among the books announced for publication this autumn by Frederick A. Stokes Co. are found: "Boys' Book of Warships," by J. R. Howden; "Chats on Postage Stamps," by F. J. Melville; "Liber Studiorum," by J. M. W. Turner; "Brownikins," by Ruth Arkwright; "King Arthur's Knights," by Henry Gilbert; "The Italian Fairy Book," by A. Macdonell; "The Story of France," by Mary Macgregor; "Plutarch's Lives," edited by W. H. Weston; "The Fortunate Isles," by Mary Stuart Boyd, and "Nova Scotia," by Beckles Willson.

The Columbia University Press will publish: "The Rise of the Novel of Manners," by Charlotte E. Morgan; "The Political Prophecy in England," by Rupert Taylor; "The Soliloquies of Shakespeare," by Morris Le Roy Arnold; "New Poems of King James I of England," by Allan F. Westcott; "The Middle English Penitential Lyric," by Frank A. Patterson; "Mathew Carey, Editor, Author, and Publisher," by Earl L. Bradsher; "The Exemplum in the Early Religious and Didactic Literature of England," by Joseph A. Mosher; "The Symbolism of Voltaire's Novels," by William R. Price; "Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction," by Samuel Lee Wolff; "Social Evolution and Political Theory," by Prof. Leonard T. Hobhouse of the University of London; "Mediæval Story," lectures delivered last winter by Prof. W. W. Lawrence at Cooper Union.

"Literature Learned and Loved by Rule of Thumb" might stand equally well as its real title for Arnold Bennett's "Literary Taste" (Doran). Mr. Bennett is here, as in his other treatises, avowedly the schoolmaster of the masses, and he adopts the well-known tone of Ruskin, telling night classes how and what they must think. But in the term masses Mr. Bennett would include the illiterate of whatever social standing. The book may indeed be taken to heart by all whose literary taste is unformed. Delivered at a time when the amount of literature to be read and the complication of types are such as to bewilder and terrify those even who are eager to make a beginning, its message is simple and direct and moving. Present-day difficulties are dissolved by the author by returning at one leap to the view of Aristotle and his followers that literature is all one, and poetry at heart not different from prose. He tries to convince the reader that literature, regardless of its special forms, is but the expression of clear thinking and clear feeling, and that literary appreciation will truly begin with an intelligent acceptance of that fact. Those to whom poetry is a "name of fear," he implores to forget that it is poetry. Mainly by homely example and analogy, and without brilliancy of phrase, Mr. Bennett contrives to disentangle the reader from cant talk about literature and to confront him with its real spirit.

With the mass of correspondence now in print, it is no easy task to pick out a representative set of examples for the use of college classes and the like. On the whole, however, the editors of "Specimens of Letter-Writing" (Holt), Misses Lockwood and Kelly, have done well by their material. As they themselves acknowledge, they have omitted, for one reason or another, some letters that one would expect to find in a collection of this sort. But in spite of the difficulties of copyright and of space and plan with which they have had to contend, the letters are not only variously interesting in themselves, but also fairly illustrative of the changes and developments of English epistolary style. The volume is introduced by a pleasantly anecdotal sketch of the subject as a whole and is closed by a series of brief biographical notes.

During the summer two parts, 16 and 17, of Prof. Morris Jastrow's "Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens," his own translation and enlargement of his "Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," have appeared. The publisher (Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen) announces the completion of the work, three parts more, within the year. These two parts complete a very important chapter on astrological and meteorological divination, which is largely new.

"In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country" (Scribner), by A. B. Lloyd, originally published in 1899, is reproduced as one of the Modern Travel Series. It is divided into three sections, the first containing an account of Mr. Lloyd's journey from the coast to Uganda which, seventeen years ago, took five months, though it can now be made in fewer days; the second narrating his experiences as a missionary and explorer in that and neighboring regions; the third tells the tale of the adventurous trip without an escort through the great forest to the Congo, and thence by steamboat and railway to the Atlantic. The last is by far the most interesting and valuable part, as he came into friendly relations with the pygmy and cannibal inhabitants of the forest. Of the cannibals he says: "They are a splendid race of people; I was very much taken with them. I have seldom seen such physical development and such symmetry of figure; they are upright as a dart, with heads erect, and bright, intelligent faces." They apparently eat human flesh from the conviction that it is the source of the greatest strength. He tells of numerous and startling adventures with big game while travelling and hunting, elephants and lions playing the principal parts. Once when he was coasting down a hill on his bicycle and rounded a corner, "there lay in the

centre of the path a huge lion, with his head down upon his paws, facing the direction from which I was coming." It was impossible for him to stop the machine, on account of the speed, so ringing his bell and shouting at the top of his voice he succeeded in frightening the creature away. There are three maps and fifty-four reproductions of photographs.

Prof. Paul S. Reinsch's "Readings on American State Government" (Ginn) is a companion volume to his "Readings in American Federal Government," published two years ago. As compiler and editor he has performed well a difficult task, and has produced a valuable volume. Professor Reinsch has selected wisely among Governors' messages, political articles in newspapers and reviews, and monographs; and his book of almost 500 pages will supply a work of reference that should prove almost priceless, not only for the teacher and student, for whom it is primarily intended, but for the writer and editor as well. A perusal of the selections cannot fail to clarify the rather hazy ideas of the ordinary reader as to the workings of State governments. If the tone of the book is "progressive," in the current political sense, it can only be said that it mirrors with a considerable degree of accuracy the movement for a wider participation by the people in the affairs of government that has marked the past five years, in almost every State. The subjects are grouped as follows: Governors, Legislatures, Judiciary, Criminal Law, State Administration, Education, Prohibition, Elections and Nominations, Constitutional Conventions. A bibliographical note and index follow.

"England under the Hanoverians" (Putnam), by C. Grant Robertson, is the sixth volume in Professor Oman's seven-volume History of England. Mr. Robertson has cleverly crowded into his allotted five hundred pages an extraordinary amount of information about England from 1714 to 1815. He has done equal justice to the Imperial, the constitutional, and the industrial phases of development which made such mighty strides during the century which closed at Waterloo. Many a reader will wish, however, that the names and facts had been fewer and the thread of thought stronger and more interesting. His condemnation of Bute is too unqualified in view of the recent investigations of Winstanley and Von Ruville. On the other hand, his handling of the causes of the American revolt is admirable. His analysis of the Industrial Revolution, and his insistence on its importance in the war with Napoleon and in the growth of empire, are among the many good points of a really excellent and very serviceable volume.

Prof. M. B. Hammond's series of papers on the "Railway Rate Theories of the Interstate Commerce Commission," first printed in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, has been reissued in book form (Harvard University Publication Office). The subject bears on current problems of the first consequence. The Interstate Commerce act of 1886 prescribed that rates should be "reasonable"; but neither in that act nor in the later amendments was there the remotest hint of what Congress conceived to be the test of reasonableness. That crucial matter was left to the commission and the courts. Professor Hammond's analysis of the decision of the commission is by far the best that has yet been made; well-ordered and easily followed, in sympathy with the commission in its intricate task, yet frank in pointing out the inconsistencies that appear in its decisions. The cases are analyzed under various heads, indicating rate theories that seem to be followed: Value of Commodity, Cost of Service, Distance, Advantages of Location, Competition, Return on Investment. The upshot of it all is, according to Professor Hammond, that the commission, notwithstanding the express rejection in some of its early decisions of the cost-of-service principle, and notwithstanding some later inconsistencies, has moved more and more toward that principle.

So much is not to be denied. The drift is toward a cost-of-service principle. But it should be remarked—and this Professor Hammond does not point out—that the decisions looking that way are concerned chiefly with distance rates, not with the equally perplexing and important problem of the classification of freight. The question, after all, is comparatively simple when it comes to rates on any one commodity, or homogeneous group of commodities; here it is obviously in accord with general principles of sound economic policy that rates should ordinarily vary with distance, that is, should be based on cost of transportation. But classification is a different matter. It involves the question whether, on articles of different kinds and having different uses, rates should be different, even though the articles be carried for precisely the same distance, and though the difference in cost of loading, unloading, risk, and the like, be negligible. Classification has been so commonly assumed as a matter of course, and its general reasonableness has been so little attacked by shippers, that the decisions give little occasion for its discussion; yet the general significance of the cases before the commission would have been made clearer if their restriction (in the main) to distance rates had been brought out. Subject to this criticism, Professor Hammond's volume can be heartily commended. Its serviceableness is much increased by a full index of cases cited.

Joel Benton died on Friday of last week in Poughkeepsie, at the age of seventy-nine. His first work as an author, "Emerson as a Poet," was published in 1882. "The Truth About Protection" appeared in 1892, "Greeley on Lincoln" the following year, "In the Poe Circle" in 1899, a later edition of "Emerson as a Poet" the same year.

Brig.-Gen. Michael Ryan Morgan, U. S. A., retired, who died in St. Paul on Saturday at the age of seventy-eight, was the author of "Types and Traditions of the Old Army," and "From City Point to Appomattox with General Grant."

Edmund Robertson, first Baron Lochee of Gowrie, died the middle of last week, in his sixty-sixth year. From 1885 to 1908 he was a Liberal in Parliament, representing Dundee. He was secretary of the Admiralty from 1905 to 1908. He wrote numerous articles on legal and constitutional subjects for the Encyclopædia Britannica; one of his works bears the title, "American Home Rule."

Peter Friedrich Sicbold, who through his translations introduced Ibsen into Germany, is dead in Berlin, at the age of eighty-three.

The death is reported from Aibling, Upper Bavaria, of the American writer, Elizabeth Edson Evans. She was born in Newport, N. H., in 1832, and had lived in Europe since 1870. Among her works are "The Abuse of Maternity," "A History of Religions," "The Story of Kaspar Hauser," "The Story of Louis XVII of France," "Ferdinand Lassalle and Helene von Dönniges: A Modern Tragedy," "The Christ Myth," and the following novels: "Laura, an American Girl," "Transplanted Manners," "Confession."

Science

Crystallography and Practical Crystal Measurement. By A. E. H. Tutton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $8.50.

Few branches of science have appealed more strongly than crystallography to the lover of nature. From remote times the symmetrical shapes, the flashing faces, and the lovely colors of minerals have attracted the eye of the observer, whether a trained scientist or not. In the last century the underlying and fundamental geometrical relationships of the subject were properly appreciated; precise instruments were devised and the record of faces began to assume accuracy and completeness. With this comprehensive development the subject gained an increasing number of devoted students. Many a man now in middle life in looking back to his student days recalls as among his happiest hours those spent upon the study of crystals with Dana and Penfield in America, or with Groth and other masters in Germany.

On reading Tutton's Crystallography one feels forcibly the evolution through which the science has passed within thirty years, Naumann's system of notation for the faces, once almost universal, has now given place, even for elementary instruction, to Miller's indices, which were formerly regarded as too difficult except for the specialist. Whereas a few years ago six systems of forms were established, with subdivisions of hemihedral or holohedral character, now thirty-two types of greater and greater symmetry are from the outset placed before the student. The types with which the teacher formerly began are now held in reserve for his closing lectures. Whereas with one-circle goniometers and with repeated adjustments the student or investigator of yesterday laboriously measured his angles; today, with the ingenious two and three-circle instruments, almost all the angles on crystals of small size are read off with one adjustment. In the optics of crystals advances equally great have been made, since petrography has called them into hourly use in the study of rocks.

After a brief introduction on the nature of crystals and the constancy of their angles, the author proceeds at once to their artificial preparation and to their measurement with the goniometer. A crystal of potassium sulphate, belonging in the holohedral class of the old orthorhombic system, having been successfully produced, is then measured with the instruments, its indices are calculated, and its zonal relations explained. No greater demands are made upon the student than a working knowledge of trigonometry. When once the significance of indices and axes has been grasped, the thirty-two classes of crystals can be and are systematically described.

This method of attack virtually reverses the one usually followed. Students are generally drilled on the wooden models of all the classes of forms before they ever see a reflecting goniometer, much less use one. Dr. Tutton, however, begins with a specific case, and leads logically and clearly to the general treatment. In elaborating the systems and classes the author carries along the measurement and study of a crystal under each, and surely in this respect has adopted the right way to ground a student thoroughly in the subject; but the method obviously demands abundance of time and an advanced grade of instruction. The drawing of crystals, the discussion of twinning, of cleavage, and of gliding planes; goniometry at high temperatures, the use of the two and three-circle instruments, limits of accuracy, and determinations of density complete the manipulative directions under Part I, Morphology, and pave the way for the final discussion of the latest doctrines of crystal structure as bearing on the constitution of matter. The remarkable generalizaions of Professor von Federow of St. Petersburg regarding the inter-relationships of the crystal systems, and the theory of molecular and atomic structure formulated by Pope and Barlow, are of extreme interest, not only to mineralogists, but to chemists and physicists.

The morphological branch of the subject having been completed, the physical portion is treated in Part II. Almost all the space is devoted to the optics of crystals. The latest views of the nature of life are well summarized, and then their applications to crystals are discussed with full directions as to methods of investigation and manipulation. In the exposition of this baffling portion of the subject the author is exceptionally clear. For the student, indices of refraction, optic axes, axes of elasticity, interference figures, extinction angles, and the like will lose some of their terrors. A very full chapter is devoted to microscopic observations and measurements. It is the more welcome because the most important use of the optical properties of crystals is in the microscopic study of rocks. Chapters on the thermal expansion of crystals, their elasticity and hardness, and a brief description of the curious liquid crystals conclude the book.

"Scientific Features of Modern Medicine," by Prof. Frederic S. Lee, is announced by the Columbia University Press.

The Macmillans have a large number of science books in their autumn list: "A Manual of Farm Animals," by M. W. Harper; "The Principles of Fruit-Growing," by L. H. Bailey; "Dairy Cattle and Milk Production," by C. H. Eckles; "Law for the American Farmer," by J. B. Green; "The Mind of Primitive Man," by F. Boas; "Biological Aspects of Human Problems," by C. A. Herter; "Who's Who in Science"; "A System of Treatment," by many writers; "A System of Medicine and Gynæcology," by many writers; as textbooks: "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," by T. G. Hun and C. R. MacInnes; "Social Pathology," by S. G. Smith; "Anthropology," by H. Schurtz; "Physiological Psychology," Vol. II. by W. Wundt; "Text-Book of Physics," by L. B. Spinney; "Text-Book of the Principles of Physics," revised, by A. Daniell; "Elements of Electrical Transmission," by O J. Ferguson; "Storage Batteries," by H. W. Morse; "Alternating Currents and Alternating Current Machinery," by D. C. Jackson; "Revolving Vectors," by G. W. Patterson; "Modern Science Reader with Reference to Chemistry," by R. M. Bird; "Principles of Human Nutrition," by W. H. Jordan; "Methods of Organic Analysis," revised, by H. C. Sherman; "The Theory and Practice of Technical Writing," by S. C. Earle; "Experiments in Educational Psychology," by D. Starch; "The Teaching of Physics," by C. R. Mann; "Introduction to Social Science, with Experiments," by P. E Rowell; "An Applied Arithmetic for Secondary School," by E. L. Thurston; "Applied Biology," an elementary textbook, by M. A. Bigelow; "Chemistry: An Elementary Text-book," by W. C. Morgan and J. H. Lyman; "Beginnings in Agriculture," by A. R. Mann and L. H. Bailey; "Pupils' Arithmetic—Book Five," by J. C. Byrnes and others, and "World Geography," by R. S. Tarr and F. M. McMurry.

The Rev. Frederick J. Jervis-Smith, who died recently, is remembered chiefly for his scientific inventions in practical mechanics and physics. He wrote numerous treatises on his subject.

Edward Whymper, the noted traveller and mountain climber, died at Chamonix, France, on Saturday, aged seventy-one. Between the years 1861 and 1865, in a series of expeditions remarkable for boldness and success, Whymper ascended one mountain peak after another until then reputed to be inaccessible. These expeditions culminated in the ascent of the Matterhorn (14,780 feet) on July 14, 1865, on which occasion his companions, Lord Francis Douglas, the Rev. Charles Hudson, and Mr. Hadow, as well as one of the guides, lost their lives. In 1867 Whymper travelled in Northwest Greenland with the intention of exploring its fossiliferous deposits and, if possible, of penetrating into its interior. In the years 1879 and 1880 he travelled in Ecuador, exploring, ascending, and measuring the Great Andes on and near the equator. On that journey he made the first ascent of Chimborazo (20,517 feet), Sincholague, Antisane, and other peaks. He published the results of his explorations and was awarded the patron's medal by the Royal Geographical Society.

Drama

A second volume of "Ibsen's Plays," including "Warriors at Helgoland," "Ghosts," and "An Enemy of the People," will be added to Everyman's Library; the plays are translated by R. Farquharson Sharp.

"The Tudor Shakespeare," under the general editorship of Profs. W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike, in forty volumes, illustrated, is an important announcement made by Macmillan. The first volume in the series has already been issued, prepared by the general editors. Among those to appear are: "Macbeth," by Arthur C. L. Brown; "Henry IV, Part I," by F. W. Chandler; "Henry V," by Lewis F. Mott; "The Merchant of Venice," by Harry M. Ayres; "Troilus and Cressida," by J. S. P. Tatlock; "Two Gentlemen of Verona," by Martin W. Sampson; "As You Like It," by Martha H. Shackford; "Coriolanus," by Stuart P. Sherman; "Henry VI, Part I," by Louise Pound; "Richard II," by Hardin Craig; "Antony and Cleopatra," by George Wyllys Benedict.

The same house announces "Representative English Comedies. Vol. II. The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare," by Charles Mills Gayley.

Montrose J. Moses has prepared for autumn publication "The American Dramatists." Little, Brown & Co. will bring it out.

A new Yiddish theatre, erected at the cost of three-quarters of a million dollars in the heart of the East Side, empbasizes the factor of permanence in an element of New York's population which we often think of as in a state of constant flux. It is quite true that the process of assimilation works rapidly among the Jewish immigrants. But the influx from abroad is always more than enough to counterbalance the outflow from the East Side. Thus, in spite of the building up of large Jewish colonies in Harlem, the Bronx, and the Brownsville and Williamsburgh sections of Brooklyn, the old East Side has remained the intellectual centre for the Jewish population in Greater New York. All their theatres are there and all their newspaper offices. And both the Yiddish theatre and the Yiddish press are more prosperous to-day than they ever have been. There must be at least four Jewish dailies claiming a circulation of 50,000, and one newspaper asserts that it has twice as many readers. The theatre to-day has no such single dominating figure as when Jacob Gordin was writing a few years ago. But an entire school of younger playwrights has sprung up who find in the life of the people for whom they write ample and profitable material.

In John Galsworthy's "The Little Dream" (Scribner) there is not much to suggest the author of "The Silver Box," "Joy," "Strife," and "Justice." Described as an allegory in six scenes, it is a purely fanciful work, dealing with the prophetic vision of an Alpine maiden, whose placid love for a rugged mountaineer is disturbed by the

intrusion of a city wooer. In her dream the neighboring peaks, the Cow Horn, the Wine Horn, and the Great Horn, and various symbolical voices and figures, contrast the dangerous allurements of the town with the peacefulness and quiet of the remote hills, and reveal to her glimpses of her future, how she shall drink of the cup of pleasure to the point of weariness and satiation, and then return to her rustic adorer only to fail of content and to pine for new experiences. This, at least, appears to be the meaning of the allegory, which is somewhat obscure and therefore not very valuable. When the heroine Scelchen, awakens from her dream the curtain falls and the dramatic parable is ended. For theatrical purposes—except in the form of a musical spectacle which no manager is likely to undertake—the piece is wholly unsuitable. Moreover, the idea upon which it is founded is trite and is not treated with any notable power or originality. The dialogue, what there is of it, exhibits literary skill and imagination, but the work as a whole will not add greatly to Mr. Galsworthy's reputation. It may, indeed, be intended to convey a deeper significance than it bears upon the surface, but a symbolism that is not clear can never be effective or useful.

In the case of "Passers-by," by C. Haddon Chambers, which may now be seen at the Criterion Theatre, the play and not the performance is emphatically the thing. This piece is exasperating in some respects, for it disregards occasionally the probabilities of nature and of common sense, and possesses little of the logical sequence of true drama, but fascinates by its freshness, its originality, its variety of characterization, its shrewd observation, its inspiring sentiment, its quaint humor, and its simple, sincere pathos. A rich young bachelor, Peter Waverton, surprising his valet hobnobbing in his chamber with an ancient cabman, whimsically resolves to engage in amateur philanthropy himself, and, the night being stormy, opens his hospitable doors first to a vagrant and then to an exhausted young woman, in whom he recognizes the pretty governess, Margaret Summers, whom he had loved and lost, as a boy, seven years before. He had worshipped her with the ardor of a first passion—which she fully reciprocated—and had vowed, and intended, eternal fidelity; but the pair were separated by the successful interference of his guardian step-sister and met no more. Now he learns for the first time that he is a father, and that Margaret, ever true to his memory, has reared his son in comparative comfort by her own unaided labor. His position is cruel and difficult since, in the interval, he has become engaged to Beatrice Dainton, a dashing beauty, who is as devoted to him as he to her. Thus he is bound by the closest of ties to two good women, for of Margaret's innate virtue, despite her early lapse, Mr. Chambers takes care that there shall be no doubt, and his portrayal of her is exceedingly delicate and true. Being an honorable man, Peter promptly decides to make a clean breast of it to Beatrice—without any thought at first, however, of resigning her—while he pledges himself, notwithstanding Margaret's protestations, to provide for her and the boy. The poignancy of the situation is illustrated and enforced by innumerable lifelike details which cannot be described here. In the end, by a somewhat transparent device, Margaret and her old love are surprised, while in consultation, by Beatrice and the old step-sister, and, in a singularly effective scene, the whole truth is revealed. At the same time the crisis is strengthened by the news that the boy has been carried off by the tramp whom Peter had befriended. It is then that Beatrice, throwing all conventions aside, exhibits the nobility of her nature by frankly ranging herself on Margaret's side and ministering to her in her sorrow. Moreover, she quickly discovers that Margaret loves Peter as deeply as ever, and thereupon she determines to sacrifice herself and set her betrothed free to atone for the old injustice. This she does, in another admirable scene, and the curtain falls upon the restoration to Margaret of her boy and her old lover.

Evidently there are many weak points in this story, such as the reappearance of Margaret, the arbitrary use made of the tramp, the benevolent action of Beatrice, and the ease with which Peter abandons the new love for the old. All these things savor more of romance than of actuality, but the incidents are related so naturally, and are accompanied with such adroit humorous or philosophical comment that they always seem plausible. This effect is heightened by the unconventionality of the characters—the valet, the cabman, the tramp, etc.—and the quality of their talk. Altogether the play, if by no means a great one, is very clever and interesting, and will add to the reputation of the author of "Captain Swift," "The Idler," and "The Tyranny of Tears." It is well but not brilliantly acted at the Criterion. The lighter comedy side is represented neatly, intelligently, and artistically, but there are deeper emotional notes which the principal performers are quite unable to sound.

The long-talked-of "Disraeli" of Louis N. Parker, which was presented in Wallack's Theatre on Monday evening, is a clever but tricky piece of theatrical entertainment, which is certain to please the multitude and many intelligent playgoers, but is not of high dramatic importance. George Arliss, who enacts the title part, bears, when "made up," an extraordinary external resemblance to the famous British minister. He offers, indeed, a veritable double of him. But the resemblance is only, or chiefly, in externals. The illusion ceases to be potential when the actor is engaged in speech or action. He can suggest intelligence, cunning, and a certain quality of dry, sardonic humor, and is more or less successful, as he has often been before, in the signification of emotional storm beneath a surface of assumed calm, but he is unable to express the innate sense of power and authority which should give weight and force to a character of this kind. The mask and figure of the dead politician he counterfeits with startling accuracy, but he cannot reproduce the mysteries of the unfathomable eye, the subtle curves of the eloquent lips, or the tones of the vibrant voice. It is impossible to see in him the indomitable man who, after being denounced by O'Connell as the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief, rose to be the practical ruler of England; the "Old Jew," whom Bismarck said was the only man worth talking to at the Berlin conference. It is but fair to add that Mr. Parker's hero is but a libelous parody of the original, a theatrical puppet, moved, not by compelling character or circumstance, but by the urgency of dramatic necessities. He is the central figure in several capital theatrical situations, and is described as a prodigy of foresight, patriotism, and statesmanship, but acts in defiance of law and Constitution, and reveals, at times, the most astonishing simplicity. Neither the play nor the leading character will bear the test of analysis, but both are effective in their way, and the play itself, despite its many reminiscences of "Dora," "Richelieu," and other pieces, is decidedly interesting, and is, for a star piece, uncommonly well acted, especially by Ian Maclaren, Eisie Leslie, and Margaret Dale.

"Married by Degrees," which was produced in the Court Theatre, London, Saturday evening, is by A. P. Sinnett, once prominent in the Theosophical Society, and tells the story of a woman with a dual personality.

Cyril Maude will be seen before long, at the Playhouse in London, as Rip Van Winkle, in the new dramatic version of the legend made for him by Austin Strong.

Arnold Bennett's new play, "The Honeymoon," will be played in a few weeks at the London Royalty, with Marie Tempest in the chief female character. Dion Boucicault will superintend the production.

Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie are rapidly increasing their stock of plays for eventual presentation at the London Royalty. The list includes the new play by John Galsworthy, entitled "The Pigeon"; "The Son and Heir," an original piece by Miss Gladys Unger; another named "The Supplanters," by H. M. Harwood; a fourth, called "The Old Man Out," by Harold Brighouse; two plays by Miss Cicely Hamilton, and another by the late St. John Hankin.

When Ibsen's "Pretenders" is played at the London Haymarket, Laurence Irving will assume the part of the Bishop of Osio.

Music

Pianos and Their Makers. By Alfred Dolge. Covina, Cal.: Covina Publishing Co.

Modern Organ Building. By Walter and Thomas Lewis. London: William Reeves.

Foreigners still speak with a certain condescension of American music and musicians, but in one thing they have to admit our supremacy—in the making of pianos, both as to quantity and quality. Last year the United States produced about 350,000 pianos; Germany, 170,000; England, 75,000; France, 25,000; Austria and Switzerland, 12,000; Russia, 10,000; Netherlands and Scandinavia, 4,000; Spain, 2,500; and Italy only 1,500; which recalls Hans von Bülow's remark that "Italy was the cradle of music—and remained the cradle." Like most things in modern music, the piano, as distinguished from its precursors, had its origin in Italy, but only that. The Germans first gave

it strength and fulness of tone, the English improved the action, the French took off the rough edges of English construction and invented a mechanism which permitted of a more delicate execution, and finally America, with the full iron frame, enlarged scales, and heavy hammers of her instruments, produced the power necessary to fill large concert halls and at the same time a tone richer in sensuous beauty and more expressive than that of any European piano. Germany, after yielding first place to England in the nineteenth century, adopted the American innovations, and after 1860 again out-rivalled England and France.

The world's total output of pianos yearly is estimated by Alfred Dolge at 650,000. The 350,000 made in the United States last year were valued at about $100,000,000. A business of such dimensions is worth having its history written. This has been done more than once; Mr. Dolge gives a list of previous attempts in various languages; but most of them were written twenty or more years ago, and the time has arrived for a work like his, which gives not only a sketch of the development of the piano from the monochord of Pythagoras to the modern grand and the "player piano," but short biographies of the men who made piano history, and chapters on the commercial piano, stencils, department stores, consolidations, methods of marketing, the agency system, Trust movements, the influence of piano virtuosos upon the industry, testimonials and their value, national associations of manufacturers and dealers in Europe and America, and the trade press and its value to the industry. There is an appendix containing a list of firms manufacturing pianos and supplies at the present time. There are three hundred illustrations, partly for elucidation, partly for ornament; among these being pictures of "art pianos," with cases decorated by great artists, and valued as high as $40,000 each.

To write on these topics Mr. Dolge is eminently qualified, as he has long been prominent among those who helped to win first place for the American piano. For four decades he has given special attention to improvements of soundboards and piano-hammers; and has devised a compressed-air machine for covering hammers, by which the operator is enabled to give them any desired degree of firmness. For the supply of soundboards the Adirondack and White Mountains have from the beginning been the chief source. These forests are fast passing away, but Mr. Dolge has found splendid material in the mountains of Oregon and Washington. While fully alive to the importance of procuring the best timber for soundboards, he nevertheless believes that it is "not nearly as much of a factor in tone production as the string, the proper length, position, and thickness of which, together with the most advantageous striking point for the hammer, are the all-important factors to be considered in piano construction."

In the development of this instrument, rivalry has been a great aid, and more stimulating still have been the never-ceasing demands of great players and composers for a better action, greater and purer tone, and power of expression. It is questionable if Silbermann would have striven to improve his pianos had he not been hurt by Bach's criticisms of them. Liszt needed two grand pianos for a recital; his forceful touch and rapid execution put most of the instruments of his time out of tune, "hence we can understand later on, when the iron-frame construction and the modern action came into universal use, why Liszt did not spare his approving testimonials for the creations of Steinway, Bösendorfer, Ibach, and others."

Although America is in the lead in piano making Mr. Dolge thinks that the industry here is still in its infancy. We have now establishments which turn out 30,000 pianos a year, but the time is not far off, he thinks, when we shall see organizations whose output will exceed 100,000 a year. He declares that the "Kindergarten methods" of distributing pianos—"methods which often make the cost of selling larger than the cost of production—must come to an end for the good of everybody connected with the industry." He recommends the establishment of training schools for piano-makers by means of donations from the leading manufacturers; and he believes in aggressive advertising campaigns, pointing out how the men who adopted them made fortunes. He is doubtless right in declaring that the "player-piano" is destined to be the controlling factor in the piano industry of the future, and he calls for teachers to give instruction as to how to get genuinely musical results from these mechanical players; but one is loath to believe that they are destined eventually to displace the piano as the musical instrument of the home, unless, indeed, the dream be realized of a "player" from which the mechanical element shall be eliminated entirely and which shall be as superior to the present-day piano as that is to the old clavichord. The pictures and explanations of the gradual evolution of the semi-automatic players make one of the most interesting features of this book.

While every intelligent pianist, amateur or professional, must be interested in the construction of his instrument, an organist is obliged to know all about his organ because, like a person who runs a motor car, he may be called upon at any moment to make some repairs in the complicated mechanism. The volume on "Modern Organ Building," by Walter and Thomas Lewis, is a practical explanation and description of the whole art of organ construction, with especial regard to pneumatic action and electric appliances. There are chapters on blowing, tuning, cleaning, voicing, and copious illustrations elucidate the technical sections. Some of the pages, like those which tell of the material of which organ pipes are made, are of general interest. The authors—who are builders themselves—controvert the current notion that organ pipes, like wine, improve with age; but while in truth they gradually deteriorate they have a life of one hundred and fifty to two hundred years, if they are kept clean and carefully tuned. The assertion that there is hardly a word left to be said on the historical side of organ building is misleading. No satisfactory history of the organ has yet been written in any language.

"Favorite Operas," by the late Sir W. S. Gilbert, four volumes, crown quarto, each with eight colored plates by W. Russell Flint, is to be brought out by Macmillan.

The success of the Russian Balalaika Band has caused the formation of the New York Plectrum Orchestra, which, under the direction or Valentine Abt, will give four concerts in Carnegie Hall during the coming season. The orchestra consists of thirty players of instruments of the mandolin family, ranging from the premo mandolin to the bass mandolin.

One of the innovations in Hammerstein's London Opera House consists in the fact that in each of the fifty-three boxes telephones have been placed, so that friends in different parts of the house will be enabled, without leaving their seats, to discuss the performance or anything else they please. Six thousand electric lamps will add to the brilliancy of the auditorium, making it easier to see the 15,000 costumes for the thirty-two operas to be sung on which some 300 dressmakers are being employed. The sum which Hammerstein is expending on this opera house is said to be $1,250,000.

The Royal Academy of Music in London, which has just removed to an imposing new building in Marylebone-road, has organized a special course of training for teachers.

There is a plan for the formation of a California State orchestra on a coöperative basis. The cost of this is estimated at $125,000 a year, which would have to be borne by nineteen cities, in proportion to their size, San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley getting ninety-nine concerts, at a cost of $66,000; Los Angeles and Pasadena fifty-six concerts, at a cost of $40,000, and so on.

Maggie Teyte, the young English singer and pupil of Jean de Reszke, who has created such a sensation abroad, will make her American début with the Dippel Opera Company at Philadelphia in Mozart's "Figaro." Her second appearance will be on November 6 in the first American performance of Massenet's fairy opera, "Cendrillon," in which Mary Garden will be the Prince.

Art

In an edition limited to 575 copies Goupil & Co. will issue a book on "Eugène Lami," with text by P. André Lemoisne.

The School of American Archæology, organized in 1907, under the act of incorporation of the Archæological Institute of America, held during the month of August a summer session in the Palace of the Governors, at Santa Fé, the headquarters of the school, and at the excavation camp, in El Rito de los Frijoles, where the school has conducted excavations for the past three summers. The work consisted of examination and study of the communal house, cliff dwellings, and the ceremonial cave of this deserted Pueblo, excavated in former seasons, and of lecture courses intended to give to regular students and auditors a view of the general field of archæology. The excavations of the present season in the Rito were confined largely to clearing the old elliptical communal dwelling in the valley, the excavation of which was more than half completed last summer. Alice C. Fletcher of Washington, D. C., was re-elected chairman; the office of vice-chairman was created, and William H. Holmes was elected. Plans were formed for the conduct of the excavations in New Mexico and Central America during the coming year, and for the holding of a second summer session in August, 1912.

The complete rearrangement of the Uffizi Gallery has necessitated a revision of Grant Allen's "Florence" (Holt). The recasting has been well done by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. Except that some slight confusion has come into the text through ascribing the Rucellai Madonna to Duccio without making other requisite changes, there is little to criticise. On the whole matter of these famous and justly popular historical guides it may be said that purely artistic considerations are too much subordinated. Such mediocrities as Taddeo Gaddi and Filippino Lippi at his worst (in the Strozzi Chapel) receive the double asterisk beside Giotto and Orcagna. Evidently a well-trained traveller needs little direction in the matter of taste; the average tourist, however, is in danger of assuming a parity of historic and æsthetic interest where none exists. Taddeo Gaddi's Life of the Virgin, for example, is highly important to the tourist wishing to learn the stereotyped forms of a noted legend; as art these frescoes are but third rate. It seems to us that an ideal guide would discern both values. But ideal guides do not exist, and we know few handbooks on the whole so stimulating as those of the late Grant Allen.

All readers of Mme. Cladel's book on Auguste Rodin know that the great intelligence of the sculptor plays not merely upon the practice, but as intently upon the theory, of the arts. Paul Gsell, who has brought together, under the title "L'Art, entretiens réunis" (Paris: Bernard Grasset), a number of talks with the master, has been quite as successful as his predecessor. The topics range widely. Realism, all beauty is in nature, narrative art and motion in sculpture and painting, the secret of modelling, portraiture, the beauty of women, pagan and Christian sculpture, the usefulness of the artist—here are some of the themes developed with charming simplicity, clearness, and informality. Cuts of the numerous works of art used as illustration have been conveniently fitted into the text. Rodin, at the outset, declares himself an uncompromising realist, an avowed copier of nature. Under M. Gsell's questioning this *credo* reduces itself to the statement that the artist must be faithful to his own vision. From this inconsistency we may draw the maxim that while the artist should modify and in a manner improve natural appearances he should also, for his soul's sake, humbly believe and insist that he is merely a copyist. The best practice in art, in short, has almost invariably been based on obviously false theory. We leave the paradox to pragmatists. Rodin's chapter on the possibility of conveying motion and narrative in sculpture and painting is admirable and almost wholly new. From analysis of Watteau's Embarquement pour Cythère and Rude's group, the Marseillaise, he shows that, as the eye successively grasps the parts of a composition, the gradual revelation may be made to correspond to the steps of an action or narrative. Only there must naturally be exact correspondence between the visual experience and its interpretation. It is all a matter of making us see things in the right order. A statue seems to move when it partakes of two actions—is passing from one to the other. In this spirit, M. Gsell read the story of Rodin's Burghers of Calais, and the master assented to the reading.

The secret of modelling Rodin learned from a fellow workman in a decorator's shop. Modelling is never to be conceived of as extended in a flat plane, but as so many projections, representing so many thrusts of the internal structure. Years ago Rodin ably defined sculpture as "the art of the hole and the lump." The revised definition eliminates the hole. Very interesting, and in the main just, is the startling generalization that classic sculpture affects convex poses, Christian sculpture concave. A corollary to this is that antique sculpture sets the figure in a double equipoise of four planes, which brings all contours into returning curves, whereas Michelangelo, "the last of the great Gothic sculptors," establishes his figures in two planes only, the contours being simple curves and angles. The Christian form *par excellence* is the bracket (*console*). "It is the seated Virgin who bends toward her child; it is Christ nailed to the cross, with flexed legs and head bowed towards the men whom his suffering is to ransom; it is the Mater dolorosa who leans over the body of her son." We can touch only in passing a few points of interest in this fascinating book. In the talk on portrait sculpture Houdon is the hero. Here we learn that Puvis de Chavannes always regarded Rodin's famous bust as a caricature. "Yet," says Rodin, "I am certain of having expressed in my sculpture all the enthusiasm and veneration I felt for him." All of which bears out Rodin's conviction that what the artist really gives is himself. A detached observer will feel that Puvis, in whom sense for limits was so strong, could never fully have relished the impetuosity of Rodin. Rodin, on the contrary, not merely admires Puvis, and his spiritual predecessors, Poussin and young Raphael, but also Rembrandt. Of a certain murky intensity in his own genius Rodin seems fully conscious, for he writes: "I try constantly to make my vision of nature more calm. Serenity must be our goal. There will always remain in us plenty of Christian inquietude before the mystery." In a final chapter on the usefulness of the artist, the talk soars to eloquent heights, comparable to the best passages in the Renaissance apologies for poetry. Such a peroration lends itself ill to selection, and worse to literal translation. And, after all, why discount piecemeal a high pleasure that the reader should enjoy deliberately and in all completeness?

Finance

MAKING FINANCIAL HISTORY.

A very little while ago, it was possible to point out that signs of grave disturbance were visible in the Stock Exchanges and money markets of almost every great financial centre of the world, that each of these markets had its own peculiar explanation of the cause, and that the explanation current on each market differed from that on every other. When the August stock market was collapsing at New York, Wall Street was able to prove to its own satisfaction that the Government's policy toward the Trusts was the single cause. When London went through its spasm of liquidation, in midsummer, there was not a City man who could not show you how Lloyd George and Asquith were the solitary culprits. When Paris began to see the cord of credit tightening, at the end of summer, the cause was imminent probability of an attack by the German army. And when Berlin itself, a week or more ago, fell into agonies of forced liquidation, it was easy for any German financier to see that the trouble lay in the sinister resolve of Paris to revoke all its German loans.

During the two past weeks, however, events in the several markets, which moved very swiftly, were of a character to upset these theories. A week ago last Saturday, the news of the "Morocco negotiations" was more favorable than at any previous time, and that was the very day when the Berlin stock market plunged suddenly into panic. It recovered with almost equal violence on the ensuing Monday, and that was the very day when markets learned that the two Governments were again at loggerheads. Nor was this all of the week's conflicting phenomena. It was Germany whose markets called for help, and France whose smiling serenity seemed to confirm the theory of revengeful recall of capital from Berlin. Yet Berlin exchange on London, which should

have moved in the German city's favor if the great central money market of the world was responding to a call for help, last week moved nearly 2 points in London's favor, whereas sterling at Paris broke 9 points—a very extraordinary fall. London was drawing capital from Germany, but sending it to France, and Paris was reporting extreme disorder in its own money market, which it ascribed, not at all to "Morocco," but to a sudden call for payment of their subscriptions by the underwriters of a $70,000,000 foreign loan which investors had refused to take.

And at this very same time, the London market—which by the theory should have been subject to political uneasiness alone—all at once went to work with determined resolution to fortify the position of the Bank of England. Cutting down loans with an unsparing hand, it drew in gold at such a rate that last Thursday's weekly statement showed its gold reserve to be at the highest figure ever reached in the middle of September in the institution's history. On top of all, when the German bankers started concerted liquidation of the Berlin Stock Exchange accounts, it was not the London market which was hit by the recoil, nor the Paris Bourse, but New York, which had nothing but a far-off interest in "Morocco."

But as last week drew to a close, it became at length possible to get a clue to this international financial tangle. What we are learning, for the world at large, is what the American market learned very definitely during 1910—namely, that the panic of 1907 was not a casual and trifling economic incident, but a landmark which showed the break-down of a world-wide and very long continued process of credit over-exploitation. It was long after 1907 before the American community was willing to admit that the panic of that year was not an event restricted to America and probably caused by Mr. Roosevelt. Even when it began to admit that Germany, Denmark, Italy, Egypt, Chili, and Japan had panics in that same year—some of them earlier than our own—it soon forgot, and in 1910 reasoned that Wall Street was the one section of the financial world which needed readjustment. Only now is the world at large beginning to see what the actual state of things since 1907 has been.

Of all the nations hit by the shock of that unpleasant year, Germany and the United States were probably hit the hardest; and of all the nations, it was they which recovered quickest, which were most vehement in declaring that nothing serious had happened, and which first resumed the movement of violent expansion. When it was asked, how they could do that with their impaired resources, the answer of competent observers was that England and France, which had suffered less than any one else in 1907, were busy financing the German markets and our own. It required several years to show two things—one that it is easier to provide for the requirements of a booming and fundamentally prosperous community than for one which has to make good both its losses and its new ambitions; the other, that even London and Paris were not, after all, left quite unscathed by the shock of four years ago.

The process of building up markets which had been badly hurt, through use of the resources of those which were hurt a little less, went on for a considerable time with much success. Berlin and New York were not satisfied with restoring equilibrium; both undertook to restore the huge commotion and expansion of 1906. Nor was this, in fact, the whole; for London and Paris, in the face of their heavy advances to the American and German markets, and of a quite unprecedented output of new securities for the rest of the financial world, have engaged, these past two years, in excited speculations of their own. "Rubber" and railways and "South Americans" and "Russian industrials" called for great supplies of French and English capital for use at home—this at a time when capital was accumulating slowly and when a good part of the existing accumulations had been sent abroad.

Economic law has its penalties for such experiments, as well as for the experiments in the different days of five or six years ago. Perhaps "Morocco" was a highly contributory cause in the final liquidation; perhaps Lloyd George; perhaps Mr. Wickersham. But that is another story.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

All the World Loves a Quarrel: An Introduction to One by D. W. Kittredge. Cincinnati: Marwick & Co.

Altsheler, J. A. The Quest of the Four; The Scouts of the Valley. D. Appleton. $1.50 each.

A. P. U. S. A. As a Soldier Would: An Army Novel. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Auvergne, E. B. d'. The Bride of Two Kings. D. Appleton.

Balfour, G. The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Abridged edition. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Barbour, R. H. For Yardley: A Story of Track and Field. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Barton, G. A. Commentary on the Book of Job. Macmillan. 90 cents net.

Bates, M. H. Hildegarde, and Other Lyrics. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Batista, P. Who? Whence? Where? Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Benignus, W. Freiheitshelden. Atlantic City, N. J.: The Author.

Boutroux, É. Science and Religion. Macmillan. $2 net.

Brady, C. T. As the Sparks Fly Upward. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Bridgman, R. L. The First Book of World Law. Boston: Ginn. $1.65.

Caldwell's Boys and Girls at Home. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $1.25.

Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. VII, Cavalier and Puritan. Putnam. $2.50 net.

Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature: Administrations of Justice in Criminal Matters (England and Wales), by G. G. Alexander; English Dialects from the Eighth Century, W. W. Skeat; Early Religious Poetry of the Hebrews, E. G. King; Electricity in Locomotion, A. G. Whyte; Cash and Credit, D. A. Barker; Plant-Animals, E. Keeble; The Idea of God in Early Religions, F. B. Jevons; Heredity in the Light of Recent Research, L. Doncaster; The Coming of Evolution, J. W. Judd; History of the English Bible, J. Brown; Presbyterianism in Scotland, Lord Balfour; Aerial Locomotion, E. H. Harper and A. Ferguson; Ground Plan of the English Parish Church, A. H. Thompson. Putnam. 40 cents each.

Camp, W. Old Ryerson. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Carter, J. W. From the Heights. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

Channon, F. E. Jackson and His Henley Friends. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Chapin, F. S. Education and the Mores: A Sociological Essay. Longmans.

Chapman, K. H. The Fusing Force; An Idaho Idyl. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Childs, R. S. Short-Ballot Principles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Clements, Mrs. M. E. The Den of the Sixteenth Section. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Cooke, M. B. Dr. David. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Cooke, M. B. To Mother. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 50 cents.

Coolidge, D. The Texican. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Cowper's Letters. Edited by E. V. Lucas, with notes by M. L. Milford. Frowde.

Crawfurd, R. The King's Evil. Frowde. $2.90 net.

Crook, W. H. Memories of the White House. Compiled and edited by H. Rood. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.

Curtis, D. A. Old Man Greenhut and His Friends. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Curtis, W. E. Around the Black Sea. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

Dickens's A Christmas Carol. Illus. in color. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Doyle, A. C. The Last Galley. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.

Ellis, J. B. Something Else: A Novel. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Endle, S. The Kachâris. Macmillan. $2.75 net.

Fitch, G. At Good Old Siwash. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

Fite, E. D. The Presidential Campaign of 1860. Macmillan. $2 net.

Fletcher, C. R. L., and Kipling, R. A History of England. Doubleday, Page. $1.80 net.

Fothergill, E. Five Years in the Sudan. D. Appleton.

Frothingham, E. B. Her Roman Lover. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Garlanda, F. The New Italy. Translated by M. E. Wood. Putnam.

Goodwin, C. Here and Hereafter. London: David Nutt.

Gordon, J. W. The Evolution of Beliefs. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Grahame-White, C. The Story of the Aeroplane. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2 net.

Gray, D. Smith: A Novel Based on the Play by W. S. Maugham. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Green, J. B. Law for the American Farmer. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Griffin, Z. F. Chundra Lela: The Story of a Hindu Devotee and Christian Missionary. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 50 cents net.

Guthrie, P. Eliza and Etheldreda in Mexico. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.

Hale, J. R. Famous Sea Fights from Salamis to Tsu-shima. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.

Hall, G. D. Lee's Invasion of Northwest Virginia in 1861. Glencoe, Ill.: A. C. Hall. $1.25.

Hamel, F. A Woman of the Revolution, Théroigne de Méricourt. Brentano. $3.50 net.

Hassall, A. The Life of Napoleon. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

Heyliger, W. Bartley, Freshman Pitcher. D. Appleton. $1.25.

Horton, R. F. The Hero of Heroes: A Life of Christ for Young People. Revell. $1.25 net.

Hourticq, L. Art in France. Scribner.

Jackson, L. Heaven on Earth: A Work Dealing with the New Thought. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Jastrow, M., jr., Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria. Putnam.
Jennings, H. Voice and Its Natural Development. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Jones, R. M. The Quakers in the American Colonies.
Journal of the American Irish Historical Society. Edited and compiled by P. F. McGowan. Vol. X. New York: The Society.
Kelly, F. F. Emerson's Wife, and Other Stories. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Lanier, J. J. The Church Universal. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Lefferts, S. T. Lands of Play: Verses, Rhymes, Stories. Cupples & Leon Co.
Lowry, E. B. Herself: Talks with Women. Chicago: Forbes. $1.
Lubbock, Sir J. Ambition. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.
Lucas, F. A. Barnegat Yarns. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
McCarter, M. H. The Peace of the Solomon Valley. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
MacDonald, G. Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood. Boston: Caldwell Co. $1.50.
Macdonald, R. M. The Gold-seekers. Boston: Caldwell Co.
McLaughlin, Mrs. W. J. The Diary of a Utah Girl. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Martin, F. E., and Davis, G. M. Firebrands: A Story for Boys and Girls. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Melville, L. Some Aspects of Thackeray. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Miall, L. C. History of Biology. Putnam.
Miner, W. H. The Iowa. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $1.
Mohamed, D. In the Land of the Pharaohs: A Short History of Egypt. D. Appleton.
Nearing, S. Wages in the United States, 1908-10. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Newberry, S. H. Eureka: A Prose Poem. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Nield, J. A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales. Revised edition. Putnam.
Northup, C. S. The Present Bibliographical Status of Modern Philology. Univ. of Chicago Press. 50 cents net.
Olsen, J. C. Pure Foods. Boston: Ginn. 80 cents.
Oyen, H. Joey, the Dreamer. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Pendered, M. L. The Fair Quaker, Hannah Lightfoot. D. Appleton.
Plato's Phaedo. Edited with introduction by J. Burnet. Frowde.
Pollard, E. F. A New England Maid. H. M. Caldwell Co. $1.30 net.
Portola Expedition of 1769-1770. Vol. II; No. 1, Diary of Vicente Vila; No. 4, Diary of Miguel Costanso. Berkeley: Univ. of California.
Price, O. W. The Land We Live In: The Boys' Book of Conservation. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.
Priddy, A. Through the Mill: The Life of a Millboy. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.35 net.
Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. Vol. VII, by W. D. Macray. Frowde.
Robertson, E. Wordsworth and the English Lake Country. Appleton.
Schuette, H. G. Athonia or the Original "400." Manitowoc, Wis.: The Lakeside Co. $1.25 net.
Senior, D. The Gay King, Charles II. Brentano.
Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, or What You Will. School edition. Boston: Ginn.
Smith, C. The Gospel Parables in Verse. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Smith, F. E. International Law. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged by J. Wylie. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Snyder, M. P. Eight Lands in Eight Weeks. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Statesman's Year-Book, 1911. Macmillan. $3 net.
Stephenson, C. Undine. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Stevens, I. N. An American Suffragette. William Rickey & Co. $1.20 net.
Swales, S. M. Tweed: a Story of the Old South. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Tappan, E. M. The Story of the Roman People. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Taylor, C. K. Billy, His Summer Awakening. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Taylor, R. The Political Prophecy in England. Columbia University Press. Lemcke & Buechner, agts.
That Reminds Me: a Book of After Dinner Stories. Caldwell Co. 50 cents.
Tooker, W. W. The Indian Place-names on Long Island and Islands Adjacent. Putnam.
Train, E. "Son." Scribner. $1.20 net.
True, J. P. Scouting for Light Horse Harry. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Warner, A. When Woman Proposes. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Wason, R. A. The Knight Errant. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Whipple, S. A. D. Arthur St. Clair of Old Fort Recovery. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
White, E. O. The Enchanted Mountain. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.
Willoughby, F. For Zion's Sake. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Woods, C. C. A Harp of the Heart. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Woodward, H. B. History of Geology. Putnam.
Wylie, I. A. R. Dividing Waters. Indianapolis; Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Yates, J. S. Tommy Sweet-Tooth and Little Girl Blue. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Yen, H. L. A Survey of Constitutional Development in China. Longmans.
Zimmern, A. E. The Greek Commonwealth: Politics and Economics in Fifth-Century Athens. Frowde.

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"The Propagation of the Oriental religions with the development of Neo-Platonism is the leading fact in the moral history of the pagan empire. Theologians, by reason of their intellectual bent and education, were for a long time more inclined to consider the continuity of the Jewish tradition than the causes that disturbed it; but a reaction has taken place, and to-day they endeavor to show that the church has borrowed considerably from the conceptions and ritualistic ceremonies of the pagan mysteries. In spite of the prestige that surrounded Eleusis, the word 'mysteries' calls up Hellenized Asia rather than Greece proper, because in the first place the earliest Christian communities were founded, formed and developed in the heart of Oriental populations, Semites, Phrygians, and Egyptians. Moreover, the religions of those people were much farther advanced, much richer in ideas and sentiments, more striking and stirring than the Greco-Latin anthropomorphism. Their liturgy always derives its inspiration from generally accepted beliefs about purification embodied in certain acts regarded as sanctifying. These facts were almost identical in the various sects. The new faith poured its revelation into the hallowed moulds of earlier religions because in that form alone could the world in which it developed receive its message. This is approximately the point of view adopted by the latest historians."

TABLE OF CONTENTS: Introduction, Rome and the Orient, Why the Oriental Religions Spread, Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, Persia, Astrology and Magic, The Transformation of Roman Paganism, Notes, Index.

THE MYSTERIES OF MITHRA

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE—Franz Cumont, author of "Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism," will make a lecture tour in America for the "American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religion." He begins the 9th of October at Lowell Institute in Boston, then he continues at Hartford (Theol. Sem.); Brooklyn (Institute for Arts and Sciences); Baltimore (Johns Hopkins Univ.); Philadelphia (Drexel Institute); Chicago (U. of C. from 21st to 28th of Nov.), and finally Leadville, where he leaves the 9th of December. He is to give six lectures on astrology and religion in antiquity.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1911.

The Week

To a lot of wandering, unhappy Trusts, President Taft has rendered an inestimable service; for the world at large he has made a discovery the stunning effect of which is comparable only to the news of Dr. Cook's finding of the North Pole. He has found a father for the Trusts. We have long known they had a mother; the country years ago accepted as correct the late H. O. Havemeyer's sworn and expert testimony that the mother of this ugly brood was the tariff. But who was the father that was responsible for this overgrown flock? Hitherto nobody has known, least of all the Trusts themselves. People and politicians have long wanted to cite the father to the national court of domestic relations, with a view to compelling him to return to his deserted and abandoned consort and to support and maintain those unpopular children who are now being clothed and fed at the public expense.

It was unkind of the father to remain in hiding so long, for it casts doubts upon the nature of their paternity. Ill-natured persons in matters of this kind are only too apt to shrug their shoulders and mutter the baleful word "illegitimate"—and every one knows the Trusts have been dubbed illegitimate, and evil-born, and had other shocking things quite too awful to print said about them. But Mr. Taft has pulled the rascal by the heels from his hiding, and, lo! it is our familiar old friend, the Standard Oil Company—"the father of all Trusts" Mr. Taft calls him. We thought that every other crime in the calendar had been laid at his doors, but here is this hoary sinner caught red-handed again. We trust Mr. Taft knows what to do with him—if Standard Oil has not a marriage license with him. After that the divorce court, if Madame Tariff pleases. We should not blame her if a realization in her old age and failing strength should come to her of the true character of the company she has been keeping—and then there should be magnificent alimony.

Senator Roosevelt's resolution looking toward the establishment of a law of divorce applying uniformly to the whole nation has been passed by both branches of the New York Legislature. As to the means contemplated in this resolution—an amendment of the Constitution of the United States conferring the necessary power upon Congress—there is room for serious differences of opinion; what the action of the Legislature must chiefly be regarded as indicating is the prevalence and strength of the sentiment that the present condition of divorce law in our country is scandalous, and calls for vigorous efforts for its reform. It is along the line of concerted action between the States that these efforts have been chiefly directed of late, and it is probably along that line that success is to be looked for. Mr. Taft has just come out strongly for this method of obtaining uniformity.

"When a dog bites a man," said the late Charles A. Dana, "that's not news; when a man bites a dog, that's news." Upon this principle, the statement that anybody has spoken against the Gaynor-Murphy charter for New York ought to be barred from publication in the press. Still, when the Board of Estimate comes out, in what is—apart from the Mayor himself—virtually a unanimous assertion of its opposition, the declaration must be regarded as news of decided importance. They make it perfectly plain that even though the provision requiring the separate approval of the Mayor in relation to rapid-transit contracts be taken out of the bill, it would still contain provisions inexcusably interfering with the existing powers and functions of the Board of Estimate. How vitally the primary function of that Board, the making of the city's budget—the function, as the committee of the board says, from which its very name is derived—would be interfered with by the proposed addition of an outside member and by the method prescribed for the formation of the budget committee, is unanswerably set forth in the report.

No less vigorous than its detailed criticism is the committee's general characterization of the scheme:

> At a time when experience in the government of American cities points toward an expansion of the commission idea in the control of the city's financial affairs—rather than its restriction—it is proposed to fly in the face of experience. While the progress elsewhere in America in this respect and in better charter making generally is almost universal, it is proposed that New York shall take a discreditable and discouraging backward step.

As for the proposal to railroad the charter through the Legislature, the report does not go a whit too far in denouncing such a proceeding as "monstrous" and as a manifestation of "contempt for public opinion and public rights." We believe that it would be literally impossible to find, in the whole history of modern legislation, a single instance of such shameless disregard for the elementary principles of decent lawmaking as that now contemplated at Albany. Particular bills have been passed, of course, that were more indefensible; but to force on a metropolitan city an entire new charter which has been riddled full of holes by criticisms from every quarter, and in favor of which not a single voice has been raised outside the little circle of politicians engaged in its concoction—this, we have no hesitation in saying, would be an outrage without precedent.

Pennsylvania is to be congratulated on the report of the grand jury which has been investigating the Coatesville lynching. That body indicts Richard Tucker and Walter Markwood for murder in the first degree and brings the charge of involuntary manslaughter against Stanley Howe, the police officer who was guarding the prisoner at the hospital when the mob came for him, and Charles E. Umsted, Coatesville's chief of police. The grand jury also arraigns in forceful terms the conspiracy of silence which it found pervading the little village in Chester County which was the scene of the atrocity. It cries shame upon the citizens who had full knowledge of the crime before its commission and yet raised no hand to interfere, and who, after the mob fury had cooled, put every obstacle in the way of justice.

Dr. Booker T. Washington is able to get round the Jim Crow law in Texas by chartering a special Pullman car to

take him the 200 miles from Austin to Temple. He is about to tour the State with a party of men of both races, as he has recently made trips in other Southern States, Mississippi, Tennessee, Virginia, etc., in which he has rendered service of great value in interpreting the races to each other. But, while Dr. Washington can thus escape the humiliation of the Jim Crow car, there are thousands of others of his race of equal refinement and culture who have no such way out. They must go in the rural South into unsanitary and dirty cars that look as though they had never been cleaned, and that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are far inferior to the average white coach. Whether those travelling in these cars are ailing or well, strong or delicate, their plight is the same; it is part of the price they pay for their American birthright! As yet, Dr. Washington has never felt called to speak out very clearly about this gross discrimination against his race, in accordance with his fixed policy of bearing down upon all the favorable signs of the times and touching but lightly on the evils. But if he would speak out, we believe that he could impress the country deeply by telling what he knows about the feelings of the colored people in regard to the Jim Crow stigma daily placed upon them.

Tempting or goading aviators to their death bids fair to take a prominent place among the sane and simple joys of the county fair. Two airmen went to their fate last Friday while supplying entertainment for the rural crowd. One of these men was unwilling to make the ascent, and was only driven to do so by the jeers of the spectators. The mortality list among aviators has attained dimensions where action by the public authorities will soon be called for. Insufficiently trained men are at present at liberty to risk their own lives and those of the crowd below them for the money there is in it, precisely because there will always be found men to risk their lives for money. The effect on the crowd can only be described as demoralizing. "Scientific" interest is lost in the desire for thrills and circus "stunts" carried out at the peril of a man's life. The art of aerial navigation tends to be brought into disrepute by such murderous exhibitions.

The disaster in the harbor of Toulon, more deadly in its effects even than the blowing up of the Maine, will create fresh uneasiness throughout naval circles in regard to the smokeless powder of to-day. How can these modern naval monsters be safeguarded? How can they be prevented from sacrificing their own crews? The question is not an academic one. Many other disasters suggest themselves. It is an open secret that some of our own ships have escaped destruction only by the closest of margins, in one case the flooding of the magazines being necessary to save the vessel. These narrow escapes rarely find their way into the press, though naval circles are fully aware of them. As a result, the newest ships are wholly of metallic construction, even to the officers' furniture, since it has been found that modern battleships under fire could burn within as fiercely as did the wooden walls which once were the glory of nations. Still other measures of safety are the watching of the thermometers in the magazines and the devices employed to reduce artificially the temperature therein. If we are correctly informed, the newest American Dreadnoughts are to have pipes from their artificial-ice plants carried into the powder and shell store-rooms to control the temperature. The striking fact is that makers of smokeless powder are not wholly masters of this terrible agency which they have invented. It is known that, unlike the old brown powder, the smokeless used in our navy, at least, is very sensitive to great heat. What is even more important, it is not an even product; batches of it made under precisely the same conditions may, when tested, be found to have varying strength and properties.

The destruction of the Liberté will inevitably recall the loss of the Maine, particularly as there have just been published dispatches from Havana declaring there is clear proof that a large part of the forward section of the keel had been blown upward. These reports should be taken with much salt. Our latest information is to the effect that the work stopped some time ago for the rainy season; and that at that time it was impossible to tell anything clearly, since the fore-part of the ill-fated vessel was merely a junk-heap, and the naval constructor in charge, with the plans of the vessel before him, could discover almost nothing about the constituent parts of the twisted and distorted mass before him, or their original location. There are those in Havana who believe that the secret will never be discovered, just as there are military and naval men of high repute, like the former Chief Engineer Melville, Rear-Admiral Chadwick, and Gen. W. H. Bixby, the head of the Army's Engineer Corps, who emphatically disbelieve in the possibility of an external explosion. The Russo-Japanese war has reinforced their contentions, in that the Japanese and Russian warships which were sunk by external mines, notably the great battleship Petropavlosk, went down without their magazines blowing up. The Maine's magazines exploded; everybody admits that. The only question is whether they were set off by internal accident, or spontaneous combustion, or by the concussion of an external explosion.

The figures of British foreign trade for August, both import and export, show a marked falling off in comparison with the corresponding month of 1910. The most significant of the declines are those in the imports of raw materials for manufacturing and in the exports of manufactured goods. The falling off in raw materials imported was $11,000,000, while the amount of manufactures exported shows a decrease of $10,500,000. With characteristic fairness, the London *Economist*, while pointing to the labor troubles of the month as the most salient cause of the decline, is careful to state that other adverse factors bore a material part in the result, especially the Moroccan crisis and the slackness of trade in the United States. We say "with characteristic fairness," because the *Economist*, in the same issue, discusses with great force the gravity of the economic injury produced by extensive strikes, making reference to its remark of a fortnight before, that "a strike lasting for a month on a scale like that which actually lasted fifty hours would probably cause more loss of life and more loss of money to the United Kingdom than a whole year of the South African war." This remark, it says, "has been widely quoted, and no writer has ventured to question its truth." Incidentally, we feel moved to commend to those

kind-hearted persons on this side the water who have been falling into the habit of looking upon every strike as *prima facie* worthy of support and encouragement, the wise and sober words of Mr. W. Abraham, the miners' leader, showing the folly and injury of ill-considered strikes, which are quoted with warm praise by the *Economist*. That paper is by no means a hidebound supporter of the capitalist side in labor controversies, but it recommends to the working people the same kind of good sense and fairness that it urges upon the employers.

Not till next year will the new Irish Home Rule bill be laid before Parliament, but Ulster is already up in arms, almost literally. It has, of course, been common for the Unionists of the North of Ireland to declare that they would never submit to being ruled from Dublin, but on Monday last they went a step further. At a conference presided over by Sir Edward Carson, who certainly ought to know what illegality is, a resolution was adopted, not only breathing the old defiance, but explicitly announcing the intention to form "a provisional government for Ulster," which should "become operative on the day of the passage of a Home Rule bill." This is no doubt three parts bluster, though the sincerity of Ulster opposition can be called in question no more than its bitterness, but there is at least one part unconscious humor. The great Unionist fight has been against "separatism," yet here are Unionists gravely proposing to be more separate than anybody else. They have cried out that Home Rule would break up the Empire, but they are the very ones to announce an intention of breaking it up into smaller bits than had been suggested in any other quarter. "Ulster will fight," runs the slogan, but the question is whether Ulster will not laugh when she realizes what her representatives have done.

Lord Chancellors of England, from Thurlow and Eldon down, have had a way of delivering themselves freely on public questions, and often getting into hot water thereby. The present Chancellor is no exception. On two matters Lord Loreburn has recently expressed himself in a way to give offence. He has favored a County Courts Bill, as a measure of judicial reform, but the Council of the Bar has opposed it. Thereupon, the Chancellor remarked that this showed one "how lawyers are against legal reform. It is an interested professional opposition, and I feel it my duty to say so." This naturally provoked the resentment of the Bar, which proceeded to pass resolutions repudiating the "imputation." Not content with that encounter, Lord Loreburn fell foul of the Law Society, which has raised objections to a new scheme of transferring land by registration of title. In connection with this the Chancellor had some remarks to make about "the enormous strength of the vested interests concerned in the maintenance of the present system, and the aversion from the learning of a new system, the dislike of innovation, which were, fortunately or unfortunately, characteristic of the legal profession." Result: another swarm of hornets about the woolsack. But the Lord Chancellor seems to enjoy that sort of thing.

The system of inspired interviews, semi-official notes, *communiqués*, *ballons d'essai*, and calculated indiscretions, by which the Foreign Offices of Europe are accustomed to keep the public in touch with the progress of delicate diplomatic negotiations, is one of the most efficient means for driving nations into hysteria ever devised by the wit of man. If from the beginning of the Moroccо controversy between the French and German Governments, the newspapers in both countries had been forbidden to print a line on the subject and the authorities in both countries had refused to drop a hint as to the course of events, public anxiety would never have attained the pitch to which it has been repeatedly brought by the "inspired" interpretations of "authorized" comments on the semi-official publications of an editor high up somewhere or other. Only the other day public opinion in both countries had grown highly optimistic, when one of these semi-official notes, intended to inspire still more optimism, appeared in the German press. So highly technical, however, is the language of semi-official diplomacy, and so liable to misconstruction, that this note of hope nearly created a panic on the stock exchanges of both countries. The banking interests were driven to appeal directly to the Foreign Office. They were told that everything was in an eminently satisfactory condition—notwithstanding the optimistic semi-official communication.

The death of Sir Robert Hart removes one of the greatest administrators of this day and generation. For nearly fifty years identified with the Chinese customs, this remarkable man rendered inestimable services to China, and, it is not too much to say, to all the outside world. Nothing could make him abandon his work, in which, as the London *Times* once put it, "posterity will doubtless recognize one of the most striking monuments ever produced by the genius and labor of any individual Englishman." This tribute was called forth by the report of the death of Sir Robert Hart in the Boxer rebellion; he had, therefore, the rare experience of reading extraordinary tributes to himself written with the freedom with which men speak of a great man gone. The truth was that he, being fond of the Chinese, sympathized with them, and was able to look at their questions from their point of view. This led at times to his being criticised as too Chinese; but to his glory be it said, he was neither a swashbuckler nor in his manner an overlord who deemed the Chinese as existing merely to be trodden under foot.

It is this aspect of Sir Robert Hart's life and activity which, it seems to us, will be of greater and greater value to the world as time passes. For the Western nations must now readjust their ideas as to the proper method of dealing with the Eastern ones. It is no longer possible to treat them as hopeless inferiors, to rob and cheat them, or to impose a barbarous vice upon them, as Sir Robert's countrymen did when they fastened the opium curse upon China. Such influence as the West can exert must come not by means of the mailed fist, but by sympathy, appreciation, fair dealing, and coöperation. Sir Robert refused to carry a chip upon his shoulder; it was not possible to offend him by a failure to observe the traditions of the East in dealing with him. For that he was too broad. He simply plugged away at his task, undismayed even when the Taipings rebelled, though affected no doubt by the savage looting of his wonderful home by the Boxers in 1900. His remarkable success not only bespeaks genius; it proves the correctness of his policies and his philosophy.

BUSINESS MEN AND POLITICS.

The pressing and vital need of to-day is a man of the Mark Hanna type, actively identified with big business interests; willing and able to devote his time, his abilities, and his energy to rehabilitate the nation and bring back the same conditions which prevailed before the pernicious activities of Mr. Roosevelt started the country on its downward course.

This extract from a letter prominently printed in the New York *Sun*, by a writer whose name we charitably omit, is in line with a good deal of recent public expression of opinion in that newspaper and elsewhere. Something like an appeal to the business men of the country is being rather widely talked of, in the hope that further disturbing legislation may be prevented, radicalism in general rebuked, and "safe and sane" conditions restored. To dismiss all this as merely a result of unsatisfactory trade at the moment, leading disappointed merchants and captains of industry to an unwonted searching of heart, would be unfair. It is evident that a great deal of attention is now given to this subject, mingled with apprehension, and that multitudes of business men have a vague feeling that if they should only exert their power and do their political duty, affairs might be greatly improved. All the more reason, then, why they should look carefully at the proposed movement, in order to see what are its necessary limitations, and what the lines along which it may usefully work.

One thing the promoters of a Business Men's League, or whatever it may be called, cannot get too early or too clearly into their minds. This is that the day of a close alliance between "big business" and politics has gone by in this country. We used to approve it, then dubiously to tolerate it, but finally the people came to suspect and abhor it; and any political organization now seeking to revive it would be doomed from the start. It is no longer possible to have a great manufacturer, like B. F. Jones of Pittsburgh, made chairman of the Republican National Committee, as he was in 1884, in an election where legislation to increase his own profits, and those of his fellows, was one of the issues. And for any one to propose at present to put a man of the Mark Hanna type at the head of a business men's movement to determine the course of law-making, simply shows that he does not know what time of day it is. As well propose Aldrich.

The difficulty with any plan of that kind is that the country has come profoundly to distrust the patriotic disinterestedness of certain kinds of business men. It has too often seen them going in for the old flag and an appropriation. Particularly in matters of tariff legislation has the rallying of "big business" to the aid of a political party, frequently been only the prelude to swinish demands by it after the election. How much weight does anybody suppose that the American Woollen Company could now add to an association of business men formed for the purpose of averting legislative attacks on commercial prosperity? A prime essential in any such movement is to stamp it with a guarantee that it is entirely without self-seeking. And everybody knows that certain names and interests could not be associated with it without damning it.

This is far from saying that there is nothing in the project, or that it might not be taken up to public advantage. We have had at least one conspicuous demonstration of the part which the solid and sober business interests of the nation may play in a great crisis. Business men's associations and campaign committees and parades were a common and striking feature of the Presidential election of 1896. And they had their due effect precisely because they were tainted by no selfish interest. Their organization and activity were professedly and actually for the purpose of averting a national peril. The business men who then bestirred themselves had, indeed, a stake in the result, but it was only the same stake that the wage-earner and the farmer had. None of them stood to gain or lose more than another. It was a genuinely patriotic movement. And the fact that it was non-partisan was a further pledge of its sincerity. Thousands upon thousands of Democratic business men marched in the great sound-money parades in 1896, and did so on the distinct understanding that they were putting the public weal above party.

For our part, we could but hail any well-reasoned attempt to give the great body of American business men more influence in our politics. There can be little question that they have not taken the place in our public life, or exercised the power, that might easily be theirs. This has been partly due to the fact that, except in such emergencies as the silver peril, they have been too little independent politically. They have allowed politicians to lead them by the nose. Nothing has been more common than to see merchants and brokers and bankers and manufacturers dividing mechanically on party lines. If they had been more independent it is reasonable to believe that they would have been more effective. And we hold it to be certain that if they would now unite to oppose "freak" legislation, to set themselves against any politician who gets up a taking "cry" merely in order to win votes, and to insist that the legitimate business interests of the country, and its social stability, should not be placed in jeopardy solely for the purposes of electioneering and agitation, they could wield an influence that would be wholesome and might easily be decisive. Only, they must see to it that their cause is properly placed before the public, without the fatal handicap of certain names or of the cynical motto: "Business is business."

THE CANADIAN REFUSAL.

The general election in Canada is one of those political events which bulk large on the instant and of which the far-reaching significance grows upon reflection. That it was the voice of the Canadian nation which spoke at the polls, there can be no question. No mere partisan management, no amount of artificial clamor, no effort by special interests, can account for such a startling political upheaval. Wholly unexpected, in any such magnitude, by the press or by news-gatherers or by the politicians of either party, it witnesses to a deep and pervasive feeling among the great masses of Canadian citizens who said very little but who voted in such decisive fashion. Nor is there any mistaking the nature of this feeling. It is that of national pride and national self-sufficiency. To all the evidences of this which Canada has given in recent years, she has now added the crowning demonstration of her desire and determination to work out her own destinies for herself, and to hold herself proudly aloof from anything which might even appear an entangling dependence upon her powerful neighbor to the south. Whether we like it or not, whether we think it a mistake or not, there stands

the fact that the electors of 8,000,000 people have declared the national will.

That we regret this tumbling of Canadian reciprocity in a heap, it is needless to say. We have heartily favored the project as not only good in itself but as inevitably leading to the breaking down of superstitious notions about the protective tariff. It still seems clear to us that the reciprocity pact might have been agreed to by the two nations, to the advantage of both. But there is no gainsaying Canada's right to decide the matter for herself, nor can there be any questioning of the vigor and positiveness with which she has now made her decision known. All that is left for this country is to ask what is the lesson for us bitten in by this surprising Canadian election, and what we ought to do next.

First of all, we should read in this rebuff by the Canadian people a severe censure of the Administrations which have been in power in the United States for the past fifteen years, for having neglected the great opportunity to promote closer trade relations with Canada. Her representatives again and again approached the Washington authorities, but were steadily sent away empty-handed. No wonder that they fell back on their own resources and set about working out a national policy that should make reciprocity with the United States a matter of indifference to Canada. Too late our statesmen woke from their sleep. Secretary Root, on his visit to Ottawa during President Roosevelt's second term, found that we had no trade offers to make to Canada that she cared anything about. Finally, President Taft seized what he thought a lucky chance, but as it now plainly appears, the whole effort was tardy. While our protectionists had slumbered, Canada had grown into the consciousness of a self-sufficing nation. If to know the times and seasons be the mark of statesmanship, our rulers have shown themselves in this Canadian business wofully derelict. When they could have had reciprocity, they sniffed at it; when they at last grasped at it, they were too late to get it.

Another thing writ large in the Canadian election is the final collapse of the Republican pretence that the exactions and injustices of a protective tariff can be tempered by reciprocity. For years we have had this preached to us. The high duties might look unjustifiable in themselves, but only think what excellent "trading material" they were, and consider how they might be made the means of opening our markets in a way almost as effective as a tariff for revenue only. From McKinley to Dingley and Payne we have seen these delusive hopes held out. Somehow, reciprocity was to be a kind of salve to put on the high-tariff bruise. But in this supreme test of that theory, it has failed utterly. The country now sees that in the mingling of outrageous tariff taxes with reciprocity, what we finally get is no reciprocity and only an accentuation of the outrage.

The sure result of this bitter experience will be to give a new and great impetus to the movement to take our barbarous tariff laws in hand and strip them of legallzed extortion and needless barriers to the flow of commerce. If we desire to open our markets to products that we need, the way to go about it is by general laws, applying to all alike, and not by some special contrivance which breaks like a reed in our hands. If we are to seek new supplies abroad and to look for an enlarged foreign demand for what we produce, we must go at the matter in a large and liberal way, giving up restricted and disappointing devices and striking out on broad lines of legislation to promote trade by removing artificial obstacles to it. Such tariff doctrines as the Democrats proclaimed and sought to live up to in the last session of Congress will now be felt to go more directly to the point than years of vain talk about reciprocity.

We have left to the last the most tragic aspect of the matter, and that is the terrible blow which the Canadian election has dealt President Taft. To him, both personally and politically, the effect for the moment must seem absolutely crushing. Here is the one independent and capital measure of his Administration struck down to the dust. For it he risked everything; rent his party in twain; was compelled to accept the aid of the Democrats; had to submit to the most bitter attacks. In other words, he attempted a bold stroke which, as a matter of political tactics, nothing but success could justify; wreaked himself in labor to assure success; and just as he had apparently won it, sees it dashed to the ground. It is a misfortune so overwhelming to its chief victim that one can think of little to-day but the pathetic situation in which he is left. Upon the party consequences, it would be easy, but is now a little premature, to speculate. Yet no one can be blind to the fact that the entire Republican outlook has been in a day thoroughly confused, and that no man can tell what 1912 will bring forth for that party, in the way of either candidate or programme. If Mr. Taft has the flexibility and the courage to strike out strongly for a tariff-reform policy which may in part make up for the awful fiasco of his reciprocity scheme, he may partly recover; but the general belief is to-day that the great Canadian refusal has given him a fatal hurt.

THE MEDITERRANEAN WAR CLOUD.

The sudden and emphatic manner in which the Italian Government has brought forward its claims to nearly half a million square miles of Turkish territory in North Africa is a direct result of developments in Morocco. It was not to be supposed that France would be allowed to obtain her prize without a demand for compensation by the other Mediterranean Powers. In so far as Spain is concerned, the French Government will have to make some accounting as soon as the German negotiations are out of the way. Italy's course has long been determined. For years Tripoli has been ear-marked as her own. In 1900 France, in a secret agreement that was subsequently communicated to the German and Austrian Governments, recognized Italy's predominant rights in the vast region between Tunis and Egypt and stretching indefinitely southward into the Sahara. The situation in the Central Mediterranean thus obviously differs from conditions in Morocco in that Italy need not anticipate interference on the part of any European Power. Her business is with Turkey alone.

This feeling that she is secure against European opposition probably explains the blunt way in which Italy has gone about the business. The classic excuse for acts of the kind has, of course, been made. Italy's overflow population demands an outlet, and Italy's "legitimate aspirations" point directly across the Mediterranean. The plea of population is nearly always plausible and nearly always a humbug. The Italian emigrant will not go to Tripoli so long as

the way lies open to the United States, the Argentine, and the north of Europe. The wastes of North Africa cannot compete against the lure of high wages and easy prosperity which beckons across the Atlantic. It is conceivable that if Italian emigration to America should in some way be cut off, the tide might turn to the south. But until that happens, immigration, like most things in nature, will follow the lines of least resistance. In Tripoli, nearly everything must be created anew, agriculture, industry, the very soil almost. Italy may have men for the task, but she has not the capital; and the colonial game is expensive. United Italy may be prospering, but she is not yet in a position to give up drawing millions of dollars annually from her expatriated sons in America, and to begin pouring out millions instead.

The motives, therefore, behind the move upon Tripoli are those of international rivalry and prestige. In this year of the semi-centennial of the Italian kingdom, patriotic feeling may very well be at the point where an aggressive colonial policy will bring great popularity to the Minister behind it. But an aggressive colonial policy will also ruin a Ministry, as Francesco Crispi found out some fifteen years ago. And with the revolutionary spirit astir all over Europe, the outcome of an unsuccessful policy of adventure might prove fatal to throne and Cabinet alike. The Giolitti Government has undoubtedly weighed the risk. With the Italian fleet in command of the sea and a Turkish garrison of about 10,000 men to deal with in Tripoli, that province can easily enough be overrun. The question is what would happen if the Turkish Government wreaked vengeance on the Italians within the Ottoman Empire, and Italy were compelled to invade the Balkans. In that mountainous country and with the trained European regiments of Shefket Pasha to face, Italy might well take thought of what happened fifteen years ago in Abyssinia.

For the Government at Constantinople the situation is one of bitter difficulty. There is undoubted force in the contention that the Young Turk régime will be doomed if it consents to the further dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Turkish feeling against Italy has been peculiarly strong because of Italy's provocative policy in Albania. But, on the other hand, if submission would spell disaster to the Young Turks, an unsuccessful war would bring the same result. Hence the situation points to a probable desire on the part of both nations to avoid coming to blows. Italy would presumably be content with some recognition of her predominant rights in Tripoli that should be quite clear without amounting to a formal renunciation of sovereignty on the part of the Turkish Government. The Ottoman Government would consent to an arrangement that should leave intact its nominal rights to a territory whence it has drawn little revenue or indirect profit; the Turkish population in Tripoli is very small. The question of compensation would enter here. The rôle of peacemaker might very well be taken by Germany, whose interests as the ally of Italy and the particular friend of Turkey fit her for the task.

There is all the more reason for Germany to exercise her good offices in the matter because at the present time the friendship of the authorities at Constantinople is of great moment to German interests. The Baghdad railway has been making its way against British and French opposition. Other German enterprises in Asia Minor may expect to suffer if the present German ascendency at Constantinople should be destroyed and the British and French influence regain its former prestige. Such an outcome would be difficult to prevent if Germany, after permitting one of her allies to make way with Bosnia and Herzegovina, should now allow her other ally openly to gobble up Tripoli.

SPELLING AND LIFE.

A writer in the *Educational Review* discusses with what must seem to the layman great profundity the ways and means of correcting the bad spelling of the day. There is much talk of "end-organs," of "phonetic and associative elements" in the language; and the best method for creating the spelling memory is described in terms as elaborate as Polonius's favorite drama—the "motor-auditory-visual" method. But the writer would doubtless concede that the most significant words in the paper are those quoted from the despairing cry of a college freshman: "Anyway, if English is so bad we *can't* spell it, why do we have to try?" Spelling, it seems, along with the rest of our institutions, is not to be spared the muck-raking of youth. Why should a word be permitted to retain its accumulated, needless wealth of letters while mankind suffers for it? Why should not words, like any other sort of currency, be scientifically investigated and managed? And what's a word anyhow but a slave of thought? It is no longer possible, we are told, to shame a student for writing "goverment."

The attitude of the younger generation toward spelling, it will be observed, involves a question of larger bearings than those which the clamor for the phonetic system suggests. The problem that now confronts the age is one of over-developed broad-mindedness. We like to fancy that this is a great day for thinking things through, that nothing can pass unchallenged, that for a moment at least it must enter the spotlight of an insistent democracy and stand revealed. "What purpose does it serve?" has been asked again and again, not only of public policies, but of nearly every innocent whim as well. The collectors of rare books or coins, along with the man who removes his left shoe first, have been bidden to justify their conduct. Rarely has so much of life been turned over in a single decade as in the one just past. The teaching of Greek is attacked on the ground that it does no one any *real* good. You can't fool the layman nowadays. If he doesn't know what you are about, he asks you point blank and expects no hemming and hawing. Trust him to be intelligent enough to understand you! Little wonder that such broad-mindedness should show impatience in the presence of the freakish spelling which English flaunts, or should feel condescension toward the sticklers for such petty details.

Thinking things through is one thing and thinking them half-through is quite another. The chances are that those capable of the former, if they set about renovating life, would leave many customs and institutions almost untouched; and that the half-through thinkers would put the whole universe in a ferment. Their text would be, the old order changeth, tho present age is like no age that has preceded it, and with a whoop the work of total reform would begin. The mild remonstrance that perhaps no single age is wise enough to criticise all past ages, and to prepare

for all ages of the future, would probably provoke the reply: "Let the dead bury their dead and the future take care of itself." This is the stage which inevitably arrives when an entire people such as ours undertakes to have opinions on all subjects; a great deal of cerebration goes on, and the level of intelligence about the more obvious things of life grows to be very high; meantime it goes hard with any practice which has come into being by sinuous paths—English spelling, for instance.

Words, says the modern spirit, are merely arbitrary symbols and should be treated as such; reverence for their silly peculiarities shows small courage and a benighted mind. But this brings up the query, When is a symbol something more than a symbol, and who shall be the judge? Plenty of living philosophers would go so far as to say that life itself is but a symbol. Yes, but they are philosophers! However, churches are symbols, so is marriage a symbol, and baptism, and hundreds of other things which those who broad-mindedly refuse to spell correctly apparently hold dear. Casting a custom overboard merely because it is a symbol is pretty sure to play havoc. It is as easy to be broad-minded as it is to be narrow, but wisdom is in a fashion compounded of both elements. The man who clings to a tradition largely because it has perpetuated itself for centuries may do so blindly or because he has confidence in the judgment of the ages, even while not being able to explain the tradition now as anything more than a seemingly arbitrary symbol. With Francis Bacon we may insist that time is the true innovator, and that he is a risky reformer who breaks off the thread it spins with his everlasting challenge, "What's the good of it?"

One reason for feeling opposed to the modern spirit in the form referred to is the inconvenience which it causes. We frankly admit that we cannot justify to every Tom, Dick, and Harry our daily actions. In the process of trying we should be made a fool of easily enough. We really do prefer "precede" to "preceed." We like to be surrounded by books even when we have little time to open them; that situation symbolizes something or other, we are not quite sure what. And if the reader thinks that this is foolish, we grant that he is more broad-minded than we. Sometimes, however, the mind may be so broad that it is unable to focus on some of life's choicest bits.

HOME-SEEKING IN NEW YORK.

As September draws to an end, friends begin to congratulate you on your improved appearance. The fact is undeniable; you have perceptibly been casting off superfluous weight. Even the scoffers are convinced and ask how the thing is done. And when you say, "I have been hunting for an apartment," they say, "Why, of course." Most houses have elevators nowadays, but there are still miles of corridors to walk, and every apartment-house in the city has a view of which it is proud. Leaning out of a window to catch the view brings into play essentially the same set of muscles as stooping in the morning to touch the floor with the finger tips without bending the knees. Of course, merely protruding the head out of a window would not do the work. But fortunately the views to be had from New York apartment-houses are so situated as to call for the emergence of something more than the head and shoulders. Half an hour a day, spent in catching a view of the Hudson River, if kept up throughout the months of August and September, would undoubtedly settle the doctor's business. A view of Long Island Sound is to be more highly recommended because of the greater stress it exercises on the abdominal muscles, but there are not many apartment houses in New York city where this advantage is to be obtained. The same limitation applies to views of Grant's Tomb, the Columbus Monument, and the Sherman statue: such apartments are for the professional athlete only.

The serious drawback to the pleasurable pursuit of apartment-hunting is the unavoidable necessity of disappointing so many renting-agents. The renting agent is so buoyant, so optimistic, so invariably convinced that his rooms are the handsomest and cheapest in town, that sensitive people find it positively painful to disagree with him. An apartment-hunter of this sensitive type will often see at a first glance that the place will not suit at all. But he lacks the resolution to say so. He will allow himself to be conducted from room to room simulating enthusiasm. He will admire the panelling in the dining room and agree to the spaciousness of linen closets, searching all the time in his mind for the easiest way out. He usually musters up courage to say that the bedrooms are rather small. The anticipated look of pain spreads over the agent's face. He knows of two families on the same floor who have succeeded in getting into precisely the same sized bedrooms not only all the essential equipment for a sleeping-room, but an extraordinary amount of furniture of a kind that one would never think of putting into a chamber. The head of one of these families is in the fire-insurance business and the other apartment is occupied by a widowed lady from the South with her three sons. The agent offers to take you into the Southern lady's apartment and show you how *she* managed to dispose of her furniture. He is sure she would not object, provided she is not out shopping. The sensitive seeker, as a last desperate measure, says he will come back with his wife and let her decide. He escapes, but leaves self-respect behind him.

And sometimes even the sacrifice of self-respect will not avail the seeker. The agent is determined to please; he will make any changes that suggest themselves to the unhappy victim. The amount of reconstruction to which a determined renting-agent will consent is really amazing. He will tear down walls, he will insert doors, he will block up windows and hew out other windows. The victim can think of no idiosyncrasy to which his torturer will not consent. Does the seeker want to turn the library into a bedroom? Very well; by next Wednesday the library will be a bedroom and the rear bedroom will be a sitting-room and the sitting-room will be a dining-room. No considerations of cost are allowed to stand in the way. The immediate object of renting out a flat at a reasonable profit seems to have been lost in the overmastering desire to make this reluctant seeker hire an apartment that he does not like. It has ceased to be a matter of business with the renting-agent, and become a matter of art for art's sake, of joy in the battle for the mere lust of thrust and grapple and conquest, as Mr. Jack London might say. A renting-agent will change anything short of putting the third floor of his house below the second, and we don't know but that there may be agents who under

sufficient provocation will renumber their floors, starting from the top and going down.

How is the unhappy seeker to tell this cheerful, eloquent demiurge that the trouble is not with the bedrooms, not with the size of the linen closets, not with the vacuum cleaners, but with the name emblazoned in letters of bronze over the iron portcullis by which one comes in from the street? He had entered without noticing the name; he first read it on the hall-boy's uniform: "The Tuileries." There it was again. For weeks he, a modest American citizen, and over-sensitive, had found his footsteps leading him among the memories of kings and emperors. He had rejected numberless handsome apartments because he could not think of coming home from his office to a bath and dinner at The Tuileries or at Buckingham Palace. The names were absurd in view of his daily occupation as a commission merchant dealing in butter and eggs. What if Philip II's Escorial had no telephones and the house on Riverside Drive has? What if Frederick's Sans Souci at Potsdam was unprovided with mail chutes? The seeker feels that he should never muster enough courage to ask a friend to drop in for dinner at the Parthenon, or the Vatican, or the Taj Mahal, or the Louvre. So he tells the renting-agent that he will bring his wife to decide, and slinks away.

NIETZSCHE.—II.

V.

Nietzsche's books are of the same character as his life, are indeed the very mirror of his soul. His writing is too often in a style of spasmodic commonplace, displaying a tortured effort to appear profound; but it is in places also singularly vivid, with the force of clinging epithet and picturesque exaggeration or grotesqueness. To one who dips into his works at random, they will seem dark and tangled. His manner of expressing himself in aphorisms and of uttering half truths in emphatic finality without proper reservations gives to his writing an appearance of complexity and groping uncertainty, if not of self-contradiction; but a little persistence in reading soon shows that his philosophy is extremely simple, and that he had in fact only a few ideas which he repeated in endlessly diversified language. Any one of his later books will afford a fairly complete view of his doctrine: it will be found pretty fully developed in "Beyond Good and Evil"; in "Zarathustra," on the whole the greatest of his works, it assumes a tone of lyrical egotism and prophetic brooding on his own destiny; in "The Will to Power" there is an attempt to reduce his scattered intentions to a logical system, but unfortunately that work was never finished, and is printed largely from his hasty notes. What probably first impresses one in any of these books is Nietzsche's violent antipathy to the past —"'It was'—so is named the Will's gnashing of teeth and loneliest tribulation; impotent before the thing that has been done, of all the past the Will is a malicious spectator." In this apparently sweeping condemnation of the past all that has been held sacred is denounced in language that sounds occasionally like the fury of a mad man. So he exclaims: "To the botching of mankind and the allowing of it to putrefy was given the name 'God'"; and to our long idealization of the eternal feminine he has only the brusque reply: "Thou goest to women? Forget not thy whip!"

But as we become better versed in Nietzsche's extreme manner of expression, we find that his condemnation of the past is by no means indiscriminate, that in truth his denunciations are directed to a particular aspect of history. In the classical world this distinction takes the form of a harsh and unreal contrast between the Dionysiac principle of unrest and growth and creation for which he expresses the highest regard, and the Apollonian principle of rest and renunciation and contraction for which, as Platonism, he has the deepest aversion. The same distinction really holds in his attitude toward religion, although here his feelings are not so clearly defined. For the Old Testament and its virile poetry, for instance, he admits great reverence, reserving his spleen for the New Testament and its faith. To understand him here we must remember that there were, in fact, two elements in Christianity as it developed in the earlier centuries: on the one hand the strong aspiring faith of a people in the vigor of youth and eager to bring into life fresh and unworn values, and, on the other hand, the depression and world-weariness which haunted the decadent heterogeneous people of Alexandria and the East. Now it is clear that for the former of these Nietzsche had no understanding, since it lay quite beyond his range of vision, whereas for the latter he had a very intimate understanding and a bitter detestation. Hence his almost unreserved rejection of Christianity as a product of corruption and race impurity.

> It is a mistake [he says in "The Will to Power"] to imagine that, with Christianity, an ingenuous and youthful people rose against an old culture. . . . Nothing can be understood of the psychology of Christianity, if it be supposed that it was the expression of revived youth among a people, or of the resuscitated strength of a race. It is rather a typical form of decadence, of moral softening, and of hysteria, amid a general hotch-potch of races and people that had lost all aims and had grown weary and sick. The wonderful company which gathered round this master seducer of the populace, would not be at all out of place in a Russian novel: all the diseases of the nerves seem to give one another a rendezvous in this crowd.

And elsewhere he says, more generally:

> After having pondered over the physiology of exhaustion for some time, I was led to the question: to what extent the judgments of exhausted people had percolated into the world of values.
>
> The result at which I arrived was as startling as it could possibly be—even for one like myself who was already at home in many a strange world. I found that all prevailing values—that is to say, all those which had gained ascendency over humanity, or at least over its tamer portions, could be traced back to the judgment of exhausted people.

VI.

Now all this is the perfectly correct statement of a half-truth, as any one must admit who is familiar with the religious history of Alexandria; it is largely correct also as regards the romantic revival of Alexandrianism, which in Nietzsche's eyes made up the whole of modern Christianity. The fact is that his mind was really concerned with certain aspects of society as it existed about him, and his hostility to the past was not to the dead centuries in themselves, but to what remained over from them in the present—for what, after all, is there for any man in the past to hate or fear, except as it lives and will not be put away? In the sickness of his soul Nietzsche looked abroad over the Western world, and saw everywhere futility and purposelessness and pessimistic uncertainty of the values of life. An ideal, as he sees it, is embraced only when a man's grip on this world has been weakened, and in the end such supernatural ideals, as they are without foundation in fact, lose their hold on the human mind, and mankind, having sacrificed its sense of real values and having nursed the principle of decay, is left helpless and joyless. This condition he calls Nihilism. "People have not yet seen what is so terribly obvious," he says—"namely, that Pessimism is not a problem but a *symptom*—that the term ought to be replaced by 'Nihilism'; that the question, 'to be or not to be' is itself an illness, a sign of degeneracy, an idiosyncrasy." And in the first part of "The Will to Power" he unfolds this modern disease in all its hideousness. The restless activities of our life he interprets as so many attempts to escape from the gloom of purposeless-

ness, as so many varieties of self-stupefaction. No one can read his list of these efforts without shuddering recollection of what decadent music and literature and painting have produced:

In one's heart of hearts, not to know, whither? Emptiness. The attempt to rise superior to it all by means of emotional intoxication: emotional intoxication in the form of music, in the form of cruelty, in the tragic joy over the ruin of the noblest, and in the form of blind, gushing enthusiasm over individual *men* or distinct *periods* (in the form of hatred, etc.). The attempt to work blindly, like a scientific instrument; to keep an eye on the many small joys, like an investigator, for instance (modesty toward one's self); the mysticism of the voluptuous *joy* of eternal emptiness; art "for art's sake" ("le fait"), "immaculate investigation," in the form of narcotics against the disgust of one's self; any kind of incessant work, *any* kind of small foolish fanaticism.

The attempt to maintain Christianity amidst a nihilistic society which has lost even its false ideals, can have only one result. As these ideals were evoked by the weaker and subject portion of the race, so when they have perished the only thing that remains is the humanitarian exaltation of the humble and common and undistinguished as a kind of simulacrum of Christianity, the unideal sympathy of man for man as a political law, the whole brood of socialistic schemes which are based on the notion of universal brotherhood. These, the immediate offspring of Rousseauism and German romanticism, are, Nietzsche believed, the actual religion of the world to-day; and against these, and against the past as the source of these, his diatribes are really directed. His protest is against "sympathy with the lowly and the suffering as a *standard* for the *elevation of the soul.*"

Christianity [he exclaims] is a degenerative movement, consisting of all kinds of decaying and excremental elements. . . . It appeals to the disinherited everywhere; it consists of a foundation of resentment against all that is successful and dominant: it is in need of a symbol which represents the damnation of everything successful and dominant. It is opposed to every form of *intellectual* movement, to all philosophy; it takes up the cudgels for idiots, and utters a curse upon all intellect. Resentment against those who are gifted, learned, intellectually independent: in all these it suspects the elements of success and domination.

All this is merely Nietzsche's spasmodic way of depicting the uneasiness of the age, which has been the theme of innumerable poets of the nineteenth century—of Matthew Arnold, to take an instance, in his gloomy diagnosis of the modern soul. And to a certain point the cause of this Nihilism, to use Nietzsche's word, is the same for him as for Arnold. They both attribute it to the shattering of definite ideals that had so long ruled the world, and especially to the waning of religious faith. But here the two diagnosticians part company. Arnold looked for health to the establishing of new ideals and to the growth of a fresh and sounder faith in the Eternal, though he may have failed in his attempt to define this new faith. Nietzsche, on the contrary, regarded all ideals and all faith as themselves a product of decadence and the sure cause of deeper decay. "Abjection, evasion, joyous distrust, and love of irony," he says, "are signs of health; everything absolute belongs to pathology." Nihilism, as the first consequence of the loss of ideals, may be a state of hideous anarchy, but it is also the necessary transition to health. If, instead of relapsing into the idealistic source of evil, the eyes of mankind are strengthened to look boldly at the facts of existence, then will take place what he calls the Transvaluation of all Values, and truth will be founded on the naked, imperishable reality. There is no eternal calm at the centre of this moving universe; "all is flux"; there is nothing real "but our world of desires and passions," and "we cannot sink or rise to any other 'reality' save just the reality of our impulses—for thinking itself is only a relation of these impulses to one another." So be it! When a man has faced this truth calmly and bravely and definitely, then the whole system of morality which has been imposed upon society by those who regarded life as subordinate to an eternal ideal outside of the flux and contrary to the stream of human desires and passions—then the whole law of good and evil which was evolved by the weak to protect themselves against those who were fitted to live masterfully in the flux, crumbles away: that man, in Nietzsche's phrase, has passed Beyond Good and Evil.

Mankind is thus liberated from the herd-law, the false values have been swept away, but what new values take their place? The answer to this question Nietzsche found by going to Darwinism and raising the evolutionary struggle for existence into new significance; he would call it, not the Schopenhauerian will to live, but the Will to Power. He thus expresses the new theory in the mouth of Zarathustra:

Wherever I found a living thing, there found I Will to Power; and even in the will of the servant found I the will to be master. . . .

And this secret spake Life herself unto me. "Behold," said she, "I am that which must ever surpass itself." . . .

He certainly did not hit the truth who shot at it the formula: "Will to Existence": that will—doth not exist!

For that which is not, cannot will; that, however, which is in existence—how could it still strive for existence!

Only where there is life, is there also will: not, however, Will to Life, but—so teach I thee—Will to Power!

This is Nietzsche's transvaluation of all values, the change from the morality of good and evil depending on a supernatural ideal to the non-morality of the purely natural Will to Power. And as the former idealism resulted in the suppression of distinction and in the supremacy of the feeble, so the régime of the Will to Power must restore to society the sharp division of those who have power and those who have not, the true philosophers who have the instinct to surpass and the slaves whose function it is to serve and obey. The philosopher, to use Nietzsche's famous term, is the Superman, the *Uebermensch*. He has passed beyond good and evil, and Nietzsche often describes him in language which implies the grossest immorality; but this is merely an iconoclast's way of emphasizing the contrast between his perfect man and the old ideal of the saint, and it would be unfair to take these ebullitions of temper quite literally. The image of the Superman is, in fact, left in the hazy uncertainty of the future; the only thing certain about him is his complete immersion in nature, and his office to raise the level of society by rising on the shoulders of those who do the menial work of the world. At the last analysis the Superman is merely a negation of humanitarian sympathy and the socialistic state of indistinguished equality.

VII.

Nietzsche's conception of the Will to Power may seem to have brought us back by a long circuit to Hobbes's definition of human nature as "a perpetual and restless desire of power after power that ceaseth only in death"; but in reality there is a whole world between the two. In the levelling principles against which Hobbes directed his theory of government there was little or nothing of that notion of sympathy which is rooted in Locke's naturalism and has its flower in German romanticism; nor, on the other hand, is there in the Hobbian picture of the natural state of mankind as a warfare of self-interests any touch of that morbid exaltation of the ego which developed as an inevitable concomitant of romantic sympathy. There is, in fact, a colossal self-deception at the heart of Nietzsche's philosophy, which has no counterpart in Hobbism, and to which we shall find no key unless we bear in mind this long and regular growth of ideas from Locke to the present day. Nietzsche looked upon himself as, if not the actual Superman, at least an imperfect type of what the Superman was to be: he thought of his rebellion as an exemplification of the Will to Power; whereas the hated taint of decadence had struck deep into his body and mind, while his years of philosophizing were one long fretful disease. He has himself, with

the intermittent clairvoyance of the morbid brain, pointed to the confusion of phenomena which has led his followers to admire his intellectual productivity as a proof of fundamental health:

> History discloses the terrible fact that the exhausted have always been *confounded* with those of the most abundant resources. . . . How is this confusion possible? When he who was exhausted stood forth with the bearing of a highly active and energetic man (when degeneration implied a certain excess of spiritual and nervous discharge), he was *mistaken* for the resourceful man. He inspired terror.

By a similar illusion Nietzsche regarded the self-assertive Superman as a true reaction against the prevalent man of sympathy and a cure for the disease of the age. That much of Nietzsche's protest against the excesses of humanitarianism was sound and well-directed, I for one am quite ready to admit. He saw, as few other men of our day have seen, the danger that threatens true progress in any system of education and government which makes the advantage of the average rather than the distinguished man its first object. But the cure Nietzsche proposed for these evils was itself a part of the malady. The Superman, in other words, is a product of the same naturalism which produced the evil it would counteract; it is the last and most violent expression of the egotism, or self-interest, which Hume and all his followers balanced with sympathy as the two springs of human action. Sympathy, as we saw, gradually usurped the place of self-interest as the recognized motive of virtue and source of happiness, but here this strange thing will be observed: where sympathy has been proclaimed most loudly in theory, self-interest has often been most dominant in practice. Sympathy first came to excess in the sentimental school, and the sentimentalists were notorious for their morbid egotism. There may be some injustice to Sterne in Byron's sneering remark that he preferred weeping over a dead ass to relieving the want of a living mother, but in a general way it hits exactly the character of which the author of the "Sentimental Journey" was a type. I came by chance the other day upon a passage in an anonymous book of that age, which expresses this contrast of theory and practice in the clearest terms:

> By this system of things [that is, the sentimental system] it is that strict justice is made to give way to transient fits of generosity; and a *benevolent* turn of mind supplants rigid integrity. The sympathetic heart, not being able to behold misery without a starting tear of compassion, is allowed, by the general suffrage, to atone for a thousand careless actions, which infallibly bring misery with them. In *commercial* life, the Rich oppress the poor, and contribute to hospitals; a monopolizer renders thousands and tens of thousands destitute in the course of traffic; but cheerfully solicits or encourages subscriptions to alleviate their distress.*

As for Rousseau, the great apostle of humanity, it is notorious that the principal trait of his disposition was an egotism which made it impossible for him to live at peace with his fellow men. "Benevolence to the whole species," said Burke, having Rousseau in mind, "and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors come in contact, form the character of the new philosophy." No one who has read the annals of the romantic group of Germany need be told how their pantheistic philosophy was contradicted by the utterly impractical individualism of their lives.

The truth is this inconsistency is inherent in the very principles of romantic naturalism. In a world made up of passions and desires alone, the attempt to enter into the personal emotions of others will react in an intensifying of our own emotions, and the effort to lose oneself in mankind will be balanced by a morbid craving for the absorption of mankind in oneself. The harsh contrast of sympathy and egotism is thus an inevitable consequence of romanticism, nor is it a mere chance that Tolstoy, with his exaltation of Rousseauism and of absolute non-resistance and universal brotherhood, should have been a contemporary of a philosopher who made Napoleon his ideal and preached war and the Superman as the healthy condition of society. Nietzsche himself, in one of his moments of insight, recognizes this coexistence of extremes as a sign of decadence. That they spring from the same source is shown by the unexpected resemblance they often display beneath their superficial opposition. Perhaps the book that comes closest to "Zarathustra" in its fundamental tone is just the "Leaves of Grass," which in its avowed philosophy of life would seem to stand at the remotest distance. Nietzsche denounces all levelling processes and proclaims a society based frankly on differences of power; Walt Whitman, on the contrary, denies all differences whatsoever, and glorifies an absolute equality: yet as both start from the pure flux of naturalism, so they both pass through a denial of the distinction of good and evil based on the old ideals, and end in an egotism which brings aristocrat and democrat together in a strange and unwilling brotherhood.

VIII.

To any one caught in this net, life must be a one-sided fanaticism or a condition of vacillating unrest. The great tragedy of Nietzsche's existence was due to the fact that, while he perceived the danger into which he had fallen, yet his struggles to escape only entangled him more desperately in the fatal mesh. His boasted transvaluation of all values was in reality a complete devaluation, if I may coin the word, leaving him more deeply immersed in the Nihilism which he exposed as the prime evil of modern civilization. With Hume and the romantic naturalists he threw away both the reason and the intuition into any superrational ideal beyond the stream of desires and passions and impulses. He looked into his own heart and into the world of phenomena, and beheld there a ceaseless ebb and flow, without beginning, without end, and without meaning. The only law that he could discover, the only rest for the mind, was some dimly foreseen return of all things back into their primordial state, to start afresh on the same blind course of chance—the Eternal Recurrence, he called it. "No doubt," he once wrote, "there is a far-off, invisible, and prodigious cycle which gives a common law to our little divagations: let us uplift ourselves to this thought! But our life is too short, our vision too feeble; we must content ourselves with this sublime possibility." At times he represents the courage to look undismayed into this ever-turning wheel as the test that distinguishes the Superman from the herd. And this is all Nietzsche could give to mankind by his Will to Power and his Transvaluation of all Values—the will to endure the vision of endless, purposeless mutation, the strength to accomplish—absolutely nothing. More than once he admits that the last temptation of the Superman is grief for a race revolving helplessly in this cycle of change. As for himself, what he found in his philosophy, what followed him in the end into the dark descents of madness, is told in the haunting vision of The Shadow in the last section of "Zarathustra":

> "Have I—yet a goal? A haven toward which *my* sail is set?
>
> "A good wind? Alas, he only who knoweth *whither* he saileth, knoweth also what wind is good and a fair wind for him.
>
> "What still remaineth to me? A heart weary and flippant; a wandering will; fluttering wings; a broken spine.
>
> "This seeking for my home: ah Zarathustra, knowest thou well, this seeking hath been my home-sickening; it devoureth me.
>
> "Where is—*my* home? For it I ask and seek and have sought, but have not found it. Oh eternal everywhere, oh eternal nowhere, oh eternal—in-vain!"
>
> Thus spake the Shadow, and Zarathustra's countenance grew longer at his words. "Thou art my Shadow!" said he at last with sadness.

The end of it is the clamor of naturalism at war with itself and struggling to escape from its own laws. As I leave Nietzsche I think of the tragedy of Sophocles in which Heracles is represented as writhing in the embrace of the Nessus-shirt he has himself put on,

**John Buncle, Junior, Gentleman.* 2 volumes. London: 1776, 1778. The hero is supposed to be the son of Amory's *John Buncle.*

and rending his own flesh in a vain effort to escape its poisonous web.

P. E. M.

Correspondence

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CRIMINAL LAW AND CRIMINOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I offer a correction of a misconception implied in one passage of your review (August 3) of certain treatises in the Modern Criminal Science Series? The learned reviewer quotes a remark of Professor Gross: "Whenever people delayed in establishing the right thing, and then suddenly tried for it, they went in their haste, too far"; and then suggests that "this might be recommended to the consideration of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology," whose committee is responsible for the above series of books. I desire to explain, to those of your readers who are not familiar with the work of the Institute, that its methods are, and have been from the beginning, entirely in accord with the reviewer's cautionary spirit. The Institute's officers stand with him in opposing the hasty reformer. They represent precisely that body of intelligent opinion which desires to emphasize careful and extensive investigation before advocating any remedy, however plausible. The mere enumeration of its committees of research, who have before them the plans for years of cautious labor, would sufficiently show this. But the Institute has two depressing obstacles, of huge extent, but of opposite character. One is this haste of well-meaning reformers to plunge into experiments, fads, nostrums, sentimental futilities, and theoretic impossibilities. The other is the stolid resistance of philistinism, which is unwilling to join in the work, but is ready to sneer at the workers. The earmarks of the latter class are seen in your reviewer's unjust insinuation upon the Institute. Its work he can certainly never have really investigated.

The Institute has ventured to regard its work as one of science. But your reviewer, in placing "scientific" and "modern science" in quotation marks, whenever he alludes to that supposed aspect of the works reviewed by him, must surely be unfamiliar with the status of the men who lead the work in Europe. Of the authors represented in the Modern Criminal Science Series, the lawyers alone would command the respect of the bar and bench in any country. Garofalo is chief justice of the Court of Appeals at Naples, and a national Senator; Ferri is professor of criminal law at Rome; Saleilles is one of the half-dozen greatest French jurists of this generation; Tarde was a magistrate, and one of the world's great psychologists; Gross is, of course, the best-known criminal magistrate in Europe, and a professor of criminal law. How can such men's best work be sneered at, by quotation marks for its "science," without raising a question as to the critic's own standards?

And I must confidently assert that the reviewer has in this case not given the honor of perusal to the general body of literature which he repudiates. For an example, take his main accusation, that modern criminal science "leaves motive out of account," "represents every conceivable factor but that of intelligible human motive." On the contrary, I should have said that it precisely did consider individual motive as the ultimate crux of all theories in their practical administration. For the Continental literature, Saleilles and Garofalo (authors later on the list in the series) are sufficient examples. For American methods, a notable example is the superb work of Dr. Healy, director of the Juvenile Psychopathic Institute, at the Juvenile Court in Chicago (described in the *Journal of the Institute*, Vol. I, p. 50); in the Boston and New York probation officers' work, and in Mr. Smithers's analysis of the pardoning power in Pennsylvania (all noticed in the *Journal's* pages). Modern criminal science does not break with facts, even though reviewers may wish to break with modern "science."

Crime is the costliest curse of civilization. The American Institute does not commit itself either to new theories or to ancient prejudices about crime. But it does expect to unite both conservatives and innovators alike in the serious and sympathetic endeavor to discover the most efficient methods of carrying on the world-old struggle for the repression of crime. It asks simply that the same spirit of scientific research which in the last two generations has revolutionized natural science and industrial production shall now also be applied in the field of crime.

John H. Wigmore.

Former president of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology.

Chicago, August 26.

[Professor Wigmore would probably assent to the distinction between the exact sciences, such as physics and chemistry, and in a minor degree biology, which can rely very largely upon definite scientific methods, and the inexact sciences, such as economics, psychology, sociology, and anthropology, in which, however methodical the investigation, the value of the result is derived mostly from the power of judgment of the scientist, developed through knowledge and training. We did not deny that a criminologist may hold a dignified place among scientists of the latter sort—read the review of Gross; and we refrained from passing judgment in detail upon any but the writers before us. But we also abstained from using the name of scientist, just because the indiscriminate use of this name ignores a radical difference of method. Fifty years ago all studies depending largely upon personal intelligence were more accurately distinguished as "philosophy." Now, the failure to observe this difference is "science." The use of these offensive quotation marks is to indicate a study of the second sort which, having set up a scientific terminology of "laws" or "types" and an apparatus of metrics and statistics, proceeds forthwith, on the basis of its good intentions, without inquiring how far it has reached exact results, or how far (in a study of human nature) such results will ever be possible, to claim rank with the exact sciences and, on the basis of such naïve conception as "defective altruism" and "moral insanity," to make merry over philosophy. There is some of this "science" in biology, more of it in psychology and anthropology, but the most notorious illustrations are to be found in criminology, and the best in Lombroso, while the more judicious Ferri and Garofalo are not exempt from it. An extreme, though less important, illustration is De Quirós.

A careful reading of our review will show that these offensive quotation-marks were called forth by "the calm confidence of the General Introduction, together with the list of works," which, as just said, represents a very variable quality of science. Of this variable quality Mr. Smithers gives us not a hint. There are suggestions of "various schools," and of a period of experimentation which European thinkers "have passed through"! but not a word to suggest that Lombroso, at least, belongs to that period while Ferri and Garofalo retain the marks of it, and that De Quirós is a startling representative of its type of thought. All is presented to the public calmly as "results." It then became the duty of the reviewer to show the variable quality of those results.

Following the order of judicial procedure, Professor Wigmore leaves us to call our own witnesses. We shall therefore first call Professor Wigmore to testify that in the letter before us he says nothing of Lombroso and De Quirós. Next, Professor Gross to testify (p. 10 of his "Criminal Psychology") that the sentence which we have recommended to the consideration of the American Institute was a warning against the methods of "science" practised by the Lombrosists, including, we presume, Ferri and Garofalo. Next, Prof. Maurice Parmelee, a member of the Committee on Translations, to testify that, in his scholarly Introduction to Lombroso's work, he has recommended him chiefly, if not exclusively, as an interesting pioneer. Next, Professor Parmelee again, to confess that he, a member of the Committee on Translations, in his review of De Quirós in the *Journal of the American Institute* (note the journal), condemned that work, less vehemently perhaps, but in the same terms, and not less completely than ourselves. Finally, we shall call Professor Wigmore once more to rehearse his delightful cross-examination of Münsterberg in the *Illinois Law Review* of February, 1909, in which he put "science"—our "science"—in a far tighter box than mere quotation-marks. Surely, Professor Wigmore knows the meaning of "science."

It is encouraging to learn that crim-

inologists are studying motives, but this does not invalidate our assertion that the opposite is characteristic of criminal science, nor does it accord well with the principles announced in the General Introduction. Who, asks Gross, in the question quoted in our review and apparently ignored by Professor Wigmore, who studies the world-views of criminals? In other words, who studies the *reasons*, or *motives*, of crime? Mr. Smithers replies to the effect that crime, like disease, is a question, not of motives, which express the will of the criminal, but of *causes* which lie beyond his will; and he holds that this principle is fundamental for criminal science.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE STUDENTS OF VIRGINIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 14 appears an editorial, "The College and the Making of Men," very appreciative of the work and record of Washington and Lee University.

Your general position seems to be that, if a college makes men, it is because of the "atmosphere" surrounding the college, and of the teaching capacity of the faculty.

Both of these are, of course, important elements in the training of mind, and in the moulding of character. But to ascribe to them all the credit would involve the omission of the influence of heredity. A brilliant writer has recently said:

> The college does not make the man. If men have come out of any particular college it is because men have gone into it.

This means that the work which a college does is largely dependent upon the quality of the men who are enrolled as students, and this in turn is determined in great measure by the character of the population from which those students come. Thus, the result is the product of three factors—the traditions, the teachers, and the taught. Even Mark Hopkins at one end of the log would get poor results if the students at the other end were not of the right stuff, and the "make-up" of the student is largely determined, as has been said, by the physical, mental, and moral traits of his forebears. If this is true, the facts recorded in your editorial speak well for the character and capacity of the people from whom the students of Washington and Lee University have come. The same test applied to all the colleges of Virginia would show the presence of a population ranking high in the qualities of mind and heart; for all can boast many alumni who reflect honor upon their respective colleges and upon the people from whom these colleges draw their support.

To take a specific case, that of Hampden-Sidney College, the point is made clear by a reference to the general Alumni Catalogue. The summary (p. 171) shows the number of students listed to 1906 to be 3,595, though—the records being incomplete—this is much below the correct total. Of this number, one was President of the United States, four were ministers to foreign countries, ten were members of the United States Senate, twenty-two were members of the United States House of Representatives, eight have been Governors of States. In addition there have been scores of judges, generals, college presidents, and men distinguished in all walks of life. Nor has this been true in the distant past only. The good work goes on. Of her living alumni, two are presidents of important universities (Washington and Lee, and Cincinnati), six are presidents of colleges, 245 are honored ministers of the gospel. Of the general State officers in Virginia to-day the State chemist, the State librarian, the State superintendent of public instruction, the secretary of the commonwealth, the lieutenant-governor, and the Governor are all alumni of Hampden-Sidney. In a review of the Alumni Catalogue, the *Manufacturers' Record* says:

> It would be difficult if, indeed, possible, to match the conspicuous record of ability and public service thus indicated for Hampden-Sidney by that of any other college of like size and length of life. . . . History would lack much were it not for the record of the work of Hampden-Sidney men, not merely in the lofty positions upon which the public eye is usually directed in estimating deeds, but in the more quiet, but none the less influential, places occupied by teachers of men, whether ministers of the Gospel, college professors, physicians, or lawyers.

All of which not only proves the value of the small college, but also goes to show, if the position taken above is correct, that the parents in Virginia who in the past 150 years have educated their sons, have been people of strong intellectual fibre and of unusual moral force.

WM. H. WHITING, JR.

Hampden-Sidney, Va., September 20.

THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has been stated in a recent article by Dr. Max Wolff (*Der Türmer*, October, 1910, p. 124) that this uncle of international fame originated with Molière in his "École des femmes." The following quotation from Cornacchini's "Gl' Inganni," Venezia, 1605, p. 54, will show, however, that the great French dramatist was anticipated: "M. Francesco fratello di M. Prospero quello che pose quei danari sù Saluiati, quando tornò dell' Indie doue era stato assai tempo, donò il tutto alla Cognata, con condizione che dopò la morte di lei fussero della prima figliuola, che l'hauesse, che fù la Liuia."

The same play contains the expression *senza dote* rendered famous by Molière.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., September 18.

A CUD FOR PUBLISHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Rotten pictures, and they spoiled the whole story, so I took them all out." The above caustic legend, pencilled in a firm hand over the "list of illustrations" in a popular novel, was found recently in a public library book. True to his word, the censor had collated the book faithfully, and knifed all the thirteen plates with perfect precision. However reprehensible, as an act of mutilation, such a method of criticism may be thought, will not its utter ingenuousness set the publisher to thinking again about the illustrations which he puts into his books, particularly novels? Whereas the marring of good books by needless and inappropriate pictures is a matter of everyday comment, the novel-reader will have to cudgel his wits to produce a single instance in which a piece of fiction, of recent years, has been distinctly improved by the artist's touch.

ROBERT K. SHAW.

Worcester, Mass., September 19.

Literature

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

The Letters of Richard Henry Lee. Collected and edited by James Curtis Ballagh, Ph.D., LL.D., associate professor of history in the Johns Hopkins University. Vol. I. 1762-1778. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Although Lee was one of the important leaders in the Revolution, scarcely any of his correspondence has hitherto been available for the purposes of the historian. Most of the letters that have appeared are now largely inaccessible, in such journals as the *Southern Literary Messenger*, besides being printed from unreliable texts. The few accurately printed letters which exist are to be found in Henry's "Patrick Henry," and in such collections as the Charles Lee Papers and the Deane Papers. Professor Ballagh has, therefore, done an excellent thing in collecting and editing the letters—in all about 500. The mere search has been a difficult task, for it appears that Lee kept few copies. Professor Ballagh has given us a detailed list of the collections of manuscripts where letters have been found, as well as of those libraries in which fruitless search was made; and one is left with the impression that if there are any of Lee's letters which he has not seen, the number of them must be small or their hiding place secure. The editing has been carefully done. In the notes, the editor has confined himself, too strictly, perhaps, to the task of indicating the exact location and character of each letter. He has apparently made no modification in the text, either in punctuation, spelling, abbreviation, or capitalizing. Certainly, an editor should exercise great caution in handling a text, but it hardly seems worth while to carry fidelity to the extent of printing, for example, "cOmplaisance."

In one respect, the letters themselves are disappointing, for they throw little light upon that part of the revolutionary movement which has been least studied, and which, in many respects, best repays careful study—the period of beginnings from 1765 to 1775. Of the 250 letters contained in the first volume, only about sixty-five fall within the twelve years from 1762 to 1774, while the remainder fall within the four years from the beginning of 1775 to the close of 1778. But even the letters dating from the earlier period are disappoint-

ing if one is looking for light on the controversy with England; they help us to understand neither the economic basis of the colonial opposition nor the fundamental social and political differences among the colonists themselves. We hear much about the "Minions of Tyranny" on the one hand, and of the brave and generous defenders of "virtuous Liberty" on the other, but Lee scarcely ever condescends to discuss the merits of the question. Once, indeed, after the war was well under way, he is rather put to it to explain to his sister why unrepresented widows with property should be taxed to carry on a war in support of the principle that representation and taxation should never be separated (p. 392).

The silence of Lee upon these points was probably deliberate. The belief that England would not press matters if the colonies put up a bold and united front was wide-spread, and it was certainly one of the important factors in bringing on the war. The colonial leaders were quite as often occupied with the probable effect upon England of whatever demands they might make, as they were with determining what demands precisely they were justified in making. In his famous reply to Seabury, Hamilton naïvely justified the action of the first Continental Congress upon the ground that it would probably succeed; and, in the same Congress Lee himself favored a bold stand because he thought it would result in immediate redress, otherwise "he should be for exceptions." ("Works of John Adams," II, 362.) It was part of the game to make it appear that there was no justification whatever for the English measures, and that the colonists were unanimous in opposing them. "The truth is, Sir, that we have only to be cool, firm, and united, to secure as well ourselves, as our fellow Subjects beyond the Water, from a systematic plan of despotism" (p. 108). In this belief, Lee was confirmed by letters from England which stated that the Opposition would shortly triumph and oppressive measures be at an end. And even after the war began he appears to have thought it would not last long. "You no doubt will have a ship here as early as any other," he writes to William Lee, September 5, 1775, "when we are so fortunate as to have peace again restored."

As a member of the Continental Congress Lee was certainly in a position to furnish information about the State and party rivalries that steadily tended to weaken that body. Yet the letters contain virtually nothing about these matters. He speaks of the unanimity of the first Congress, whereas we know perfectly that there was anything but unanimity. Asked why Congress delays so long on the question of independence, he does indeed say "because we are heavily clogged with instructions from those shamefully interested proprietary people, and these will continue until Virginia sets the example of . . . sending peremptory orders to their delegates" (p. 182). Of the necessity of declaring independence Lee has much to say, and the letters confirm what we already know about the forces that led to that result. The truth is that the non-intercourse policy was more disastrous to America than to England: independence, which would open the ports of Europe, was the only alternative to submission and resumption of trade with England. "No state in Europe will either treat or trade with us so long as we consider ourselves subjects of Great Britain. . . . The war cannot long be prosecuted without Trade, nor can Taxes be paid, until we are enabled to sell our produce, which cannot be without the help of foreign ships. . . . Our clearest interest, therefore, our very existence as freemen, requires that we take decisive steps now" (p. 178). Besides, independence would end the anomalous status of the colonial governments, and enable them to employ more forcible measures to restore order and collect taxes. Of the necessity of taxes he was well aware; he was also aware that by converting landed property into money the amount of taxes one would have to pay would be materially lessened (p. 382).

The sequel of independence was, of course, the French alliance, and Lee was constantly urging it. With the close of 1776 his confidence in a successful issue of the war declined. "It ought not to be forgotten," he writes to Arthur Lee, April 20, 1777, "that the simple strength of North America opposed to the united force of Great Britain and her allies may prove an unequal contest, and should not be trusted too far. The difficulty of finding funds whilst our trade is shut up . . . is very distressing" (p. 278). Nor was the difficulty purely a public one. "Heaven knows what I shall do about making remittance whilst our Trade continues so obstructed by British Cruisers" (p. 280). About the negotiations with France the letters, so far as the first volume is concerned, tell us almost nothing. Lee must have been fully informed of Arthur Lee's side of the story, but there is almost no reflection of it in these letters. We do, indeed, learn that Silas Deane was a scoundrel, and although nothing is said of Franklin, we are left to infer that the business would go on better if John Adams were sent over.

Many of the letters, particularly those to William and Arthur Lee, are concerned with private matters. Lee seems to have been pressed for money most of the time, and there are infinite details about the management of the estate, the value of the crops, and the export of tobacco. According to custom, his boys were placed at school in England, and we get an idea of what boys of that class were expected to learn, and of the minimum cost of having them learn it in England. Whatever the inconveniences of modern life may be, there were some in those days which we do not experience. Few of us assuredly would cultivate our gardens, at least in the literal sense, if it were necessary to write to England in order to procure a good hoe. And what would the modern professor think of having his spectacles fitted at a distance of three thousand miles! "I pray you to procure me a pair of the best Temple spectacles that can be had," he writes to Arthur Lee. "In fitting these perhaps it may be proper to remember that my age is forty-six, that my eyes are light-colored, and have been quick and strong. . . . My head thin between the temples." Well, perhaps they enjoyed life even without the expert.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Iron Woman. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Morally, this story might be described as the influence upon a younger generation of two mature women: one is the Iron Woman herself, a widow who has been left in charge of a foundry, and whose nature has been harshly divided into the stern energetic mastery of men and business and the starved, concealed cravings of maternity; the other is the awakened Helena Richie, who through sin and renunciation has come to understand the hidden values of life. The younger generation which moves within the circle of their influence consists of four persons: the son and the step-daughter of the Iron Woman, the niece of her head man, and the adopted son of Mrs. Richie. The step-daughter is a shadowy, clinging creature who hangs on the fringe of the story; the real plot revolves about the love of the two men for the niece, who is a being of pure impulse, instinctively noble but subject to wayward bursts of passion. Owing to division in her character the Iron Woman lavishes all her maternal nature on her son, without interference of her practical nature which is absorbed in business, and without the power of awakening filial love in return. The genial weakness of her son and the resolute strength of Mrs. Richie's son play upon the impulsive nature of the heroine with tragic results.

The characterization, though somewhat forced at times, is consistently carried out, the situations are dramatically developed. If there is failure anywhere it is in the climax, where the influence of Mrs. Richie resolves what has become an impossible tangle. She is herself the creation of Dr. Lavendar, or, rather, the channel through which Dr. Lavendar's virtue is extended to lives beyond

his ken; and this distance from the centre of power seems to show itself in a weakening of the artist's grasp. Mrs. Richie nowhere appears very real, and her self-revelation at the end is clumsily done. Her remoteness is intensified by the strong characterization of the Iron Woman, a masterly, if somewhat roughly drawn, portrait. Perhaps the best part of the book is the description of the childhood of the four actors, with its foreshadowing of the parts they are to play when the passions of life are stirred.

The Larger Growth. By Constance Smedley Armfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The tyranny of the domestic hearth is the theme of the present family chronology, which gives evidence of being inspired by the nine hundred-odd pages that Arnold Bennett has devoted to the uneventful history of Edwin Clayhanger. The resemblance is by no means thoroughgoing. The very fact that there is a theme distinguishes the book sharply from Mr. Bennett's experiment in minute psychology for its own sake. The method, too, is different. Where Mr. Bennett gives us a trickle of dialogue to solid chapters of exposition, Mrs. Armfield supplies us with copious portions of talk; and the result indicates that where one wishes to be minute and untheatrical, exposition is safer than conversation. However, in a quiet way the history of the Maddox family, stretching over a period of some twenty years, is made clear enough. Neither father nor mother could see why the two sons and the elder daughter should long for broader horizons than the four walls of the family best-room, with its blue rep furniture in covers. They learn why; at the cost of a fair amount of pain, but without passing through tragedy. Our author takes a great deal of trouble with the elder daughter, Jessica; but Jessica is not as real as either of her brothers, Charles the stolid and Edgar the artistic and wavering. Real, too, are Isadora Bent and Lettice Lacy, in whom is embodied the truth that differences of temperament and station leave women very much alike in the face of a man about to make a proposal and a man about to break an engagement. This little story, like bigger books that try to be transcriptions from life, proves that while the faithful stenographic report may edify it is still the dramatic and the romantic element that moves us.

Children of To-morrow. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The reader who is not painfully on the lookout for greatness in the American novel should be well pleased with this story. It moves of itself: it concerns real people, who are interesting both as individuals and as types. The style has no distinction, but it is a good, honest, straightforward style, which serves the purpose very well. The action begins in the "executive mansion" of a State not named but not far from Coney Island. The Governor, Lyman Innes, finds himself in a hard place. He is a man of principle, and cannot conceal the fact of his sympathy for the participants in a great strike which is going on in his State. The leaders of the party which has elected him Governor are on the other side, and do their utmost to make him call out the militia for the suppression of the strikers. The Governor stands alone; even his wife, a purely worldly woman, is against him. And at this moment fate throws in his way a woman who does understand and sympathize. They come to love each other deeply and without blame; but both are married and circumstances make a sordid coil of their relation, and bring it to a pitiful end. The Governor is assassinated by the woman's husband. But the act goes down in history as a political crime, and the Governor's memory is unsmirched: his death does much for the cause of the oppressed for whom he is supposed to have died. This is the prologue of the novel proper, which has to do with the second generation. The action has shifted to New York. The Governor's sons and daughter are grown up and successfully busy, though as yet unmarried and living together. One is a literary editor, one an actor—they are of that social sort which is still, against all protests, known as "Bohemian." Into their lives, under a changed name, comes the woman who was indirectly the cause of their father's death. There are, it will be seen, elements of melodrama in the plot, but the book has a value independent of its incidents—in its sincere and often vivid presentations of New York life as it is lived by the workers and dreamers in contrast to the spenders.

The Secret Garden. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is a story about children and for children which adults may read with pleasure and profit. If two of the three children concerned have been brought up under conditions both distorted and morbid, the getting out of the shadows is accomplished by nature's own healthful agencies. Quite other than angels, Mary and Colin become human by an instructive wholesome following of nature and the nature-loving side of wholesome folk with whom they are happily thrown. The Yorkshire boy, Dickon, charmer of all young animals, including boys, is a captivating figure. Good Susan Sowerby, mother of twelve, and incarnation of "inspired common sense," is a character gratefully to make friends with. The crabbed old gardener, Ben Weatherstaff, is as good as his name. And there are excellent comrades in fox-cub and crow and robin and lamb. The invasion of the secret garden by the children in the spring of the year, and the miracles worked on contrary little Mistress Mary and tyrannical little Colin, by nature's own miracles, make a charming story, fantastic, perhaps, but full of sweet admonition; and possessing besides its charm two negative virtues so often neglected in books for the young that their presence takes on a positive quality. The children's faults are not such as to invite imitation; and the young are not reformers of the old.

ROMANTIC CANADA.

Old Indian Trails. By Mary T. S. Schäffer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Were it not for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in Arizona, which tempts tourists to cross the Continent by way of the Santa Fé Railroad, and for the Yellowstone Park, which induces many of them to choose the Northern Pacific or the Union Pacific Railroad, the Canadian Pacific would make by far the strongest appeal to lovers of scenery and marvels of nature. The Rocky Mountains grow grander as we go northward, and our Canadian neighbors certainly have the advantage over us in this respect. Whymper, the most famous of English Alpinists, has discovered "fifty Switzerlands" in the Canadian Rockies, but very few except trappers, hunters, and some explorers have gazed on any of these snowy summits beyond those that can be seen from the car windows. Twenty years ago, even these were enjoyed by but few who came specially to be impressed by them. The big hotel at Banff, in the Canadian National Park, had but few guests; Lake Louise had no hotel at all; the Yoho Valley was a mere name, and at Glacier no one suspected the existence of grand caves but seven miles away.

It was at that early period that Mrs. Schäffer began to visit these regions annually. She saw the tourist tide swell from year to year until finally she began to long for "wider views and new untrammeled ways." From hunters and trappers, she heard tales of what could be seen and experienced on old Indian trails to the north of the railway, through a country largely unmapped—trails made by the red men in quest of game and furs; and these she determined to follow in quest of "the great unlonely silence of the wilderness." The trappers and hunters fortunately had not forgotten to tell her that though the region she was headed for was a land of game—of goat, sheep, bear, deer, and caribou—one might travel for days yet see no signs of wild life; and that, although fish are plentiful, yet for weeks,

when the summer sun melts everything meltable, and the rivers are clouded with silt from the glaciers, they will not rise to the most tempting bait. Ignorance of these facts had cut short many an attempted invasion of this "beautiful but inhospitable land." Being forewarned, her party (which consisted of two women, two men, and the necessary pack animals) was provided with plenty of condensed foods, chosen after careful tests, besides the usual bacon and beans, flour, sugar, tea, and coffee. And yet mistakes were made. The provisions, having no water-proof covers were not improved by sundry unexpected soakings received in fording swollen rivers, and, worst of all, no one had thought of mosquito nets.

Many were the hardships of trail travel. The horses gave no end of trouble and the elements often combined with the almost impenetrable forests in making life a burden. On the fourth of July shrieking winds pelted their tent walls with snow. One evening the author was so utterly fatigued that even "an aurora which was throwing ribbons and arches with wonderful rapidity across the summit of Mount Robson and dyeing her snow-fields with a constant change of color" could not keep her awake. But this was an exceptional case; as a rule she and her companion endured the fatigue of such an outing as bravely as the men of the party; and altogether she enjoyed the expedition so much that she decided to write a book, to urge others to follow her example. No daring climbs were attempted, wherefore her narrative, unlike that of most of the books on this part of the world, is "a tale of the valleys," including the "golden plains of the Saskatchewan," where she dwelt among the Indians and became familiar with their ways. Relics of the Indians were found at many points along the trails —tepee poles, bones of sheep and caribou littering the ground, racks for drying and smoking meat. The Indians smoke their trout in a dense smudge of sphagnum moss, and Mrs. Schäffer found that this improved them, as the meat of the trout in these cold waters is inclined to be soft and tasteless, even to palates grown uncritical on salt meats and bannock.

Mrs. Schäffer's book includes accounts of two trips into this wilderness, one in 1906, the other two years later. On the second they avoided the mistakes of the first, taking along mosquito nets and waterproof bags for the food. On neither of these trips, notwithstanding the exposures, did any one one catch a cold. Altogether, weighing the pros and cons, one envies the author her experiences in this northland. She is also illustrator of Stewardson Brown's book, the "Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rockies," and her "Old Indian Trails" she has embellished with eighty illustrations which obviated the necessity of descriptive writing.

Der Roman einer Tibetischen Königin. Tibetischer Text und Uebersetzung von Bethold Laufer. Leipzig: Otto Harrassowitz.

In the eighth century of our era the Buddhist monks were in a fair way to get control of Tibet. The religion they professed was not only higher than the unsystematic demonology of the Tibetan savages, but it was much more picturesque, and as such it appealed to the natives, as in our day a ritual appeals to a savage more than does an exhortation. The common people and their "kings," that is, tribal chieftains, approved of the Buddhists; the strongest opposition came from the women. For the women of Tibet were suffragettes. They knew themselves to be better than the men, and no man disputed them. In fact, in Tibet the women were the virile characters. Especially the queens, in whose hands lay the real power, objected to the Buddhists, and they alone apparently saw clearly that when the priest ruled the king in spiritual matters, it was all over with kingship. One of the most striking examples of this has been preserved for us in the so-called Romance of Queen Ts'espon bza, whose euphonious name may, when once mentioned, be sunk in her title. This queen "loved as none other could love in the whole world," and she loved the Buddhist missionary, whose political designs she suspected, but before whose personal beauty, rather than teaching, her heart bowed. Of course, the monk repudiated her with horror. Those who have heard of Potiphar's wife can imagine the completion of the romance. The monk was banished because the queen accused him, though the king feared him. But he returned, and the queen, whose passion had bred illness, ostentatiously repented. But was her repentance genuine, was she really pure of heart? The test prescribed by the beautiful but severe monk was carried out. If pure at heart, the flowers she trod upon in the sacred procession would raise their heads uninjured from her tread. Proudly she comes forth. Anxiously looks the monk, timorously the king. And lo! the flowers are consumed to ashes, for in her heart concealed is still the fire of her unholy passion. Tableau; new trials; happy ending. Why take away the excitement of reading in detail the history, entitled "bTsun-mo bkai t'an-yig," which is really the third division of a greater work (the "bKa-t'an sde-Ina"), the "Exhortations of Padmasmabhava to the Royal Women"?

The text is carefully edited; the translation as accurate as our present knowledge admits (foot-notes indicate dubious points); and the historical apparatus sufficient. This is the only example of its sort in Tibetan literature, and besides this merit it undoubtedly contains historical material. The editor points out that the queen's only sin lay in attempting to overthrow the virtue of a monk, since adultery *per se* was a venial offence, and had the queen been content to have an intrigue with any one else, no one would have objected, the king having no rights in the matter. The attitude of the monk seems to reflect rather an interesting fact, namely, that the first missionaries were able to impress these savages with moral standards which both teacher and pupil really upheld. Of course, it was not long before virtue was as much a jest to the monk as it had been to the native. The Tibetan monk was soon the recognized Don Juan of the country. Dr. Laufer's translation takes in also another history, which belongs to the division of the whole, and is therefore included in the text, but it has nothing to do with the passionate princess. In fact, it is in startling contrast, for in the second story the princess is shy and innocent, the monk-missionary a Lothario, whose actions have to be defended by the chronicler on the ground that the holy man is doing a holy work; he extends the influence of the church in captivating as many ladies as possible by means which he knows will appeal to them. As the monk says, "I sacrifice myself to passion to save the passionate." Probably the two tales reflect two periods in the conversion of Tibet. The work as a whole was probably composed in the ninth century, and possibly printed (on wooden blocks) soon after, for Tibetan works were printed in China by that time and the art of printing was introduced into Tibet in the tenth century. Dr. Laufer tentatively refers the action of the story to the latter half of the eighth century.

The Speakers of the House of Commons. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. With a Topographical Description of Westminster at Various Epochs and a Brief Record of the Principal Constitutional Changes during Seven Centuries. By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With Notes and Illustrations and a Portrait of Every Speaker where One is Known to Exist. New York: John Lane Company. $6.50 net.

Mr. Dasent's volume is a singularly interesting contribution to the history of Parliament, because it is unlike any other book on any aspect of the House of Commons or the House of Lords, and because of its comprehensiveness, and its topographical as well as its historical value. Besides this book, there are two histories of the Speaker's chair, both published since 1900, and Manning's

"Lives of the Speakers," which carries the biographies down to Abercrombie, whose service as first commoner was from 1835 to 1841. Mr. Dasent's volume may be described as combining the plan of the three books, for he is concerned with the gradual development of the office, as well as with the careers of the men who have occupied it; and in addition, he has traced the history of the various buildings at Westminster and Blackfriars in which the Commons have held their sessions since 1295; and for later centuries has included the lives of the men who have sat below the Speaker at the clerk's table. For such an undertaking Mr. Dasent was well qualified, being himself senior clerk in the Commons.

Primarily, Mr. Dasent's interest is with the men who have been in the chair—with their place at the bar or in the House of Commons before they were elected Speaker, and with their careers after their service in the chair came to an end. His research has enabled him to sketch the careers of one hundred and thirty speakers and to bring on the scene many new candidates for the Dictionary of National Biography. He has dexterously interwoven in the biographies notes of development in constitutional or House of Commons procedure, and in the evolution of the office that made a Speaker's tenure of the chair of historical significance. Guildesborough, for instance, in 1380, demanded of the Crown that a schedule of the exact sums asked of Parliament and the purposes for which the grants were required should be laid before the Commons, and the annually recurring phrase in the King's speech at the opening of Parliament that "estimates for the expenditure of the year will in due time be laid before you" is the outcome of a procedure adopted more than five hundred years ago. Bussy, 1393-7, was the earliest Speaker alluded to by Shakespeare. Savage was in the chair when by the Parliament of 1404 heresy for the first time was made an offence against the statute law. Tiptoft, who was in in the chair in 1405-6, was the first Speaker to become a peer. Thomas Chaucer occupied the chair in 1407 when the Commons gained the inalienable right of initiating money grants, and when it was laid down in the Declaration of Gloucester that in making money grants Parliament must not be hampered by the personal intervention of the Crown in Council; and it was during Hungerford's Speakership—1414—that, in response to an urgent appeal, Henry V covenanted that petitions from the Commons, which now for the first time were beginning to take the modern form of bills, should be engrossed as statutes without garbling or alteration of any kind, after passing from the control of Parliament. Scarcely a constitutional development from 1380 to 1895, when Mr. Gully, afterwards Viscount Gully, was chosen Speaker, has escaped Mr. Dasent; and it is the same as regards the evolution of the office. Lenthall and Arthur Onslow are naturally the most detailed of Mr. Dasent's sketches; Lenthall, by reason of his part in the struggle between the Commons and Charles I; and Onslow because he was Speaker for thirty-three years—1727-1761—and did more than any other to advance the office to the dignified place it holds to-day. With Onslow's tenure the chair ceased to be the ambition of pluralists and expectant office-holders, although once later it was held by a pluralist; and it was not until Abbot's time—1802-1817—that it became a rule for a Speaker on his retirement to go to the House of Lords.

Mr. Dasent's history of St. Stephen's Palace is the completest that has been embodied in any modern book on the Houses of Parliament. It is written with a fulness of knowledge of Westminster and of London topography which will appeal to all lovers of old and new London. Aided by John Lane, Mr. Dasent has discovered portraits of no fewer than eighty-one of the one hundred and thirty Speakers of whom he writes. These, together with several unhackneyed illustrations of Westminster, and numerous pictures of the homes of Speakers in London and in the shires, have been reproduced with much care; and equal care has been taken in making the illustrations really permanent portions of the book.

Notes

Beginning October 1, the *Yale Review*, which has hitherto been a special economic review, will become a graduate quarterly publication, under the editorship of Prof. Wilbur L. Cross, head of the English department of the Sheffield Scientific School.

In "Mesdames De France," announced by Chapman & Hall, Casimir Stryienski makes a study of the daughters of Louis XV.

"The Religion of the Ancient Celts," by Canon MacCulloch; "Greece and Babylon: A Comparative Religious Enquiry," by Dr. L. R. Farnell, and "A History of Creeds and Confessions of Faith in Christendom and Beyond," by Prof. W. A. Curtis, are in the list of T. & T. Clark of London.

The same house will issue a "Handbook of the Modern Greek Vernacular," by Prof. Albert Thumb, translated by Dr. S. Angus.

The miscellaneous poems of Cervantes, which have been translated by Norman Maccoll, will be brought out some time this year under the editorship of Fitzmaurice-Kelly.

In its review last week the *Nation* credited Turner's "First Decade of the Australian Commonwealth" to Mason, Firth & McCutcheon of Melbourne. The book is published also in this country by Longmans, Green & Co.

Henry Frowde's announcements, made in conjunction with the Oxford University Press, include in history and biography: "History of the Peninsular War," Vol. IV, Dec., 1810-Dec., 1811, by C. Oman; "The Progress of Japan, 1853-1871," by J. H. Gubbins, lecturer in Japanese in the University of Oxford; "The Full Recognition of Japan," by Robert P. Porter, and "Sir John Burdon-Sanderson," by the late Lady Burdon-Sanderson.—In theology and philosophy: "Novum Testamentum Latine," a small edition of the Vulgate, prepared by Prof. H. J. White, "Logic, or the Morphology of Knowledge," by B. Bosanquet, new edition.—Miscellaneous: "Isidori Hispalensis Etymologiarum Libri XX," edited by W. M. Lindsay; "Manili Astronomicon Libri II," edited, with translation and commentary, by H. W. Garrod; "The Oxford Book of German Verse," compiled by Prof. H. S. Fiedler, with a preface by Gerhart Hauptmann; "Platt's Persian Grammar," revised by Lieut.-Col. G. S. A. Ranking; "Peaks and Pleasant Pastures," by Claude Schuster; "Forestry for Woodmen," by C. O. Hanson; "Wordsworth and Coleridge: Lyrical Ballads, 1798"; "Hurd's Letters on Chivalry and Romance," together with the third dialogue, edited by E. Morley; "Scott's Fair Maid of Perth"; "Southey's Life of Nelson"; "Shakespeare's Histories and Poems," with a general introduction by A. C. Swinburne, introductory studies of the revised plays by E. Dowden, and a note by T. Watts-Dunton, 3 vols.; "A Year of Japanese Epigrams," translated by W. N. Porter; "Ye Solace of Pilgrimes," a description of Rome about 1450, by John Capgrave, edited by C. A. Mills; "Kallistratus," a classical story by A. H. Gilkes, new edition; "The Poems of Digby Mackworth Dolber," edited with a memoir, by Robert Bridges; "The Works of Thomas Deloney," edited by F. O. Mann; "The Poems and Masques of Aurelian Townsend," edited by E. K. Chambers; "Poets and Poetry," by John Bailey; "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association," Vol. II, collected by H. C. Beeching; "A Shakespeare Glossary," by C. T. Onions, and "Nature Children," a flower book for little folk, verse by Gertrude M. Faulding and pictures by Eleanor S. Mareh.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready September 30: "The Life of Bret Harte," by Henry C. Merwin; "Kittens and Cats," by Eulalie Osgood Grover; "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman"; "Touring in 1600," by E. S. Bates; "The Champion of the Regiment," by Everett T. Tomlinson; "Broken Words," by William Bellamy; "American Political Ideas," by John Fiske, with an introduction by John Spencer Clark; "The Navigable Rhine," by Edwin J. Clapp; "The Rhetorical Principles of Narration," by Carroll Lewis Maxey," and "Milton's Education, Areopagitica, Etc.," with introduction and notes by Laura E. Lockwood.

William Archer's "The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer" is in preparation by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Hosting of Heroes" is a volume of verse by Eleanor R. Cox dealing with the heroic period of Ireland's history; the book will be issued by Sealy, Boyers & Walker of Dublin.

On September 29, Dodd, Mead & Co. will bring out: A detective story, "Initials Only," by Anna Katharine Green; "Wally," a tale of the West by Guy Steely; "Their Heart's Desire," by Francis Foster Perry; Annie S. Peck's "A Search for the Apex of

America"; "Life in the Moslem East," by Pierre Ponafidine, and a biography of the Empress Dowager of China, by Philip W. Sergeant.

"The Mating of Anthea," by Arabella Kenealy; "The Lifted Latch," by George Vane, and "The Dempsey Diamond," by Allen Arnot, are among the novels which John Lane Co. will shortly publish.

The Scribners are about to issue an edition of Thackeray called the "Cornhill Thackeray," and an edition of Dickens called the "Tavistock Dickens," in which all the material of the original editions in illustrations, prefaces, and dedications has been retained.

To the Scrittori D'Italia series, which is issued in brown paper covers but with careful attention to the look of the page, have now been added a fourth volume of Bandello, edited by Gioachino Brognoligo, and Vol. II of Vincenzo Gioberti's "Del Rinnovamento Civile D'Italia," edited by Fausto Nicolini. The series is published by Gius. Laterza & Figli, Bari, Italy.

The Statesman's Year Book for 1911 is a volume of above 1,400 pages. In the preface the editor, J. Scott Keltie, announces the death of I. P. A. Renwick, who was associated for more than twenty years in the editorship of this excellent handbook. Partial results of the censuses taken during 1910 and 1911 in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Spain, Switzerland, and Norway have been embodied. The articles on the different States of the Union show the outcome of last November's elections.

Francis Gribble has turned his industrious pen to "The Romance of the Oxford Colleges" (Little, Brown), and has produced a book sufficiently entertaining for those who are not already too familiar with the popular anecdotes of famous and eccentric scholars of that university. The book is divided into chapters devoted to the several colleges, each with an illustration. A bit of history is given, and then the stories, true and fictitious. It was a work easy to compile, and shows no great amount of reading and not more than ordinary skill in writing; but the material itself, when not too hackneyed, is rich in human nature.

In the fourth edition of his "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales" (Putnam), Jonathan Nield prints a list of fifty —chosen from the three thousand stories passed under review—which he believes to be truly representative. The span of time which they embrace is about twenty-five centuries: "An Egyptian Princess," by G. Ebers; "Salammbô," a story of Carthage, by Flaubert; "Philochristus," who was a disciple of Christ, by Edwin A. Abbott; Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii"; "Marius the Epicurean," time of Marcus Aurelius, by Pater; Newman's "Callista," dealing with North Africa persecutions; Kingsley's "Hypatia," scene being laid in Alexandria in the fifth century; "Ekkehard," a tale of tenth-century Huns, by J. V. Scheffel; "Harold," by Lytton; Scott's "Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," both with scenes dating from the time of Richard I, one in the Crusades, the other in England; Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," about the same period; "Maid Marian," by T. L. Peacock, days of Robin Hood; "The Last of the Barons," by Lytton, dealing with the Wars of the Roses; Scott's "Quentin Durward"—France, Louis XI; George Eliot's "Romola"—Florence, Savonarola; Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," which introduces the parents of Erasmus; "Niccolò de' Lapi" (The Maid of Florence, about 1530), by M. D'Azeglio; "Chronique du règne de Charles IX," by Prosper Mérimée, wherein is described the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Four novels do for Elizabeth and James I: Scott's "Abbot," "Kenilworth," and "The Fortunes of Nigel," and Kingsley's "Westward Ho." Twelve others complete the seventeenth century: "John Iglesant," by J. H. Shorthouse; "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell" (Milton's wife), by Anne Manning; Dumas's "The Three Musketeers"; De Vigny's "Cinq Mars"; "The Betrothed" ("I promessi Sposi"), by Manzoni; "Twenty Years After," by Dumas; "With Fire and Sword" (first of the trilogy), by Sienkiewicz; Scott's "The Legend of Montrose," "Woodstock," and "Old Mortality"; "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," by Dumas; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." Eighteenth century: Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"; Scott's "Rob Roy," "Heart of Midlothian," "Waverley," and "Red Gauntlet"; "Dorothy Forster," by Walter Besant; Stevenson's "Kidnapped"; Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge" and "A Tale of Two Cities"; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." Nineteenth century: Tolstoy's "War and Peace," which has to do with Napoleon's Russian campaign; "The Conscript," a tale of the late Napoleonic period, by Erckmann-Chatrian; from the same hand, "Waterloo"; "The Green Book," by M. Jókai—Russia, 1825. Readers who have formed the idea that Scott is become too antiquated to read with pleasure will be grieved to observe that he is included no less than twelve times.

"Louisiana Under the Rule of Spain, France, and the United States, 1785-1807," translated and transcribed from the original manuscripts, edited, annotated, with bibliography and index, by James Alexander Robertson, two volumes (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.), is a work of real value to the historian, for whose benefit it has been published. The documents that are here printed have been found in the archives of Spain, Cuba, and the United States, and illustrate one of the most interesting, dramatic, and portentous events in the history of the United States, namely the passing of all the country west of the Mississippi River from Spain to France, and from France to the United States. The selection of the documents bas been a careful one, made by an editor who understands all the conditions that entered into this historical problem. They are for the most part political in tone, but also illustrate in a graphic way the social and economic conditions of the territory. There are excellent descriptions of the country as it existed under the Spanish régime, sufficient material to judge of Napoleon's intentions concerning the province of Louisiana, and the final establishment there of American government, this last event being illustrated largely from the papers of Gov. Claiborne. The amount of the material was too great to be included entire. This is to be regretted, for from selected documents it is impossible to reach the truth. A visit to the archives will still be necessary. It would have been of greater value bad a series of volumes been planned, or a shorter period chosen. It does not completely fulfil the demands of historians either to have the French and Spanish documents, with one exception, given only in translation. Dr. Robertson has had much experience as a translator, but it is impossible to anticipate all questions of interpretation that may arise.

Roger Bacon has always appealed to the scientists of our day as one of their forerunners in the field of physical experimentation. Of late, especially since the publication of his Greek grammar, philologians, too, have turned to him with new interest. His passion for the *ipsissima verba* of the ancient authors and his wide reading in their works are apparent in his "Metaphysica de viciis contractis in studio theologie," the latest in the series of his hitherto inedited works which are now being ably published by Robert Steele (Clarendon Press). The only manuscript of the "Metaphysica" is fragmentary. The portion of the work extant amounts to a general encomium of the ancient philosophers, who, though slighted by the writer's generation, are, he holds, valuable witnesses to the Christian faith. The argument, though flavored with an allegorical interpretation of pagan literature no longer in vogue, is an important document in the history of Christian humanism. He may believe that the ancient schools all derive from Moses and that Plato's dead body bore a golden plate inscribed with important articles of the Creed, but such absurdities aside, Bacon perceives truly that the roots of Christianity go deeply into the past. There is little said in our present fragment about the vices of theology, but the sharp-tongued friar doubtless did that matter justice before he got through. The editor has not tracked down all the citations, and indeed it is a difficult matter to do so; for despite his excoriating criticisms of contemporary scholarship, Bacon has not learned the philologian's first principle of verifying his references. Besides the "Metaphysica," Mr. Steele now publishes Parts iii and iv of the first book of "Communia Naturalium," the first two parts of which appeared in 1909. This work, too, is highly important, especially when considered as a precursor of the "Opus Tertium." Bacon worked over his material constantly, and, thanks to Mr. Steele, we can now watch the development of his thought in several stages.

"Documents Illustrative of the Continental Reformation" (Clarendon Press), edited by the Rev. B. J. Kidd, D.D., will be most welcome to all teachers and students of the history of the sixteenth century, and thoroughly deserves the high honor to which it has attained of being published in the same series with Stubbs's "Select Charters," Prothero's "Statutes and Constitutional Documents," and Gardiner's "Documents Illustrative of the Puritan Revolution." The bulk of the 351 well-selected "sources" which it contains is concerned with the Lutheran, Zwinglian, and Calvinist movements in Germany, Switzerland, and France; but the Netherlands, the Scandinavian north, Hungary, and Poland are not entirely neglected, and there is an admirable section on Scotland. Some few documents on the unsuccessful attempts to introduce the reformed doctrines in Italy and Spain might well have been inserted (Schä-

fer's "Beitrage zur Geschichte des Spanischen Protestantismus" would have made the task easy in the latter case); still the omission is not serious. More difficult to justify is the absence of all reference to the reformatory movements in France before Calvin; there is not a word (save in the notes) about Lefèvre d'Étaples, Louis de Buquin, Guillaume Briçonnet, or Margaret of Angoulême. Dr. Kidd, moreover, has limited himself very narrowly from the chronological point of view; virtually all his excerpts and quotations fall between the years 1517 and 1560. Possibly we may venture to hope that other volumes on the conciliar period, and on the years between the beginning of the Counter-Reformation and the close of the Thirty Years' War, will soon be forthcoming. Meantime, we are glad to testify that within the limits he has set himself Dr. Kidd has done his work so well that it will never have to be done over again. The topics with which the documents deal are so various as to preclude the possibility of a general introduction such as illuminates the "Select Charters" and the "Statutes and Constitutional Documents." This inevitable deficiency is in some measure made good by brief paragraphs of explanatory notes, amply supplied with bibliographical data, which are prefixed to each of the twenty-three sections under which the various documents are arranged. It is interesting to note that, though the French (and, of course, the Latin) documents are invariably given in the original, the German ones are all translated—a significant sidelight on the different degrees of acquaintance with these languages, which the average reader of Dr. Kidd's book is expected to possess.

If a respectable Roman matron (provided there were such) had written a diary of life at the court of Nero, it would be not unlike "The Recollections of the Countess Golovine" (London: David Nutt), who frequented the court of Catherine II, Paul, and Alexander I of Russia. Not that she intentionally indulges in scandalous chronicles, but that Russian high life four generations ago was so barbaric that merely to describe its least vicious side shows that it was rotten to the core. Among the interesting episodes in Countess Golovine's journal, is a sojourn in Paris in 1802-05. The book, which has the material for a dozen melodramas, is translated from the French of the well-known student of Russian history, K. Waliszewski.

Two volumes of interest to students of American history have recently been issued by the Canadian government in its series of Publications of the Canadian Archives (Ottawa Government Printing Bureau), which has taken the place of the former volumes of appendices to the reports of the minister of agriculture, commonly known as the Canadian Archives. The first of these publications, numbered five in the series, contains a collection of documents relating to the early history of Canada, and is edited by H. P. Biggar, B. Litt., of the Archives Branch, under the title "The Precursors of Jacques Cartier, 1497-1534." Mr. Biggar has brought together for the first time the chief manuscript sources of Canadian history before the time of Cartier. All but three or four of the documents have been printed before, but many of them in such out of the way places as to be virtually inaccessible. He has added a few new documents from English and French sources, and has furnished a translation of those in Latin, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The French documents he has printed without translation, unfortunately, we believe, since to most readers the archaic French of the sixteenth century is a closed book. They are few in number, however, and their importance is comparatively slight. Furthermore, the translations should not have followed the original text but have appeared side by side with it, after the fashion of the publications of the Selden and other similar societies. Nevertheless, as it stands, the work is extremely useful and Mr. Biggar's introduction, which sums up what is known of early voyages to Canada and of landfalls upon its coast, is a cautious and trustworthy statement.

The second volume, numbered six in the series, contains a "Rapport sur les archives de France relatives à l'histoire du Canada," by J. Edmond Roy, also of the Archives Branch. When we know that but five months was devoted by M. Roy to personal inspection of the French repositories and that the report occupies some 1,100 pages, it is evident that a large part of the work is compilation. M. Roy has not written so much a guide to the archives as a general survey of the documentary collections of France, composed from printed reports, departmental publications, and the writings of his predecessors, MM. Verreau, Marmette, and Tantet, the results of whose searches have already been printed in early volumes of the Canadian Archives. M. Roy does not appear to have employed any uniform plan in dealing with his material, but has combined with his survey of documents a great variety of rather discursive essays, few of which bear the mark of originality, on national, departmental, and communal archives, on the origin and history of ministerial offices, and on the value and significance of local and private collections. Some of the collections he has passed over almost without comment, others he has illustrated by lists of papers drawn in many cases from works already printed, still others he has treated with considerable fulness, even going so far as to print, entire, series of texts which he deems important. As a guide for students the work cannot be called specially helpful, but as a general introduction to French archives, it is bound to be useful. M. Roy has omitted no collection, important or unimportant. The index, unfortunately, is very inadequate.

"My Balkan Tour," an account of some journeyings and adventures in the Near East, together with a descriptive and historical account of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, the kingdom of Montenegro (Lane), by Roy Trevor, sufficiently indicates the contents of this bulky volume. It is not without merit or interest, though far less valuable than some other recent books of travel in Balkan lands reviewed in these columns. Its novelty lies not in its descriptions, which, though spirited, are conventional, but in the achievements of "Mercédès," which, penetrating into regions hitherto considered inaccessible to automobiles, is invested by its affectionate owner with almost human virtues. Those fortunate and daring enough to follow the author's example will read with a thrill the account of his hair-breadth escapes from fatal collision on the brink of precipices, and will gladly profit by his practical hints. But even they will draw the line at the author's dry historical information (borrowed from writers who have preceded him), and the crude political or psychological observations which have swelled the story to an unconscionable length. At a roadside inn he meets the proprietress, an old woman, "the most perfect example of a witch I have ever seen," and he gratuitously muses:

> What a history that old woman could tell would she but speak, of many a dark deed performed by the lawless bands of robbers who infested this spot up till a few years ago; of many a helpless traveller murdered as he passed and buried at dusk; of many a fierce carousal and savage division of spoil.

This slap-dash way of treating the subject is also reflected in the author's indifference to the accepted rules of transliterating Serb and Montenegrin names. He leaves the average English reader to wrestle with Crnagora (Tchernagora) as best he may, uses the mongrel "Serbish" for Servian, and coins "Molacci" for Morlaks, and "Slovakians" (misprinted Stovakians) for Slovaks. For errors, like "Carmole" (for Carniola), "Osmali," "Mozelle," "Ludwick," "Lingua Castalleña," and dozens of similar ones, the proofreader may be partly responsible, but the statement that Cetinje is "the tiniest capital in Europe" (San Marino and Vaduz are smaller) is the author's own. The melodramatic "Prologue" and "Epilogue" are the worst things in the book. The illustrations, though graphic as to subjects, are not particularly well executed.

The educational system of India is now a subject of the deepest interest in that country. A notable contribution to a solution of the problems presented by differences of race and religion is to be found in a recent speech by the minister of education in the Kashmir State, Rai Bahadur Dr. A. Mitra. After dwelling upon the three sides of human nature developed by education, the mental, physical, and spiritual, he said: "Education, which only aims at the training of the intellect without any thought to the formation of character is not only valueless but may prove to be a source of peril." Character, he held, was formed by the careful training of the conscience which can only be done "through religious principles. I must here confess that I started with a bias against religious education, but after a very careful consideration of the subject my present conviction is that religion is the only sure foundation on which character and morals can be built." He then proceeded to outline a plan which the Mabarajah of Kashmir had resolved to adopt. Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians will be taught religion in separate rooms by teachers of their own faith, and a "hymn to the universal God" will be chanted by all.

The schools examination by the Oxford and Cambridge board, this year's results of which have just been published, is useful as being a sort of stock-taking of the principal schools in England. The figures are unsatisfactory, and seem to show a lowering of the standard of secondary instruction, the number of schools represented and candidates being less than in 1910, while the percentage of passes—little more

than 50 per cent.—being deplorably low. Out of twenty-two subjects presented for examination, mathematics, English, French, history, and Scripture had the largest number of candidates. Latin and Greek were taken by just one hundred fewer candidates than last year. One boy won distinctions in six subjects, and one girl in five.

Dr. James Curtis Hepburn, oldest graduate of Princeton University, being in the class of '32, and pioneer missionary in China and Japan, died just a week ago, at the age of ninety-six. With his wife he made his first voyage to the Orient in 1840, and remained in China at that time for six years. His second voyage was to Japan in 1859 for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, with which he was associated until 1892. Dr. Hepburn assisted in the first translation of the Bible into Japanese, and issued the first Japanese-English dictionary. He received from the Emperor on his ninetieth birthday, in 1905, the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun.

Charles Battell Loomis, who died on Saturday at the age of fifty, wrote for most of the better-known periodicals, and was the author of several books, including "Just Rhymes," "The Four-masted Catboat," "Yankee Enchantments," "A Partnership in Magic," "Cheerful Americans," "More Cheerful Americans," "I've Been Thinking," "Minerva's Manœuvres," "Cheer Up," "A Bath in an English Tub," "Poe's Raven in an Elevator," "The Knack of It," "A Holiday Touch," "Just Irish," and "Little Maude."

William Alexander, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, whose death is reported at the advanced age of eighty-seven, was as distinguished in literature as in theology. His sincerity, coupled with an extraordinary power of phrase, gives an unusual interest to the volumes of discourses which he has published. He was also a poet of no mean ability, whom many would have been glad to see appointed professor of poetry at Oxford.

Henry Houssaye, French historian and member of the Academy, died in Paris on Sunday. He was a son of Arsène Houssaye, the novelist, and was born in Paris in 1848. He studied to become a painter, but turned early to literature, publishing a history of Apelles when only nineteen years old. A long sojourn in Greece resulted in a work on Alcibiades and the Athenian Republic, which won for him the Academy's prize of 20,000 francs, founded by Thiers. After remaining faithful to ancient Greece for many years, he turned his attention to Gaul, and a clever work, published in 1876, describing the first siege of Paris B. C. 52, was, both from an archæological and military point of view, a real *tour de force*. The history of Napoleon and of the post-revolutionary era in France then interested him, and a brilliant work on the decline and fall of Napoleon I insured his election to the Academy, which his father had satirized with extreme bitterness; the election followed the death of Leeomte de Lisle, in 1894. Henry Houssaye was personally popular in Paris, the more so from the fact that he won his Legion of Honor decoration for gallantry while fighting as an officer of Mobiles under the walls of Paris in the siege of 1870. Among his other works may be mentioned "L'Art français depuis 10 ans," "Les Hommes et les idées," "La Réforme de la loi militaire," and "1815, la Terreur blanche."

Science

RECENT LITERATURE OF AERONAUTICS.

The Conquest of the Air. By Alphonse Berget. Second edition. New York G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

The New Art of Flying. By Waldemar Kaempffert. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

Monoplanes and Biplanes. By G. C. Loening. New York: Munn & Co. $2.50 net.

The Aeroplane, Past, Present, and Future. By Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

The Aerial Age. By Walter Wellman. New York: A. R. Keller & Co. $1.75.

Flying Machines To-day. By William Duane Ennis. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50 net.

Two years ago there were but few books on aeronautics, and most of these were technical monographs. During the present year a number of excellent works on the subject have appeared. The developments in aviation have been so rapid that the writers of these books have had to depend on a fast moving panorama of progress for their material. So much has been accomplished that there have been many facts, varied, new, and interesting, which could be chronicled.

"The Conquest of the Air," by Alphonse Berget, is an excellent book for those who desire a survey of the entire subject of aeronautics. It is written in a pleasant style and is not too technical. Its first edition in 1909 was one of the early books dealing with the subject in a general manner, and the present edition has been brought up to date in a number of particulars. Approximately the first hundred pages are devoted to the construction and the management of the various successful dirigible balloons, with many excellent diagrams and photographs. The second half of the book is taken up with the principles of aviation and the description of the chief types of aeroplanes, with a chapter on the early days of aviation. In a discussion of the method of control of the aeroplane, particularly in regard to stability, a matter that will always be of utmost importance, the author points out that there have been two schools of aviation, viz., that of the Wright brothers, which demands everything of the aviator (the pilot), and that of Voisin, which requires the minimum from the aviator. These methods have been called the American and the French schools, respectively. To the former belongs the Wright machine, and to the latter the Voisin, Farman, Blériot, and Antoinette types. It is not unlikely that the machine of the future will be one embodying the best features of both types. The book closes with a chapter on the future of aerial navigation, a short summary of the formulas used in aerodynamics relating to the aeroplane, and a glossary giving a number of the words and terms which have come into usage with every forward step of the new science. The book is generally satisfactory and is suggestive in many places.

Waldemar Kaempffert, in "The New Art of Flying," has endeavored with a good deal of pains and with success to explain the many devices used on aeroplanes and the operation of the machines while flying, treating the subject of aviation historically from the glider of Lilienthal to the latest types of aeroplanes. Several of the many illustrations are of particular interest, especially one which shows the model Aerodrome of Professor Langley in flight over the Potomac River on May 6, 1896. This is a photograph taken by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, and is notable as being the first photograph of an aeroplane in flight. It is pleasing to see that many pages are devoted to the description of Professor Langley's experiments with his larger Aerodrome, which was unfortunately destroyed by an accident at its launching. But for lack of the necessary funds to carry on his experiments Professor Langley doubtless would have demonstrated practically that an aeroplane could fly even when driven by a steam engine. An interesting chapter gives the more essential facts of the results of the research which has been going on concerning the upper atmosphere, including a description of the "isothermal stratum" recently discovered by Teisserenc de Bort, in France, and Richard Assmann, in Germany, almost simultaneously. This stratum is a zone, or region, in the atmosphere where the temperature does not change with altitude. It is generally regarded as one of the most important discoveries in meteorology in many years. A chapter on The Flying Machines in War contains a discussion of the probable uses of balloons and aeroplanes in military manœuvres, as well as detailed descriptions of the newly invented German and French guns for the destruction of aircraft, illustrated by photographs. Another chapter, The Law of the Air, discusses many interesting points, and includes quotations relating to the legal aspects of the subject by eminent lawyers. The book closes with a glossary giving a simple and instructive explanation of aeronautic terms. While the book is not as pretentious as certain others, it is readable, and has special value on ac-

count of certain topics which are treated at greater length and with more strength than usual. Chapters on methods of balancing aeroplanes and on different kinds of motors may be particularly mentioned.

In Mr. Loening's "Monoplanes and Biplanes" the treatment is different from that in other aeronautical books. The work is definite in its purpose, and the author has been consistent with the title from beginning to end. Dirigible balloons are not mentioned at all, and little space is devoted to the discussion of the details of motors. On the other hand, the dynamics of flying, or the aerodynamics relating to aeroplanes, has been treated with painstaking care. In this section there are many tables and charts which should be of value for use in aeroplane design. One entire chapter is devoted to the determinations of the "constant of air resistance," a factor which must be used in calculations relating to every surface of the aeroplane. This is an important contribution. One feature that is to be commended especially is a full list of references following each topic treated. In part ii eighteen monoplanes and twenty biplanes are described in systematic manner; each type has been photographed in flight, and its construction is shown by drawings made to scale. Altogether there are nearly three hundred drawings and photographs in the book. In a chapter on aeroplane accidents the author states that more than 80 per cent. of the accidents have occurred in conditions of wind that were easily recognized as dangerous. In this chapter a number of remarkable but distressing photographs are shown in order to aid in demonstrating how such unfortunate occurrences can be prevented. The last section of the book, part iii, is a comparative discussion of different types of aeroplanes and the various appliances used in their operation while in flight, accompanied by tables which should be of considerable value for reference. The work fulfils its object, and will be on the whole appreciated by aviators and aeronautical engineers rather than by those who desire a popular sketch of the achievements in aeronautics. It is based on work done at Columbia University for a graduate degree.

"The Aeroplane: Past, Present, and Future" is a volume tastefully bound for a book of the kind, and the ninety illustrations have been made and mounted with a great deal of care. The authors, Messrs. Grahame-White and Harper, besides their own contributions, have acted as editors of a number of chapters by different writers, including some of the best-known air-men. In the first section, under the title The Pioneers of Flight, C. G. Grunhold of the Aero Club of France and England makes interesting with personal experiences the story of the first aeroplanes. In the second section, which is by the authors, the various aeroplane flights and records are tabulated in a way to reveal their progress at a glance. The next section is entitled The World's Air-Men; it contains a list of the principal aviators in the world, alphabetically arranged, with the aeroplanes they have piloted and details of their achievements. It includes more than seven hundred names and covers fifty pages. This section is by the authors, and is the most important in the book. Then follows a long and timely discussion on aeroplane fatalities with explanations of their causes. At the time the book went to press there had been no less than thirty-five accidents, and since then there have been many more. The manner in which these accidents occurred has been told as accurately as possible, with a technical discussion relating to each. This section is also by the authors; but Prevention of Accidents, which follows, is the contribution of Charles Grey, an expert on the subject. The Aeroplane in Warfare, by Col. J. E. Capper, C.B., R.E., apparently an authority, is an interesting general discussion, the main feature of which is an argument to show that the scope of the aeroplane as a war machine is far greater than is generally supposed. Louis Blériot, famous as a pioneer, pilot, and constructor of monoplanes, discusses the sporting and commercial possibilities of the aeroplane. The next section, although by Mr. Harper, gives the opinions of the late Cecil S. Grace on The Human Factor, as expressed by him the day before he was lost while attempting to fly from Calais to Dover in a fog. Mr. Grace had intended to write his views on the subject on his return to London. Among the best sections of this comprehensive volume is that written by Henry Farman, one of the greatest of the pioneers both as an air-man and as a builder of biplanes. The subject on which he writes is The Constructional Feature of Aeroplanes. Much can be gathered from the writings of these experts. They make the reader feel their enthusiasm and appreciate that flying has its sporting side. Aerial Law is treated by Roger Wallace, K.C., chairman of the Royal Aero Club, England, and the book closes with a discussion on the future of flying by Louis Paulhan, famous as an aeroplanist both in Europe and America, and the winner of the £10,000 prize for the flight from London to Manchester. A quotation from this section is of interest in answer to the question, "How long do you think it will be before the world will see the first aeroplane passenger service established and running regularly between cities?" M. Paulhan gives the following view:

> Although I may be proved to be wrong, and although it may be somewhat unwise to make any prophecy at all in such matters, I shall say that I expect to see such regular passenger services through the air, as are mentioned in the question, in regular operation when we reach the year 1920.

There are additional notes by a number of other writers and altogether the book will make a place for itself for some time to come in aviation literature.

Walter Wellman, the author of "The Aerial Age," a book of adventure, for such it is, has been more or less before the public since his first attempt to reach the North Pole from Spitzbergen in 1907, in his dirigible balloon, the America. Even before that time, he was known to many from his polar expedition in 1894, which was a failure owing to the crushing of the ship in the polar ice early in the expedition. The first attempt to reach the North Pole by a dirigible balloon with a crew of men, equipped with sledges and dog teams, excited considerable interest, but it failed, owing to adverse gales. A second attempt in 1909 was also unsuccessful on account of the breaking of the leather equilibrator, which hung down from the airship into the sea, and which was used to control the altitude of the balloon, and to contain a large store of reserve provisions. These voyages are described with many exciting incidents, suggestive of the stories of Jules Verne. The choice of the title, "The Aerial Age," is unfortunate, since the book is a tale of the author's own adventures, and not a chronicle of aeronautical progress.

In "Flying Machines To-day," William Duane Ennis has written a book that is intended to be more within the reach of the general public than many other books on aviation, some of which are expensive, owing to the elaborate drawings and the large number of diagrams and tables they contain. The present volume is a treatise on aeronautical progress, including ballooning, and therefore the title "Flying Machines To-day" is not well chosen. Flying machines are "heavier than air" aircrafts in the usual terminology, yet much of this book is devoted to aerostats (non-dirigible balloons). There are, however, some unusually good photographs of dirigible balloons, and there is much that is of interest in the book. The arrangement of the chapters and also of the illustrations is bad. For example, the first portion of the book is devoted to aviation, but there is not much plan of treatment, and in most cases little connection can be seen between the text and the illustrations. In a chapter entitled The Delights and Dangers of Flying, there is a picture of a balloon passing through a meteor shower, which is such an unusual phenomenon that it is misleading to say the least. When the subject of balloons is introduced, the latest types of dirigible airships are placed between illustrations of balloons

of fifty or a hundred years ago. It would appear that the publishers were as much at fault as the author in the lack of systematic arrangement. It is unfortunate, because there is much good reading matter and there are many interesting photographs that do not appear to be in any other book. Early in the volume the author gives some explanations concerning the relation of the action of the wind on sail boats and on aeroplanes—a matter of interest because there is a pertinent connection between the air currnts playing on the curved sail of a boat and on the curved supporting planes of the aeroplanes.

At the present stage of the literature of aeronautics, it is not best to be too critical in discussing the books on the subject. Progress has been so rapid as to make a completely up-to-date book impossible; so much is new, so much is beyond the expectations of a few years ago, that the fairest course is to endeavor to call attention to the most instructive chapters and to the good points of each book.

Drama and Music

STAGE CARPENTRY.

The successful playwright nowadays objects as a rule to being called a dramatist, or having his work described as art. Something of this may be pose, like the traditional hatred of the American newspaper man for the word "journalism." But whatever may have been his original state of mind, the man of the theatre to-day is quite sincere when he implores you not to call him an Artist or to attribute to him those dreadful things, an Aim, an Ideal, or a Purpose. "Call me a carpenter," he begs, "for that is what I am. I have no other object than to make a lot of money, and I do it by knocking together things for the stage of the kind the people want." And many other pathetic pleas he utters, all expressive of a great fear lest he be in any way mistaken for a "highbrow" or an "uplifter," or be suspected of writing plays "for his health." It is an attitude that deserves praise. It disarms criticism from the start and saves trouble. There is no use in bringing out Aristotle, the Unities, and the Laws of the Lyric Drama against a poor journeyman engaged in earning the family's living.

Well, let us call him a carpenter. Does that end the matter? Does it settle the score between the play-maker and his public? More than that, does it settle the score between the play-maker and his own conscience? There is a hitch somewhere. The name refuses to stick. We say to the critical faculty that is within every one of us: Lie down; remember this man is only a carpenter; he himself has said it; he doesn't give a hang for Shakespeare, or Molière, or Ibsen; his business is just to saw and plane and nail together simple things that the public wants—no fancy carving, no elaborate inlay work, but just every-day tables and chairs and clothes-presses which can be appreciated without a college education. We thus admonish the critical faculty, which yet, perversely and obstinately, refuses to lie down. This critical faculty, as it studies the work of the busy artisans of the stage, soon becomes aware that calling one's self a carpenter is not quite the explanation and defence which it is intended to be. The honest carpenter at his bench is an attractive figure, singing at his work, making simple, strong things out of sound material with as much skill and conscience as he has at his command. And that is where the parallel fails. An honest carpenter—yes; no one will quarrel with him. But how if our carpenter is in the habit of not paying for his lumber but picks it up wherever he finds it? How if he fails to put his very best skill into his work, or any skill beyond the amount necessary to make the thing sell? Our carpenter is entitled to protest against being judged by standards other than those of his trade. But all the same he can be haled into court for taking liberties with his neighbor's toolbox or wood-pile.

In London a great success is scored by a play dealing with life in the Orient; its production in this country is only a matter of time. Another play of the Orient, being the dramatization of a successful English novel, is likewise announced. The signs are unmistakable that this is to be an Oriental season in the theatre, and the dramatic carpenter gets to work. Facile workman that he is, he has turned out a play of Eastern life for us before either of its predecessors has reached this country. In London a great success is scored by a play of crime and mystery, with a courtroom scene for its climax. The play is to be brought to this country, where, judging by the long succession of cross-examination scenes since Henry Arthur Jones wrote "Mrs. Dane's Defence," it promises to go well. Immediately our domestic carpenter sets to work and supplies us with a play centring upon a courtroom scene. This is something more than that blind instinct for imitation which swamped us with sextettes after "Florodora," and with bucolic drama after "Way Down East," and is now swamping us with tinned combinations of Viennese waltzes and kisses. Imitation, after all, implies a compliment, and the carpenter who imitates within limits is not transgressing the laws of fair industrial competition. The carpenter who anticipates is quite another matter. We doubt if the authors or producers of the English plays in question will appreciate the compliment implied in so forehanded a bit of business.

Now, Sardou was a carpenter. He made few pretences at Art, he studied the varying public taste with a keen eye, and gave the public what it would take. But Sardou was an honest carpenter; his output represented his own thought and effort. A man may be a much smaller craftsman than Sardou and still be an honest workman in his line. The self-deprecatory plea of being merely a carpenter will not excuse the appropriation of other men's ideas such as the laws of patents and trademarks punish in the industrial and commercial field. Thus it is not at all a question of high drama or low drama, of plays with a purpose or plays intended to amuse, of "uplift" or writing down. Be a carpenter if you like, but refrain from bringing disrepute on an ancient and honorable trade.

In dealing with melodrama, or so-called realistic comedy, David Belasco is the most accomplished stage manager in this country, and as a notable specimen of capable stage production, his presentation of W. C. de Mille's "The Woman," in the Republic Theatre, is worthy of mention as a matter of record. The play also is noteworthy as a typical example of the purely commercial enterprise. From the dramatic or literary point of view it has small claim to consideration, or respect, however artfully it may be designed to gratify the unreflecting multitude. Professedly, it is a serious attack upon, and exposure of, the system of graft which has brought so much discredit upon local, State, and national legislators, and its illustrations of the rascalities practised under the excuse of party necessity may possibly be regarded as salutary. But the real motive of the piece is the sensational exploitation of the usual sexual scandal in somewhat novel and ingenious, but highly improbable circumstances. Briefly these involve a conspiracy on the part of two men to ruin a reformer by exposing his old, illegitimate relations with an unknown woman, who turns out to be the idolized daughter of the one and the wife of the other. Considerable technical skill is displayed in the construction of the plot, in maintaining melodramatic suspense, and in the creation of an effective but wholly artificial and insignificant climax, which is finally resolved in a feeble, conventional, and unreasonable manner. But the preliminary thrills and the indispensable happy ending are obtained, and nothing else was thought of. The sole value of the exhibition lies in the perfection of the scenic details, the precise realism of all minor incidents, the exclusion of impertinent matter, and the admirably judicious adaptation of the cast to the work assigned to it. If the play had been equal to the performance it would have been a masterpiece.

Ludwig Fulda's dramatized fairy story, "Der Talisman" (Ginn), is, like all of Fulda's writings, characterized by such skilful workmanship and artistic self-sufficiency that we regret the rationalistic manner in which Otto Manthey-Zorn has interpreted the comedy as a satire upon the

German Emperor. Whatever the truth may be—and the editor can hardly be right in going so far—the American student will surely care more for the play than for the satire. If this were not the case, the play would not be worth editing. The vocabulary seems more successful than the introduction or the notes. "Burlesque" is not just the adjective to apply to Ferdinand Raimund.

Lillah McCarthy, who is still appearing nightly in London in "Fanny's First Play," is going to give a series of special matinée performances of three short plays: George Meredith's "The Sentimentalists," Granville Barker's "Rococo," and J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look."

Austin Strong, author of the new "Rip Van Winkle" and of "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," has written a play, already obtained for production in America, and likely to be done before long at a leading London theatre. All the characters, with three exceptions, are insects. It bears the title of "The Spider's Web," the dominating spirit in the piece being the spider itself. The three exceptions are human beings, who, by way of punishment for their conduct toward insectivora, have been reduced to microscopic proportions. The plot is of a highly melodramatic description.

Alfred Sutro's latest play, "The Perplexed Husband," which has just been produced at Wyndham's Theatre, in London, appears to be constructed upon tolerably old lines, however modern it may be in some of its decorations. It tells of a prosaic British merchant, an admirable but tiresome man, whose wife fell into the hands of suffragettes and Ibsenites, and virtually divorced him because he was so unsympathetic. So he tries to win her back by provoking her jealousy, with which intent he brings to his home a romantic "typist," who has a Greek soul and loves beauty. Unfortunately, he himself falls in love with the Hellenic maiden, and there is the mischief to pay; but peace is restored when Kalleia, as she calls herself, departs with an elderly gentleman who has been captured by her advanced views.

Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, "The Ogre," which has just been produced at the St. James's Theatre, in London, is a modernized version of "The Taming of the Shrew." The hero is a middle-aged husband, made miserable by the temper and views of a second wife and the misdoings of his children. Meeting with financial misfortunes, he sells his London mansion and removes the whole family to a small place in the country, of which he proposes to be absolute master. He encounters rebellion, of course, but he gradually establishes his authority, until his wife vows that she will endure no more, and threatens to go off with another man. He makes no objection, but rather facilitates the elopement, which, of course, ends in comic disaster before it has begun. The lady is glad enough to get home, and in the end—after a brief experience of starvation—to make complete submission.

Gordon Craig is exhibiting in London models of the symbolistic scenery which he has designed for "Macbeth" and other Shakespearean plays.

Madame Simone, the French actress who recently reached these shores, just before leaving Paris expressed great confidence in the success in New York of Bernstein's "La Rafale." The version played here, she said, was so clipped and trimmed that neither life nor spirit was left in it, whereas her translation was so skilful that her English performance would be virtually identical with her French one. "The Thief" she believes to be as effective to-day as it ever was, and she is enthusiastic over Louis N. Parker's adaptation of "La Princesse Lointaine."

The announcement is made that the Shuberts hereafter will assume the business direction of the body of players of which Donald Robertson is the director. This gentleman organized a small stock company in Chicago for the presentation of drama of superior quality. His enterprise, it seems, is to be conducted upon a more ambitious scale, and the practical part of it—such as the provision of theatres, etc.—is to be looked after by the Shuberts, while Mr. Robertson remains the sole arbiter behind the curtain. It is easy to see how the æsthetic and the ideal might profit by this alliance with the commercial. Hitherto, the Chicago Theatre Society, an organization interested in the presentation of drama of the better kind, has been at the back of the Robertson company, and it is now proposed to establish similar bodies in other large cities, in order that the players may be assured of a certain amount of support. Altogether, the project promises to assume dimensions of considerable importance. The repertory of the company is to consist of ten different plays—seven by foreign and three by American authors. The seven foreign plays are "The Upstart Gentleman" ("Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"), by Molière, translated by Curtis Hidden Page; "The Coffee House," by Goldoni, translated by Henry Fuller and H. Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor; "The Thunderbolt," by Pinero; "The Stronger," by Giacossa; "The Lady from the Sea," by Ibsen; "The Tribune," by Paul Bourget; and "The Voysey Inheritance," by Granville Barker. The three American plays are to be announced in the immediate future. There will be no star in the company, each player being assigned to the part for which he may be best fitted. Among those already procured are Hedwig Reicher, Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Edward Emery, Charlotte Granville, Sheldon Lewis, and Fred Eric.

Many years ago Franz X. Arens, the excellent conductor of the People's Symphony Concerts in New York, gave a series of concerts of American music abroad, to convince Germans of the fact that good things had been composed on this side of the Atlantic. Since that time the works of MacDowell have become familiar to foreign audiences, and several others of our composers have been heard more or less frequently; but regarding most of our writers dense ignorance still prevails abroad. One welcomes, therefore, the announcement that Schirmer's publishing house has arranged to give in Berlin during the present season three concerts of American music. The first is to be a song recital, at which, besides Mme. Falliero Dalcroze and Franz Stainer, there will be heard the singer concerning whom such wonders are related—Elena Gerhardt. Chamber music will be given at the second concert, with Raoul Pugno, A. Gillet, and the Geloso Quartet. For the third concert the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra has been procured, with Busoni as conductor, and Rudolph Ganz and Felix Senius as soloists.

Vladimir de Pachmann will favor us with a Liszt programme this season. It will include a concert étude, six transcriptions of Schubert songs, a mazurka, and the ninth Hungarian rhapsody.

Liszt, the greatest of all musical editors, did not undertake to edit a critical edition of his own compositions, a task of herculean dimensions because of the frequent alterations he made in them. It has been undertaken by an imposing array of musicians and scholars, among them D'Albert, Busoni, (Mottl), Reuss, Stavenhagen, Stradal, Weingartner, Wolfrum, Ansorge, Bronsart, Dräseke, Friedheim, Rosenthal, Sauer, Sgambati, Siloti, La Mara, Lina Ramann, Malherbe, W. Barclay Squire, and Johann Batka. The original works of Liszt will make about forty volumes. The arrangements of his own and others' works will be added as the revision committee may decide. The publishers of this monumental undertaking are Breitkopf & Härtel.

Among the novelties in the musical market this month is one which students of Liszt will welcome with special cordiality—the issue of his twelve symphonic poems in the series of absurdly cheap miniature orchestral scores published in Leipzig by Ernst Eulenburg, who also announces in the series of miniature chamber music scores seven string quartets by Dvorák.

Cosima Wagner has also just contributed to the centenary celebration of her father's genius a book entitled "Franz Liszt: Ein Gedenkblatt von seiner Tochter." It includes, besides personal recollections, unpublished letters of Liszt, and dwells particularly on his friendly relations with Wagner and with the Princess Wittgenstein.

Art

Paintings and Studies by Kwanabe Kyōsai. With illuminated frontispiece in 80 color blocks, 33 collotype plates, and 22 pages of half-tone illustrations. By Josiah Conder, F.R.I.B.A. Tokio: Maruzen Co.

This is a volume which every student of Oriental art will wish to possess and which all admirers of the beautiful will desire even for its purely artistic merits. The Japanese themselves have been doing a good deal of late to popularize their art among the people of the Occident, but such works have largely consisted of sentimental generalities, giving little insight into the masters' point of view. While more weighty works of explanation and comment have been essayed by such authorities as Anderson, Gonse, Regamey, Brinkley, Brinkmann, Bing, and others, none of them strikes out on so new and illuminating a path as does Mr. Conder. He has spent a lifetime in Japan, the greater part of which has been de-

voted to a study of the nation's art; and as he was a pupil of Kyōsai during the last eight years of the great artist's life, he is eminently fitted to act as a guide through technical processes. In this quarto volume Mr. Conder embodies the copious notes made during his apprenticeship under Kyōsai, concerning which he says:

> Much of my instruction was gained by watching the master execute paintings, in listening to his comments and explanations, and assisting him with such purely technical details as generally fall to the share of a pupil.

The text sets out with a biography of the artist. Kyōsai revealed marks of genius as early as the age of three, when his sketches showed extraordinary insight into weird and ghostly themes. He was always to be found where anything exciting was in progress, and to the end maintained this strong bent toward realism. He was a close student of the most realistic paintings of the West, and his broad mind always maintained that there was a wealth of art beyond the radius of his own opportunities.

The critical chapters deal chiefly with the large collection of Kyōsai's works in the author's own possession, but its many reproductions from paintings and sketch-books render it a veritable treasure of ideas on Japanese art. From the numerous counterfeits of Kyōsai's work that began to appear immediately after his death, Mr. Conder points out the risk of making art collections in the East, and this in spite of the fact that highly prized and genuine works of Kyōsai are by no means rare in European museums and private collections. There is an interesting chapter on the limitation placed upon the Japanese artist by his pigments and materials, with due notice of the advantages he derives therefrom. This, with the chapter on methods of painting, shows that it is only by such knowledge that a student can estimate the merits of a Japanese painting. The advantages and drawbacks of the flexible Japanese brush compared with the more rigid pen or pencil of Europe, the limitations of having to express everything by line only, the absence of light and shade, the importance to the artist of the rough sketch, are all treated with an insight and wealth of detail and illustration that leave nothing to be desired. Special emphasis is laid on the importance of the rough sketch in Japanese art. The nude figure is first thinly outlined and afterwards the drapery of clothing is sketched over it, with great regard to anatomy, the point being that a figure so drawn will be truer to life than if no attention be paid to the exact position and action of the limbs and the poise of the body. Then follows a minute description of how four of the reproduced paintings were executed by the artist. The reproduction of one famous picture, Beauty of the Eleventh Century, in the original colors, which forms the frontispiece, required no less than eighty color blocks, a feat probably never attempted in Europe. The absence of chiaroscuro in Japanese painting is said to be due to the fact that by the Japanese artist the realistic representation of European paintings in this respect was regarded as destructive of a primary object, which was "to adorn a surface without destroying the idea of a surface and converting it into an illusion of space." Mr. Conder is careful to point out how Kyōsai, like all the greatest of Japanese painters, does not regard true art as a mere imitating of nature, but a conscious deviating from anatomical truth to give individuality, life, and incident, and thus always represent nature in motion. The book ends with a glossary of Japanese technical terms that will be found most useful for reference.

Henry Frowde announces the following volumes on art and archæology in his list of Oxford books for the autumn: "Historical Portraits, 1600-1700," chosen by Emery Walker, lives by H. B. Butler and C. R. L. Fletcher, with introduction by C. F. Bell; "A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon," by Vincent A. Smith; "Bronze Age Pottery of Great Britain and Ireland," by John Abercromby, with upwards of 100 collotype plates; "Byzantine Art and Archæology," by O. M. Dalton, with 457 illustrations; "Christian Antiquities in the Nile Valley," by Somers Clarke; "Military Architecture in England," by A. Hamilton Thompson, and "The Church of St. Mary, Cholsey, Berks," by F. J. Cole, with 23 plates.

"Turner's Golden Visions," being reproductions of Turner's masterpieces, with a biography of the artist by C. Lewis Hind, and a study of English moated houses, with many illustrations by W. O. Tristram, will be brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co.

W. H. Ward will publish through B. T. Batsford of London "The Architecture of the Renaissance in France, 1495 to 1830." Mr. Ward has devoted seven years to the preparation of this book.

The officers of the Archæological Institute of America have received a full report of the discoveries made by its expedition excavating on the site of Cyrene, in northern Africa. The excavations were carried on from the end of October, 1910, to May, 1911, except when interrupted by bad weather. At times as many as one hundred Arabs were employed as workmen. Good progress was made in clearing a group of public buildings discovered on the Acropolis. On the northwest slope of the Acropolis a great deposit of votive offerings, mostly of terra cotta, was found, and many tombs in the extensive necropolis were explored. The "finds" of the season comprise a marble head of Athena, of the best period of Greek sculpture, a masterpiece of extraordinary beauty, and a headless female figure of marble about six feet high, which bears a striking resemblance to the Nike of Samothrace and which was found under such conditions that the recovery of the head is not improbable. There were also four other very fine semi-colossal statues of women, dating from the fourth century B. C., one a seated figure. The heads are as yet missing, but their recovery is hoped for. Of a period somewhat later are fifteen half-length, life-size statues of women, and there is a superb portrait bust of a man belonging to the first century A. D., besides more than twenty other sculptures. Of the three thousand terra cotta figurines unearthed, some resemble the Tanagra types, but the majority are ex-votos and show a variety of unfamiliar forms. A great quantity of fragments of pottery were brought to light, ranging in date from the seventh century B. C. to the time of the Roman Empire, as well as a considerable number of Greek inscriptions, including a few that are metrical. The reports on the finds, prepared by Richard Norton with the collaboration of Joseph Clark Hoppin and Charles D. Curtis, will be published, with illustrations, in the next Bulletin of the Archæological Institute. They will be supplemented by a report on hygienic conditions and diseases among the Arabs, by Dr. A. F. Sladden, physician to the expedition. So numerous and appealing were the applications for help which came from the wretched natives that Dr. Sladden turned an ancient tomb into a surgery and dispensary; in seven months he treated gratuitously 721 cases. The philanthropic character and success of this work became a powerful influence in winning the friendliness of the local Arabs. The task of excavation will be resumed the last week in October. Through the generosity of Mr. James Loeb of New York it has also been made possible to procure the services of a German architect, Buehlmann by name, who is experienced in the interpretation of the remains of classical buildings from work in Asia Minor and who will now become a member of the Institute's staff. Satisfactory arrangements have been made for the protection of the excavators.

Paul Rouffio, the French artist who died recently, painted some notable portraits and historical and allegorical figures.

The death is reported of Léopold-Joseph Flameng, a French etcher and engraver, aged seventy-nine. From 1859 until recently he exhibited regularly at the Salon, obtaining the first medal in 1864. Among his most notable studies are The School of Anatomy, The Night Watch, and The Hundred Guilder Piece after Rembrandt. He was a member of the Institute.

Finance

THE STEEL CORPORATION.

No one familiar with the circumstances of the case believed Mr. Wickersham to have declared last week, for broadcast publication, that "the United States Steel Corporation is plainly a combination in restraint of trade." What he did say in his interview with the New York *World* correspondent seems to be a matter of dispute between the *World* and himself; so is the question whether it was said without thought of publication. Presumably the Attorney-General now realizes that

he should have been much wiser in saying nothing at all. For while it is quite incredible that a public man in his position should have assumed offhand to anticipate the Supreme Court's decision in a suit not even instituted, there were other parts of the interview which were manifest indiscretions, whether intended for publication or not; and these Mr. Wickersham, in his subsequent statement of last Monday, did not repudiate.

The interview was published, moreover, at an unlucky moment. This will probably be admitted even by those who do not believe that last week's 15-point decline in the Steel Corporation's shares was wholly or even primarily due to sudden fear of disintegration. There were abundant reasons, other than such over-night expectations, for the movement in the stock. Wall Street itself had been talking of demoralized prices in the market for steel products, as in a number of other important trades. Organs of the industry had been openly discussing the impending necessity of reducing wages because of reduced earnings. This was well under tood to be one phase of a large economic situation which, for reasons not confined to the steel trade or to the United States, was causing business reaction.

But this fact does not alter the main question; which now, at any rate, is, whether the Steel Corporation can legally maintain its existing organization. That is a question too serious and far-reaching to be dealt with by off-hand statements of impressions or of annotations in "Moody's Manual."

The statement given out on Friday by the Department of Justice was another matter. That statement outlined with absolute propriety the attitude of the government's law department. The Harvester combination, anticipating suit under the Anti-Trust law, had professed to the department its willingness to conform with the law in advance of prosecution. The Attorney-General's office had agreed, if a satisfactory plan of corporate reorganization were prepared, to submit that plan to the Federal courts. But Mr. Wickersham had also stated that he could not prescribe the plan and could not guarantee its acceptance; that the court alone was entitled to say what would be conformity with the law, and, moreover, that "the law department of the Government cannot undertake to act as universal counsel for the Trusts." This attitude is not only quite in accordance with the rule and usage in such matters, but it has been the unvarying policy of the department. An exactly similar request for advice as to how to avoid collision with the law was made by Northern Securities directors of the then Attorney-General Knox, in 1902, and was refused on exactly the same grounds as by Mr. Wickersham.

Now, undoubtedly, the situation, as it concerned investors in the Steel shares, was vexatious and distressing. They could not surely know, in the absence of the Supreme Court's decision in an actual suit, whether the combination on the ba is of which their $868,000,000 outstanding stock was created is repugnant to the law or not. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the promoters of the Steel Trust accepted precisely that uncertainty in the amalgamation of 1901, and that every subsequent investor in the stock has tacitly accepted it. That the Government, prior to 1901, had been making little effort to enforce the Anti-Trust Law, is an undoubted fact; but the law was on the statute books. And, furthermore, at the time of the Steel amalgamation, there were reasons which had not previously existed for anticipating increased activity in enforcing it. From 1899 to 1901, inclusive, combinations of existing corporations had been pursued on a scale unmatched in history. The whole country discussed not only the possibility, but the probability, that a dozen or more great industries would pass under such control by a group of capitalists as to place in the hands of these dominant financiers the power, at all events, to dictate prices to consumers. It had been publicly declared as a merit of the process, by the most powerful promoter of all, that even the shareholders in these new combinations would be unable to unseat an existing management.

This is not to arraign the Steel combination in particular, or to assume that company to be certainly repugnant to the law. Every one conversant with its history knows that the policy of this great corporation, in its relation to the trade, has in some respects been of a sort to constitute a legitimate plea against such a conclusion. But, on the other hand, there is no basis for the familiar argument, reiterated this past week, that the Government "is applying the law to a new set of conditions, not contemplated by the Congress which passed the law of 1890." So far is this from being true, that the state of affairs resulting from the so-called reincorporation of American industry, after 1899, is precisely what the legislators and warning prophets of 1890 had in mind. People who make the above extraordinary assertion can never have read the records of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress.

But the talk of "voluntary disintegration" of the Steel Corporation, in advance of action by the courts, was to our mind the mere emanation of Wall Street's excited imaginings. No possible good purpose could have been served by such an experiment, at a moment when neither the Government prosecutors nor the courts had questioned the legality of the company's organization, and when there was no more reason than there has been for half a dozen years past to expect that the matter would be tested. It hardly needed Tuesday's positive statement of Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary, on the basis of which the Steel shares recovered violently on Wednesday, to convince thoughtful people that "no negotiations whatever have taken place between the Steel Corporation and the Department of Justice, looking to the dissolution or disintegration of the Corporation." Their further declaration that the directors "believe that the organization is legal," and that they "are advised by its counsel that its existence is not in violation of the Sherman Act as interpreted in the recent decisions of the Supreme Court," was entirely proper, and with it the matter may for the present rightly rest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, E. H. The Sick-a-bed Lady. Century. $1.30 net.
Adam, James. The Vitality of Plato, and Other Essays. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Adams, F. P. Tobogganning on Parnassus. Doubleday. 50 cents net.
Alderman, E. A., and Gordon, A. C. J. L. M. Curry: A Biography. Macmillan. $2 net.
Anderson, J. G. Down Hill and Up Hill. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
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Angell, Norman. The Great Illusion. 3d ed. Putnam. $1.
Bannan, Theresa. Pioneer Irish of Onondaga. Putnam. $2.
Barbour, R. H. Team-Mates. Century. $1.50.
Bartlett, F. O. The Forest Castaways. Century. $1.50.
Benson, E. F. Margery. Doubleday. $1.20 net.
Biagi. The Centaurians. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Bigham, M. A. Within the Silver Moon. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Blaisdell, A. F., and Ball, F. K. The American History Story-Book. Boston: Little, Brown. 75 cents.
Boggs, Winifred. Vagabond City. Putnam. $1.35.
Braden, J. A. The Auto Boys' Camp. Akron, O.: Saalfield. $1.
Brereton, F. S. The Hero of Panama. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Brown, R. A. Tabitha at Ivy Hall. Akron, O.: Saalfield. $1.25.
Bruce, H. A. Scientific Mental Healing. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Buckrose, J. E. Love in a Little Town. Putnam. $1.35.
Carleton, Katharine. Dorothy, the Motor Girl. Century. $1.50.
Carlton, F. T. History and Problems of Organized Labor. Boston: Heath.
Cartwright (Capt.) and His Labrador Journal. Ed. by C. W. Townsend. Boston: Dana Estes. $2.
Cawein, Madison. Poems. (Selected by the author.) Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Clay, J. C., and Herford, Oliver. Cupid's Fair-Weather Booke. Scribner. $1 net.
Cody, G. E. Elinor's Junior Hop. Appleton. $1.50.
Clark, S. A., and Wyatt, Edith. Making Both Ends Meet. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Coleman, G. P. A Captain at Fifteen. Appleton. $1.50.
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Corelli, Marie. The Life Everlasting. Doran. $1.35 net.
Cottes, A. La Mission Cottes au Sud-Cameroun. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Cumont, Franz. Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism. Chicago: Open Court. $2 net.

Davless, M. T. Rose of Old Harpeth. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Deland, E. D. The Girls of Dudley School. Appleton. $1.50.
Deland, Margaret. The Iron Woman. Harper.
Dick, Stewart. The Pageant of the Forth. Chicago: McClurg. $1.75 net.
Dodd, W. E. Statesmen of the Old South. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Douglas, Lord Alfred. The City of the Soul. Lane. $1.50 net.
Dubois, Paul. Reason and Sentiment. Funk & Wagnalls. 50 cents net.
Duke, B. W. Reminiscences. Doubleday, $2.50 net.
Eckles, C. H. Dairy Cattle and Milk Production. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Fairy Tales, The Big Book of. Ed. by Walter Jerrold. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Field, F. W. Capital Investments in Canada. Montreal: The Monetary Times. $2.50.
Forbes, George. Puppets. Macmillan. $1.20 net.
Forman, S. E. Stories of Useful Inventions. Century. $1 net.
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How to Become a Citizen of the United States of America. Charles Kallmeyer. $1.
Hunt, E. H. When Margaret Was a Freshman. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
James, G. W. The Wonders of the Colorado Desert (Southern California). With pen and ink sketches by C. Eytel. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
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Oswell, K. F., and Gilbert, C. B. Second Reader. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
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Pearce, Charles E. The Amazing Duchess. 2 vols. Brentano.
Peck, A. S. A Search for the Apex of America. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Perry, F. F. Their Hearts' Desire. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Pomfret Library, Vermont. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press.
Ponafidine, Pierre. Life in the Moslem East. Dodd, Mead. $4 net.
Preyer, D. C. The Art of the Vienna Galleries. Boston: L. C. Page. $2 net.
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Russell, C. E. Business. Lane. $1.50 net.
Sawyer, Edith A. Elsa's Gift Home. Boston: L. C. Page. $1.50.
See, T. J. J. Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems. Lynn, Mass.: Thos. P. Nichols & Sons.
Sergeant, P. W. The Great Empress Dowager of China. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
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White, F. M. The Mystery of the Ravenspurs. Ogilvie. $1.25 net.
Wister, Owen. Padre Ignacio. Harper.
Zahm, A. F. Aërial Navigation. Appleton.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1911.

The Week

Mr. Taft's experiences prove absolutely that there is nothing the matter with the manners of Kansas. His presence in the enemy's country has been everywhere attended by exhibitions of that fierce joy which warriors feel. When Kansas disagreed with the President's speeches, it told him so. When it agreed with him, it cheered him. If, on the whole, the people of Kansas have listened to Mr. Taft with thoughtfulness rather than with enthusiasm, it is only what we should expect in a State that is generally reputed to exhibit more serious thinking to the square mile than any other State in the Union. Kansas, being one of the original homes of the Progressives, knows that the progressive idea is not incompatible with the retention of certain standpat national traits, such as our admiration for pluck, good-humor, and sincerity, all of which qualities Mr. Taft brought with him across the Missouri River. At bottom the President's outlook upon life cannot be so very different from that of the Emporia *Gazette*.

A press dispatch from Lincoln states that Mr. Bryan's toast to President Taft was "drunk standing, and at its conclusion Mr. Taft returned the compliments which the man he defeated for the Presidency had paid him." Looking further down to see what these fine compliments were, we find that they consisted in the startling declarations that Mr. Taft is "the highest official in the world"; that "the President's position is greater than a king's"; that "though in campaigns he is the leader of a party, he is, after election, the Chief Executive of the nation"; and that accordingly "he becomes the most exalted of our public servants." Doubtless the Nebraska statesman felt that the exhausting intellectual and moral effort required for the discovery and expression of these great and novel truths exempted him from the necessity of making any reference whatsoever to mere personal qualities or merits of the particular occupant of the Presidential office then before him in the flesh. At all events, he abstained from doing so; and some people will think it would have been in better taste for him also to have kept concealed within his own bosom, for the time being, the thoughts that were burning there as to the hitherto unsuspected importance of the Presidency of the United States.

Upon the awfulness of the dam disaster at Austin, Pa., it is needless to comment. The graphic accounts in the dispatches bring that home to every reader, and carry, too, as usual in such cases, many inspiring stories of bravery. Interest now centres on the question of responsibility. To determine that by the most thorough and exact inquiry, and to fix it in an indisputable way, is a task of very high importance resting upon the Pennsylvania authorities. Not only with reference to similar structures, but also with regard to matters of quite different character but involving the safety of hundreds of human beings, it is urgently necessary that when a disaster of this kind occurs the neglect or miscalculation or imperfection which caused it should be clearly exposed, and the blame for it definitely fixed. On the face of the matter, what strikes one as most salient is the fact that, although a previous break in the dam had led to an examination of it, and to its being repaired in some way, there does not seem to have been any inspection of the result by an outside authority. In other words, after the first defect had been revealed, no assurance was exacted from the owners, so far as has yet appeared, that the dam had actually been so strengthened as to make it safe for the future. Where the consequences of a defect are so appalling, failure to take every possible step to make sure that it does not exist must be regarded as criminal neglect.

There seems to be no question that the proposed new charter for New York is now an abandoned derelict at Albany. The nine Democratic Senators who refused to accept the measure as it had been whipped through the Assembly were actuated by various motives, but their opposition was so generally recognized as insurmountable and fatal that the matter was not even brought to a vote in the Senate. While giving these men their due meed of praise for standing out against the blandishments and threats of Murphy, it is evident that the thing which got home and settled the charter's business was aroused and indignant public opinion. New York city never made a stouter or more successful fight against a bad law which its alleged representatives and official authorities were endeavoring to force upon it. The chief sufferer is Mayor Gaynor. Nothing else that he has done—not all the mistakes that he has made put together—has injured him so much as his course in connection with the charter. Indeed, even if it had been enacted, the harm he has done himself with sober and thinking citizens would have been undeniable. If he had attained the object which he so stubbornly pursued, success might have glozed over, with some, the spirit he had displayed and the methods he had employed; but failure leaves all this in a pitiless light. His conduct throughout has been such that his best friends deplored it; and now the obvious result is that he has lost ground in the good opinion of the very class of citizens with whom he has professed an eager desire to stand well—ground which it will take exemplary behavior during all the rest of his term to enable him to recover.

Discounted in advance as the outcome of the Philadelphia primary has been, it is none the less gratifying to record the overwhelming defeat of the Vare effort to make the government one of, by, and for contractors. "Corrupt and contented" Philadelphia has been, but there is a limit to all things, even in the City of Brotherly Love. At any rate, fraternal affection wisely does not go to the extent of turning the city over to men who were willing to make $900,000 profits out of building a park for the city, after they had through influence and the aid of a complaisant Mayor carefully thrown out the lowest bidders for various contracts. As a result, Penrose, posing as the soul of virtue, wins by the aid of George H. Earle, jr., who will in all likelihood be the next Mayor of Philadelphia. It is not the first time that a frightened or embarrassed politician has won by the familiar trick of "pandering to decency" by putting up

an able and clean candidate. In this case, however, it is not certain that he will be able to control Mr. Earle, if that gentleman should be able to prove his eligibility and take his place in the Mayor's office. Mr. Earle's ability no one can question. His bulldog way of sticking to a foe was well illustrated by his attacks upon the Sugar Trust, and his courage is further demonstrated by his effective attacks upon Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Earle is emphatic in stating that Senator Penrose has asked of him not a single pledge or promise.

On the reformers' side Rudolph Blankenburg's defeat of D. C. Gibboney was even more sweeping than had been expected, the latter polling only 7,488 votes on both the Keystone and Democratic tickets to Blankenburg's 44,947. That so many people should have cast their votes in the Keystone primaries is held by the Philadelphia *North American* to be an encouraging fact. It is hard, however, to figure out how Earle can be defeated at the election, though Blankenburg's popularity is deservedly great. That Mr. Gibboney's political career is at an end is probably true. It must be a source of regret that one who has rendered such yeoman service for reform in the past should in this campaign have been anything but a help to the cause. But no one will, we trust, regard the chief outcome of the election as in the slightest degree whitewashing Senator Penrose or proving that he has seen the light and become a convert to good government. Such conversion as there has been is due to fear of the primary and to the straits in which he found himself.

If any have wondered why Senator Stephenson is popular in Wisconsin, let them read his testimony of Monday before the investigating committee at Milwaukee. A more confiding and free-handed gentleman never lived. He could not bother about details; he simply gave his campaign managers whatever they asked, and told them to go in and win. Accounts? Vouchers? Bless you, how could a man who states that he is "president of more than a dozen active industries" fret himself about such miserable red tape. If he was told that his postage bill was $11,000, was he the man to demand a sight of every cancelled stamp? A similarly magnanimous spirit was shown by the Senator when his managers asked him one day for $10,000 and shortly returned for $15,000. "Didn't you ever ask them what they were doing with all that money?" "No, only in a general way." "You gave Puelicher several thousand dollars. Didn't you inquire what he wanted it for?" "No; I supposed it was some bill." Such ingratiating testimony shows how cruel it would be to deprive Republican politicians in Wisconsin of an unfailing means of outdoor relief, with a hard winter coming on.

The death of Rear-Admiral Schley is a fresh reminder that, if the civil war was fought by young men, the contrary was the case with the Spanish war. Of the distinguished naval commanders, Dewey survives. Sampson, Schley, Taylor of the Indiana, Philip of the Texas, and all but one of the commanders of Dewey's ships at the battle of Manila have died. In the army the mortality has also been great. Shafter, Otis, Lawton, Merritt, Ludlow, Guy Henry, Joseph Wheeler, Fitzhugh Lee, Hamilton S. Hawkins (the real "hero" of San Juan), and Henry C. Corbin have also passed away, leaving not half a dozen names which the reading public would recognize as those of leading actors in the drama of thirteen years ago. On the army side, Gen. Miles, now seventy-two, who has been eight years on the retired list, is the best-known survivor, if we except the colonel of the Rough Riders. Gens. Brooke, Young, Chaffee, and MacArthur, all of whom attained high rank, are also retired officers, as is Gen. James H. Wilson, who made a name for himself forty-six years ago as the captor of Jefferson Davis.

Rear-Admiral Schley was fifty-nine years old when he commanded off Santiago, an age which some people feel is too great to bear such responsibilities. But Sampson was fifty-eight, and most of the battleship commanders were close to sixty. Yet the work of not one of these was questioned on the ground of efficiency and effectiveness, save that of Schley. Young men might have done better, but those veteran captains were all men who had learned to fight in 1861-1865, and had never forgotten their lessons. Such a difference have the years made since our war with Spain that if we should have hostilities now there would be only four veterans of the civil war on duty in the army, and none in the navy, while the commanding officers would be men who were either captains or lieutenants in the regular army or lieutenants in the navy in 1898.

The new Provost of Pennsylvania, Prof. Edgar F. Smith, made an inauspicious beginning on Friday of last week by assailing the gilded butterflies who flit through college. How can he hope to be a popular president if he insists that a university is not the place to idle in genteelly for four years? He actually asserted that "no loafers should be permitted to come to any college." Even more tactless were his remarks that "too many come to college just for the social life and athletics, or because their fathers are members of the alumni, or because their mothers realize the advantage socially of a college degree; a radical reform in our colleges is needed." Evidently, this Provost is a Progressive, not to say an Anarchist. To attack the social value of our colleges is to undermine the fundamentals of our academic world. What will become of our higher institutions of learning if it should become popular to think of them as something else than places to put a polish on young gentlemen or to afford athletes an opportunity for distinction? The athletic craze, Provost Smith also attacks, and then, like that old fogy ex-President Eliot, he pretends to believe that hard, intellectual work is not only the duty of the college-man, but one of the keen, durable satisfactions of life. It is surely highly reprehensible of him to declare:

> Hundreds of young men are ruined annually by four years of dallying at college. These loafers come to college, work several hours a day, write home and tell their parents of how they are working, and then in some manner manage to slip through and graduate. But the dallying habits formed in their college years cling to them and they dally through life and accomplish little.

The action of the Otis Elevator Company in distributing nearly $30,000 among the widows and orphans of the victims of a recent explosion of molten iron by which four of its employees were killed, is highly creditable to that corporation, and is interesting also in its bearing on the general question of compensation in such cases. The coroner had pronounced the accident unavoidable and the corporation blameless; but the officers of the company

doubtless acted upon the consideration that the workmen and their wives were blameless, too, and that the company could infinitely better stand the loss of $30,000 than the families of the workmen the blow that had fallen upon them. It is precisely upon this consideration that workingmen's-compensation acts are based—together with the additional, and most important, consideration that if the compensation is required by law, upon definite principles, it can be systematically provided for.

Probably the one-sided character of the Mexican election, as well as considerable skepticism about its fairness, is responsible for the light vote which resulted in the choice of Madero. It takes some time to get a people that has long been the victim of fraud in elections to make use of them when the freedom of voting is restored. There is doubtless much truth in reports that many thousands of votes were purchased at prices at which even a Philadelphia gangster would turn up his nose. But the election at least passed off quietly, and there is no doubt that it registered the desires of the bulk of the thinking Mexican people. The test of Madero is now to come. He has not hitherto made the impression of a very strong man, precisely as those who watched him in the field were convinced that he was not a natural-born successor to Napoleon Bonaparte. But as the man who had the courage to assail the apparently impregnable Diaz and to compel him to leave the country, most outsiders will be inclined to wish Madero all possible success and to give him the benefit of any doubts. He has a wonderful opportunity to make himself beloved of all Mexico. He cannot fail, whatever he does, to write an important chapter in his country's history.

From a man who has long been regarded as on the brink of the grave, the preface written by Joseph Chamberlain for Archdeacon Cunningham's new book, entitled "The Case Against Free Trade," is a remarkable manifestation of intellectual vigor. Indeed, it deserves this characterization without any reference whatever to the age or the health of the veteran statesman. The telling force of his terse English, the compact strength of his argument, the glow and color of his appeal to patriotic sentiment, give to this little address, filling less than a newspaper column, an effectiveness which may well excite the hopeless envy of any of the present leaders of the Unionist party, and make the rank and file of it feel afresh the incalculable loss which the anti-free-trade cause suffered when its protagonist was compelled by ill health to retire from the centre of the field. But it happens that, in spite of all this, his critics should be able to show up two weaknesses in Mr. Chamberlain's plea which, taken together, are absolutely fatal. Originally, and until within the last few years, he rested his case as much upon the alleged failure of free trade from a purely business standpoint as upon the need of his plan of colonial preference from the standpoint of imperial policy. The history of British trade in the past eight or ten years has so completely taken the ground from under the first of these arguments that recently it has fallen completely into the background. But never has there been so complete an acknowledgment of its collapse as is tacitly furnished by the total absence of it from Mr. Chamberlain's preface to "The Case Against Free Trade."

This is the first weakness. The other comes from a blow that has been dealt by fate since Mr. Chamberlain wrote the preface. His appeal turns wholly on the Imperial issue; and its climax is reached in this reference to Canada's reciprocity agreement with the United States:

> Such a state of things cannot last. We are in a position of unsettled equilibrium. The early prophecies of tariff reformers are being only too surely realized, and the neglect of our opportunities, coupled with the increasing pressure of the economic policy of foreign countries, has already driven the Government of one of our dominions to enter into those close ties of reciprocal preference with a foreign country which our refusal, and that alone, has prevented them from establishing with the mother land.

Well, Canada has refused, by an overwhelming majority, to enter into "those close ties of reciprocal preference with a foreign country." She has done so without being brought to do it by any departure of the mother country from its own established policy of free trade. The recent electoral result may prove nothing as regards the strength or depth of Canadian loyalty to England; but if it proves anything, it proves that the free-trade Unionists have been right, and not Mr. Chamberlain. It has been their contention all along that the loyalty of the colonial dominions has a surer foundation if left to rest, as it does now, on the ties of sentiment and tradition and general good will and mutual interest than if it were made to depend on the give-and-take of tariff dickers.

At the recent celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University of St. Andrews, the Rectorial address was delivered by Lord Rosebery, and it was finely imagined and inspiring. In order to make history live again, the orator fancied the first Rector of the University condemned to an earthly immortality, like one of Swift's "Struldbrugs," and appearing on the festival occasion to speak of his experience of five centuries. In a rapid and piquant survey, Lord Rosebery in this way gave his audience a vivid glimpse of the immense humane progress of the world since the cruel and starveling day when St. Andrews first opened her doors. The inevitable effect was a kindling message of good cheer.

From the lips of the man who, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, had "chewed the cud" of the centuries, the Rectorial address could not fail to be like that of Carlyle at Edinburgh University, in closing with an exhortation to hope. Mere quotation cannot do justice to the sweep and power of such an address, but we must cite a few words:

> How, then, would our undying Rector sum up? "Be of good cheer," I think he would say, "you have gained enormously in my long recollection, much in freedom, much in prosperity, and in the admiration of mankind for your race. If there are momentary shadows, remember that depression often arises from too limited a view. There are ages and cycles in history. The man who judges from a lustre should enlarge his range. He may live under a cloud for a moment, but he should raise his eyes to the hills and remember the eternities. . . . I have seen cyclones in which thrones toppled over like ninepins and sublime heads rolled in the dust like apples in an orchard; I have seen eclipses that seemed eternal and rivers as in Egypt turn to blood; I have seen life and death and glory chasing each other like shadows on a summer sea, and all has seemed to be vanity. But I remain in the conviction that, though individuals may suffer, when we take stock of a century at its end we shall find that the world is better and happier than it was at the beginning. *Sursum corda*," he would continue, "and lift up your hearts, for the world is moving onwards. Its chariot wheels may crush for the moment, but it does not move to evil; it is guided from above, and guided, we may be sure, with wisdom and goodness which cannot fail."

HOW REFORMS GROW.

Scribner's for October has some hitherto unpublished letters by Gen. Grant. They were written between 1877 and 1885 to his old friend, Gen. E. F. Beale, and, while they contain little of public importance, they serve to light up for us again Grant's simple and unsophisticated nature. Writing from abroad in September, 1877, the General touched for a moment upon political affairs. One passage is striking both in itself and for what it suggests:

> The progress of civil service reform—a very flexible reform, or humbug, that justifies whatever a few dissatisfied politicians want—comes by instalments. There are two humbugs which Mr. Hayes will find out—for I believe he is an honest, sincere man, and patriot—one is civil service reform, the other reformers. This is my judgment. Let us see.

In that language we certainly get the blunt quality of Grant, with his contempt for ideas which he did not understand or did not like. As will be remembered, he had been led to make a few experiments toward a reform of the civil service, but they had not turned out well, or interested politicians had assured him that they had not, so that he took a disgust with the whole subject. Possibly it was an old irritation revived in his mind that made him write of the matter to Gen. Beale as he did. Nor would it be wronging Grant to say of him that he never fairly grasped the waste and barbarity of the unchecked spoils system, and never got a clear notion of what the reformers were driving at. Perhaps it was too early for any President fully to enter into the spirit of the agitation; at any rate, Grant was not the man to do it. His letter, however, gives not only his opinion but his prediction, and the latter was ludicrously wide of the mark—he himself lived to "see" how wide.

A good measure of the great change which seven years were to bring is furnished in this same number of *Scribner's*. The historian, Mr. James Ford Rhodes, is the author of an article on President Cleveland's Administrations. It is the first of two which he is to write, and this one is largely devoted to Mr. Cleveland's relations to civil-service reform, and the achievements for which it is indebted to him. It is not necessary to go over the whole story. The President had a firm belief in the reform principle, and did much for it; but he felt the limitations imposed by party; he was sometimes querulous and even angry with "the self-constituted guardians" of the reform, as he called them; and had his backslidings as well as his steps forward. At the end, however, he had made a signal advance, as Mr. Rhodes shows by the official evidence. By the time Cleveland left the White House, he had more than doubled the number of offices in the classified list—the total reached 87,000 at the end of his second term—and he was able to declare in his last annual message that, except for the fourth-class postmasters, "it may be said that practically all positions contemplated by the civil-service law are now classified." So much for what was to Gen. Grant, twenty years before, only "humbug"!

We have referred to the convenient showing within the covers of a single magazine of the way in which reform makes head against skepticism and hostility, not only because the matter has interest in itself, but because it illustrates the method by which all good causes in this world "get forrard." The new ideas at first beat upon the minds of public men in vain. They are thrown back like rubber balls from a stone wall. We say customarily that the time was not ripe, but we mean that men's consciences were not sensitive nor their intellects open. Lincoln was what we should now call a spoils President, mainly because the very conception of any other political method had not risen above his horizon. We can see now that Grant, though some reformers urged his election on the ground that a plain and honest man like him, who was also a rigid disciplinarian, would cast aside the rubbishy spoilsmen, was really hopeless in such matters. They had no appeal to his nature or to the men about him. Yet that was no reason for the champions of the reform to cease working and arguing. It was because they kept on crying out and sparing not that in time the needed atmosphere was created in which the new ideas could thrive. After Grant came Hayes, who did much for civil-service reform, and then Cleveland, who did more, and finally Roosevelt and Taft still further to advance the principle and extend its application. It was the old moral of the stone which the builders rejected becoming the head of the corner.

Most political reforms have their well-recognized stages. First they are described as "humbug" or pure lunacy; then they begin to be talked of as attractivo but Utopian; next they are grudgingly accepted in theory but kept out of practice; finally a timid and reluctant experiment with them is tried, they are found to work well, and after that, the breach being made in the dam, tho waters come out with a rush. When politicians live long enough, they take pride in advocating the very reforms which as young men they had denounced as dreamers' nonsense or canting hypocrisy. Not everything that is at first unpopular is reform. It is well to make a note of that. Simply because a man is attacked to-day he may not be certain that he will be praised and fêted to-morrow. He may be, and may deserve to be, attacked both days. But any party or group or individual that has hold of a vital and germinating principle of political progress may well take heart of hope from the history of civil-service reform, and other progressive movements, and press on with the confidence of a Gladstone that, whatever may be the temporary ebbing, in the end the flowing tide will be on the right side.

REGULARS AND MILITIA.

In his annual report, just published, Brig.-Gen. Tasker H. Bliss makes severe criticism of the militia which attended the California manœuvre camp. In substance, he finds that some organizations were so imperfectly instructed as to be unable to participate properly in the manœuvres. It was like asking children to go to high school before having mastered the rudiments of an education. Moreover, they were far below par in numbers. Hence, Gen. Bliss thinks that to send any organization to camp until it has been passed upon by a regular officer and found to be qualified and to possess a sufficient enrolment is to waste the Government's funds and to confer little benefit upon the organizations trained. With this opinion most military men will, we think, agree. On the other hand, Gen. Bliss's views are interesting National Guard officers in other States, who question whether their troops can ever be raised to the required standards, under which the maximum benefit may be derived from manœuvres that simulato actual warfare.

The difficulty is largely a variance of ideals and aims. From the regular-army point of view manœuvres on a large scale are the thing. Their men are well trained in the school of the soldier, in battalion and regimental drills. What they are lacking in is brigade instruction and divisional experience. The militia officers whom Gen. Bliss criticised might retort by calling attention to the chaos that followed for a time the organization of the Texas manœuvre camp, and ask just how ready that regular column was to undertake an immediate movement into Mexico. They could quote the *Infantry Journal* to prove that the whole military system broke down. But if they thus have their *tu quoque*, this only brings out more clearly the need of large camps to train the higher regular officers in their staff duties, and the generals in the handling of considerable bodies of men. It ought to be the regulars' belief that the general at the head is the man who profits most in the entire camp. Can that, however, be reconciled with the need of the National Guardsman? His drill season lasts from October to May; his instruction is carried on usually within four walls; he marches almost never. Is it best for him to go direct to a manœuvre camp and be a pawn in a *Kriegsspiel*, even though side by side with regulars?

Does he really get the maximum of profit out of his week or ten days in the open? About this there will always, we fancy, be two opinions. With the closer relations of the regular army and the National Guard, the old State's rights ideal of the latter has almost vanished. The training is no longer for riot or police duty; the Guard is now much oftener thought of as a reserve to the regulars than as the force which bulwarks the authority of a State. Hence, instead of having camps of single regiments devoted to teaching individuals how to care for themselves in the field and to instructing them in the battalion and regimental drills they get so rarely in their armories, the effort is to train them to guard the backs of our coast defences, or to use them precisely as regulars are handled in the war-games. It is inevitable that there should be some dissatisfaction and considerable jealousy; that militia officers in many States should regret the change, and insist that the effort to make regular reserves out of their men will spoil useful State troops and produce only half or quarter-baked imitations of regulars; that a wiser policy would be to give a sound primary, or let us say common school, military training before the high school and the college were attempted.

Again, the problem is complicated because of the varying efficiency of the different State units. The militia of a rural State like Iowa or South Carolina is not as efficient as that of a State like New York, or Massachusetts, or Pennsylvania. The raw human material may be finer in Iowa or Kentucky, but the possibilities of training and the advantages of large cities are not there. Perhaps Gen. Bliss would not have made his complaint had his camp been in the East or Middle West. Here in New York, for instance, a majority of the officers believe, if our reports are correct, that their troops are far enough along to profit by joint manœuvres with regulars. But they admit that the Pine Plains camp this year, when two whole brigades were in camp without regulars, was of enormous benefit to their men. There was, it is true, a reaction toward the unnecessary reviews and parades of the "good old militia days." But the usefulness of the programme appears from the following summary taken from the *Army and Navy Journal:*

> Gen. Roe's programme of instruction was progressive, embracing a riding school for mounted officers, schools for officers and non-commissioned officers, a regimental parade nightly, followed by regimental guard mounting; close and extended order drills, practical talks and tactical walks for the officers and non-commissioned officers, exercises in attack by battalions and regiments, exercises in advance guard, rear guard, flank guards, and patrols, outpost duty, problems of attack and defence of a position, and a discussion on the ground.

To our mind this was an altogether admirable programme, save that greater stress might have been laid upon marching and erecting bivouacs for the night. We are entirely clear that the organizations in this camp are to-day better soldiers than they would have been had they instead gone to manœuvres such as those held at Manassas, when the troops were hurried from one place to another over hot, dusty roads, with almost no knowledge of what it was all about. Some good the individual unquestionably got there; our citizen soldiery learns something every time it marches out; but the rate of progress naturally varies. We are not aware just how extensive a manœuvre plan Gen. Bliss adopted at his camp, but his complaint shows that it was beyond the abilities of the militia, and that the time and money would have been far better spent in a camp like Gen. Roe's. Five years from now the situation may be different. At present the development of the militia seems to call primarily for camp instruction of this kind, with as many regular-army instructors, both commissioned and non-commissioned, individuals and organizations, as the War Department can spare.

BUSINESS TIMIDITY.

The large business of the country, we heard over and over again, has been in desperate need of being "reassured." Great bankers and leading captains of industry have been waiting with bated breath for what President Taft might say in his announced Iowa speech on the relations of the Government to business activity. Well, the fateful deliverance was made at last, and what is its tenor? As you like it! One gallant Republican newspaper joins the ranks of the reassurers, and prints the Presidential speech with the big black head-lines, "Taft Calls Halt in War on Prosperity." Another paper is not so reassured, and puts at the top of the column the words, "Trust Laws Must be Enforced—Taft." Still another, a fairly conservative organ, prints: "Taft Insists on Trusts Dissolving." You pays your money and you takes your choice.

The obvious fact is, of course, that the President said nothing on Thursday of last week which he had not said a dozen times before. There was the same firm declaration that the Department of Justice must and would prosecute all business combinations in violation of the law. The Chief Executive could have said no less than this and retained his own self-respect, not to speak of the respect of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Taft affirmed, as he had repeatedly done before—as Roosevelt did more than once and as every President in his senses must do—that the Government has no desire to injure legitimate business. The President also disclaimed sympathy with those unnamed people who are making attacks upon prosperity and seeking to penalize success in business, and called upon them to come to a better mind. But who are these troublers of Israel? Why, the names

most frequently mentioned of late are Attorney-General Wickersham and President Taft himself! It was their pernicious activity in bringing suits and calling upon Trusts to square themselves with the law which was causing stocks to fall and business to halt. If only Wall Street could have a "reassuring word" from the President, has been the despairing cry. But that really meant, if it meant anything, that he was to reassure the business community against himself. Merely to put that Wall Street hope into words was enough to show how illusory and absurd it was.

We are, however, less concerned with the President's speech than with the extraordinary state of mind upon which it fell. Capital is timid, we know, but is that any reason for its being hysterical? It is the duty of business men, we admit, to watch affairs closely and to be on the alert for danger-signals, but is that a justification for being foolish in argument or abject in spirit? The language used during the past few weeks by men of high standing in the commercial world is little creditable to them. We have had the old story over again: can anything go wrong in business and the President not be responsible? Simply because there is a slump in the market and general trade is not satisfactory, we are to believe that the Administration is a dead failure and the Chief Executive recreant to his duty. Mr. Taft is now subject to much the same kind of complaint and even abuse that were visited upon President Cleveland in 1894-95, and upon President Roosevelt in 1907. Business conditions which are the result of large economic forces, and financial strains due to huge speculative folly, are charged directly upon the President, as if he alone were at fault; and because he does nothing to stop what he did not cause, and really has no power to stop, he is called a fool or a knave.

To say that this attitude is unworthy of business leaders, is to put the matter mildly. Their display of moral quality is disheartening. We are accustomed to speak highly of their courage, their sagacity, their far-sightedness and indomitable spirit. That praise is frequently deserved, but it must be said that under the threat of financial difficulties, or in the pinch of market depression, they too often act like men who have no reserves of coolness and pluck. It is most discouraging to find them looking to the Government as the source of all prosperity and the cause of every financial adversity, and going with the multitude of limp dependents on Washington for every blessing. If it were simply a question of getting a plausible "point" for an operation in stocks, up or down, the affair would not be so serious. One knows how speculators grasp at straws, and are influenced, or think their rivals are, by every "rumor" that floats about the Exchange. In such an atmosphere, and upon men so minded, it may well be that the gossip and "tips" and hopes and fears about what the President may or may not do or say, will have temporary effect. But the problem to which sober financiers with a reputation to lose have to address themselves, is far larger and more important. They have to deal with questions world-wide in their scope, and with industrial and financial conditions into which subtle but powerful economic causes enter. What they ought to give us is some reasonable explanation, some steadying point of view, some practical guidance; but instead, they go off with the crowd into the unrealities and superstitions about all coming right if only the President would do something to remove their fright. But their timidity sometimes seems so unmanly as to appear craven.

DISCUSSING THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The decision of some Chicago post-office censors to exclude from the mails the admirable report of the Chicago Vice Commission seems the less excusable the more the facts are examined. The Commission itself was appointed by the Mayor. It was headed by Dean Walter T. Sumner, and comprised thirty of the best known clergymen, teachers, and social workers of Chicago, among them Rabbi Hirschberg, President Harris of Northwestern University, Mr. Olson, the Chief Justice of the Municipal Courts; Bishop Shaffer, Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, the United States District Attorney, Edwin W. Sims, and Prof. Graham Taylor. Five thousand dollars was appropriated by the City Council for the use of the Commission in 1910, and a similar amount for 1911. When the Commission reported in April last, the publication of its findings was authorized by the City Council. The post-office authorities have therefore excluded a book bearing the official approval of the city of Chicago, to say nothing of the stamp placed upon it by the character of the public-spirited Commission which compiled it. More than that, this report was sent through the mails from April 5 on, three editions having appeared by August 1, without hindrance from the postal authorities.

Their attention was attracted, it appears, only when Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jr., decided to send out several thousand copies at his own expense to a selected list of sociologists and social workers the country over. Thus it appears that the volume was not being offered for sale, nor being sent abroad promiscuously, to fall into the hands of young persons, for whom it was obviously not intended. But the postal authorities, interpreting some regulation narrowly, have denied to this scientific work the special circulation besought for it. The same post-office authorities made no objection to the printing by the daily newspapers of the disgusting details of the Thaw case and other sensational murder and divorce trials. They look not at the spirit or purpose of this particular book; they are apparently only impressed by the fact that it discusses with frankness, but decency, things that are not usually talked about in polite society. Sanger's standard "History of Prostitution" goes through the mails unchallenged. So does Upton Sinclair's "Jungle," and, more latterly, Mr. Reginald Kauffman's "House of Bondage," a dreadful story written with the excellent purpose of arousing people to the evil alliance of politics and prostitution and the horrors of the white-slave trade. Yet the latter, if it got into the wrong hands, would, it seems to us, be more damaging than the cold statement of facts of the Chicago Vice Commission.

If it were necessary to bear further testimony to the value of this report, we might add that a similar body appointed recently by the Mayor of Minneapolis declared that it could add nothing to the Chicago body's diagnosis of the evil and presentation of facts. It based its recommendations on their statement of the case, modified only by special Minneapolis circumstances. What better proof could there be of the value of the Chicago publication or its fitness to take its place in the libraries of the country? There it will be, whatever

the final decision of the Post Office, and there it ought to be. For a remarkable change has of late years come over the public on this very question of vice. Heretofore only a few persons have dared to discuss it; the literature of the subject has been scanty and often untrustworthy; there were few if any places where questions arising out of it could be discussed so that one man could correct his judgment by the experience or knowledge of another. So those who ought to have grappled with this disease of society have played into the hands of the panderers by turning their backs upon it, by ignoring what was happening under their noses, and have actually tried to safeguard the youth of the country by saying nothing about it. Now, people have come to realize that under proper conditions this question must be debated and studied precisely as people have discussed the scourge of consumption. All this does not, of course, mean that the subject is to be bandied about at all times and places or to become a matter of after-dinner discourse. But it is desired to treat the evil without hysteria or sensationalism, as one menacing our homes.

In other words, in our opinion, when the Post Office acts as censor in a matter of this kind, it ought to ask the purpose of a given publication, the character of the people behind it, and the sincerity of the work. There are some books afloat which are, we hear, having considerable influence on the young, the tone of which and their rather morbid character might well be questioned. But if these textbooks are to be tolerated, it ought to be easy for intelligent officials to weed out those publications that under the guise of morality have at bottom no other purpose than to make money by a crafty appeal to the baser instincts or prurient curiosity of the general public.

ITALY'S LAME EXCUSES.

The statement issued to the American press by the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, through Italy's consul-general in New York, is characterized by a wealth of detail, where detail is not very important, and by a significant silence on the vital point at issue. The nature of the separate items in the list of Turkey's transgressions suggests that absolutely nothing that could be framed in the indictment has been omitted. Names, dates, and the exact number of dollars involved are given in each case. But when we come to the really important question as to what has been the Turkish Government's attitude in the matter of averting war, we plunge into eloquent generalization:

> We found in Constantinople alternatively either a Government which gave mellifluous words and promises which afterwards were not sustained by corresponding facts, or a Government without authority which was unable to impose obedience on its dependents, a Government which lacked the strength to impose respect and observance of treaties, capitulations, and contracted obligations; in other words, a Government which has failed to keep towards Italy its international duties.

Why are there no instances and dates here of Italy's protests to the Porte, and of the Porte's failure to give satisfaction? What basis is there for the easy assumption that for Italy there was no alternative between submitting to Turkish maltreatment and the declaration of war after twenty-four hours' notice?

Doing business with the Turkish Government is a task that calls for much patience; that is a commonplace of international politics. Every leading Power in Europe, and this country as well, has repeatedly experienced the shuffings and delays and evasions that are the chief characteristic of Ottoman diplomacy. But the civilized world has come to look upon Turkish diplomatic procedure as something that must be taken for granted, in the same way that the methods of Chinese diplomacy are taken for granted. Part of the excuse for this may be in the national psychology of the Turk; but the main reason why the world is patient with the Porte is because the world is aware that this kind of diplomacy is at bottom the only kind of defence left to a Government that for so many years has lived on sufrance. Even diplomacy is human at times and recognizes the right of everybody to defend himself to the best of his abilities. That is why leading Governments will put up with vexations from Constantinople that they would not endure at the hands of a more powerful nation than Turkey. When the Government in question finally does lose patience, a note couched in terms of unmistakable firmness, followed up, possibly, by a naval demonstration, brings the Porte to terms.

Such a course was undoubtedly open to Italy, if she had chosen to follow it. The attitude of the Turkish Government even to the present day shows plainly that Italy could not only have obtained satisfaction of her grievances in Asia Minor, the Red Sea, and elsewhere, outside of Tripoli, but that even on the question of Tripoli Italy could have obtained liberal concessions, if she had only been willing to take into account the necessities of the present Constitutional régime at Constantinople. There is a hypocritical smack to that part of the Italian Government's declaration in which it speaks of its warm sympathy for the Young Turks and its desire "to give time for the consolidation of the new régime." It was not expressing sympathy for the Liberal régime in Turkey to make public announcement that Italy offered the Young Turks a choice between taking indemnity for Tripoli or war. The Turkish Government could not have accepted money for a province of the empire without endangering its own existence. Hence the alternative offered by Italy was no alternative at all. In such crises, the weaker Government is usually concerned with "saving its face," a process in which the stronger Government coöperates. But Italy has refused even this solace to the Turkish Government.

The Italian Government will thus have to do much better than it has done up to now, if it would really convince the world that its attack upon Turkey was necessary or even had any sufficient provocation. Its action throughout seems to show that its object is not even to get Tripoli, so much as to get Tripoli through war. Patriotism was to be gratified by providing a pleasant bit of occupation for the expensive Italian navy. Other nations have been sending gunboats and cruisers to critical places and dragging them across the diplomatic checkerboard and in other ways getting money's worth out of them. Italy alone has had to be content without such excitement and glory. The opportunity may have appealed to an astute Minister with a general election not so far off. For electoral purposes it would presumably not have been enough to cite Turkey to appear before the Hague Tribunal for a permanent adjustment of differences, precisely after the fashion in which Italy is at the present moment settling her differences with several South American republics. Seemingly, even a naval demonstration in force

would not have brought glory enough. Nothing but the "hold-up" of a defenceless nation would suit the purpose.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Two novels said to be more or less undisguisedly autobiographical command special attention among recent publications in German fiction. Both are convincingly frank and sincere, yet spare the reader. "Der Erzketzer" (Berlin: F. Fontane), by Ernst von Wolzogen, traces the life of a literary man of aristocratic lineage who is considered an arch-heretic by his family because he has the courage of his convictions and has violated their social code by marrying a girl from the middle class. When the wife proves narrow-minded and seriously hinders him in the work which is their sole source of maintenance, complications set in which apparently corroborate the family's estimate of his character. An interesting episode shows a phase of literary life in Berlin; the centre of a group of types portrayed with striking originality is a generous Jewish publisher and his Circe-like wife, who dispenses fame and works defeat at will.

Helene Böhlau's "Isebies" (Munich: Albert Langen) hardly needed the portrait of the author and the man with whom her life was linked to inform the readers that her own experiences are recorded in that book. The author of "Ratsmädelgeschichten" and other delightful tales of Weimar folk has long been an object of much conjecture on the part of those who had vaguely heard of her unusual career, and it is well that she has given to the world this faithful record. Helene Böhlau, the daughter of an old family prominently identified with the literary life of Weimar, eloped in her teens with a man old enough to be her father. Moreover, that man was married, but his wife was willing to release him from his vows to her; however, to be free to marry his young mate, he went to Turkey and embraced the Moslem faith, wherefore the author has since affixed to her name a parenthetical "Frau Al Raschid Bey." These bald facts do not convey the least idea of the strangeness of this romance, which deserves a place among the love stories of the world. The charm of the book is in the inimitable manner in which the facts of the story are welded into a superbly harmonious and poetic whole. The flexible style of the author has a note for every shade of sentiment, for every mood and fancy of the sensitive, highly differentiated men and women who are the actors in this drama. There are charming glimpses of child-life and girlhood; interesting reminiscences of Goethe and Liszt days; and there are remarkable portraits, foremost among them that of the heroine's grandmother. But, above all, the book fascinates by the spell of the author's rare personality.

The work of Gerhard Ouckama Knoop always suggests a thoughtful observer stationed at some remote point from which he views the passing show with something like an indulgent smile. His latest work, "Verfallstag" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), is a fair specimen of his manner. It is a drama of luckless lives set in a period which, immediately succeeding the revolutionary movements of 1848, was one of reaction and in some respects of stagnation. The plot revolves about the fate of two Englishwomen of gentle birth, who have somehow missed their chance of procuring a comfortable berth in the world and drift about helplessly until the tide overtakes them and buries them. Children of a past generation, they are admirably outlined portraits of the non-resistant, the "womanly woman," rapidly becoming an extinct type in the brutal struggle for existence.

Ida Boy-Ed in her new novel, "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner), has struck the note of unrest and discontent prevailing in much of the fiction written to-day by women about women. The title suggests an apology for the heroine's course of action. When a bride of some months, her husband, a marine officer, has accepted a commission which has taken him to Asia. In solitude, the longing for him is intensified, because she is about to become a mother. When the child is born and the father is not there to welcome it, she feels as if it had no father at all and begins to harbor resentment against the absent husband. An old lover appears and awakening memories of a happy girlhood brings the emotional crisis. She has almost grown indifferent toward the distant husband, and when he asks her to join him and adds in an offhand manner that the child might be taken care of by his mother, she refuses and suggests separation. The author traces the development of this interesting conflict with such logical consistency that the conciliatory end of the story is unexpected and seems unnatural. The atmosphere of the old Hansa town is palpably conveyed, and the characters, born and bred of its soil, prove the author's intimate knowledge of her people.

Humor is so rare a quality in German fiction to-day that the rapid rise of Rudolf Presber since the publication of his book "Von Leutchen die ich lieb gewann" is not surprising. Readers with a taste for the wholesome have begun to look forward to every new work from his pen and are likely to welcome warmly his latest achievement, "Die bunte Kuh" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner). From the quiet of a South-German town he has transplanted into the noisy bustle of Berlin two old-fashioned provincial bachelors. Kasimir Rübsam has been a tanner, but has retired prematurely from active business to enjoy in leisure his comfortable income. Ignaz Spüry, a repository of stupendous knowledge, as varied as it is unrelated, is ever reading and collecting and holding forth on the bubonic plague and Platonic ethics, the electric eel, and cyanide of potassium, but has never engaged in a professional career and modestly wears the indefinite title "Privatgelehrter." The enterprising Rübsam would like to launch him on the road to fame, but the duty to watch the steps of a nephew who comes from a country parsonage to get his Dr. Theol. becomes all-absorbing. The generous allowance of the unsophisticated youth attracts to him a host of friends whom he supposes to be the leaders of the country's intellectual life. The uncle, too, is victimized by individuals that sponge upon the credulous in large cities. The author makes these three innocents the centre of a canvas populated by as motley a crowd as one can see in the metropolitan panorama, and mildly caricatures the individual personages.

Karl Söhle's bit of fiction, "Der heilige Gral" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is of a more limited appeal, but in its way is a unique performance, since the love element is absent. The scene is a small German town and the *dramatis personæ* are a group of enthusiastic musical dilettanti, such as one can hardly find outside of that country. The soul of the duo and trio nights when Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert transport the performers to higher spheres is a man who, in his professional life, dispenses justice from the bench. He is the patron of a talented young violinist who on going to the city to continue his studies disgraces himself and is disowned. The disappointment deeply affects the judge, who begins to show his age, and though his life receives a new musical impulse by the formation of a singing society of which he becomes the conductor, the musical prestige of the town threatens to dwindle. But when the information is received that the prodigal has redeemed his pledge and has been admitted to a prominent seat among the first violins at Bayreuth, the old gentleman undertakes the pilgrimage, not only to hear "Parsifal," but to see his young friend. The impression which the performance makes upon him is admirably reflected by the author: he himself is Amfortas, redeemed by the Grail, and reconciled with his protégé he returns to startle his Anti-Wagnerian friends with the statement that the music of "Parsifal" has worked his salvation.

Max Geissler records in "Das Heidejahr" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) the experiences of a man of culture who has taken up his abode among the peo-

ple of the country, and who becomes not only a sympathetic observer but a helpful neighbor. The plot deals with the loves and hates and family feuds of the native peasantry. A certain Frau Magret reigns over this little world with a measure of justifiable autocracy. Standing out against the specimens of rustic degeneracy which the author portrays with faithfulness, her figure assumes the proportions of a rural superwoman and deserves to rank among the most remarkable heroines of village fiction. The coming into the community of a family of outsiders which Frau Magret has persuaded to settle there, instead of emigrating to America, the founding of a school, and other incidents give opportunity to touch upon economic problems.

The latest product of Hermann Sudermann's prolific pen is a volume of stories under the title "Die indische Lilie" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), which are not likely to enhance his reputation. The burden of the book is the same as that of its slim predecessor of more than twenty-five years ago, "Im Zwielicht." Then the manner of these smart and daring tales of erotic entanglements was new to German readers. Now the teutonizing of Maupassant has been greatly overdone. Nor can it be denied that a comparison of the two books shows that Sudermann's treatment of such topics has deteriorated, rather than improved. He suggests his situations with less refinement; he paints his portraits with coarser strokes, and, however he may vary his favorite types, the man and woman with nothing to live for but animal self-indulgence, he fails to interest the reader in their experiences. Of the five stories dealing with the relation of the sexes "Herbst" has something like an ethical significance and is altogether the most finished. In the story which gives the book its title, the latch-key which so effectively closes a clever sketch in the earlier book is the instrument of dénouement. "Fröhliche Leut'" is a somewhat grotesque Christmas tale. The rambling fantasies over a tea-pot called "Thea" suggest symbolically disguised confessions, and by their imaginative quality and some poetic passages redeem the dominant note of cynicism that runs through the volume. A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The "Primitiæ" of Connop Thirlwall is now a rare book. The future Bishop of St. David's was an extraordinary instance of juvenile precocity. He could read English satisfactorily at so early an age that he was taught Latin when three, and when four years old could read Greek with fluency, and by the time he was eleven had added French to his repertory. His mother one day asked his elder brother to write on some subject for self-improvement. Connop asked to be allowed to try also. The result was that he produced this little essay, "On the Uncertainty of Life":

How uncertain is life! For no man can tell in what hour he shall leave this world. What numbers are snatched away in the bloom of youth, and turn the fine expectations of their parents into sorrow! The young man may die by evil habits; what a grief to the parent! What a disgrace to the child! All the promising pleasures of this life will fade, and we shall be buried in the dust.

God takes away a good prince from his subjects, only to transplant him into everlasting joys in heaven. A good man is not dispirited by death, for it only takes him away that he may feel the pleasures of a better world. Death comes unawares, but never takes virtue with it. Edward VI died in his minority, and disappointed his subjects, to whom he had promised a happy reign.

This essay, or sermonette, it is noted, was "composed June 30, 1804. Seven years old." Led on by parental fondness, the boy's father made a selection of his essays, which are mostly short sermons, and these, with six pieces of verse, were printed in a volume with this title page:

Primitiæ:
or,
Essays and Poems
on various subjects,
Religious,
Moral and Entertaining.
By
Connop Thirlwall,
Eleven years of age.
Dedicated by permission to the Lord Bishop of Dromore.
The Preface by his Father,
The Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, M.A.
Minister of Tavistock Chapel, Broadcourt, Long-Acre:
Lecturer of St. Dunstan,
Stepney, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Dromore.
London:
Printed for the Author,
by T. Plummer, Seething Lane.
1809.
12mo. pp. xvi+228+xx.

The frontispiece is the portrait of the wonder-child, and shows a broad brow and a lofty head. A friend who knew him in later life said that the picture reminded him of Thirlwall at seventy!

When the young author was sent soon after the appearance of the "Primitiæ" as a day pupil to the Charterhouse, he had for contemporaries Havelock, Grote, Julius Hare, and the two Waddingtons. But in his letters written at this time to John Candler there is nothing about school or schoolmates. His epistolary talk is entirely of books and intellectual interests. And throughout his life, while men paid tribute to his mental powers, they regarded him as a being aloof, and only a few penetrated to the kindliness and nobility of his spirit. He brought a freer breeze of criticism into English theology. Apropos of this, it may be worth mentioning that in the course of the now forgotten controversy over "Essays and Reviews" there appeared a pamphlet entitled "Essays and Reviews Anticipated," which dealt mainly with Thirlwall's translation of Schleiermacher on St. Luke. The pamphlet criticised the action of the Bishop of St. David's in joining the rest of the Episcopal bench in condemning "Essays and Reviews." Thirlwall defended his action in the *Spectator*, April 20, 1861, as well as in a charge printed in his "Remains." At the time this attack was attributed to George Eliot (See Thirlwall's "Letters to a Friend," p. 234). What truth was there in this suspicion?

To return to his juvenile book. There is, of course, no originality in it. It is fluently written, but is necessarily merely an echo of the thoughts and pulpit commonplaces which he would hear from his father and his father's friends. Some of the verses are clever, but they also are echoes of the poetry of Pope and of his imitators. When Thirlwall was a scholar of world-wide fame, this book became a veritable thorn in the flesh to him. In reply to a question about the book, Thirlwall wrote to his Welsh friend, Miss Johns:

I am glad to have a sign of life from you. . . . But it could not have shown itself in a more unfortunate way than such a request. I am sure that if you knew the point in my foot which gives me pain you would not select that to kick or tread upon; and I am equally sure that if you had been aware of the intense loathing with which I think of the subject of your note you would not have recalled it to my mind. When Mrs. P—— in the simplicity of her heart, and no doubt believing it to be an agreeable topic to me, told me at dinner on Thursday that she possessed the hated volume, it threw a shade over my enjoyment of the evening, and it was with a great effort that, after a pause, I could bring myself to resume the conversation. If I could buy up every copy for the flames, without risk of a reprint, I should hardly think any price too high. Let me entreat you never again to remind me of its existence. ("Letters to a Friend." Pp. 155-156.).

But the friends of the family had subscribed so liberally for copies that Thirlwall could not exterminate the book, of which an edition of some six hundred copies at least must have been printed. Bishop Percy led off with an order for forty copies!

What in the world would the good Bishop do with forty copies? The bibliophile of to-day may well rest content if he can procure one copy of this little book, which testifies to the remarkable attainments in his boyish days of one who was to become one of the greatest scholars of the nineteenth century. William E. A. Axon.

Manchester, England.

Correspondence

QUIXOTISM IN HEROES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a novel as in real life, I suppose a dash of Quixotism is necessary to the making of a hero. It helps to preserve him from the insipidity of which Hazlitt complained. But nowadays there seems to be a demand for heroes who shall outdo the Don with Quixotism in general. Are there any imaginable circumstances which would make it right and wise for a man to assume the blame for a detestable act which another man has committed? This is a delicate question, and I don't mean to try to answer it. Possibly there may be such circumstances, though I haven't been able to think of any, and (which is more to the point), neither have the novelists who have made their heroes attack this sort of windmills. The trouble is that in these cases the sacrifice of self is so likely to include the sacrifice of other innocent persons. When a man begins to sacrifice his friends to a fine-spun scruple of honor, I can't help suspecting that he is either of unsound mind or playing to the galleries.

The situation is always triangular: it involves, besides the hero and the villain, a woman with whom either one or both of them are in love. In some instances the

villain is the trusted and admired friend of the hero; in others, he is connected either with the hero's family or with the woman's. In William J. Locke's "Where Love Is," the villain is the hero's friend. Under a false name he has seduced a poor man's wife. He is engaged to marry the heroine with whom, of course, the hero is also in love. At a lawn fête at the home of the heroine, the wronged husband, half insane, appears in search of the seducer. To save the situation the hero publicly avows that he is the man, expecting that his friend will later clear him. But the friend instead offers him money, which of course he returns, and thereafter he utterly refuses to expose his friend's rascality. The result is much misery for every one concerned, especially for the heroine and for the hero's adopted daughter, whose engagement in consequence of the affair is broken off. In R. W. Child's "Jim Hands," also, the hero assumes responsibility for the seduction of a woman by the villain, who is in this case his sister's husband. He does this to shield his sister; it results in a long estrangement from his family and friends, and brings much suffering upon them and upon the girl with whom he is in love. In H. S. Harrison's "Queed" we have the same triangle as in "Where Love Is." The hero and the villain (who is weak rather than positively wicked) are friends, in love with the same girl. They are intimately associated, the villain being editor, and the hero (Queed) assistant editor of the same newspaper. At the crucial moment in a struggle to get through the Legislature a bill establishing a reformatory, in which the heroine is deeply interested, the paper, which has been foremost in the struggle for the reformatory, reverses its attitude in a turncoat editorial, and the bill is lost. The editor, who, of course, wrote the editorial after an interview with the local boss, manages by implication to shift the blame on Queed, who has promptly resigned, and to give the impression that Queed was dismissed for his treachery. Queed supposes that the heroine is in love with the editor and engaged to him; and to save her feelings he resolves to accept the blame. In conversation with her he even leads her to think that he is guilty. In other words, to shield her from suffering at the time, he assumes the blame for a reprehensible act so that she may in happy ignorance marry the man guilty of it. The novelist soon provides a satisfactory solution; and the girl admires the hero more for his folly than for all the sensible things he has ever done. "'And, of course,' he (the editor, who has just made a tardy confession) added more eagerly, 'I supposed that he had told you himself.' 'You don't know him,' said Sharlee. A proud and beautiful look swept over her face."

Similar situations may be found in other recent and excellent novels, such as De Morgan's "Joseph Vance," and Mrs. Watts's "Nathan Burke." But leaving these aside, the recurrence of the situation in three stories as different as those to which I have referred is rather remarkable. It would be hard to think of three characters more unlike than Jimmie Padgate, the Bohemian artist; Bob Harvey, the rich and popular college student, and Queed, the self-made sociologist; yet they all do the same thing—a thing indefensible, it seems to me, on any ethical theory except that self-sacrifice is in itself so noble that it justifies sacrificing others. And this indefensible act we are asked in each case to accept as proof of heroism.

Why should these things be? One explanation is suggested by the attitude of the heroine in "Queed," which is also that of the heroine in "Where Love Is." Each is overcome with admiration of the hero's generosity. Of course the great majority of novel-readers are women, and perhaps their attitude is reflected by that of the heroines. Do all these heroes have to act foolishly because a display of reckless Quixotism will endear them to the feminine heart? HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, September 24.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the sole survivor of the faculty which was gathered around Gen. Robert E. Lee in what was then Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, I wish to express—may I not say for my departed colleagues as well as for myself?—my grateful appreciation of the editorial, in your issue of September 14, entitled "The College and the Making of Men." Since "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," such commendation from the *Nation* is justly gratifying.

I am struck with the truth of the *Nation's* analysis of the situation. It is true that the historic and local associations of Lexington were already inspiring; it is true that Gen. Lee was followed to Lexington by the "colonels and captains of his defeated legions," for his faculty consisted largely of such men; and it is true also that not a few of the older students had seen service in the war, and now "sought to complete their interrupted education," with all which that implies of purpose and of character. It is also true that, while the choicest youths of the South were attracted to Lexington by Gen. Lee's great name, they came, with very few exceptions, from homes which had been impoverished by war, and in which the sacrifice needed to send sons to college was a constant and conscious inspiration to the student: all this is true, as the *Nation* says, but—to a degree hardly now conceivable—behind, beneath, and beyond all this was love and reverence for Gen. Lee himself, and the ambition, in both faculty and students, to be worthy of his great fame and character. Under such conditions it is not strange that so many students of that period, and of the next under Gen. Lee's son, should have become distinguished in so many States and in so many eminent vocations. Thus, happily, does the influence of a great man extend and multiply itself for good; and I am ready to believe that the tradition of that influence is not yet extinct in Washington and Lee. For myself, near the end of a long service in more than one Southern college of high rank, I look back upon the years spent in Lexington with Gen. Lee as my "golden age"—the privileges of which I now, alas, too late! most keenly feel that I did not then sufficiently appreciate.

But besides these conditions, in part peculiar to Lexington, there were other advantages which college students then enjoyed in the South beyond their successors of the present day. The ideals of college life were then higher and purer than now. Not only did poverty and the remembrance of sacrifice and sorrow then teach their wholesome lessons, so that extravagant self-indulgence was almost impossible, but especially our modern "intercollegiate athletics" had not yet obtruded their baleful influence, encouraging and justifying absenteeism, and substituting wholly new ideals of college excellence, quite apart from scholarship or character, as the standard of college pride and ambition. Such things were unknown in those "golden days," so that, in fact, the opportunity of the college for the "Making of Men" was better then than now.

EDWARD S. JOYNES.

University of South Carolina, September 20.

"SÓNNICA LA CORTISANA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, through your columns, call the attention of classical students, and indeed of all lovers of classical learning, to a remarkable work dealing with ancient themes, that had hitherto escaped my notice? I have never seen it noted in any of the lists of historical novels published by our libraries and colleges. An accident of travel this summer put into my hands a copy of Señor Blasco Ibáñez's "Sónnica la Cortisana." The scene is laid in Saguntum, in Spain, at that most fascinating moment of history when Greece, having done her work, was in decline, and Rome and Carthage were in their death grip. The hero is a Greek who had served with Cleomenes of Sparta, and is left a "masterless man" on the latter's death at the court of Ptolemy.

The knowledge of ancient life and customs displayed by the author, so well known as a student of modern social problems, is extraordinary. I read the book critically as a classical student, and I found few if any errors to correct—nay, even what I found were the accepted facts of archæology twenty years ago, and the story itself is extremely dramatic.

Of course, the comparison with Salammbô imposes itself. But Señor Ibáñez, in my opinion, need not fear the comparison. He undoubtedly owes something to Flaubert, but it is merely the debt of one master to another. As the title implies, the book is not one intended for undergraduate classes in our coeducational institutions, but the mature lover of the classics—and of good literature—will find, I am sure, great pleasure in it. CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Autun, France, September 12.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The papers report Mr. Taft as saying that he thinks the suffrage should be extended to women "as soon as they all want it," and that he entirely approves "the principle."

Now, a statesman should know that the extension of the suffrage is not a matter of "principle," but of policy. If a principle were involved, its desirability would not be determined by the number of persons asking for it.

But putting that aside—has Mr. Taft

considered that what he approves would be the most tremendous and far-reaching revolution in the history of the human race, fraught with consequences which no man can foresee, but certainly momentous? Has he considered that it would revolutionize all political, all social, and all domestic relations? Has he considered that if women vote as the men do, they only dilute the vote; while if they vote against the men, it brings about sex antagonism? Has he thought of the passions and animosities that such a state of things would kindle, and of the new element of discord that it would bring into families, when husbands and wives are opposing partisans with equal political power? Has he thought of these things (and others which will occur to any thinker), weighed them with advantages which he sees will certainly follow—for we cannot risk taking a step so vital and irrevocable on mere hopes and conjectures—and assured himself that the certain good will outweigh the obvious evils? If he has, let him lay the demonstration before the world. If he has not, would it not be well to consider these points before taking a stand? H.

Elder, Md., September 26.

THE UNIVERSAL RACES CONGRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Under the heading, "Adjusting Racial Differences," your London correspondent writes in your issue of August 31 as follows:

> While Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois of New York, late professor of history and political economy in Atlanta University, takes up fifteen pages of small type to discourse upon "The Negro Race in the United States of America," he merely sets forth the point of view of those men and women of African descent who are out-and-out opponents of Dr. Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, and others of his school of thought. Fairness would have required that this be supplemented with another paper written from the opposite point of view.

In fairness to the First Universal Races Congress I trust you will permit a comment on this statement. We were well aware of the necessity of having both sides represented. Dr. Booker Washington, who expressed himself in thorough sympathy with the congress, unfortunately could not undertake to write a paper, but he was good enough to arrange that Dr. Augustus Walker should contribute one. Accordingly Dr. Walker's name appeared as that of a contributor, but as the paper did not arrive, in spite of our cabling for it, the final programme did not contain his name. Your readers will, therefore, see that the organizers of the congress meant to be fair.

If they will read Dr. Du Bois's paper referred to, they will find, in addition, that your correspondent is mistaken when he says "he merely sets forth the point of view of those men and women of African descent who are out-and-out opponents of Dr. Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, and others of his school of thought." As a matter of fact, Dr. Du Bois's comprehensive paper is full of valuable statistics, and his references to Dr. Booker Washington's school of thought do not occupy much more than one out of fifteen pages. It may interest your readers to know that there was no member of the congress more respected and more applauded—next to the proposer of the congress, Dr. Felix Adler—than Dr. Du Bois, and that the present writer cannot remember a word uttered at the congress in direct criticism of Dr. Booker Washington's attitude.

G. Spiller, Hon. Organizer.

London, September 20.

THE YALE REVIEW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of last week the new *Yale Review* was quite inaccurately described as "a graduate quarterly publication." It is, indeed, edited mainly by Yale men, and it bears the name of the university. It will, however, publish articles in science, literature, art, and politics, whether written by Yale men or by others. In this respect it will follow the tradition of its predecessors, the *New Englander*, established in 1843, and the old *Yale Review*, which was conducted for many years as an economic journal. Yale already has a periodical, the *Alumni Weekly*, published in the interest of the alumni. The new *Yale Review*, though bearing a local name, will aim to be national in matter and in spirit.

W. L. Cross, Editor.

New Haven, September 29.

Literature

THE OLD SKEPTICISM.

Ingersoll: A Biographical Appreciation. By Herman E. Kittredge. New York: The Dresden Publishing Co. $2.50 net.

Between the lines of this poorly conceived and cheaply executed biography appear the lineaments of a great soul. In vain the author underlines the obvious and advances preposterous claims for his hero; the personality is strong enough to surmount the incapacity of the biographer, so that one of the poorest biographies that have ever come under our eye is still worth reading. As one reads, the wonder grows that with the majority of his fellow-citizens Robert G. Ingersoll passed for a ruthless, demoniacal force. As a matter of fact, Ingersoll had many qualities that in all reverence must be called Christ-like. Possibly no prominent man of our time has come so near obeying the injunction, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." No applicant for Ingersoll's bounty was refused. He preferred to aid a dozen rascals rather than by too zealous scrutiny to turn away a needy person. In his house was a drawer constantly replenished with money and freely open to all the household, down to the youngest. No one he loved should have to ask for money. For years his law practice brought in a small fortune annually, and he died a poor man. Spontaneity and sympathy were his master traits. His mere presence was fortifying. There is a story of a man afflicted by periodic attacks of mania who often weathered an attack by passing a night on Ingersoll's porch. No one was more comforting in time of death than this skeptic to whom immortality was barely a hope. So much for the unofficial man, beside whom worked almost incongruously the official enemy of superstition, the professed image breaker, the conscious successor of Voltaire and Tom Paine.

Ingersoll did many things well. He managed a primary school ably, or a regiment, as the case befell. He was among the best lawyers of his day, and unquestionably one of the most effective orators. He won and charmed with equal address the disinterested audiences of the lecture circuits and the hardened and skeptical hearers of the political conventions. If there was weakness anywhere in him it was in his anti-religious campaign, and this is a matter better discussed after some account of his early training.

Robert G. Ingersoll was born at Dresden, N. Y., in 1833. Early bereft of his mother, the boy came up under the rod of his father, a Congregational clergyman and an abolitionist. Dr. John Ingersoll within ten years occupied some dozen charges in New York State and city, ending in Ohio. At Ashtabula, in that State, we first meet the youthful "Bob," a faithful attendant at catechism class. By his twentieth year he was a schoolmaster at the town of Metropolis, Ill., where he emitted the characteristic opinion that baptism "with soap" was no bad thing. Somewhere in the interval of twelve years the hard native sense of the lad had revolted against the still harder orthodox teaching. His own schooling had been the scantiest, but he had read tremendously; Shakespeare and Burns had become his familiars and leaders. Equally desultory was his reading of law, and the young lawyer at Marion shone chiefly as a boon companion. His literary gift had already revealed itself in weakly pretty stanzas for the local press. In his twenty-fifth year, Ingersoll, having passed through Marion, Shawneetown, and other halting places, entered what may at last be called the world at Peoria, and there succeeded greatly as his elder brother's law partner.

We have noted some stages of this youthful Odyssey through the towns of the Middle West because it explains certain things in Ingersoll's character. He was a completely uprooted man. The discipline that comes from long residence in one community, and the resulting tendency to compromise, never were his portion. His remarkable intelligence grew almost in a vacuum, though it doubtless gained impetus in contact with the surrounding formless energy. In the campaign of 1860 the orator emerged in an unsuccessful campaign for Congress. Here Ingersoll, though a Democrat, took the most advanced anti-slavery position, and the scraps of his speeches that are remembered suggest that his gift in invective was already

great. As early as this year he was delivering an anti-theological lecture called "Progress." Soon he became acquainted with the Parkers, freethinking and philanthropical wanderers from Boston, on whose book-shelves he first read the names Volney, Paine, Voltaire. In February, 1862, Eva Parker, "a woman without a superstition," became his wife, and a few days later the young colonel of volunteers led his regiment to the front. Creditable service in Tennessee ended with capture and prompt parole.

Political doors swung open to him. In 1867 he was appointed attorney-general of his State. Had he kept politic silence on religious matters, he might have been Governor. In fact, the frequent statement that, for shutting his mouth on religious matters he might have been President, is probably not exaggerated. In the early seventies his anti-religious campaign shaped itself in the lectures on "Thomas Paine," "The Gods," "Individuality," "Heretics," and "Heresies." In his forty-third year he saw for the first time in England and France the visible symbols of the ecclesiastical tyranny he had been fighting. Westminster Abbey seemed to him less than the famous lines cut on Shakespeare's cenotaph—

> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, etc.

The opinion is significant of Ingersoll's constant tendency to measure and compare the incommensurate things of life. So far he had been merely a local celebrity. The Republican nominating convention in 1876 made him a national figure. What is now called "the plumed knight speech" is often regarded as Ingersoll's greatest oratorical achievement. His biographer, by printing it in full, gives the materials for a judgment. In the sense of immediate effect and fine adjustment to the actual occasion Ingersoll's brief eulogy as he put James G. Blaine in nomination for the Presidency must count among great oratorical successes. Curtis, who mistrusted Blaine, nodded with involuntary approval to the cadences; Schurz, who loathed "the plumed knight," dashed across the platform to wring the speaker's hand. Yet as one reads this famous address and notes a phrasing now dryly abrupt, now bordering perilously on fustian, one cannot but feel that it lacks the self-subsistent quality of the great historic orations. It counted tremendously in virtue of the fevers of the moment. Here was a convention about equally divided between delegates who believed Blaine to be a common cheat and those who regarded him as a peerless statesman. Here were rumors flying that he was at death's door. Never was an audience more deeply concerned with a single personality. Anything said emphatically about Blaine in that hall was bound to reverberate. Ingersoll fully improved a unique opportunity. His adroitness was quite equal to his luck. It was characteristic of the man that he absolutely refused to accept any political reward from President Hayes, and that for five campaigns, during which he was admittedly the most effective speaker for the Republican party, he took no fees and paid his own expenses.

The Cincinnati speech naturally made Peoria too small to contain Ingersoll. For eight years beginning with 1878 he pursued a broadening legal career at Washington, and added to his fame as a lecturer. During this period his style attained the marked cadences and full-blown eloquence for which his admirers have made the most ambitious claims. In these years falls the most touching of his orations, that delivered at his brother's grave. In such addresses he was at his best. The solemnity of death's presence calmed his exuberance, and for a moment he forgot that the world contained a bigot. The last thirteen years of his life were spent in and near New York. There he increased his renown as a pleader and orator, broadened his associations, gratified to the full a natural love of fine music. Early in the New York period, in 1888, came the climax of his anti-Christian activity in the famous magazine battle which he waged single-handed against Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, and the Rev. Henry M. Field. Symposiums, as the cant then went, were the fashion, and the *North American Review* greatly prospered by the practice. That the debate settled anything will hardly be claimed. Ingersoll, for whom the rest were no match in swift, peppery dialectic, laid down brilliantly the orthodox dogma of agnosticism; the others variously stood by the Augustinian dialectic or took refuge in evasions that have since become usual. Of Gladstone's ponderous apologia, Huxley wrote to Ingersoll: "Gladstone's attack on you is one of the best things he has written. I do not think there is more than 50 per cent. more verbiage than necessary, nor any sentence with more than two meanings. If he goes on improving at this rate, he will be an English classic by the time he is ninety."

Through his remaining years Ingersoll continued valiant in the cause of free thought. No humane movement solicited him in vain. His pathos, humor, energy, were besought for memorial addresses. Besides his famous lectures on Shakespeare, Burns, and Whitman, he constantly added to his anti-theological repertory. He had the satisfaction of seeing many of the doctrines he attacked, particularly that of eternal punishment, in full retreat. Less satisfactory to his ardent, clear-cut spirit must have been the counter growth of the theology of evasion. Worn out by a career in which he had mercilessly spent himself, he died smiling in 1899, in his sixty-seventh year. No man of his time had been better loved or more violently detested.

With much that was lovable and admirable about the man, the conviction grows out of a reading of his life and works that he just missed being first-rate. Of the complexity of religious belief he had no inkling. Creeds he regarded as deliberate impositions or frauds. Of what may be called the natural history of religion he had no conception. All this grew chiefly out of a defective historic sense and training. His habit was to look at the past, barring a few heroes of the intellect, as simply wrong, regrettable, negligible. The inconscient processes that make manners, faith, patriotism, he neither understood nor even admitted. Error to him was always definite and personal, the offence of a given bigot, priest, or council. He never saw or admitted the inevitableness of much that outrages isolated common sense. Even more, the whole unconscious casuistry of religious profession was obscure to him. He could not see that it might actually be creditable to a man to hold, say, the Nicean creed with greater leniency than he himself held the latest dogmas of materialism. It is strange that so sympathetic and humorous a man should not have understood how cleverly life saves itself from the literal cruelty of creeds. When we say "he that believeth not shall be damned," we mean, of course, vague, distant unbelievers, not kinsfolk, friends, fellow-townsmen. To the normal religious mind God is too great a gentleman to enforce his own laws with pedantic accuracy. Most of Ingersoll's polemic, in short, applied not to the average believer but to the exceptional fanatic.

Nor was his own position devoid of fanaticism. He stood on the doctrine of the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter. These ultimate verities, he felt, forbade all theological assumptions. That these dogmas of science failed to explain so primal a fact of experience as human consciousness and the significance of that default, he never really perceived. He simply tried to impose upon the world his own tough-minded and easy skepticism.

And here we come to the real issue between faith and skepticism. Upon the matters that as men most nearly concern us, Science has shed no new light. We do not know why we think and feel nor why we are conscious that our thinking and feeling are our own, or right or wrong. That these functions are merely incidental to a purely mechanical process—a theory which Ingersoll tacitly accepted—is a pure assumption and quite as wide and hazardous a

one as that of immortality or of God. A truly scientific mind will simply leave these issues contentedly in abeyance. Most men, however, are unable to take so detached an attitude toward their dearest concerns. Such malcontents will perforce bridge the mystery of consciousness with all manner of hypotheses that seem to meet the needs of life, and such hypotheses will inevitably and quite unconsciously crystallize into typical modes of religious faith and feeling. One may doubt if the world can be won over to complete agnosticism. Meanwhile it is doubtful if the agnostic has any right to impose his skepticism upon others, except through the example of his life. What warrant has he for depriving any man of what may be legitimate hypothesis or even necessary illusion? And equally, a really candid and philosophically enlightened believer must admit that the warrant of his faith is purely subjective and of no authority for another. He, too, is reduced to the simple persuasiveness of the life of faith. True skepticism and true faith can afford to be tolerant of each other, leaving time to arbitrate what are temperamentally opposed attitudes according to their respective fruits. But the dogmatism of science and that of religion must inevitably clash, and little good can come of the conflict, for it is based in either case on assumption and ignorance.

Ingersoll was too deeply infected with the pseudo-scientific dogmatism of his day to effect work of enduring value. He lashed prematurely to their graves certain quite moribund Christian doctrines. That was service of a kind. It was service, too, to hold up against prevalent sentimentalism and evasion the robust common-sense inherited from the eighteenth-century thinkers. But in a way Ingersoll may be said to have been lucky in not losing his chance. Lip service to the old creeds provided him with a field and a foe, but lip service was rapidly yielding to a gentle religious impressionism, to assail which would have seemed folly even to his militant soul. Such downy ramparts has the modernistic movement set about Christianity that to charge upon that bulwark would be merely to court suffocation. An Ingersoll to-day would find his occupation largely superfluous. For a thoroughgoing agnostic preacher, conscious of the limits of science and mindful of the real spiritual hardships of the skeptical position, there might yet be much to do. In taking leave of Ingersoll we part with a singularly engaging personality, in which the current dry materialism was shot with alien hues of tenderness and romance. In fact, it was the highly emotional quality of the man, that insisted on exaggerated cadences and oratorical hyperbole and thwarted what under better conditions might have been a permanent achievement in thought and in letters. In the man, with all his fine exuberance, there was some lack of inner harmony and balance, of effective tolerance and complete civilization. His qualities were those proper to the mere orator, and as such he was great. The surplus quality which has made a few great orators also great men of letters was never his. To inquire why the essays of Huxley and the "Apologia" of Cardinal Newman seem likely to live, while the writings of Ingersoll are already dead, is to suggest not unkindly the limitations of Ingersoll's potent and generous personality. He loved liberty in the fashion of Rousseau; all forms of cruelty and oppression he abhorred. He was too intolerant of those bonds which human nature gladly, and on the whole wisely, forges for its own better control.

CURRENT FICTION.

Hilda Lessways. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

That rather surprising promise of the note on the last page of "Clayhanger" that the story of Clayhanger and Hilda was to be developed in two succeeding novels, is already half-fulfilled. The mysterious Hilda, whom we saw in the earlier narrative only through the baffled eyes of Edwin Clayhanger, is here expounded in full. Only Mr. Bennett would have done just this thing. You recall how in "The Old Wives' Tale" different parts of the chronicle are recorded from different points of view. Always there is a virtual interlocutor, the centre of a peculiar world, which impinges upon or overlaps scores of other worlds, but is never concentric with them. To such a world the reader was introduced in "Clayhanger." The son of the Bursley printer does not tell his own story, but in telling it for him Mr. Bennett sticks so closely to his point of view that Clayhanger Senior and the Orgreaves, and Hilda, and the whole Five Towns world, seem to exist only in their relation to this young man. He is not a brilliant young man. His life is tame enough in outward incident, and even when the humdrum is broken by some emergency, he does not always come up to the scratch. He prevents the wreck of the printing office, to be sure, but he is wofully lacking in the matter of the luckless Mr. Shushions. Hilda, it will be recalled, is the champion on that occasion.

But Clayhanger's insignificance is no more clearly proved by his tameness than Hilda's significance by her erratic way. Our interest in him through those seven hundred pages is sufficient proof that he is not merely a commonplace person. It is true that, since we share Clayhanger's ignorance of her true character and motive, Hilda is the more challenging figure throughout the earlier story. The present narrative is not a sequel, but a complement. Much of the old ground is covered, many of the same incidents are recorded. Nevertheless, the scene has definitely shifted. We are now adventuring in another world, a world of which Hilda Lessways is the centre, and in which Clayhanger has a merely contingent place. As we have said, only Mr. Bennett would have been likely to do just this thing in this way. If Mr. De Morgan, say, had been moved to retell a story of his from a different point of view, he could hardly have resisted the temptation to cross-allusion and reminder. Mr. Bennett nowhere hints by a word or a gesture that the earlier narrative exists. And he is bold enough, in several instances, to reproduce the dialogue of "Clayhanger" word for word, or with the slightest omissions. So in describing from Hilda's point of view the striking incident of her nocturnal interview with Edwin on the darkling porch of the Clayhangers' new house, we listen to the same words, but we listen through Hilda's ears. And, of course, the angle of description changes.

There is something very "convincing" in this complementary method. It leaves no doubt that the writer is absolutely in the confidence of his characters. And there is an odd charm in the double approach of the same scenes and the same incidents. The family group of the Orgreaves is the same in both pictures, but with differences in coloring and arrangement. Poor old Mr. Shushions, whose "sole crime against society was that he had forgotten to die," is a less disgustful and more pathetic figure in the woman's eyes than in the man's.

If Mr. Bennett has an obsession, if there is a really morbid streak in the texture of his fancy, it shows itself in the insistent delineation of types of age and decay. That was what chiefly distressed many sensitive readers in "The Old Wives' Tale"; and the dissolution of the elder Clayhanger was unsparingly rehearsed, in all its slow and dreary stages. Wasting and helpless age is again figured in "Hilda Lessways." Sarah Gailey, to be sure, is not much past middle life; but when we are first introduced to her, she has fought her fight and set foot upon the downward road of years. The attempt at suicide which Hilda frustrates is a less disheartening proof of her hopelessness and uselessness than the story of prolonged invalidism which follows. At that moment, indeed, poor Sarah Gailey attains her highest power of self-expression. Hilda does not judge her adversely: "She had a feeling that she ought to apologize profoundly to Sarah Gailey for all that Sarah must have suffered. And as she heard the ceaseless, cruel play of the water amid the dark jungle of ironwork under the pier, and the soft creepings of the foam-curves behind, and the vague stirrings of the

might-wind round about—these phenomena combined mysteriously with the immensity of the dome above and with the baffling strangeness of the town, and with the grandeur of the beaten woman by her side; and communicated to Hilda a thrill that was divine in its unexampled poignancy." Hilda is always being thrilled. That harsh and angular manner which so puzzled Clayhanger did not actually repel him, because of the obscurely felt presence of extreme sensibility beneath it. We learn all about it now from the inside: how the world enchanted the vivid nature, how an experience beckoned, how the least promising incident might be invested with romance by her eager fancy. And here, of course, we find the key to her strange desertion of Clayhanger, in the first hour of their triumphant love. It is all perfectly natural and inevitable, since Hilda is what she is. The narrative brings us only to that moment of renunciation, which seems to Clayhanger a moment of betrayal. That is, it brings us only half-way through "Clayhanger," reckoning the length of the record, and far from half-way in point of time. Mr. Bennett has, after all, fallen considerably short of his promise to print a novel this year "dealing with the history of Hilda Lessways up to the day of her marriage with Edwin." It is perhaps as well that this change of plan has been made. We have surely a clear enough notion as to what those sordid and heart-breaking years in the Brighton boarding-house must have been to the dauntless Hilda. But we are glad of the assurance of a note appended to the present volume that the later history of Edwin and Hilda is to form the theme of another novel. May fate have permitted them happiness: it is certain that Mr. Bennett can have had nothing to do with it!

Initials Only. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mrs. Rohlfs's latest story is distinguished by the small number of people involved and by the consequent narrowing and intensifying of interest upon the criminal and the detective, the latter being our old friend Sweetwater, acting under the aid of our older friend Gryce. Outside of her skill in weaving a plot Mrs. Rohlfs has few of the novelist's virtues, and her attempt in the first part of this book to narrate events at second-hand through the mouth of a woman who has nothing to do with the plot is extremely awkward. However, this useless device is soon dropped, and the rest of the story proceeds naturally to its ruthless end. In no other of her stories has she presented a stronger character than the Orlando Brotherson, who is hounded by the relentless Sweetwater, and his character is not extraneous to the plot but essentially involved. There is a bit of unfairness in the climax, which does not come—as it should come in the legitimate detective story—from the direct game of pursuit and evasion.

The House of the Seven Gabblers. By Nina Larrey Duryea. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A frothy literary confection of the sort that melts in the mouth somewhat inconsequentially bears the above title. Put together into a commodious French château, with plenty of provisions, one small boy and six women, including one American portrait-painting spinster, one American mother—"*riche, jeune, et veuve*," one spirituelle New Englander, and one French maid of smart appearance and exceedingly tender heart. As soon as these begin to settle, add immediately a prepossessing English diplomat, and stir gently. Next introduce a bourgeoise French family, containing a gorgon mother and a crippled lad. Follow by a dash of burglary and a carefully selected Italian patriot-in-exile. Lastly add with a few light strokes several drops each of honorable punctilio and charitable persuasion and a pinch of masculine self-esteem. If correctly mixed, this will make three excellent matches.

IN THE FAR SOUTH.

The Voyage of the "Why Not" in the Antarctic: The Journal of the Second French South Polar Expedition. By Dr. Jean Charcot. English Version by Philip Walsh. With numerous illustrations from photographs. New York: George H. Doran Co. $5 net.

Dr. Charcot's aim in the voyage described in this volume was to continue in fuller detail the work begun in 1903-1905 in the mountainous region south of Cape Horn, which is known vaguely to geographers as Graham Land and which was first sighted, so far as we have reliable evidence, by the English sealing captain, John Biscoe, in 1832. In this region there was, of course, no intention of attempting any spectacular high latitude record. During the winter of 1909, passed at Petermann Island, an expedition southward into the interior of Graham Land was planned, and a detachment of the party spent some days in searching for a route past or over an interposing mountain, but the failure to find a passage, with other difficulties, led finally to the abandonment of the project. The work actually done was almost wholly between the sixty-fifth and seventieth parallels, and the most serious discomfort was suffered not from extremely low temperature, but from the repeated rain and snow storms from the northeast.

Dr. Charcot's vessel was, of course, carefully built for vigorous fighting with the ice, but as the aim was to gather scientific information, and not a "dash for the pole," its outfit was quite different from that of which we have been accustomed to read in the literature of recent northern exploration. As there was no necessity for any counterpart to Peary's numerous Eskimos and sledge-dogs, with tons of decaying whale meat for their subsistence, the deck of the Pourquoi-Pas was duly subject to its master's passion for cleanliness and order. The ship was carefully planned for the comfort of its staff and crew alike. Each of the staff had his individual cabin. Four separate laboratories, for various branches of scientific investigation, were fitted up in convenient parts of the vessel, and a library of about 3,000 volumes was housed in cases in the ward-room and on shelves in the adjoining cabins of the members of the staff. While it was largely scientific, we learn that it was selected on no narrow basis, though Dr. Charcot thought it unnecessary, for the public's peace of mind, for him to say exactly of what volumes the library consisted, or whether or no they were bound in pigskin.

A new feature in high latitude exploration was the extent to which the electric light was brought into service. When the thickening ice had finally bound the vessel fast for the winter, at Petermann Island, and the various observatories for the collection of scientific data had been set up at convenient points on the shore, wires were strung to them all on poles of bamboo and a complete system of electric lighting was immediately installed. The bearings of the motor gave out, but new bearings were at once cast by the handy mechanician of the staff, from a discarded screw of the picket-boat, and the lights shone on, to the great comfort and advantage of all concerned. M. Bongrain, the astronomer of the staff, even rigged up mechanism for the electrical transmission of time from the vessel to the transit instrument, thus avoiding the trouble and risk of moving the chronometers. It is evident that Dr. Charcot picked his staff with an eye to just this stamp of practical resourcefulness.

The party met with no fatalities, though the commander himself, with one or two of his staff, suffered considerably from an excessive diet of preserved foods. On this point he has made a number of interesting observations. The so-called Polar anæmias of recent explorers are all, he thinks, maladies essentially allied to the old-time scurvy. The ulcerated gums and black spots which constituted the most frequently noted symptoms of former days were the particular products of the salted meats so much employed before modern devices of food preservation came into vogue. Œdema of the lower limbs and myocarditis are the most noticeable effects of the latter. A rapid and infallible cure was found in the temporary

substitution of seal's meat for all preserved foods. There was evidence, however, that carefully selected preserved foods would not ordinarily give trouble. The illness from this source was all among the staff, the crew remaining immune. Now the crew partook only of the stores carefully chosen from the best houses by Dr. Charcot himself, while the table of the staff was supplied with extras, coming mostly from presents given by friends to individual members when the expedition embarked, and so not subject to the same scrutiny. The snow-ophthalmia, so painful in high latitudes and so inimical to accuracy of scientific observation, was wholly avoided through the use of yellow glasses. These have an additional advantage in that they give a more cheerful aspect to the scene than the sombre smoked glasses in common use, and thus help to keep up the spirits of the men.

The present volume is, of course, directed to the general reader, and does not attempt to set forth the more technical scientific results of the expedition. Geographically, future maps and charts of the land regions south of Cape Horn will gain much in definiteness of the northern margin, and a certain amount of land never before sighted, so far as is known, must be set down to Dr. Charcot's credit. As to the English form in which the story is presented, there is now and then an expression which strongly suggests that the translator may not have done entire justice to his text, but the latter is not at hand for comparison. The book is good to the eye in its physical make-up, yet carries the all too common burden of an incomplete index.

Original Records of Early Nonconformity under Persecution and Indulgence. Transcribed and edited by Prof. G. Lyon Turner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Two volumes.

These two massive volumes contain an accurate, painstaking collection, carefully summarized and indexed, of hitherto unpublished documents concerning the Nonconformists in England between 1662 and 1676, and will prove indispensable as a book of reference to the specialist on this period, or to the student of the history of Nonconformity in any particular locality. One can see at a glance that the book is not intended for the average reader, who will doubtless thank Professor Turner for his honesty in not attempting to dress up his material in more attractive garb with a view to inducing purchase by the unwary.

The documents here printed are of two sorts: Episcopal Returns made by order of Archbishop Sheldon in 1665, 1669, and 1676, and preserved in the Lambeth Palace Library, and so-called License Documents, preserved in the Public Record Office, and calendared, along with other material, in the Domestic Calendar for Charles II. The Episcopal Returns present us with a picture of the despised and persecuted Nonconformists, sketched by the hand of their foes. With constantly increasing accuracy and fulness they report the number of the conventicles in each diocese, the places where they were held, and the "quality" of the persons attending them: the report of 1676 gives a complete religious census of every parish in England and Wales. By them the enforcement of the great persecuting acts of 1662-65 was made possible. The License Documents, on the other hand, give us information about the numbers, strength, and policy of the Nonconformists, furnished incidentally and unintentionally by themselves. Most of them are applications for licenses during the eleven months of "liberty" granted under the Declaration of Indulgence of March, 1672, and addresses of thanks for licenses already procured; others cast an interesting light on the exact forms licenses were to take, the precise methods of administering them, the question of charging fees, etc., etc. These different documents fill the whole of Volume I.

Professor Turner has not been content with mere transcription of this valuable material. Realizing the hopelessness of searching through such a chaos of names and places for any specific piece of information without some trustworthy guide, he has undertaken the arduous and thankless task of making out a classified summary of the various entries. This is arranged according to counties and towns, each county list being subdivided into four sections according to denomination — Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Quaker—and every entry furnished with a reference to the original text. This elaborate summary occupies no less than 596 pages, and it is followed by three alphabetical indexes of places, of teachers, and of householders, abettors, signatories of petitions, license agents, etc. Volume II is, in fact, entirely composed of implements to facilitate the handling of the material in Volume I, whose value to scholars is at least doubled thereby.

We have already stated that Professor Turner has produced a book which is to be studied and referred to, but not read. He now knows the material he has made accessible better than any other living man, and is therefore the person best fitted to summarize it in compact, readable form. As his modesty has not permitted him to preface his work with the introduction which usually accompanies a collection of material of this kind, may we not venture to hope that he will embody the result of his elaborate researches in a separate monograph.

Anglo-American Memories. By George W. Smalley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Mr. Smalley was born in Franklin, Mass., in 1833; graduated at Yale in 1853; read law at the Harvard Law School and in the office of George F. Hoar in Worcester; practised in Boston until 1861; drifted into journalism as a war correspondent; became an editorial writer on the New York *Tribune;* was sent by that journal to London in 1866 and remained there as its correspondent until 1895, when he returned to New York and served the London *Times* until 1905. These data are necessary to explain the wide range of Mr. Smalley's recollections.

More than one-third of his volume is devoted to his youth in America, and this section we find not only the more interesting, but the more important. His account of the Calvinistic rigidity of Yale under President Woolsey (to whom he gives the name of the English drawing-room hero, Wolseley), his sketches of Webster and R. H. Dana, his anti-slavery experiences in Boston, and especially his chapters on Wendell Phillips, contain many excellent touches. With Phillips he seems to have been intimate: for he was one of that implacable Abolitionist's body-guard against the attacks of Boston's broad-cloth mob, and he it was, as we infer from his statements, who persuaded Phillips to "come out" for the Union in his famous speech at the beginning of the civil war. During the earlier campaigns of the war itself, Mr. Smalley had the good fortune to be in several critical affairs, not all of which were fought on the battlefield. He seems, to judge by his own account, to have had an unusual influence on Gen. Hooker and others; we say unusual, because military commanders are not in the habit of confiding in civilians whom they meet for the first time. His too brief mention of Horace Greeley's pluck during the draft riots makes us regret that he has so little to say about that unique figure in American journalism whom he certainly knew well.

Next to these matters, we find Mr Smalley's description of the technical side of his London editorial work most entertaining. He sent the first news dispatch by cable in July, 1866, at a cost of twenty shillings a word, thereby initiating what has grown into the unabridged cable correspondence of our time. Most exciting is his account of Holt White's dash from Sedan to London, one of the greatest exploits in war correspondence annals, which enabled the *Tribune* to outstrip even the great London dailies. A more systematic narrative of the business side of Mr. Smalley's earlier years as manager of the *Tribune's* London bureau would be of permanent value to historians.

When it comes to the sketches of the

celebrities unto the third and fourth magnitude, of whom Mr. Smalley writes with that familiarity which is part of the kit of the successful journalist, we know not where to choose. Most momentous ought to be the report of his interview with Bismarck just after Sadowa. The Count, he says, told him unreservedly all his secrets, matters of such tremendous import that even now, forty-five years later, when Bismarck and William are dead, and no revelation that might be made concerning Prussian ambitions in 1866 could cause a tremor in any foreign office—even now Mr. Smalley thinks that he ought to keep silent. Either Mr. Smalley is devoid of a sense of humor, or he is blessed with *naïveté* impervious to the wear-and-tear of fifty years' experience in the least *naïf* of callings, if he imagines that, in July, 1866, Bismarck imparted to him, an American journalist whom he had never seen before, secrets which he never intended to be published. This habit of reserve proves tantalizing in other instances, where, just as Mr. Smalley seems to be on the point of revealing something of real importance, he remarks that, of course, he is not at liberty to divulge, etc. While such reticence is honorable, if imposed by Mr. Smalley's confidants, it throws a damper on a book of memories like this, and makes the reader feel like a child who is told to run away and play, while its elders exchange confidences. The obvious deduction is that Mr. Smalley was a very important personage, whom sovereigns, ministers, ecclesiastics, generals, and mere poets and novelists consulted at every step of their work; why, then, we ask, are we not vouchsafed more news of his Olympian confabulations?

Probably this "I could an I would" tone, or the attitude of best friend to celebrities, grows unconsciously on successful correspondents like Mr. Smalley until it becomes a second nature. The need, too, of filling a given space in cable letters must account for the spreading thin of some of his material. The further knowledge that what he wrote would be read by the persons whom he wrote about, cannot fail to have hampered his spontaneity. Hence, the two best portrait sketches are of Lord Randolph Churchill and King Edward, written after their death. And yet, although there is nothing really startling or historically important in Mr. Smalley's English memories, he interjects many anecdotes and personal bits which enliven his pages and help to give a stranger an idea of the externals of British society. Let us hope that he will empower his literary executors to publish the revelations of great historical importance, which he himself deems it necessary to withhold. At his best, he writes so easily that one reads him with pleasure. He often reminds us of the late Dr. E. E. Hale, whose flow of reminiscence was so entertaining that the question of accuracy never troubled his listeners.

Queen Margot. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.

Differing somewhat from the tone of the most recent foreign studies—the "Marguerite de Valois, Reine de France et de Navarre," by Count Léo de Saint-Poncy, her admirer and champion, or the delightful chapters upon her by La Ferrière in his "Trois Amoureuses au xvi siècle"—Mr. Williams's book is notable for its sobriety of style and detail. He evidently intends to be unenthusiastically impartial. No personal deductions or opinions are hazarded: he is neither psychologically nor controversially inclined. Indeed, one sometimes wishes that he were more so, and that after having chosen to place upon the title-page Guizot's pertinent "Voulez-vous du roman: que ne vous adressez-vous à l'histoire?" he had consented to see in those words something more than a gentle reminder as to how history should usually not be written.

Whether we may accept or not the details alleged by the pamphleteers of the sixteenth century, Marguerite's position with posterity is now fixed. She was, and for the great majority must remain, one of the *grandes amoureuses* of French history. To treat her otherwise is, probably, to take grave chances. Her every charm, the causes of her successes and her failure, are to be found in the fact that she was "d'une complexion trop ardente pour ne pas céder à la tentation," as even Saint-Poncy hastens to admit. This point of temperament is all important, especially in forming opinions upon a woman of the Renaissance. One may well refuse to palliate much in the private life of Henry IV, but for the historian-psychologist not to study certain of the qualities which the moralist may at once censure is to ignore wittingly in no small part that which paved the way for his public career and ultimate national success. So in the case of Marguerite. For no matter what reproaches may be spoken against her, we know that in addition to her matchless beauty she was also possessed of a rare *savoir vivre* and of that something which made her *sympathique* to all who came in contact with her—to all except her husband and her brother, Charles IX. In fact, she seems upon this score—and other analogies are not lacking—to suggest the late Queen Isabella II of Spain.

The author's task, then, is not an easy one. From a group of world-famous, strongly-marked characters, from beside her mother, Catherine de' Medici, and her brothers, the three Kings of France, along with the dukes de Guise, the Admiral, Henry of Navarre, and the leaders of the French Reform, he has singled out for intimate consideration a woman whose political influence was almost nil and whose domestic life was a failure. Mere facts, of course, do not suffice to make one feel the romance—for much romance there surely was—in that life and its influence on others. In such a study there needs to be, in addition to a certain infusion of the spirit of the epoch, a strong suggestion of the woman's subtle charm, of her insidious magnetism, the whole expressed with a delicacy of connotation which shall make the reader of to-day feel what made Henry's repudiated wife dear to a whole people as their Reine Margot. This, as we understand it, is the task which Mr. Williams set before himself.

Notes

Scribners' list for October includes "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning," by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury.

In fiction, the Scribners will publish in October two volumes of short stories, "Interventions," by Georgia W. Pangborn, and "Ship's Company," by W. W. Jacobs; Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome"; Mauriee Hewlett's "Song of Renny."

Books promised this week by Houghton Mifflin Company include: "In the Shadow of Islam," by Demetra Vaka; a holiday edition of "Hiawatha"; "The Dutch Twins," by Luey Fitch Perkins; "The One-Footed Fairy, and Other Stories," by Alice Brown; "Pay Day," by C. Hanford Henderson; "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," edited by Mrs. James T. Fields; "Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar," by Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson; "Walter Pater," by Ferris Greenslet, new edition; limp leather editions of Longfellow's "The Hanging of the Crane," Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Whittier's "Snowbound."

The same house states that the title of Mary Johnston's new book, in which she completes the history of the civil war, will be "Cease Firing."

"Adrian Savage," by Lucas Malet; "The Fair Irish Maid," by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "Old Ben," by James Otis, and "Where the Money Grows," by Garet Garett, are announced for immediate publication by Harpers.

Jeffery Farnol, author of "The Broad Highway," will publish, first serially in *McClure's Magazine* and later through Little, Brown & Co., his new novel, "The Amateur Gentleman."

Mr. Huebsch has procured the services of Ludwig Lewisohn to translate Sudermann's "The Indian Lily."

Messrs. Jack of London are publishing their £200 prize story for boys. It is a tale of the modern British navy, entitled "Contraband Tommy," by Charles Gleig, late lieutenant of the royal navy.

Among the new books to be issued by Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco are the following: "Tony's White Room," by Winifred Rich; "Recipe for a Happy Life," the

reyal recipo by Margaret of Navarre, amplified by selections from other writers, by Marie West King; "Good Things," by Isabel Goodhue, and in the Berkeley series: Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," and "Abelard and Heloise," a poetical rendering of the love-letters by Ella Costillo Bennett.

The publications of the Baker & Taylor Co. for this autumn include in fiction: "Concerning Himself" and "Off the Main Road," both by Victor L. Whitechurch; "The Third Miss Wenderby," by Mabel Barnes-Grundy; "The Soundless Tide," by F. R. Crichton; "Ember Light," by Roy Rolfe Gilson; "The Long Green Road," by Sarah P. McLean Greene; "The Hand of Diane," by Percy J. Hartley; "Where the Shamrock Grows," by George H. Jessop, and "Carey of St. Ursula's," by Jane Brewster Reid.—In poetry: "Songs of Courage," by Bertha Gordon; "Hard Labor and Other Poems," by John Carter; "Summer of Love," by Joyce Kilmer, and "The Book of Scottish Poetry," by Sir George Douglas, Bart.—Holiday books: "The Poets' New England," by Helen A. Clarke, "Loves of the Poets," by Richard Le Gallienne, and the centennial edition of Forster's "Life of Dickens," containing 500 illustrations.—Juveniles: "A Child's Guide to Living Things," by Edwin Tenney Brewster; "Child's Guide to the Bible," by George Hodges, D.D.; "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll; "Little Folks' Books of Verse," by Clifton Johnson, and "Mother Goose," a new edition, edited by Clifton Johnson.—Miscellaneous: "The Women of To-morrow," by William Hard; "The Song Lore of Ireland," by Redfern Mason; "The Paracelsus of Robert Browning," by Christina P. Denison; "The French Blood in America," by Lucian J. Fosdick; "The Etiquette of Correspondence," by Helen T. Gavit; "The Life of David C. Broderick, a Senator of the Fifties," by Jeremiah Lynch; "The Annexation of Texas," by Justin H. Smith; "Corpus Christi Pageants in England," by Lyle M. Spencer; "Verse and Worse," by Jack Hazzard, and "A Tour and a Romance," by Alice E. Robbins.

Henry C. Shelley, the English author and critic, undertakes, in a new book published by L. C. Page & Co., to tell the story of "The British Museum: Its History and Treasures."

Among forthcoming books of the Broadway Publishing Company are: "A Blood-Moon and Other Tales of Divorce," by Irene Osgood; "Abroad with the Boys," by Frances R. Wellens; "Southern Symphonies," by Cordie Webb Ingram; "A Romance Under Western Skies," by Louise Haynes Moorer; "Mentor," by F. Derichmont; "The Women of the Iliad," by Hugh Woodruff Taylor; "The Answering Message and Other Naval Stories," by Rush M. Hoag, and "Christ All and in All," by the Rev. W. Letterman Smith.

A study of the characters of Pascal, Lamartine, Fénelon, and Buffon has been made by Madame Duclaux; Chapman & Hall will be the publisher.

Prof. Alexander Souter of Mansfield College, Oxford, will succeed Sir W. M. Ramsay as regius professor of humanity in the University of Aberdeen.

The *Hibbert Journal*, with the current October issue, enters upon its tenth year. Among the contents of this decennial number we note: "Creative Evolution and Philosophic Doubt," by Arthur J. Balfour; "Life and Consciousness," by Henri Bergson; "The Ethics of Labor Movements," by Prof. Henry Jones of the University of Glasgow; "The Religious Philosophy of William James," by Prof. James Bissett Pratt; "A Psychologist Among the Saints," by Prof. L. P. Jacks of Oxford, and "Another Appeal to English Gentlemen," by the Rev. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London.

Crowell has brought out the tales of Edgar Allan Poe in a convenient reprint, the usual three volumes being bound together.

William Blake's "Songs of Innocence" has come to us from the press of Dana Estes & Co. of Boston, in an edition of rough, thick pages, with wide, designed margins. There are twelve full-page colored plates by Honor C. Appleton and a short biographical preface by Thomas Seccombe.

"The Good Old Times" (Brentano's), by Frederick W. Hackwood, is mainly a record of Pauperism in England from the Middle Ages to the present. Mixed up with a serious history of humble life and of the various laws and charities dealing with the outcast and disabled, there are many amusing anecdotes and picturesque descriptions from literary sources.

In a new edition of his "Amazing Duchess" (Brentano's) Charles E. Pearce has taken the opportunity to correct a few errors of detail and to add several pictures. These two volumes devoted to the scandalous Miss Chudleigh may seem long drawn out, and they do contain a fair share of that sentimental sort of supposition which is becoming more and more the bane of English biography; but they include also a large amount of amusing details concerning the manner of life and the society through which the heroine picked her precarious way.

"A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest" (Longmans, Green), by John Edward Lloyd, 2 vols., is a substantial and scholarly work which will take its place at once among valuable books of reference, and it ought also to receive, to a considerable extent, the attention of the general reader. For it deals, in a comprehensive way, with subjects of much interest to the whole English-speaking public. The early chapters on archæology and ethnology, on Britain under the Romans, the Saxon Conquest, and the Celtic church, have direct bearing on the beginnings of English history; and Mr. Lloyd presents an excellent new survey of the results of the extensive investigations made in these fields in recent years. Then the story of the later struggle of the Welsh for independence—unsuccessful, so far as political freedom is concerned, but permanently significant for the development of national life and character—cannot fail to interest any one who reflects on the perpetual problems of race mixture or subjugation. The narrative, too, has no lack of interest on the side of romance and personal adventure, and the author, without sacrifice of the proper austerity of the historian, has given these elements due recognition. His characterizations of the national heroes of mediæval Wales are vivid and enthusiastic, without being uncritical. His style, while it lacks the positive qualities which command or induce attention, is nevertheless adequate and agreeable. If his work fails to be extensively read, as distinguished from being studied or consulted, this may be partly because of the formidable mass of details of which much of the narrative consists, and partly because of the space occupied with technical discussions. The former difficulty was scarcely avoidable, though the reader might perhaps have received more guidance and stimulus in the way of general comment. With regard to the analyses of sources and the discussion of disputed questions, perhaps Mr. Lloyd would have done well to follow the example of Professor Bury's "Life of St. Patrick," an admirable piece of historiography in a similar field, where such matters are consigned to appendixes and the general narrative is left unencumbered. Mr. Lloyd has to some extent adopted the same method, but much of what he has kept in his text is primarily of professional interest.

Bertrand Russell's volume of "Philosophical Essays" (Longmans) opens with a sixty-page outline of an ethical doctrine, which expresses with the utmost clearness, simplicity, and concision the views of an interesting and vigorous new school of moralists, represented in England (with minor variations) by G. E. Moore and Rashdall, as well as Russell, and in America (with some noteworthy enrichments of the theory) by R. B. Perry. The doctrine has shown a certain natural affinity to the contemporary tendency toward realism in metaphysics. Mr. Russell holds that the idea of "good" is an ultimate and irreducible notion, not identical with "the pleasurable" or "the desired" or "that which contributes to self-realization," though these all may be species or concomitants of good. To predicate good of anything is to intend to assert an objective fact, to ascribe to the thing a real quality; thus the moral judgment is never merely a description of the relation of its object to the present or future feelings or attitudes of the agent. Mr. Russell, therefore (in common with all of the school), offers a dialectical refutation of both egoism and psychological hedonism; and defines "rightness" in conduct as action conducive to the realization of the greatest sum of "objective good." In declining to give any really definite qualitative account of the nature of the good, and in asserting that there is no single sort of experience that is to be called good, but rather a heterogeneous manifold of goods, this school of ethical theory seems either to leave the settlement of practical moral issues to the personal tastes of the theorist, or else to abandon the pretension to give any positive moral guidance. Mr. Russell comes near to the latter alternative when he refuses to "give a list of the principal goods and evils" on the ground that his reader is probably as capable as he "of judging what things are good and bad." The greater part of the rest of the volume is devoted to a criticism of pragmatism, which is not sympathetic or altogether just, yet will be found clarifying by all interested in that doctrine. The most striking thing in the book is the brief essay entitled, "The Free Man's Worship"; here Mr. Russell, who has commonly written in a style of colorless clar-

ity upon the impersonal issues of logic, permits himself to give expression to his religious philosophy, and in moving and eloquent words sets forth the pieties and the consolations that remain to one who, without reservations or illusions, faces the bleak perspectives of "the world, alien, and inhuman, which science presents for our belief."

That a dictionary of Lowland Scotch which excludes pronunciations, etymologies, and statements of locality, and contains few phrases, should yet run to 717 tolerably closely printed pages, testifies to its fulness in other particulars. Alexander Warrack, in his "Scots Dialect Dictionary" (Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers), has endeavored to cover the words in use from the latter part of the seventeenth century to the present day, and has certainly given us a good clue to all kailyard novels and the like. To the book is prefixed an excellent historical and phonetic sketch of the dialects by William Grant, with a dialect map. The laborious researches of Ellis, Murray, and Wright are evidently bearing fruit and are now being recast into popular form.

A new volume in the International Critical Commentary is always welcome, especially an Old Testament volume. The latest issue, "First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians" (Scribner), comes from the scholarly hands of Archibald Robertson, the lord bishop of Exeter, and Alfred Plummer, one of the general editors of the series for Great Britain. The merits of this edition are similar to those of Plummer on Luke and Sanday on Romans in the same series—careful treatment of questions of philology and textual criticism, logical exegesis, caution in mooted points of history and theology, and restraint in reference to problems of comparative religion. This volume may be supplemented with advantage by that of J. Weiss in the Meyer series.

In a well-known passage, Eusebius observes that Tatian formed a "certain combination and collection of the Gospels, I know not how, to which he gave the title 'Diatessaron,' and which is still in the hands of some." In 1888, Ciasca edited an Arabic version of Tatian's work, adding a Latin translation of the same and prefixing a brief but scholarly introduction. On the basis of this edition, J. Hamlyn Hill in 1894 published a volume, comprising an introduction, an English translation of the 'Diatessaron,' and a number of useful appendices, of which the present volume, "The Earliest Life of Christ" (Scribner), is a second and abridged edition. The introduction is abbreviated; there are no appendices; but the translation remains in a handy form for the use of the general reader. The only other English translation of which we are aware is the literal version made from the Arabic by H. W. Hogg and published in 1896 in Vol. IX of the Ante-Nicene Fathers.

The period covered by the fourth volume of the Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial Series, 1745-1766, was a time when military activities assumed large proportions in colonial history. Mr. Munro, now sole editor and the successor of his colleague, Mr. Grant, as Beit lecturer in colonial history in the University of Oxford, says in his preface that half of the twenty-one years included were years of peace. In a formal sense, this statement is true, but at most the peace from 1749 to 1753 was official only. To the colonist there was war in the air. The Indian attacks, the attempts of the French to recover Louisburg, the movements from Canada into the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, prolonged the agitation, and in consequence we may rightly speak of continuous war for nearly eighteen years. Yet it is rather surprising that the records of the council, here printed, show few traces of external strain and tension, and scarcely notice the epoch-marking movement which was giving shape to the empire. Nevertheless, these entries from the register, which relate so largely to the disallowance of colonial acts, the hearing of colonial appeals, and the issuing of royal instructions to the Governors, are of great interest and value, because they concern the administrative and legal aspects of colonial control. The council was attempting to overhaul the existing machinery, but the effort was too late for success, and the object sought was rather the remedying of details than the reconstruction of the system. It is a noteworthy fact that this is the only volume of official records issued by the British government that treats of the period from 1745 to 1760. The Calendar of Treasury Papers closes with 1745, and the Calendar of Home Office Papers begins with 1760. For this reason, as for other reasons, it possesses unusual interest for the historian.

One of the best of the books descriptive of the situation in the new Turkey which have sprung up so profusely of late is Lucy M. Garnett's "Turkey of the Ottomans" (Scribner). Miss Garnett, already well known for her folk-lore studies in the Balkans, has an entirely competent familiarity with the farrago of peoples with which she has to deal, though—despite the series-made title—they are very largely neither Turks nor Ottomans. She maintains among them a remarkable impartiality if also a somewhat British attitude. Yet if she minimizes American work in Turkey, many American writers speak of nothing else. She is evidently not an Orientalist in the technical sense, being rather a Hellenist, and no one need turn to her for book-knowledge of Islam, but for the people she understands. So her account is attractive and faithful. The more pity that there are so many misprints and exactly where they will do mischief—in proper names and foreign words. Apparently no one who knew even the Greek alphabet read the proofs.

Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, retired, died suddenly in New York on Monday. He was born near Frederick City, Md., in 1839. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at the head of his class in 1860, and the same year was appointed midshipman. He was commissioned lieutenant in 1862, and served commendably in Southern waters. As the head of a relief expedition, he rescued Greely and six survivors at Cape Sabine, receiving for this undertaking a gold medal from Congress. In 1898 he was the senior officer at Santiago when the naval battle occurred. Admiral Schley was the author of two books: "The Rescue of Greely" and "Forty-five Years Under the Flag."

After an illness of several weeks, John Bascom, professor emeritus of political economy at Williams College, died at his home in Williamstown, Mass., last Monday night, aged eighty-four. Born in Genoa, N. Y., the son of the Rev. John Bascom, he graduated from Williams in 1849. He was made professor of rhetoric at his alma mater in 1875, and from 1891 until 1901 was professor of political economy. For four years before joining the faculty at Williams, he was president of the University of Wisconsin. He was the author of many works on economic and philosophic subjects, among which we note: "Historical Interpretation of Philosophy," "Social Theory," "Evolution and Religion," and "Growth of Nationality in the United States."

The death is reported of the French journalist and author, Louis Nemours-Godré, aged sixty-four. He was on the staff of the *Univers*, and was editor of *La France Illustre*, and wrote several books, among them, "Daniel O'Connell, sa vie, son œuvre," "Roman d'artiste," "Les Cyniques," and "La France à Madagascar."

Science

Hereward Carrington is publishing through Harpers a translation of Theodore Flournoy's "Spiritism and Psychology."

The *Geographical Journal* for September contains an account by Capt. C. G. Rawling of some explorations in Dutch New Guinea, the most noteworthy result of which was the discovery of a hitherto unknown race of pygmies. It was also discovered that the great range of snow-peaks in the interior terminated in "one immense unbroken precipice," the greatest perpendicular height being "not less than 10,500 feet or two miles." P. A. Talbot tells of a recent expedition across Lake Chad, and Prof. Nordenskjöld gives some account of the scientific results of the Swedish Antarctic expedition. From the observations it appears that the summers in this region are "beyond comparison, the coldest in the world"; the mean temperature for the three summer months at the station was 28 degrees Fahrenheit, "consequently almost as cold as Stockholm in winter."

To have reached a fifth edition besides passing through a dozen reprintings in the course of sixteen years should seem to make quite superfluous any extended notice of Dr. J. P. Crozer Griffith's "Care of the Baby" (W. B. Saunders Company). The book is unchanged in size, but gives abundant evidence of careful and judicious revision. We still think that the directions for milk-mixing are rather too complicated for the average mother, and believe that simpler rules may be devised without risk to any baby not in need of expert medical supervision.

The present (third) edition of R. C. Punnett's "Mendelism" (Macmillan) is virtually a new treatise, to such an extent has it been enlarged and recast. Like its predecessors, it is necessarily only an outline sketch of a vast domain. But the outlines are well-defined, and the little treatise is a substantial contribution from one of the most active laboratories of genetics, presented in a readable and attractive form. By genetics

is meant the experimental investigation of variation and heredity in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, with the view of ascertaining their laws. Professor Punnett also invades the important neighboring field of eugenics, the new science which is concerned with the possible application of these laws to the improvement of the human race. It is interesting to note that this field of research was approached on the neglected side of varieties. The unit of classification in natural history is the species, and hence variations in it, the so-called varieties, have long held only a subordinate place in systematic works on zoölogy and botany. Here and there, some thinkers had recognized their significance, and, like Lamarck, had seen in them the promise of species. And when Darwin and Wallace made their fruitful suggestion as to the bearing of variation on the origination of species, new fields of investigation were opened up in all directions. The neglected variety began to assume an entirely new importance; and after exact measurements were undertaken, accurate counts made, and the minutest variations noted, it became apparent that a new era had dawned. Oddly enough, however, it was found in 1900 that as early as 1865 an obscure priest in a monastery-garden had carried on a series of experiments in crossing plant-varieties and had published his conclusions. To those who wish to acquaint themselves with the chief features of these new sciences, genetics and eugenics, this convenient treatise can be confidently recommended. Parts of it are too condensed and the facts are too briefly stated, but an attentive reader can make his way successfully through all the pages.

To the series of Oxford Geographies, edited by Prof. A. J. Herbertson, is now added "Australia, Physiographic and Economic" (Clarendon Press), by Griffith Taylor. It belongs in the class of very modern books in which a continental area is regarded as the end-product of a long geological development. Mountain ranges, deserts, embayments, and promontories, all have their past as well as their present, and all may be viewed in both lights as influencing human habitation and industry. The book is divided into two parts, a physiographic and an economic. In the first part the physical features are passed in review, and are so clearly described that a reader gains an excellent general grasp of the island continent. At the close New South Wales receives special description not granted to the other states. In the second part, which is constantly explained by the aid of the first, the following industries are described: Stock-raising, agriculture, mining, less important industries, and transport. The subjects are briefly but clearly summarized, and the dependence of nearly all upon the rainfall is convincingly shown. A forecast of Australia's future growth concludes the work. Small sketch maps are freely used in illustration, but for a reader not familiar in a detailed way with Australia, a good general map of size equal to one or two pages of the book, would have been a useful addition.

Dr. Frederick William Pavy, F.R.S., who died a fortnight since, was the leading European authority a half century ago on diabetes. He was born in 1829 and was president of several medical societies.

The death is announced, at the age of fifty-eight, of Dr. Karl Waitz, professor of astronomy in the University of Tübingen.

Gen. Charles Frederick Manderson of Omaha, who died last week on his way home from Europe, had been a Republican United States Senator from Nebraska from 1883 to 1895. Born in 1837, he fought in the civil war, was a member of the bar, and interested himself in scientific subjects, being associated with the National Geographical Society. His only book is entitled, "Twin Seven Shooters."

The Rev. Mariam Balcells, S.J., professor of mathematics at Boston College and an astronomer of note, died at the Carney Hospital in Boston on Monday. He was a native of Tarragona, Spain. He was educated as an engineer. For a time he was connected with the Spanish Geological Survey. He built, as engineering director, the well-known observatory of the Ebro, and later he was director of solar physics at the same observatory. In this chair he introduced into Spain the study of the solar chromosphere by means of the spectrograph. In collaboration with Father Civera he made some discoveries concerning the relations between solar activity and terrestrial magnetism.

Drama

The latest addition to the Plays of To-day and To-morrow (Duffield) is the "Lady Patricia" of Rudolf Besier, which has had a very long and prosperous run in London. In dramatic quality and weight of purport it is altogether inferior to the same author's extremely clever comedy "Don," being essentially nothing more than fantastic farce; but it is written in a facile vein of comic and satirical exaggeration, is swift and interesting in action, contains much varied characterization, and is skilful and original in construction. It is easy to perceive that, if well acted, it might be productive of much entertainment, although the aroma of its humor is not always free from disagreeable taint. Though it has many veracious touches, betokening a shrewd observation of human nature, it is in the main completely artificial and utterly insincere. It deals primarily with theatrical situations, not with life. Michael Cosway and his wife, Lady Patricia, now approaching the confines of middle age, have long been regarded as models of conjugal happiness. They address each other in terms of rhapsodical passion. But each is deceiving the other in spirit, if not in deed. Lady Patricia, neurotic, ecstatic, and romantic, ever feeding her imagination upon amatory poetry and meditating lapses which she has no notion of committing, thinks that she has found her true affinity in "Bill" O'Farrell, a sturdy youth of the illiterate undergraduate type, who yields hopelessly to her mature fascinations, although he is in love with Clare Leslie, a girl after his own heart. Him she pledges to eternal Platonic servitude. Michael, an amateur scientist, has dominated Clare Leslie in exactly the same way, and has induced her to exchange Platonic vows with him, although her heart has long been in Bill's keeping. To add to the complications, Dean Leslie, a suave and worldly cleric, Clare's father, wishes to marry Mrs. O'Farrell, Bill's mother, while both of them are eager for a match between their respective children. It is not difficult to imagine the nature of the entanglements, the misconceptions, and the mutual recriminations which might be manufactured out of such prescribed conditions, but it is impossible to enumerate them within the limits of a brief review. Nor is it desirable to enter into any minute detail. It is sufficient now to say that Mr. Besier has executed this part of his task with uncommon adroitness and with as much external plausibility as could reasonably be expected. His personages are engaged, for the greater part of the time, in a perpetual game of hide and seek in the branches of a great oak tree, in which platforms and summer houses have been built, and the novelty of the design, doubtless, is a great help to the illusion. Excellent comic use is made of the indignation with which each character in turn rebukes the others for conduct of which he himself, or she herself, has just been guilty. In the end, largely by the shrewdness of Mrs. O'Farrell, Michael and his wife are driven to mutual confession and repentance, and the young lovers are happily united. Manifestly the incidents are arbitrary and incredible, but some of the character sketches are wonderfully lifelike. Michael and Lady Patricia, of course, are fantastic. Taken seriously, they would be repulsive. They are acceptable only by reason of their comic predicament and the suggestion, in itself inadmissible, that the passion of which they prate is as unreal as themselves. But Mrs. O'Farrell and the Dean are capitally drawn, Clare Leslie and "Bill" are both live specimens of healthy, unsophisticated youth, and there is a delightful sketch of a dunder-headed old gardener. On the whole, this is a sparkling bit of work, which would have been much more valuable if it had evinced some sense of purpose and responsibility.

Dr. Gilbert Murray, who has laid all lovers of good literature under obligations by his translations of various plays of Euripides, has recently published a translation of Sophocles's "Œdipus, King of Thebes" (Oxford University Press). Dr. Murray shows his customary skill in this version, but it is hard to resist the impression that he loves Euripides and admires Sophocles. We note the same lofty language, the same skill in the handling of the choral odes. Perhaps the blank verse leaves something to be desired, for while, of course, not Greek, it is also in many places hardly English because of the strained order. In a brief but good introduction, Dr. Murray, among other things, revises his criticism of Tiresias, made in his "Ancient Greek Literature" (1899). While he had formerly explained him as "a 'sympathetic' prophet, compact of wisdom and sanctity," he now regards him as a mixture of sanctity and superhuman wisdom, with fraud and mental disease, "a most lifelike as well as a most dramatic figure."

The first appearance here of Margaret Anglin, one of the best of our emotional actresses, in light comedy, is an incident of some theatrical importance. She is making the experiment in "Green Stockings," a comedy by A. E. W. Mason, to be seen in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. It is a pity that she could find nothing of higher

literary and dramatic quality. Undoubtedly the motive of the piece is fresh, and, for comedy purposes, valuable, but Mr. Mason has treated it, except in one or two isolated scenes, very clumsily, wasting his opportunities in illogical and extravagant farce. A clever and attractive Irish spinster, Celia Faraday, who, in accordance with an ancient custom, has had to wear green stockings more than once when her younger sisters have been married, resolves to end domestic "chaff" by creating a fictitious lover, since she cannot find a real one. So she announces her engagement to an imaginary Col. John Smith, fighting gallantly in Somaliland, to whom she writes absurd but ardent love letters, of which one is accidentally posted. When fully satiated with compliments and congratulations she decides that her Colonel must die (to avoid explanations), and kills him off accordingly, publishing his death notice in the newspapers. But there is a real Col. John Smith, also a Somaliland hero, who has received Celia's letter, and is stirred to active curiosity by the announcement of his death. Tracing this to its source, he visits Celia, in the guise of his own most intimate friend, bearing harrowing details and sad mementoes of his own demise. His first encounter with the amazed and demoralized heroine provides the one really good scene in the play, and upon it the success of the representation will largely depend. The situation is novel, fairly plausible, and highly amusing, and Mr. Mason, rising to his opportunity, has treated it in a vein of genuine comedy. And in this crisis Miss Anglin proves herself a comedian of notable skill, if not of the very highest rank. Many contrasted emotions—surprise, apprehension, suppressed merriment, and (simulated) grief—are involved in it, and she indicates them with charming variety of expression, much delicacy of detail, and a keen appreciation of humor. She acquitted herself admirably, and, with the aid of that clever and refined comedian, H. Reeves Smith, carried the scene to a triumphant conclusion. In the final act, which, of course, brings the Colonel and Celia into each other's arms, the piece degenerates into farcical extravagance, very rarely rising to the comedy level, and in these cruder episodes Miss Anglin was seen to less advantage, her acting showing signs of effort and artifice. Evidently the matter did not appeal to either her artistic instinct or her natural intelligence. In legitimate comedy she ought to find great opportunities.

Charles Frohman has obtained "The Marionettes," in which Sir John Hare and Miss Marie Löhr are acting in London. The piece is the work of Pierre Wolff, and has been adapted by Gladys Unger.

"Sumurûn," a condensed version of which has attracted a great deal of public attention at the London Coliseum, and been the subject of much critical praise, is now to be produced in full at the London Savoy under the supervision of Professor Reinhardt.

Arnold Bennett's new comedy, "The Honeymoon," in which Marie Tempest is to enact the principal character, will be produced in the London Royalty next week. Dion Boucicault is the stage director. The Scottish Repertory Theatre has just opened its season with another play by Mr. Bennett, an adaptation in four acts of his novel "Buried Alive."

Miss Gertrude Kingston intends to resume charge of The Little Theatre, in London, next January, when she hopes to have an active partner in the enterprise. In that case, Lillah McCarthy would have to look for another house in which to produce her promised new plays by John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, and others

Some months ago Sir Herbert Tree acquired the English rights in a play called "Prophet Percival," by Melchior Lengyel, the Hungarian dramatist. To James B. Fagan has now been assigned the task of preparing the version which will eventually be seen at His Majesty's Theatre in London.

Reports from Australia say that H. B. Irving has been received there with wonderful enthusiasm and is playing to houses packed to their utmost capacity.

The indefatigable Sarah Bernhardt is playing again in the Coliseum, a London music hall. She is appearing in fragments of "Théodora," "Fédora," "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," and "La Dame aux Camélias." She is wildly applauded by crowded houses and is reaping rich profit, although it may be doubted whether she is adding to her renown.

A prominent London critic, speaking of a recent performance of "King Henry V," by the Benson company, says that the piece as produced by Mr. Benson is a much graver and more solemn affair than some versions have been:

> There is very little swagger about the play as thus played, and very little of the swashbuckler, bragging monarch who has got of late years into the heads of the more daring commentators. What is emphasized in this production is rather the gravity of the whole affair; the heavy responsibility of the young King; the sore straits of the English troops; the part in the victory ascribed to the God of Battles.

"Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," the comedy of Franz Fonson and Fernand Wicheler, which was so highly praised in Paris when first played there some months ago, has reached London, where it was played in the Globe Theatre by Mlle. Legrand and a French company.

Music

The Oldest Music Room in Europe. By John H. Mee. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. 1910-1911. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

After a careful search, Mr. Mee has failed to discover anywhere in Europe a music-room as old as that of Oxford, which was opened in 1748. The famous abode of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig did not come into use till 1781. Nor is it strange that England should have thus anticipated the Continent, for there, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the musical interest was centred in the opera, and concerts were usually given in the opera houses, whereas in England opera was an exotic always, and concerts appealed more strongly to the musical feeling of the nation; a tendency which was emphasized when Handel deserted the opera and wrote for the concert-halls those oratorios which soon took first place in the estimation of the English musical public. As far as Oxford itself was concerned, concerts on a considerable scale had been in vogue for above half a century before the building of the Music Room; yet from the way in which people wrote about this room it is clear that it was an unusual thing, and one of which those connected with it were extremely proud.

No one who has experienced the toil involved in the perusal of a century and a half of newspapers will be surprised, the author declares, to find many errors of omission in his book. As a matter of fact, it would have been improved if many more errors of omission had been made. There is a considerable amount of extremely superfluous and entirely uninteresting information about a multitude of persons whose names and titles and activities are of no historic importance whatever. On the other hand, one gets from a glance at the 216 pages of this volume a close view of musical conditions during the century (lacking eight years) that the Oxford Music Room was consecrated to concerts. The entertainments began as early as 6:45 and lasted two hours. In 1792 one of the official notices reads: "No person to take a dog into the room." Even in those days there were soloists whose terms were held to be exorbitant. There were prodigies, too. In a single year (1779) two were heard in the Music Room: a Miss Pool, "not eleven Years of Age," sang two songs by Dr. Arne; and the *Oxford Journal* of July 3 contained an advertisement by which "Mrs. Crotch from *Norwich* begs Leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of this University and City that her CHILD, who is not yet *Four Years of Age*, will, by permission of the Vice-Chancellor, and the Stewards of the Musical Society, play upon the ORGAN at the Musick Room, this day at Twelve o'Clock." This Master Crotch subsequently became professor of music at Oxford and the first principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

Troubles of various kinds harassed the managers. Discontented subscribers wrote letters of complaint to the newspapers, even as they do to-day. The privilege of borrowing music from the library was abused by many, who forgot to return the volumes lent. But these were trifles compared with the pecuniary difficulties which frequently confronted them. For want of sufficient support the weekly concerts had to be suspended altogether for four years, beginning 1793; but the stewards averted the dissolution of the band, feeling confident that it would be possible to "pull

things round," as proved to be the case. Finally, however, in 1840, the concerts came to an inglorious end, and the Music Room was taken up by an upholsterer and auctioneer, who used it for his own business and let it for exhibitions and miscellaneous concerts. The programmes included in the volume give a good idea of the state of musical taste at the time, and there are numerous illustrations of the Music Room itself and of various notabilities who were prominently connected with it.

There was a time when Boston, Mass., had a Music Hall which was also, like the Oxford Music Room, let for exhibitions, including dog and poultry shows. But when Mr. Higginson became sponsor of the Symphony Orchestra, Symphony Hall was built, consecrated solely to music. One of the many benefits resulting from this backing of a generous millionaire is the programme book which is on a much more elaborate scale than any similar publication in this country or abroad. For every one of each season's twenty-four concerts there is issued a pamphlet of above seventy pages, half of them devoted to reading matter; and at the close of the season the twenty-four are bound into one volume—a book decidedly worth preserving, for perusal as well as for reference. Boston concert-goers evidently desire much more than mere musical pabulum when they go to Symphony Hall; they get in these programme books, which are distributed free, not only full analyses, with comments on all the pieces to be played, but "Entr'-Actes," in which the editor of the book, Philip Hale, either gives his own views and historic researches on diverse topics, or quotes from other writers. Among the most valuable of these excursions in the volume for 1910-1911 may be named "Bach's Music in England," "Boïto," "Bülow and Richard Strauss," "Famous Claqueurs," "Elssler and Rachel in America," "Music in Finland," "Goethe and Beethoven," "Music through Hypnotism," "Smetana's Deafness," "Dvorák's 'American Symphony'," "Liszt," and reprints of a dozen of the admirable short essays on musical topics which the London *Times* has taken to printing, and of which "English Folk Music," "Mispronunciation in Singing," "The Small Orchestra," and "Rhythm and Tempo Rubato" may be mentioned as particularly valuable. Fifty composers were represented on last season's programmes by 102 works, of all of which Mr. Hale has something to say that is worth reading.

A story of the opera "Königskinder" has been made for younger readers by Anna Alice Chapin; it will be brought out by Harpers.

Harold Bauer will be the soloist at the Liszt centenary concerts to be given by the New York Symphony Society, under Walter Damrosch, on October 27 and 29. The programme will include the "Faust" symphony. Among the soloists engaged for later concerts are Katharine Parlow (her first appearance in New York this season), Harold Bauer (his first appearance in New York this season), Mme. Jeanne Jomelli (her first appearance in New York this season), Wilhelm Bachaus (his first appearance in America), Artaur Shattuck (his first appearance in America), and Miss Christine Miller, contralto. On March 1, the St. Cecilia Club of women's voices (Victor Harris, conductor) will take part in the programme. George W. Chadwick, the eminent Boston composer, will conduct his new Symphonic Suite, and other soloists will be announced later. Among the orchestral novelties announced for the season, including Elgar's New Symphony No. 2, in E flat, which will have its first performance in New York on December 8 (repeated December 10), American composers will be represented by George W. Chadwick's new Symphonic Suite and by "The Culprit Fay," a symphonic poem by Henry Hadley. Besides the Liszt centenary, as announced above, the season will include two Beethoven programmes, the suite "Die Königskinder," Humperdinck; legend, "Zorohaida," Svendsen; and symphonies by Mozart, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Enesco, Dvorák, Rachmaninoff, Berlioz, and others.

As evidence of the growing popularity in England of America's foremost composer may be accepted the arrangement, by C. Charlton Palmer, organist of Canterbury Cathedral, England, of transcriptions for the organ of six of MacDowell's most charming pieces: "Nautilus," "A Sea Song," "Romance," "Meditation," "Melodie" ("To a Water Lily"), "In Nomine Domini." The publisher is Arthur P. Schmidt. Thousands of American organists who believe in giving the public what it desires to hear will welcome this announcement. Works by Foote, Whiting, and other American composers are included in "Twenty Preludes and Postludes," issued by the same publishers.

A clever paraphrase of Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" for the piano has been made by Otto Neitzel, and published in Berlin by Adolph Fürstner.

That Frederick the Great was a skilled flute player and writer of innumerable flute concertos (which no one would dare to play in public to-day) is generally known; also, that he wrote marches, arias, and opera librettos, and that he gave a cordial welcome to Bach in Berlin, making him try all his pianos and organs before the great cantor had had time to wash his hands or brush his clothes after his dusty stage trip from Leipzig. It has only now, however, come to light that this Prussian monarch also wrote the Spanish national hymn. He gave the tune to the Spanish ambassador, who took it to Madrid. Then it was forgotten till 1869, when it was adjudged the best of five hundred marches, and adopted as the national hymn. Such, at any rate, is the story of one of the scholars who have written articles to commemorate the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Frederick's death.

"An age of Napoleonic musical undertakings" is the way in which the London *Musical Times* characterizes the present, with special reference to the operatic enterprise of Thomas Quinlan, whose tour with his opera company will include England, South Africa, and Australia. The list of operas to be sung—all of them in English versions—includes four Italian works: "Aïda," "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohême," and "The Girl of the Golden West"; three operas by French composers, "Carmen," "Faust," "L'Enfant Prodigue"; and six masterworks by Germans: "Hänsel und Gretel," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Walküre."

Portland, Ore., just now the fastest growing and most prosperous city on the Pacific Coast, has been casting envious eyes on Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles because of their permanent orchestras, and now proposes to have one of its own. It was at first suggested that several members of the orchestra should alternate as conductors; but that foolish idea was soon abandoned. It is more important to have a great conductor than a great orchestra, just as it is more important to have a good pianist than a good piano. A city so wealthy and aristocratic as Portland ought to be able to procure one of the leading conductors in the country—a man, for instance, like Franz X. Arens, or Frank Van der Stucken, both of whom were among the pioneers in breaking ground for American music and musicians.

Dvorák's posthumous symphony will have its first performance in Vienna by the Philharmonic Orchestra. Other novelties to be produced by that famous orchestra during the season are André Gédalge's third symphony; Glazounoff's "Poème lyrique," op. 12; Mahler's fifth symphony, Reger's "Comedy Overture," Sibelius's "Dryade," Sinigaglia's "Piemont" suite, Strasser's G major symphony, Wagner's C major symphony, Weingartner's "Realm of the Blessed."

The grand opera company headed by Andreas Dippel will be heard not only in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, and Baltimore, but in a number of Western cities—Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Detroit, Indianapolis, St. Paul, and Des Moines. The season opens in Philadelphia on the third of November.

Carl Pohlig, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, became an intimate friend of Richard Strauss last summer. He was charmed with Strauss's latest opera, the "Rosenkavalier," and has put the waltz from it on his opening Philadelphia programme. As a great Liszt champion he will, of course, observe the Liszt centenary, producing among other things, the "Battle of the Huns." He found that in Europe Dvorák's fourth symphony is almost as popular as the "New World" and will produce it—an example which New York conductors would do well to follow. Another novelty of which Mr. Pohlig is enamoured is Weingartner's new (third) symphony, entitled "Vienna." In a conversation printed in the *Musical Leader*, Mr. Pohlig said that while in Europe he encountered a new invention for producing a prolonged tone with a single breath in the wood wind instruments, which is likely to revolutionize the playing of the oboe and the English horn. It is the invention of Bernhard Samuels of Schwerin. It will probably prove almost as potent a mechanical change in the orchestra as the discovery of the valve trumpet.

The Italian government, conscious of the importance of preserving the country's folk-songs, has requested the directors of conservatories to instruct their pupils to take down in notation such popular songs as they happen to hear.

Art

An interesting contribution to the literature of city planning is John Nolen's "Madison, a Model City," published by the author for the Madison Park and Pleasure-Drive Association. It is a handsomely printed book of 160 pages lavishly illustrated, with more than a hundred photographs, which show what has been done for the beautification of Madison and other cities, and what can be done. It constitutes the report of Mr. Nolen, who is a landscape architect, to the association which engaged his services to suggest a plan on which the capital city of Wisconsin might in the future be developed. The author points out that more than fifty cities in the country have undertaken comprehensive improvements on a large scale within the past five years, and that a new standard of city-making has been set. The Madison Park and Pleasure-Drive Association has been at work doing what it could to beautify Madison for the past seventeen years, and has expended more than a quarter of a million of dollars in the work. Mr. Nolen believes that it is now time for the city and State to unite and take advantage of the almost unsurpassed advantages Madison offers for a constructive rebuilding along farsighted artistic lines. Of the unusual opportunity at Madison he writes: "Of all the cities in the United States it appears to me that Madison has the best opportunity to become in the future a city of this type. (He had been referring to Geneva.) It has the site, it has the environment, the climate, the population, the high civic spirit, the traditions, the permanent attractions of government and higher education. It is within the power of the people of Wisconsin to make Madison in future what Geneva is to-day—a beautiful, well-ordered, free, organic city."

Sir Barclay V. Head's revised edition of his important "Manual of Greek Numismatics" ("Historia Numorum"; Frowde) is a book indispensable to every coin collector and student of classical archæology. The first edition of 1887 was a complete manual of the subject at that time, and the second edition embodies the results of the latest researches. The new edition, in which Sir Barclay has been assisted by G. F. Hill, George Macdonald, and W. Wroth, follows the first in the geographical arrangement. Beginning with Spain and Gaul in the West, the book covers the whole of the Greek world, reaching eastward to India, northward to Dacia and Moesia, and southward to the northern coast of Africa. This purely geographical scheme is familiar to all students, and, while not to be recommended for the classification of coins in comparison with the arrangement of geographical areas within fixed chronological periods, as in the elaborate "Traité des Monnaies grèques et romaines," by Ernest Babelon, it is the only one possible without an entire recasting of the book. The introduction contains some new matter, chiefly concerning coin-standards and the significance of Greek coin-types. It is now universally recognized that the designs or *types* on Greek coins are the badges of the issuing authority or state, and that various motives besides the religious governed the selection of types proper, and *symbols* or adjunct types. In the section on Italy, the Roman *as grave* is discussed in the light of Haeberlin's new theories, which form the best available explanation of the reduction in the weight of the Roman *as* from 338 to 268 B. C. The Greek coinages in the south of Italy and the coinages of the central and northern states are so closely connected that no treatise on Greek numismatics would be complete without an account of the early Roman bronze issues. The sections on Parthia, Syria (Seleucid Kings), the Ptolemaic Kings of Egypt, and especially on Bactria and Northwest India, are among the noteworthy portions thoroughly revised. In the last section, the Kushan chiefs who conquered the Greek kings appear in their proper dress as Kanishka and Huvishka in place of Kanerkes and Hooerkes. A table of the Kharosthi letters has also been added. In the indexes and the bibliography references to all the latest material may be found. There is no doubt that this new edition will remain as long, if not much longer than its predecessor, the principal reference work in its field.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Philadelphia Water Color Club announce that under their joint management an exhibition of original work in water-color, black and white, pastel, or drawing with pencil, crayon, or pen, or illustrations in whatever medium, will be held at the Academy, beginning Monday, November 13, and ending Sunday, December 17, both inclusive. The jury of selection: Colin Campbell Cooper, Henry McCarter, Violet Oakley, Harriet Sartain, Thomas P. Anshutz, and Everett L. Warner. The hanging committee: George Walter Dawson, Violet Oakley, and Hugh H. Breckenridge. Academy's committee on exhibition: Clement B. Newbold, chairman.

Finance

A CURIOUS WEEK IN FINANCE.

It was well understood in financial Europe, during all of last month's disturbances on its markets, that the full strain of the season would be felt in the first week of October. It is then that European markets effect their largest quarterly readjustment of financial accounts. Especially at Berlin and Paris, demands on banking credits are at that time exceptionally heavy. In this week falls the semi-monthly settlement on the Bourse, when outstanding speculations must be liquidated or extended, and the last previous settlement, on September 15, had so far strained available resources that the Paris broker holding stocks on borrowed money had been compelled to pay as high as 8 per cent. to carry them over to this week.

With this position immediately confronting Europe's markets, war broke out in the Mediterranean. When the Italian Government—of whose dispute with Turkey most of the world first learned at the opening of last week—sent warships to Tripoli on Wednesday, demanded on Thursday that Turkey should give up two cities in the province, and on Friday afternoon declared that a state of war existed, financial Europe listened with frank bewilderment. Germany was sudden enough in sending the Panther to Morocco. Japan recalled its envoy from St. Petersburg on one day and attacked Russia in Port Arthur on the next. Our own country demanded that Spain should withdraw at once from Cuba, under penalty of invasion, at a moment when our ambassador at Madrid was earnestly pointing out that Spain was ready to make terms. But the Morocco dispute was several years old; Japan and Russia had been on the admitted verge of rupture for two months; and in 1898 the De Lome incident, the "Maine" affair, and a long exchange of diplomatic notes, had at least prepared the public mind. None of these incidents took financial markets by surprise.

Sometimes, on such occasions, markets make thorough preparation in advance. They had made such preparations in advance of our Spanish war, whose outbreak found the markets ready and unruffled. Sometimes they think they have prepared and find that they have not, because some factor in the case had been forgotten; that was so in the Transvaal war of 1899, when England had not allowed either for the secret preparations of the Boers or for the instantaneous effects of the blockade of gold supplies. Sometimes they look for serious complications, and find that no financial markets are very much incommoded; such was the outcome of the Greco-Turkish war of 1897, which became a brief and not very interesting spectacle, with no disturbing influence on finance.

But war is at all times an uncertainty, and in the present case the markets were taken by surprise. It was evident, at last week's close, that the true financial significance of Italy's extraordinary action would depend, first on the question whether Turkey would fight back, and what her fight would be; next, whether the rest of Europe would take a united stand of neutrality or disapproval; and finally, whether the recent prolonged liquidation on the bourses of Continental Europe, and the rise in European money rates, might not turn out to have been such as not only to have overdiscounted "Morocco," but unconsciously to have discounted "Tripoli" as well.

All three questions were promptly an-

swered in the present week. The Turco-Italian news over Sunday was obscure, as war news always is when cables are cut and newspapers of the fighting nations provided with canards. But it indicated that Turkey was hopelessly outclassed by Italy's naval resources, that neutral Governments were trying to end the war, and that Italy's one remaining danger was the over-confidence and bad judgment which she has rather frequently shown at crises of the kind. The European stock exchanges seemed at the opening of the week to be waiting for more definite information; but they were notably free from agitation. Consols went higher on Monday; French 3 per cents rose sharply, and even Turkish bonds regained 4 points of last week's 10-point loss.

This response was certainly not less interesting from the fact that Monday's Continental markets disclosed to the full the expected strain on credit. The Imperial Bank of Germany made its weekly statement, which was in some ways the most extraordinary in its history. The figures of changes on its balance-sheet spoke for themselves. The Bank's cash reserve was $39,000,000 lower than a week before, $24,000,000 of that outgo being gold. Loans and discounts expanded in the week no less than $144,500,000; note circulation increased $154,300,000. These were movements of wholly unprecedented volume. The largest previous changes came in this week of 1907, on the eve of the German commercial crisis and our own Wall Street panic; the Imperial Bank's reserve then decreased $34,900,000, its loans and discounts rose $107,000,000, and its circulation $98,500,000. Those were huge figures, but, as comparison will show, far less sensational than the past week's changes. The week's expansion of loans and discounts at Berlin, moreover, followed an increase of no less than $61,000,000 in the preceding fortnight; in other words, the Imperial Bank had found it necessary to increase its outstanding credits $205,000,000 since the calling-in of French capital from Germany began in earnest.

But the fact of largest significance was the ability of the great state Bank to make such provision for the market. The response of the Berlin market to this remarkable statement of the Bank was not an advance in money rates, but a decline of nearly ¾ of 1 per cent.; which proved that however urgent the needs of borrowers may have been, they had been satisfied. Even the stock exchanges at Berlin, London, and Paris opened the week with moderate recovery.

All this recalled the action of the markets after the Russo-Japanese war broke out in February, 1904. The financial shock was then only momentary; there was no lasting unsettlement on stock exchanges; not even a stringency in money. But the attack on Port Arthur occurred when financial markets in both hemispheres had just passed through six months or more of the most drastic liquidation. Stock Exchange operators had sold out; the investing public, at the existing range of prices, was more ready to buy than to sell. The salient underlying facts in the present situation are the same.

They are, in fact, even more reassuring, from that point of view, than they were in 1904; for whereas financial markets of that period had in substance "discounted" war through discounting other things, the markets of to-day, in Europe at any rate, have actually discounted war. It is true, they prepared for a Franco-German war about Morocco, whereas the real event is Turco-Italian war in Tripoli. But since the other conflict has not happened and is less possible now than ever, and since the European bourses had not witnessed the recovery which would have been expected from official news that France and Germany had come to terms, the Italian matter figures as a curious sort of substitute. It is at least a welcome substitute, in so far as the dangers involved by it to the larger interests of the nations are of the slightest when compared with the Morocco complication.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Arnot, A. The Dempsey Diamonds. Lane. $1.25 net.

Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

Bates, E. S. Touring in 1600: A Study in the Development of Travel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

Beard, D. C. Boat-Building and Boating. Scribner. $1 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1911.

The Week

People have been of two minds regarding the net result of President Taft's present stumping tour, but there is no longer reason for hesitation. Champ Clark declares that Mr. Taft is hurting himself by his much speaking, and that if he keeps on talking he will talk himself to death. Coming from the greatest authority on suicidal oratory, this must be taken as conclusive. If there is any form of indiscretion or of opening the mouth to put a foot in it or of general spilling over which Speaker Clark has not at one time or another illustrated, it would puzzle most of us to say what it is. He pronounces his opinion on the President's mistaken speech-making as one who is entitled to say *haud inexpertus loquor*. Mr. Taft may well dread that he may next be rebuked for loquacity by Mr. Bryan.

At the recent Internal Revenue Officers' convention in Detroit, President Taft challenged those who had charged him with "using patronage to accomplish something" to join with him in legislation which would enable him to put every local officer, "be he postmaster, internal revenue collector, customs collector, or anybody else filling an office of the United States in any of the States of the Union, under classified civil service." The challenge has provoked two sorts of replies. The more heartless recall the Norton letter of last summer, with its bald declaration that "the President felt it to be his duty to the party and to the country to withhold Federal patronage from certain Senators and Congressmen." The prompt dropping of this short-sighted policy, however, makes a consideration of the President's record as a whole the fairer basis of judging the Detroit avowal. On September 30, 1910, by executive order he transferred to the competitive service more than 3,500 postal employees, and the next day announced his intention of urging upon Congress the placing of postmasters of the first, second, and third classes under the merit system. In his December message he went further than this, advocating the classification of the heads of local offices of the customs and the internal revenue services as well as of the postal. Bills to carry out his recommendations were introduced in Congress. They are there still. As is pertinently pointed out in *Good Government*, a Democratic House which began its career by lopping off sinecures has not taken the most cursory notice of the bills, in which do-nothing policy it has been ably seconded by a Republican Senate.

Again the moral of Senator Stephenson's $107,000 is said to be that "direct" politics is too expensive for anybody but millionaires. Under the good old system of appealing to the politicians instead of to the people, the poorest might aspire to a seat in the Senate. But direct primaries require huge funds. This mournful view we get from the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, which, it is to be feared, nothing but a "vindication" of Senator Lorimer can restore to cheerfulness. One thing, however, may be suggested for its comfort, and that is that the publication of expenses permits everybody to know, instead of being compelled to guess, the amounts. That is more than most Chicagoans know or ever will know regarding the sums that Mr. Yerkes and his kind expended at Springfield and Chicago in days when the indirect system was at the height of its glory. But limitation of expenditures is a salient part of "direct" politics. The Federal law imposes a limit of $10,000 upon Congressional candidates, New Jersey prescribes a limit in expenses, and such a provision was a vital feature of the Hughes measures in this State.

Gov. Dix may be excused for a little exaggeration in his praise of the direct-primary bill which he forced through the New York Legislature. To have so much as got his hat back from this Legislature naturally exhilarates the Governor. The bill is far from being perfect, and can be hailed as a fulfilment of pledges only in the sense that a half-loaf is better than no bread. At the same time, the violence of Republican attacks upon it is a little overdone. The *Tribune's* Albany correspondent frankly declares: "As a matter of fact, the bill in its present form isn't quite so bad as its antagonists say." It can fairly be said of it that it makes an advance over the present system, and will be a beginning in the application of the reform idea, upon which improvements may hereafter be made. The greatest objection seems to lie against the form of the primary ballot, and against the power given to party committeemen to nominate their own "regular" successors. But if there is anywhere in the State a revolt against the party management, the means of making it effective are placed in the hands of the opposition. More than that was hardly to be expected from a Tammany-controlled Legislature, and even this would not have been obtained but for Gov. Dix's insistent demand.

Senator Lodge and his machine were in full control of the Massachusetts Republican Convention last week. Not a Progressive was allowed to peep, and all was outwardly harmony itself. The Senator was at his best in dealing with the sacred tariff. In schedules "which have outlived their usefulness" there is to be, not an abolition of the tariff—oh, dear, no!—but a downward revision. By its friends, of course. Lodge is strong on that. There is to be no "crude and haphazard revision"; as we all know, between a haphazard Payne-Aldrich revision and a haphazard Underwood revision there is all the difference in the world. Subtle psychological influences give an entirely sinister bend to a revision by men who bear the Democratic label. Next Mr. Lodge cleverly follows up Mr. Taft's lead in injecting national politics into the Bay State situation by pointing out that, with a single exception, Massachusetts is the only State in which State officers are elected this year. Hence, says Mr. Lodge, Massachusetts's verdict will "be read by the entire country as first judgment upon the doings of a Democratic and Insurgent Congress and upon the wisdom of the Executive checks placed upon it."

The renomination of Gov. Foss is coincident with the adoption by the Massachusetts Democrats of a radical platform. It favors the submission to popular vote of a woman's-suffrage amendment, endorses the initiative and refer-

endum and the direct election of Senators, urges immediate tariff revision, and expresses the hope that reciprocity with Canada may be obtained. The campaign thus opening will be especially interesting because the lure of this platform should draw to it Republican Progressives who can find nothing in the Lodge platform to encourage them. In other words, the election should show whether the popular Western doctrines of government have in any wise affected the conservative Massachusetts electorate. So far as the two candidates are concerned, the advantages of the campaign will be on the Democratic side. Attractive personally as Mr. Frothingham is, and widely popular, he is no orator to charm or to arouse enthusiasm. The chief question seems to be now whether Gov. Foss can make such a campaign as he did last year.

As in Massachusetts, so in Rhode Island this year's campaign finds the Republicans in a stand-pat position, with the Democrats as the party of progress. At least the latter advocate a Federal income-tax, ask for the direct election of United States Senators, "reasonable regulation" of the Trusts, and vigorously condemn President Taft for vetoing the tariff bills. This may not seem very radical in Iowa, but in Rhode Island, home of Aldrich and Wetmore, it is progressive enough. While the Republican Convention has not yet met, it is already assumed that its utterances will be far more conservative. Last year the Democrats came within 540 votes of electing Lewis A. Waterman as Governor. This year he is again to be the standard-bearer, with four other vigorous men to canvass the State with him, and, as in the contest between Frothingham and Foss in Massachusetts, the result will be of great value in indicating the extent of the Progressive movement in New England, if there is one. It is significant of the change which has come over the whole spirit of our politics that this question of progressiveness or conservatism is the real issue.

Mr. Henry T. Hunt, the Democratic, anti-Cox candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati, has issued a straightforward appeal to the voters of that city which leaves no one in doubt as to what his policies will be if he is elected. To an outsider it is precisely the statement an honorable man induced to run for high office would naturally put forth; but to Cincinnatians it must sound well-nigh revolutionary. Thus, Mr. Hunt pledges his word to end favoritism in the police and fire departments; to enforce the civil-service laws; and "to inaugurate free and open competition in all public work, and destroy immediately the present system of favored contractors and materials." More than that, Mr. Hunt is rash enough to promise to have the specifications for public work scientifically drawn, and then to follow them up with a system of inspection which will see to it that the city gets a dollar's worth of work for every dollar expended.

The triumph of Dr. Wiley calls attention to one important class in the community from whom no wailing appeals have arisen to high heaven to cease enforcing the laws and hurting "business." We refer to the ultimate consumer, who seems to have latterly dropped out of sight. When the Department of Agriculture rules against artificial or "process" methods of ripening fruit for the market it refuses to take account of the fact that a shortage in California citrus fruits has worked for high prices. People are not ignorant enough to suppose that adulterated and unfit foods can be driven from the market without some increase in the cost of food that is not adulterated or otherwise unfit. Here is a way, then, in which the enforcement of the pure food laws distinctly interferes with the "business" of every family in the land. Dr. Wiley's activity is apt to be felt in every moderate-sized domestic budget. Nevertheless, the country has rallied to the support of Dr. Wiley with a unanimity that must have been a revelation to his enemies. The American housewife's willingness to have her "business" interfered with if honesty and the law demand it, offers a refreshing contrast to certain howlings in the name of "big" business.

Chicago's investigation of crime and of the relation to it of the police begins to wear a very serious look. Following the discharge of a patrolman comes the conviction of a lieutenant upon the charge of allowing gambling at one of the leading ball-parks of the city, or at least of failing to show that any one else was responsible for it. This conviction followed the conclusion of his trial before the Civil Service Commission, which Mayor Harrison entrusted with the work. The importance of this action lies less in the rank of the officer involved than in its menace for the thirty policemen who testified that there was no gambling as charged. The Commission got at the matter directly by putting the lieutenant himself on the stand, despite the protests of his attorney. There he was forced to admit that he was convinced that there had been gambling at the park, and that none of his men did anything to stop it, although he had been officially informed of its existence, not only by private citizens, but from police headquarters. Mayor Harrison has apparently turned loose upon a long-existing but unmolested evil a determined body of intelligent men. If he holds to this line, the results will be as valuable for a truly Greater Chicago as a short time ago they would have been pronounced impossible.

It cannot be said that matters are progressing well at Coatesville. The first of the men under arrest charged with murder in connection with the burning of the negro Walker was released when brought into court, as the District Attorney announced that the State had no evidence upon which to convict the defendant. The next case was that of Joseph Schwartz, whom the State, represented not only by the District Attorney, but also by Deputy Attorney-General Cunningham, tried its best to convict. The jury promptly acquitted the man, although the Deputy Attorney-General declared that "no man was ever more guilty of a crime." The crowd in the courtroom "cheered wildly" when the verdict was rendered "for the defeat of justice and the victory of the mob; the jurors departed and were lionized by the cheering crowd." Mr. Cunningham is right in saying that this acquittal reveals the condition of affairs in Coatesville; that it was a "travesty on justice and proof that the mob is more respected than the law" in Chester County. By his own admissions, it was plain that Schwartz had gone into the Coatesville hospital masked and had helped to drag the victim to his death. What Northern State can hereafter criticise Southern leniency toward lynchers? And what does the sound citizenship of Pennsylvania say to it all?

The circumstances attending the destruction of a Wisconsin town by the breaking of a power dam emphasize several phases of a problem that is rapidly forcing itself upon public attention. In Wisconsin there was hardly any loss of life. That was due to the fact that for some hours the dam had been known to be in danger, and the inhabitants of the valley were forewarned. But while a few hours' warning may be sufficient to avert loss of life, it is not enough to prevent the destruction of property, in which respect the Wisconsin town suffered as completely as Austin did. What the situation therefore demands is not a sporadic display of vigilance on the part of threatened communities after heavy rainfalls, but a systematic inspection of dams and reservoirs at regular intervals throughout the year. It is a function which the State might well assume without adding greatly to its burdens. The cost of a single disaster like that at Austin would defray the outlay upon such service for a generation.

The statistics of divorce among women college graduates show that only one out of fifty-seven of the unions entered into by them ends in this way. That is satisfactory, but not surprising. The familiar statement that one out of every twelve marriages in this country terminates in divorce is highly misleading, and misleading in a way that has mischievous consequences. The fault is not with the statistics, which are doubtless quite correct; the fault is in that too-ready reliance on the significance of averages which is the bane of the "average" commentator. The people among whom one marriage in twelve is dissolved by divorce belong to certain types, either personally or in environment, which it may be difficult to define, but which are certainly not what we are in the habit of regarding as the normal type of American man or woman. It is even probable enough that in certain perfectly definable classes the proportion of divorces is one-half, or even more, while in the great mass of the population, which lies outside of these classes, the proportion is perhaps one-fiftieth, or even less. That women college graduates, as a class, belong to the happier general body of the community, and not to the exceptional section of it that breeds the great bulk of divorces, is what might have been expected, and what the figures published indicate.

Garibaldi's only living son has come to the rescue of Italy's good name in the matter of the seizure of Tripoli. It pains him to hear on every hand that other nations regard the action of his own Government as an act of piracy, and so, asking for a hearing by virtue of the honorable name he bears, Ricciotti Garibaldi undertakes to set the matter straight. And here is the language in which he does it: "We are charged with piracy abroad. How can this be explained? Quite simply. Italy offered to buy Tripoli from Turkey. The offer was rejected, and Italy proceeded to take what Turkey would not sell." This is put forward with the air of being what Machiavelli called "verità effettuale," but we must say that the fifteenth-century Italians could say such things with a better grace than the moderns. Ricciotti Garibaldi goes on to remark that "many other nations have gone free of the charge of piracy, although they have taken lands without offering to buy them." No doubt; and there is the example of the man who boasted that he "took" Panama, and afterwards wrote that neither Washington nor Lincoln ever did a more honorable thing. That sort of talk will perhaps come later for Italy, but just at present she is having an unhappy time. It is too bad for the land-grabbers and the civilizers by force that there are still some dregs of international conscience left.

Mr. Balfour is not an ideal leader for a party in straits, but neither is the party of which he is the chief an ideal party to lead. His present stand, so far as it can be gathered from the reports of his speech at Haddington on Saturday, seems to be all that the situation admits of. It might be thought that the "last ditchers" had had enough, in the way of demonstration of their futility, to cause them to be content for a while with a display of prudence and calculation in the conduct of the Unionist party's campaigns; but it is stated that they bitterly resent the failure of Mr. Balfour to breathe fearful threatenings of what the Opposition will do in case the people of the United Kingdom, by their elected representatives, shall vote to grant Home Rule to Ireland. The fire-eaters had their way in the rejection of the budget by the House of Lords, and the consequence was that the House of Lords has been shorn of all but a remnant of its ancient power; if they had had their way again last summer, even that remnant would have lost most of what value it still has, through the swamping of the membership by hundreds of new creations. Mr. Balfour is lacking in that masterful human quality which makes the great leader; but he has a deal of shrewdness and common sense, and his idea of rebuilding, as far as may be possible, the power of his party and of the House of Lords is infinitely more promising than the blind pertinacity of the last ditchers in a policy of unthinking defiance.

In a letter received by the London *Economist* from "a distinguished German publicist, who is in very close touch with the Government," the writer, after setting forth his view of the Morocco question, indicates what is, in his judgment, the only way really to put an end to the tension both between Germany and England and between Germany and France:

> Despite the great bitterness that has been caused here by the attitude of English statesmen, and, at the same time, of the English press, I still hold to my previous conviction that the safety of the future depends on an Anglo-German understanding. And this end can be reached if the two Governments will coöperate in carrying out the policy of the open door throughout the whole world. Only when we two have come to an agreement is it possible to think of an improvement in the relations between France and Germany.

How close is the connection between the spirit of protectionism and that of international hostility and violence, such a view of the underlying cause of Anglo-German and Franco-German friction should serve to remind us. It is therefore all the more gratifying to see multiplying signs of the way in which the high prices of the time are provoking discontent with the protectionist system in Germany and other countries. The Berlin *Tageblatt*, in an article elsewhere cited by the *Economist*, gives a comparative table of the price of wheat at New York, Liverpool, Berlin, and Paris, showing that the price of a ton at these four centres (in marks) is 154, 166, 206, 211, respectively; and the German paper comments bitterly on the deliberate placing of this burden on the people by the protective tariff.

PINCHOT'S ATTACK.

In last week's issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Gifford Pinchot has a long article severely attacking President Taft and calling upon the Republican party to prevent his renomination, partly on the ground that "the battle for Mr. Taft's election would be lost in advance." Mr. Pinchot assigns many general reasons: the people have "lost confidence" in the President; "Mr. Taft has himself supplied the proof that he cannot be trusted"; "there can be no reason" why the President's "recent turning in the direction of Progressive policies should deceive the rest of us"; "the renomination of President Taft would drive great numbers of Republican voters, who believe in principles rather than in names, either to refrain from voting at all, or to vote for a Progressive Democrat." That Mr. Pinchot himself would be found among the latter class, he leaves no doubt: "I am loyal to the Republican party . . . but I reserve the right to vote for the principles I hold wherever I find them."

Mr. Pinchot disclaims, quite unnecessarily, the suspicion that he is arraigning the President out of "malice," or "in revenge for any fancied injury." His motives are not in question. Nobody whose opinion counts has ever challenged Mr. Pinchot's sincerity, or his entire devotion to the causes with which his name has been identified. But he has frequently given occasion to doubt his good judgment, and to deny the force of his reasoning. He does that glaringly in his present article. A good part of it is taken up with a letter which he wrote to Col. Roosevelt on December 31, 1909, when the latter was in Africa. This was an amazing production at the time, and its publication now is still more amazing. For among the sixteen specifications which Mr. Pinchot then gave the ex-President in proof of his assertion that "Mr. Taft has gone far toward a complete abandonment of the Roosevelt policies," there are some that are simply puerile, others that betray an entire lack of the sense of humor, others that have been destroyed by the lapse of time, and still others that it is hard to conceive how any man in full possession of his reasoning faculties could put forth.

"Dear Theodore" was told that it was "too bad" to have such a letter reach him at Khartum. The traveller must indeed have thought it too bad to read of the crimes of his successor which were virtues in himself. He must have been tempted to chuckle when told by the serious Mr. Pinchot that President Taft had wickedly striven for "party solidarity," and had "yielded to political expediency." This to the man who had been the most regular of the regulars and had never hesitated to make a "practical" political bargain! The Colonel must have grinned broadly when he read of another of Taft's misdemeanors, "the appointment of Hitchcock" and the "spoils system" in filling offices. It was this same Hitchcock who was Roosevelt's right-hand man in rounding up the Southern postmasters and collectors in order to force Taft's nomination. And we should fancy that Mr. Roosevelt's laughter could almost have been heard in Cairo when he read that Mr. Taft's villany was shown by his having "affiliated himself in Congress with Cannon, Aldrich, and Hale." What else had he himself been doing for six years? At one point, however, the Colonel must have ceased smiling. That was where the letter spoke of "the attacks upon yourself in Congress during the last session of your term," which Taft might have checked by "a word" but did not. This was getting on the raw.

Perhaps the most telling example of Mr. Pinchot's loose reasoning occurs in the ninth specification of President Taft's high crimes and misdemeanors: "He signed and now defends a tariff bill . . . following the passage of which the cost of living rose beyond all precedent." It certainly is "too bad" for "Dear Theodore" or anybody else to have such a jumble put before him. Mr. Pinchot would know how to deal with a person who attacked the conservation policy in this fashion. He would insist upon first having the facts established and then upon drawing the correct inferences from them. But in this particular assault upon Mr. Taft he stopped for nothing of that kind. The world-wide rise in prices, which had been going on for years, he was ready to attribute to an American tariff law which had then been in effect less than five months! By that sort of thing, any man puts himself out of court.

There will be, of course, a great many inquiries why this carefully prepared attack on the President by Mr. Pinchot should have been made just at this time. Is it merely a part of the general hostility of the Progressives to Mr. Taft? Was it published with a view to the effect upon their coming conference to plan their campaign against the President's renomination? Some will believe that there is more in it than that. They will ask if Mr. Roosevelt was privy to the publication of the article, and if there is not special significance in Mr. Pinchot's reprinting to-day his language of 1909: "The hold of your policies on the plain people is stronger than ever. Many of your former enemies are now your friends." In other words, the Progressive and Insurgent Republicans, if they are to make head, must be not simply *against* a given candidate, but *for* one. Who is the latter to be? Not La Follette; most of them admit that he is impossible for next year. But who then? There really can be no doubt what Mr. Pinchot's choice would be. But, then, there is that formal appeal of the Colonel to all his loyal friends not to "embarrass" him by bringing forward his name in 1912, since a movement to nominate him in that year would be a "genuine calamity." So Mr. Pinchot has to remain vague and keep us guessing. But it is a good guess that before the Progressives get much further some of them will be sending urgent appeals to the great original Progressive to lead them.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN JURIST.

Each day adds to the number of men who are ready to advise the country just what is involved in the Supreme Court decisions against the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company, and to pronounce confidently upon the next step that must be taken. Mr. Bryan was, of course, early in the field —so early, in fact, that he had apparently not read the decisions. At all events, he did not correctly state their import, and has since been pretty quiet about the matter. Somewhat more authoritative utterances than his have since come from President Taft and from lawyers like Mr. Hornblower. The latter's address before the American Bar Association was instructive in showing that the latest decisions of the Supreme Court were really in line with earlier ones. But the flood of comment and criticism has been by no means confined to those who might claim special competence to speak on these intricate legal

matters. Every American enjoys the inalienable right to express his opinion freely upon what he does not understand. Laymen rush in where lawyers fear to tread. Mr. George Perkins has placed his vast knowledge and unselfishness at the disposal of the public, in his repeated elucidations of the Anti-Trust law and the court decisions under it. No man need feel himself so ignorant as to shrink from giving his view of what the judges meant, or should have meant.

All this is really a good old American custom. It is a part of our "manners of liberty." Nor should we dwell merely upon the humorous aspect of these reviews of the Supreme Court by farmers in *banc* around the stove in a country store. If we have really gone in for government by discussion, we can put no limit upon popular threshing out of all sorts of public questions. In guaranteeing to citizens "freedom of speech," the Constitution does not say that only those shall speak freely who are worth hearing. And even from uninstructed discussion some good is to be got. From it we may at least learn the immense difficulty of making government by consent work well when it sometimes seems as if there were as many opinions as men.

It must not be forgotten, however, that while democracy is committed to this kind of rough-and-tumble debate on all questions that deeply interest the people, every man turning his mind inside out that we may see its contents or emptiness, it is important not to attach factitious importance to what any individual says. We are all in danger of being misled by names; and it is easy to carry over authority in one sphere to a realm where it may be no authority at all. For example, there has just come to our notice an article on the Sherman Law and the Supreme Court by the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Published in a Boston financial journal, it is evidently put forth as of great weight on account of its author's scientific eminence. We hasten to add that the article is no haphazard affair. It contains much good sense soberly expressed. In its strictly legal parts President Maclaurin seems to be as one walking on unfamiliar ground, but that is only natural. Taken for what it is worth, his discussion of the situation as it is left since the Supreme Court spoke is entitled to a respectful hearing, even if it is not particularly illuminating. But the tendency always is to exaggerate the importance of what a man distinguished in one province of thought or activity may have to say about quite another.

One recalls the great acclaim which John Tyndall received from the English Unionists when he came out against Home Rule for Ireland. There you had the voice of "science," and were the Liberals so besotted that they would not listen to it? This was eminently the scientific age, and what hope was there of making our political verdicts sound, if we despised scientific authority? It was, of course, easy to riddle this argument. No Socratic dialogue was needed to show that a man who knew all about heat and so-called spontaneous generation was not necessarily the one to speak the final word about a great healing policy of government. To assert the contrary was good neither for politics nor for science. Now, we have not the slightest idea that President Maclaurin would claim anything like scientific precision or authority for his views about combinations in the business world, and what the law has to say of them, but others may not be so discriminating. For them it will be enough that the head of the great technical institution of Boston declares that the decisions of the Supreme Court have left us "little wiser than before as to what constitutes illegal restraint of trade," and they will say that to differ with that view is to be disrespectful to "science." "Oh, star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there?"

It is one thing to admit that we have to endure the strife of tongues in the ongoing of democratic government, but quite another to say that unfounded assumption of authority, or folly, or clamor, is certain to get the best of it in the long run. With the speaking faculty, Americans have also the listening. Even the amusingly bumptious man may be quick to detect and resent bumptiousness in another. "The idea of Hezekiah Hopkins setting up as an authority on currency and banking!" "Well, I see that Squire Peterkins has told them Washington judges a thing or two!" It is that kind of breezy comment upon the commentators which helps to save our democracy from being led by the nose by charlatans, or from being carried away by every wind of doctrine. Every man may feel competent to be his own jurist, and yet scorn the suggestion that Tom, Dick, and Harry have any right to attempt to settle the Supreme Court's business. So we do, in the end, get opinions weighed as well as counted, and find order coming out of the hurly-burly.

WORKINGMEN AND DISEASE.

No less than three of the leading magazines this month devote long and thoughtful articles to the subject of "industrial," or "occupational," disease. The question of workingmen's compensation has been actively discussed of late. Legislation, following in the wake of public opinion, has accepted the principle that what we describe as accidents are to a very great extent only a regular incident of industry as it is carried on to-day. Two lines of action necessarily follow. Accident in industry must be reduced to a minimum by the adoption of all possible safeguards; and where accident cannot be eliminated, it must be recognized as a constant factor to be taken into account and provided against by some form of compensation or insurance. The latest advance has been made in recognizing that the American workingman is subjected, as a necessary incident of his daily occupation, to various forms of disease which may maim or slay less rapidly than "accident," but which in the long run are as surely fatal.

Occupational disease harvests its victims in two ways. Special industries give rise to their own peculiar ailments, or render the workingmen susceptible to certain common types of disease. In this country there are few statistics dealing with disease or mortality as an accompaniment of industry. German statistics have been utilized by one of our leading insurance actuaries in forming an estimate of the prevalence of occupational disease in this country, and its significance when translated into money values. Assuming an industrial population of 33,500,000, German experience would indicate 13,400,000 cases of sickness during last year, with an aggregate ailment period of 285,000,000 days, and a waste in wages, medical cost, and employers' losses of nearly $800,000,000. More striking even than this vast money waste is the preventable loss of life, which our expert estimates at one-fourth of the total number of 330,000 among American wage-earn-

ers. Here, indeed, is a problem of "conservation" that calls for our closest attention.

It is not necessary to go into a lengthy enumeration of the special forms of occupational disease. "Phossy jaw," caisson disease, lead poisoning, eye-disease among coal-miners, deafness among steel and iron workers, are some of the common forms. As for the general forms of disease to which workingmen are susceptible, experience is supplemented by such fragmentary figures as we have on the subject. Earl Mayo, in the *Outlook*, cites a report issued by the Bureau of Labor at Washington dealing with the prevalence of pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia among workers in dusty trades, compared with the same diseases in non-dusty occupations:

CASES PER 100 WORKERS.

Class of employment.	Tuberculosis.	Pneumonia.
Workers in metallic dust	28	17.4
Workers in mineral dust	25.2	5.9
Workers in mixed dust	22.6	6.
Workers in animal dust	20.8	7.7
Workers in vegetable dust	13.3	9.4
Workers in non-dusty trades..	11.1	4.6

A similar state of affairs is revealed by the mortality report of the United States Census, although the subdivision of occupations is not carried far enough for accurate deductions. But foreign experience confirms the facts underlying the problem. We have referred to German figures. In England, the Workmen's Compensation Law, adopted in 1906, placed six industrial diseases in a class with accidents for which compensation was allowed. At the same time the public authorities were empowered to add to the list as necessity demanded. Within five years the number of recognized diseases has risen from six to twenty-seven.

But while there is no need of formal statistics to prove the existence of a problem, we must have figures as a preliminary step toward effective remedial legislation. And more than that: figures that bring out the seriousness of the evil and place it in contrast with the comparative ease of remedying it, cannot but act as a spur to the public conscience. A harmless process of manufacturing matches has been discovered, but since it increases the manufacturing cost of matches by about *five per cent.*, the new method has failed of general adoption "through the fact that those makers who used it were placed at a disadvantage in competing with others not employing it, so long as its use was not compulsory." In other words, the wasting of one match in twenty necessitates the continuation of phosphorus-poisoning with its attendant horrors. Figures can be made to bring out the difference, as measured in life, between a conscientious attempt to safeguard the workingman and the neglect of him. Of two Illinois factories engaged in the production of white lead, one in which no effort was made to safeguard life, although employing only eighty hands, was compelled to renew virtually its entire working force every ten weeks; the other establishment, conducted on a more civilized basis and employing twice as many hands, took on less than a hundred new hands during the year. Such figures cannot fail in their effect on public opinion.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PRESIDENT.

With the opening of the academic year the question of the university presidency and the university professorship, what they are and what they ought to be, again comes to the fore. In accordance with a growing custom among us, the installation of a new president for the University of Vermont has been made the occasion for gathering educational magnates from far and wide, and has been invested with as much impressiveness as possible. The new head of the institution comes out of the West, and there is in the utterances with which he inaugurates his career in the staid little old State of Vermont a certain *naïveté* and also a certain exuberance to which the people of that longitude are not altogether accustomed. "Let dumbness strike him who would use his voice against the songs and shouts of joyous college men when they triumph in oratory or debate. Restrained be the arm of the tyrant who would reach out a hand to throttle class spirit. Blinded be the eyes of him who will see nothing but evil in devotion to fraternity." This little extract from President Benton's address, at his formal inauguration last Friday, gives an impression, conveyed also in passages from his other addresses, of a man belonging to a somewhat simpler type than that which we generally associate with the idea of a university or college president.

We find in the newspaper report of the present address only one passage that bears pointedly on the question of the professor's place in the universe—that question which has, in recent years, been so constantly on the minds of American university presidents. "Personally," says President Benton, "I should rather have an institution with five big men in it as leaders in instruction than to have an institution with fifty little men on its staff." The sentiment that seems to be conveyed in this utterance we most heartily approve; it looks away from the mechanical notions of university "organization" that have lately been so much in evidence, and that have become crystallized even in the habitual forms of speech of many university presidents. We constantly hear of measures taken to insure the efficiency of the "teaching force," in language precisely modelled upon that which the foreman of a machine shop might use in regard to the workingmen under his orders. It would be a pleasure to note, even in the case of a minor institution like the University of Vermont, an utterance from its administrative head that indicated intelligent protest against such an attitude.

But, in spite of Dr. Benton's appreciation of "big men" for professorships, we are constrained to deny ourselves this pleasure. Indeed, the particular motive for giving to his address such extended notice lies in the instructive nature of the incongruity between this desire to have big men in the professorships and the methods of university "organization" and "management" which are laid down in the new president's programme, as given in his address to the faculty at the opening of the academic year a fortnight ago. From this we see that the new president has instituted a "Committee on Efficiency," which is to ascertain "just how much work each member of the educational staff is doing in the matter of instruction, what he is producing in connection with the literature of his chosen line of specialization, and—in short—to determine his value to the institution as compared with that of his colleagues." We have had occasion heretofore to notice a similar application of modern business methods to university organization; and the general idea which it embodies appears to have gained foothold among up-to-date college presidents. It is therefore worth while to say some plain words about it when occasion offers.

It cannot, then, be too directly stated that this cult of "efficiency" in universities involves a gross and fundamental error. It transfers, with crude and blundering literalness, principles that may be of the highest moment in the world of industrial production to a domain in which, if they have place at all, they are of altogether secondary importance. Nor is the proposed method defective simply because the value of the teacher's and the scholar's work is incapable of the kind of quantitative measurement which suffices for the output of a factory; this alone is a most serious, if not fatal, objection, but it is the least of the reasons against the application of the ways of factory supervision to the conduct of institutions of learning. Not only is your measurement liable to grievous error, but in the very act of subjecting to systematic inspection and appraisal the intellectual activities of the professors of a university, you are pronouncing in advance the doom of your aspirations for real excellence, for genuine superiority. Most men who have it in them to become "big men" will be fatally repelled from a calling in which their tenure depends on periodical committee verdicts as to their efficiency. Such of them as do enter upon it will have their sense of independence and individuality sadly impaired by the consciousness of such a status. The devotees of "efficiency" overlook the fact that, whereas the factory superintendent has only to think of the output, the wealth of the university lies in the men themselves. It was not through any system of inspection, but through the firm establishment of the principles of personal independence and permanence of tenure, that the universities of Europe achieved their greatness; and the advance of this country toward their standards has been accomplished along the same lines. To substitute "scientific management" in place of this broad and inspiriting policy is to practise the greedy and short-sighted thrift of him who kills the goose that lays the golden egg.

OVER-SCIENTIFIC FOOTBALL.

It is no new idea that intercollegiate sport, and especially football, has grown to be too terribly in earnest. We are not speaking just now of the well-grounded objection to its excessive notoriety or of its extravagant demands upon a student's time. We mean a protest formed in the minds of those who give such criticisms little thought and who would be disappointed if the "big games" were abandoned—that is, the general graduate body. For them it used to be an impressive spectacle to see the strength of one college set against that of another. Here were young warriors invested for the nonce with all the symbolic power which traditions of long standing—created not only on the gridiron, but here, there, and everywhere in the wide domains of these institutions—could possibly bestow. They became, let us say, Yale and Princeton endurance, resourcefulness, ambition matched. The men were not merely themselves, they were enlarged heroes such as Homer knew, they were, in a word, the idealized presence of "Eli" Yale and John Harvard exchanging noble buffets. Of late, graduates have found that picture somewhat blurred.

The reason for it is clearly to be sought in the greater science which is entering more and more into the conduct of all branches of the game. As one writer has put it, who has his eye on the new rule permitting players to return to the game after being removed:

> A goal might be kicked; so a strong line-plunger is removed that a man who can do little else but kick may make the score. A strong defence is needed near the goal; take out the fast back and put in the burly one. Revert to the original player when the offence begins!

The rule, as we understand it, was introduced for humane reasons, to give a player injured or temporarily exhausted a breathing spell. In that respect it serves a good purpose. But, practically, it tends to make the game more "scientific" and the players puppets, by placing the chief control at all stages in the hands of the coach. In mid-field the generalship is left by courtesy to the quarterback; when the ball reaches the danger zone the coach virtually gives the signals himself. Not only does he reinforce the defence, but sends a man in to whisper to the quarterback his orders. With the present rule this can happen whenever a tight pinch arises. As may be imagined, the resourcefulness and quick thinking which should be present in players to justify sport have been, to no small degree, transferred to a supposedly omniscient brain on the side lines.

Coaching has undoubtedly come to stay, for by it games are won, just as in professional baseball the manager is all-important. Players cannot of themselves, it seems, learn "inside" tactics, or even apply them after they are taught, without unremitting aid of the coach. The problem thus created is serious, and not to be solved offhand. So long as intercollegiate games are played the desire to win is inevitable. And the coach who should say to his men before a clash, "Never mind if you don't win; it's no disgrace to be beaten," would be held to be as clearly futile as a general who should so address his army. A certain fanaticism in sport, provided it does not countenance unfair tactics, has always been relished and may be praiseworthy. In a smaller way than in football the man who would just as lief lose, or at least would not exert every ounce of himself to win, in tennis or golf, makes it "no fun" for his adversary. To go through a set of exercises listlessly is perhaps excusable; to show the same spirit toward a game, some would call contemptible. For this reason undergraduates should not themselves be blamed for trying to procure for their football teams the best possible equipment.

The problem is one for older heads to tackle. In trying to keep up with the efficiency of professional sport is not football becoming professional, and, for all its vaunted man-producing qualities, is it not sure to impress upon players, under the present system, a professional caste? The man who can merely punt and is not strong enough to tackle and is no runner, may prevent defeat for his team by entering the game for a moment only; he cannot be called a real football player. And the quarterback who is all the time looking to the coach for his signals receives no proper training in generalship. If the characteristics are to be instilled which supporters of the game insist that it does create, players should be left, when a contest once begins, to carve out their own fortunes, and substitutions should be made only when signs of weariness are evident. There is interest in intercollegiate tennis and golf, and yet there the participants follow methods and plans of their own.

The point and protest we record are confirmed by a growing feeling among thinking graduates that an infinitely versatile "machine" is not the highest

thing to be desired, even though it be the most effective. And on this very point the doubt is arising whether "machine" football is not a mistake in the sense of losing games sometimes that might have been won by individual initiative. Team-work, all admit, is necessary in football, but this is far removed from the present system of shaping a player for one sort of attack or defence only, or a policy approaching that at least. Football, to be at its best, should turn out men of well-rounded ability, which will never be the case so long as the rules permit of minute specialization and invest the coach with so much directing power. The change, we realize, is not for one college to make, but for all.

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

Is the popular desire for enlightenment on the technique of verse growing? Three manuals, coming together, suggest at least that the teachers of English, in the several countries of their authors, think that the means at hand for widening the circle of such enlightenment can be improved.*

I.

The first is just what Professor Matthews calls it, "a textbook of metrical rhetoric," aiming "to explain to the inquirer the technique of verse-making and to show him how the poets have been able to achieve their effects." The author has partly in mind college classes who are studying that element of poetic form, preferably with practice in writing in as many forms of verse as possible. He emphasizes the value of such practice, of course not with a view to making poets, but as an aid to flexibility in prose-writing and to livelier appreciation of the verse of the masters. But Mr. Matthews writes quite as much for the general reader whose interest in poetry leads him to study the mechanism of versification; and he does not in the least fall between two stools. Historical development is never forgotten, but it does not provide the framework. The order of topics, a chapter to each, is rhythm, metre, rhyme, tone-color; then the stanza, the sonnet, other fixed forms, rhymeless stanzas, the couplet, blank verse, poetic license. An appendix offers good suggestions for study and a brief bibliography. The latter might well have been longer; it is odd that the fullest bibliography of all, T. S. Omond's "English Metrists in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" (Oxford University Press, 1907), is not mentioned. There is an adequate index. On the heroic couplet and on blank verse the treatment is more historical than elsewhere; the examples and excellent comments thereon should enable any one to hear and appreciate the subtle modulations whereby those simple instruments have been made to yield so various music. The book is eminently readable, direct, well adapted to cultivate the ear and taste of any one who has not already gone far in the study. Occasionally Mr. Matthews is careless; how came he to weaken Tennyson's line,

And murmuring of innumerable bees,

by dropping the last syllable of the second word? For amateurs and students he is undoubtedly right in urging that rhyme should be perfect. But is not something to be said for the artistic judgment of the great poets, when they have thought good to employ those less perfect rhymes in which Mr. Matthews can see only defect?

Professor Saintsbury's title indicates his different aim. Historical development is his main thread; prosody is his theme, rather than the larger subject of versification, though, in fact, he includes most of Mr. Matthews's topics. His 347 pages are larger than the 275 of Mr. Matthews, from whom he differs also in giving some space to Old English and Middle English pre-Chaucerian verse. He, too, writes in part for students corresponding to our college students and in part for the general reader. The work is not simply an abstract of his "History of English Prosody" in three volumes (the third of which was noticed in the *Nation* of July 28, 1910), but rather, in the author's phrase, "a parallel with a different purpose." Like Mr. Matthews, he reduces prosodic theory to the minimum, and would teach mostly through annotated examples. To his examples, only one American is allowed to contribute; some lines are taken from "Evangeline," and the "reasoned list of poets" in book iv includes Poe and Whitman, of course, but no others from this side of the Atlantic. In an "historical" manual, perhaps, that does no injustice. Mr. Matthews, as we should expect, draws largely from our native poets, as well as those of the mother country. This of itself would lead an American instructor to prefer the American book, unless, indeed, historical development is to be the sole interest. But there are other reasons for such a preference. Mr. Saintsbury's arrangement involves some needless confusion and repetition. And it must be added that other faults characteristic of Mr. Saintsbury are not quite outgrown in this latest volume. Yet it is so good on the whole that any teacher who is using the book of Mr. Matthews ought to have this at hand for comparison; the general reader, especially if an American, may be content with that of Mr. Matthews, which may be placed beside the admirable little book of Professor Lewis on "The Principles of English Verse." It is fuller than the latter, less personal in tone, but similar in spirit, and equally good reading.

The third volume in our list is a textbook, written originally for German students of English philology. The preface promises a "strictly scientific account" of the development of English prosody from the earliest times. About a third of the book (pp. 1-126) is devoted to Old English (Anglo-Saxon); to all Modern English is allowed about the same space, beginning with page 266, though some pages of the intervening section on Middle English are given to a description of stanza-forms current later. These proportions indicate the author's interest and his point of view. Æsthetic criticism is nearly excluded, probably as not "strictly scientific"; the treatment of verse from Chaucer down is evidently inadequate, occasionally quite wrong. Of American students, probably all who would care for Professor Kaluza's careful statement and brief discussion of discrepant views on the structure of Old English verse could use without difficulty the original German, or would go to the fuller discussion of the scholars whom he summarizes. One hardly sees, therefore, why the book needed to be translated, or just what public it would serve.

II.

All three authors agree on the general nature of the foot as a time-measure, with one syllable made prominent by accent; they agree also in stopping short at the critical point, declining to follow out logically the principle they accept, and to describe the foot in terms of time, which is all that quantity means in prosody. Mr. Saintsbury occasionally solves a problem quite correctly by this means; but more often he shies at it. To this criticism all three would reply that they avoided that subject on principle and for good reasons; it is contentious matter, on which they could not touch without giving it too much space and changing the character of their books. The answer to that is, that by lack of clarity on this point each author leaves obscure several topics on which a thoughtful reader seeks light, and by so much the books fall short of their purpose. Controversy was not necessary. Definite acceptance of the logical results of their own doctrine would have added much to the usefulness of each book, and not five pages to its length. It is easy to see what restrains Mr. Matthews and Mr. Saintsbury. Those who describe the rhythm of English

**A Study of Versification.* By Brander Matthews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Historical Manual of English Prosody. By George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

A Short History of English Versification. By Max Kaluza, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Königsberg. Translated by A. C. Dunstan, English Lektor in the University of Königsberg. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

verse in musical terms and musical notes make mistakes sometimes—like other people; and some try to express in musical notes the subtlest variations of rhythm, confident of their ability to record them with precision, however complicated. That does not win friends for the method. But occasional error, and occasional extravagance of an extremist, cannot change fundamental facts. Let us look at these a moment.

Poetry appeals primarily to the ear. It is rhythmical in so far as the lines, when heard, consist of a definite number of units, commonly little groups of two or three syllables, that appear to occupy substantially equal intervals of time, each unit being marked by an audible prominence of one syllable over others. That unit-group, so marked, is called a foot. Thus far our three authors, and most recent metrists, are agreed—which is a great advance over Guest, for example. When, now, we would analyze the rhythm of a line, how shall we mark off these feet? The prominent syllable is unmistakable, but does it come at the beginning or at the end of its group, or within it? If all the feet of a poem were of the same pattern, it would make no difference where we assumed the beginning and end of the foot, provided all feet were treated alike. But the charm of English verse is largely in the fact that it exhibits an extraordinary variety of movement within each rhythmical type. Greek recitative verse had nothing like it, nor did Sappho or Anacreon; the choral lyric, as of Pindar and the drama, was alone richer in this regard. Our heavy stress-accent and the phonetic structure of English syllables, with the temporal elasticity of a large part of them, make possible in our spoken verse what in Greek was impossible, except in song. Not only that, but those same qualities of our speech make it natural for us, without losing for an instant the sense of a fixed pattern underneath, to depart pretty freely from that pattern in the rendering of some lines. This latter kind of departure from the definite pattern is so largely a matter of individual taste that practical schemes and formal scanning cannot record or regard it; they need note only the mathematical pattern beneath. Mr. Lewis puts this well in his first chapter. But the variations that can be readily noted, and should be, are such as to make trouble under any method of division between feet, save one. Take, for example, the lines cited by Mr. Saintsbury (p 67) from "Romeo and Juliet":

For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again.

Is it not evident that the second line differs in rhythm somehow from the most regular form of the line, as illustrated in the first? The variation is common, beautiful, in a sense regular; but no one can dispute the variation. It is part of the fixed pattern, too, not of the individual reader's free expression. What is it? The foot-division and description on the system of Mr. Matthews or Mr. Saintsbury, quite correct as far as they go, give no answer. Accents—or at least the verse-beats—are as regular in one as in the other. The clearest difference is in the words "never" and "palace"; that in "of dim" is nearly the same, but is not so obvious, and we will leave that. There is a large class of words, of which *never, palace, sorrow, borrow, sunny, little, middle, folly, spirit*, are examples, in which the accented syllable is short Tennyson remarked on the inability of Englishmen to see this. To lengthen those accented short syllables in scanning the line in question would be—to use a favorite word of Mr. Saintsbury—hideous. But rhythm depends wholly on time-intervals; the feet of a given line occupy substantially equal time-intervals. What becomes, then, of the equality of the feet, if we divide

And nev | er from | this pal | ace of | dim night?

Yet no one feels that the line is essentially irregular. The rhythm is varied; it is not destroyed. What the ear reports is that the time *from one beat to the next* is equal throughout. And that equality is what constitutes the feet. If we divide

And | never | from this | palace | of dim | night,

the audible equality, the real nature of the foot, is brought out; we have simply been led, as musicians were finally led somewhere in the later Middle Ages, to adopt a principle of division more convenient than that of the ancients, who were as hard put to it in describing their lyric rhythms on that basis as the moderns are. But Mr. Saintsbury, speaking (p. 99) of a line from "Christabel," declares that this method of marking the scansion "would exceedingly spoil its beauty." He means that it would change an iambic line to a trochaic; and on page 80 a mark of exclamation points his scorn of those who can scan as identical in rhythm the two couplets,

King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead,

and

Let the bird of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree.

Mr. Matthews also is strenuous on the same subject. Just here lurks the fallacy that is so hard to reach. How can a method of notation, on paper only, alter a rhythm of speech? Does any one *hear* that vertical mark, or the corresponding division in music? Must we scorn the musician, too, as dull on the subject of rhythm? The distinction between rising and falling rhythms is as real in music as in verse; no one fancies that the universal method of marking the bars obscures the distinction. The same considerations that drove musicians to adopt the simpler method make for the like method in metric; why adhere longer to the clumsier procedure, when that is also misleading? No vagaries of elaborate musical notation of verse are involved here, and no difference of theory; only convenience, and accuracy in some not unimportant details. One other illustration. Mr. Saintsbury cites (p. 179) and marks:

The ani | mal spirits | that from | pure bloo | arise.

This is correctly marked; in this case the "resolution" of the unaccented part of the foot permits his method to preserve the equality of feet, and his ear was true. But the same method would in the other line,

And ne | ver from | this pa | ace of | dim night,

require the division between feet to fall in the middle of the syllables "-ver" and "-ace," which are unaccented and long—a frequent case.

Take again the variation in the opening line of "Enoch Arden,"

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm.

To Mr. Saintsbury we have here simply a trochee, "breaking," substituted for the third iamb. That is really nothing more than the explanation of the "accentualists," whose inadequacy he mocks. Does Mr. Saintsbury think the rhythm is sufficiently indicated by the scheme,

Long lines | of cliff | breaking | have left | a chasm,

which conforms to his method? To the ear, surely, the prolongation of "cliff," with a minute pause which the ear does not measure precisely, makes up the full time between this beat and the next; if "of cliff" is the foot, it is longer than any other in the line. But the time between the beginning of the beat on "breaking" and the adjacent beats is neither longer nor shorter than usual. The true division, rhythmically, leaving the minute pause unmeasured (*pace* Mr. Matthews), is

⏑ | –⏑ | ⌞ | —⏑⏑ | –⏑ | –

where ⌞ is the ancient sign for one syllable equal to three shorts, and —⏑ ⏑ is a modern sign for what seems like a dactyl, but has no more time than a trochee. This again is no question of theory, but of fact, to be determined by the ear. The notation is nothing but a device for representing on paper the facts, so determined. Several systems of notation may serve, but we must have one that doesn't tell falsehoods. Let whoever is interested try over this

line, and others like it (there are plenty of them), and settle in his own mind what the fact is. "Regularity of time-intervals is a *sine qua non* of rhythm"; the instinct for rhythmizing our free muscular activities leads us to put the beats in verse of a given type at as nearly equal intervals of time as the circumstances, sometimes including several considerations, allow.

III.

The treatment of rests in rhythm by Mr. Matthews calls for a word. In Browning's lines,

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king,
. . . . . .
And pressing a troop unable to stoop,

he assumes a rest of two syllables' length in the first line after "Byng," and another of one syllable after "troop." That is his method of noting the variation in rhythm, in that "Byng" and "stood," each receiving full stress, have no light syllables between, as the general swing may lead one to expect, and "troop" is followed by one light syllable instead of two. But do our ears really report any period of silence in these lines? To adopt another phrase of Mr. Lewis's, when one says, "You are a bad man," does one make a pause after bad? Surely not. The syllable is prolonged, in obedience to our innate rhythmizing instinct, until it is time for the next beat. So in Browning's lines, "Byng" receives three rhythmic units of time and "troop" two. In Mr. Matthews's notation the macron (—) means only that the rhythmic ictus is there, the breve (⏑ means the absence of the ictus; he treats the prominence given by accent or ictus as equivalent in effect to a long, and always marks it long. This is legitimate, of course, after he has told us what he is doing; but it leaves him no means of indicating a real long or a real short, as Mr. Saintsbury occasionally does, still less a means of indicating a three-timed long, such as we often have.

Even more conspicuous is the defect of notation and the error of reading—rather the error in reporting his reading; for no doubt we should read in exactly the same way—in the nursery jingles (p. 21f),

Pease porridge hot, etc.,

and

Down came a blackbird and snipt off her nose.

His method requires him to note a pause after "pease" (and in the corresponding place in the other lines) and between the syllables of the compound "blackbird." Clearly there is nothing of the kind; the words and syllables are as closely joined as they ever are. But there is another error in his report. We have here two clear cases of another type of rhythm that the non-musical metrists refuse to admit. It is not common in English, but there is quite enough to throw much light on the whole subject. The familiar hand-play that accompanies the first jingle is unmistakably in even time, speaking musically. In the other case, no one who hears children reciting the line with childish gusto can doubt that it, too, is in the same time. The second line quoted is a dactylic tetrameter catalectic, in the precise Greek sense. There is no rest in it.

And this brings us, finally, to the dactylic hexameter. If Mr. Matthews and Mr. Saintsbury had learned as schoolboys to read Homer or Virgil in true dactylic time, arsis and thesis equal, the difference between that rhythm and the rhythm of Longfellow's hexameter could be perfectly clear to them. Musically speaking—because the musical terms are exact and not ambiguous—true dactyls are in 2-4 time and the verse of "Evangeline" is in 3-8 time. Whatever theory Longfellow had in mind, a poet in composing pays no attention to theory when it conflicts with his ear. Considering the small number, even of professional scholars, who even now read Homer or Virgil in 2-4 time, one may safely wager that Longfellow never did. But he wrote verses that seemed to him good. The popularity of the poem is evidence that they are good. They haven't the swing of Homer's, but they have a swing of their own that is perfectly legitimate. It is quite true that imitations of classical metres are generally poor stuff, and the true dactylic hexameter is not possible in English for many lines together. Dactylic is a complete misnomer for the English hexameter; but a classical scholar ought to be able to share the popular liking for "Evangeline" notwithstanding. If we omit the adjective and call the verse simply hexameter, he will have no cause for offence.

THOMAS D. GOODELL.

Correspondence

PEDAGOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 7, Mr. Warner Fite gives voluble expression to his feelings about pedagogy. Certainly he has been unfortunate in the experiences which have come to him, and one ought to allow him to record his emotions and views without restraint of any kind. I should not venture to do more than listen if it were not the end of a long vacation when one wishes to warm up for the task of teaching these very subjects to freshmen and other new students in the department.

First, Mr. Fite is right, departments of education are as numerous as universities, and almost as numerous as colleges. These departments are recognized in State laws, and by faculties which are made up of well-trained people like Mr. Fite himself. The reason is that superintendents of schools and others who employ teachers have found by long and bitter experience that graduates of colleges and others are better teachers after they have thought about teaching. Most students have not thought about teaching and its difficulties. The ordinary college teacher does the work of teaching with such conscious fluency that the student never gets a hint that there is any machinery of teaching. As a result, when he begins work in some remote high school, where the college teacher's illuminating example is lost in the distance, he finds out several things that he never thought of before. A great many members of university faculties have pointed out for a number of years the uselessness of supplementing their examples by thoughts on how they do it, and yet the market for pedagogical thoughts goes on improving. Indeed, it is rumored that even the more progressive illuminating examples are devoting thought to the problem how to do it. At all events, departments of education multiply at such a rate that, as Mr. Fite has pointed out, untrained men have to be drafted to fill the demands.

Is there any such thing as intelligent, scientific school management? Mr. Fite pays somewhere, let us hope, a school tax. He wants this money well spent, of course. The probabilities are that his money, until recent years, has been badly spent because no one of the natural administrators whom Mr. Fite praises had taken the pains to tabulate the relations between such matters as attendance and the need of various types of support, such, for example, as State and local support of schools. In New York city to-day there is a special committee of the city's financial board at work inquiring by scientific methods into the efficiency of New York's school system. In Baltimore they employed some of the best students of school management to look over their system. Of course, Mr. Fite may tell these municipalities that it is all nonsense, that they had better send young men to take courses in political economy or ethics, or what not, but the fact is that there are special problems of school organization which never appear in the general treatises on political economy or even ethics. Whether Mr. Fite likes it or not, the principles of school taxation are fairly clear, and he can find them in an excellent book by Professor Cubberley.

Educational psychology is a topic which one approaches with modest hesitation, in view of Mr. Fite's authoritative dicta concerning it. Yet, one might venture the assertion that an encouraging part of current psychology is devoted to the scientific study of educational problems. Why quarrel about where educational psychology ends and general psychology begins? The fact is that every one who is intelligently interested in psychology is interested in educational science. But general psychology cannot, and does not, enter in detail into school problems. Take, for example, the psychology of reading. Of course, the student of general psychology is interested in the process of reading, but it was not until recent interest in education became intense that the psychology of reading became a special topic of investigation. There is to-day a respectable body of fact on the psychology of reading. There are, as a re-

sult, new and more economical methods of teaching reading in the schools. If this is news to Mr. Fite, he should look up Huey's book and Dearborn's monograph and Meumann's lectures on the subject. If he knew about all these and wrote what he did for the *Nation* of September 7, he ought, for the sake of his own conscience, to show a single text in general psychology that contains this material. Or, to plunge further into detail, the mere difference between reading aloud and silent reading is a scientific topic on which we have some knowledge that has large educational significance. Does Mr. Fite know of a course in general psychology which acquaints students with this distinction and its psychological nature and consequences? Mr. Fite is a little behind the times in ordering teachers back to the general psychologies. They have read these books and they are stimulated by their readings to ask questions which are not answered there. May they and their friends not push the frontier of psychology out into the school processes, and yet be included under the broad mantle of Mr. Fite's charity?

When it comes to educational philosophy, the present writer will have to plead ignorance. Mr. Fite is a specialist in philosophy, and he has spoken. His speech in this matter does not seem to agree with the views of such eminent philosophers as John Dewey. Perhaps some philosopher will feel moved to discuss philosophy with Mr. Fite. When the present writer opens his class in experimental education next week, he will confine his attention to the scientific aspects of education, for his training does not qualify him to deal with other phases of the subject. CHARLES H. JUDD.

Director of the School of Education of the University of Chicago.

Chicago, September 27.

THE SIMPLICITY OF THE TARIFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following incidents throw a bright light upon the principles and methods of the officials charged with the administration of our tariff and may be of some interest to your readers.

I arrived in New York not long ago and duly declared all things purchased abroad, among which were certain works of art, made about 300 B. C. and therefore free of duty. I learned:

(1.) Since I had failed to provide myself with a consular invoice issued by that eminent expert, our consul in London, and certifying to their antiquity, they must be regarded as modern imitations and therefore dutiable.

As such, observe, they were worth less than a tenth of the price I had paid and declared.

(2.) Nevertheless, I must pay duty upon the price paid and declared.

It is surely of interest to know that the government officially denies the validity of the law of contradiction.

(3.) If I refused to pay, the articles in question would be sent by a common drayman to the General Stores. Since they were very fragile and had been packed to carry in the hand, they would probably be destroyed, in which case I could recover nothing. Moreover, I should have to appear in person to reclaim them, and the consequent expense would be much greater than the duty.

(4.) If I paid under protest and removed the articles from the government's custody, I could recover nothing.

I was therefore urgently advised to pay and make no more fuss about it.

I did, however, make more fuss, and learned:

(5.) In default of a consular invoice the opinion of the government's expert might be accepted, but he was not on duty and could not be reached.

(6.) The collector on the pier might dispense with the consular invoice, but the cases in which he was willing to do so were rare indeed, and it was hardly worth while to appeal to him. Why not pay and say no more about it?

I did appeal and he passed the articles in question.

In other words, the Administration, having resolved to convert the $100 exemption clause, originally adopted as a means of "protection," into an instrument for the collection of revenue, and having, with that end in view, made it still more burdensome by certain arbitrary definitions which exclude from its operation many articles formerly included, now enforces the above administrative rules in order to force the passenger to accept as final the decision of the customs officials on the pier.

Now these officials are as capable and well-meaning men as the government pay and the conditions of service can attract, but they are not omniscient; they are forced to decide a vast number of diverse questions in the briefest possible time; they are deeply imbued with the well-founded belief that virtually every passenger will smuggle if he can, and, last but not least, they know that their efficiency as officials will be measured by the amount of revenue they can turn in.

How much downright robbery is perpetrated under this precious system nobody will ever know. And the responsibility for it rests upon the shoulders of two or three men, whose names I need not mention.

MNO.

Philadelphia, September 28.

"CURIOUS TO KNOW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since writing to the *Nation* last August about Boswell's use of the expression, "Curious to know," my attention has been called by anonymous correspondents to two earlier examples of its employment. The first is found in Evelyn's "Diary," near the middle of the long entry under date of August 19, 1641, as follows:

> The Chimes of Bells are so rarely manag'd that, being curious to know whether the motion were from any engine, I went up to that of St. Nicholas, etc.

Dr. Thomas Wilson was bishop of Sodor and Man for more than fifty years following 1698, and was the author of a little work, "Sacra Privata," which still holds a respectable place in Anglican church literature. In its introductory chapter the reader is exhorted thus:

> Never be curious to know what passes in the world any further than duty obliges you; it will only distract the mind when it should be better employed.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* notes that Dickens caused Mr. Pickwick to indulge himself in the use of the locution, and also one of the characters in "Barnaby Rudge." But that was subsequent to Miss Martineau's example cited in the Oxford dictionary, and mentioned by me with too little attention to the punctuation. I wish to thank Professor Hart for his correction of my mistake in quoting the same. THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., October 2.

INQUIRIES INTO THE EFFECTS OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my possession is a book, published sixty years earlier than Dr. Benjamin Rush's tract, "Inquiries into the Effects of Ardent Spirits," referred to on page 118 of your issue of August 10. Its title-page reads:

> An ESSAY of HEALTH and LONG LIFE. By George Cheyne, M.D.F.R.S. The Fourth Edition. . . . London. Printed for George Strahan, at the Golden Ball over-against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill; and J. Leake, Bookseller at Bath. 1725.

This treatise covers 232 pages, and is inscribed:

> To the Right Honourable SIR JOSEPH JEKYLL, Master of the ROLLS. . . . As a Testimony of Respect, and Gratitude, By His most obliged faithful humble Servant, GEORGE CHEYNE.

Below are a few extracts from Chapter II, which is headed:

> OF MEAT and DRINK.

> 12. . . . Two Ounces of *Flesh Meat*, well digested, beget a greater Stock of more durable and useful *Spirits*, than ten Times as much *strong Liquors*, which nothing but *Luxury* and *Concupiscence* makes necessary. Happy those, whom their *Parents*, their natural Aversion to Strong Liquors, or whom kind *Providence* among the *better Sort*, has brought to the Age of *Maturity* and *Discretion*, without dealing in or desiring any great *Quantity* of *strong Liquors:* Their *Passions* have been *calmer*, their *Sensations* more *exquisite*, their *Appetites* less *unruly*, and their *Health* more uninterrupted, than any other *natural Cause* could have produced. And thrice happy they, who continue this Course to their last Minutes. Nothing is more ridiculous than the common *Plea* for continueing in drinking on, large *Quantities of spirituous Liquors; viz.* Because they have been accustomed so to do, and they think it *dangerous* to leave it off, all of a sudden. It were as reasonable for him that is fallen into the *Fire* and *Water* to lie there, because of the Danger of removing him suddenly. For neither *Element* will destroy him more certainly, before his Time, than wallowing in *strong Liquors*. . . .

> 15. I have no Intention here to discourage the innocent Means of *enlivening* Conversation, promoting *Friendship*, comforting the *sorrowful* Heart, and raising the *drooping* Spirits, by the *cheerful Cup* and the *social Repast*. Perhaps I may like the harmless *Frolick*, the *warm Reception* of a Friend, and even the *Dulce Furere* (*Horat. i. e., An agreeable Frolick or Extravagance*) itself, more than I ought: Persons sober in the main, will receive little Prejudice from such a *Fillip*, when the Occasions happen but seldom, and especially when they make it up, by a great Degree of *Abstinence* afterwards. But a *Sot* is the lowest Character in Life. . . . A little *Lowness* requires *Drops*, which pass readily down under the Notion of *Physick;* Drops beget *Drams*, and *Drams* beget more *Drams*, 'till they come to be without Weight and without Measure; so that at last the miserable Creature suffers a true *Martyrdom*, between its natural *Modesty*, the great Necessity of concealing its

Cravings, and the still greater one of getting them satisfied *some how*.

18. Since the Time *foreign Luxury* has been brought to its Perfection here, there are a kind of Liquors in Use among the better Sort, which some great *Doctors* have condemn'd, by *Bell*, *Book*, and *Candle*, and others have as extravagantly commended: I mean, *Coffee*, *Tea*, and *Chocolate*. . . .

Of his "General Rules for Health and Long Life," drawn from the Head of "M E A T and D R I N K," at the close of Chapter II, note the following:

8. Nothing conduces more to *Health* and *Long Life*, than *Abstinence* and *plain Food*, with due *Labour*.

15. *Water* is the most natural and wholesome of all *Drinks*, quickens the Appetite, and strengthens the *Digestion* most.

16. *Strong* and *spirituous* Liquors freely indulged, become a certain tho' a slow *Poison*.

17. There is no Danger in leaving them off all at *once;* the *Plea* for continuing them being false and groundless.

20. Strong Liquors do not prevent the Mischiefs of a *Surfeit*, nor carry it off, so safely as *Water*, tho' they seem to give present *Relief*.

21. The frequent *Use* of *Spirits* in *Drams* and *Cordials*, is so far from curing *Low-spiritedness*, that it increases it, and brings on more *fatal* Disorders.

23. *Malt Liquors* (excepting clear small Beer, of a due Age) are extremely hurtful to *tender* and *studious* Persons.

CHARLES MEIGS SCHENCK.

Denver, Col., October 2.

COUNT THORANE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of "The Mother of Goethe" (*Nation*, September 14), you say:

It is curious that the name of the distinguished French guest of the Goethehaus should be spelled in this book with a final *e*, although both Goethe in his autobiography and Gutzkow in his "Königslieutenant" have a final *e*.

The question of the spelling of the family name of François de Théas, Comte de Thorane of Grasse in Provence, is discussed at considerable length by the late Professor Schubart of Munich (whose widow presented to the Goethehaus in Frankfort many of the pictures originally painted for Thorane in Frankfort and purchased by her husband in France from his heirs), in his interesting book, "François de Théas, Comte de Thorane; Goethe's Königslieutenant." It appears from this book (chapter iv) that "Thorane" is a German corruption of "Thorane." There seems to be at least this authority, for what it is worth, for Miss Reeks's spelling of the name.

W. P. B.

New York, October 2.

A QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an old examination paper in English literature, set to candidates competing for the English Civil Service, I came upon the following question: "'When Milton lost his eyes, poetry lost hers.' Discuss this aphorism."

Perhaps one of your readers can tell me whence the quotation is taken.

COMUS.

New York, October 1.

Literature

TALLEYRAND.

Talleyrand the Man. Translated from the French of Bernard de Lacombe by A. d'Alberti. With two portraits in collotype. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $3.50 net.

This volume is in no sense a biography of Talleyrand. It is a series of extended essays which have appeared from time to time and which deal with certain episodes in the life, not so much of the great figure in the affairs of Europe as of the individual. "We know," says the author in his preface, "Talleyrand the Bishop, Talleyrand the deputy of the Constituent Assembly, Talleyrand the diplomatist, the Grand-Chamberlain, the Minister, and head of the provisional government, Talleyrand the courtier and statesman, but Talleyrand the private man is comparatively unknown. Yet it would be interesting, if only for the sake of the conflicting sentiments which he inspired, to be admitted to intimacy with a man the faithful affection of whose friends, kindred, and servants equalled the bitter hatred with which some of his political partners have pursued him even beyond the grave."

Hence the first glimpse which M. de Lacombe gives us of his hero is after his initial fall from power, in 1792, when, armed with a passport, he fled from Paris to London, and became an *émigré*. The question here at issue is whether Talleyrand at this time was entrusted with a mission by the provisional executive council for which he had acted as counsellor, for a few months, in the conduct of foreign affairs. Later, in 1795, when he wished to clear himself of the stigma of emigration, he boasted that he had had such a mission, but in 1792 all his complaints are that he is left without employment. Which are we to believe? asks M. de Lacombe, and answers, the latter, without hesitation:

In the autumn of 1792 neither Danton nor Lebrun had made Talleyrand his agent in England. They would both have been too much afraid of compromising themselves. Besides, though many contemporary documents may be found in which Talleyrand offers his services . . . there is not one which shows him at work, unless we believe in his famous correspondence with Mme. de Flahaut and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, published in 1793, but who would venture to do so?

His proscription early in 1793 put an end to his hopes, and he was content to live quietly among such friends as he had in England, until, one year later, charged with projects of Republican propaganda, he was ordered to leave that country. He set sail in January for Philadelphia, and entered upon that two years' sojourn in America of which M. de Lacombe gives a detailed and interesting account. He was well received on his landing, and although, for reasons of state, Washington would not grant him an audience, he had no lack of high political society among the Federalists, Hamilton himself standing sponsor for him.

For a time Talleyrand was dazzled by the prospects of making a fortune in land speculation:

My reason tells me [he wrote to Mme. de Staël] that it is necessary to acquire a small competence so as not to be in constant poverty and dependence when one grows old. . . . There is plenty of money to be gained here, but only for those who have it already. If you know any who would like to speculate in land here I would willingly undertake their business. If I had a sufficient number of clients who would entrust their business to me and allow me an interest in it, both parties would profit largely; the clients, because American merchants are not very trustworthy in business, and myself, because I could thus earn some money without investing capital. See if you can manage this.

Talleyrand did actually embark at one time in an agrarian enterprise. It is asserted that "he bought, jointly with Beaumetz"—his travelling companion—"a settlement in Maine which belonged to Gen. Knox, Secretary of War. He divided it into lots represented by shares, and thought that, like Noailles and de Talon, he would find it easy to place them among the *émigrés*." But how this business turned out M. de Lacombe does not tell us. For Talleyrand himself it naturally lost interest when, in 1795, his name was removed from the list of the *émigrés*, owing to the efforts of Marie-Joseph Chenier, and he was free to return to France. This he did the following year.

Six years have elapsed at the opening of the second section of the volume. Bonaparte is now first consul, and Talleyrand his minister of foreign affairs. There is a rumor that the latter is to be married, and that his wife is to be the "beautiful Indian" who had long presided at the magnificent fêtes at the Hôtel Gallifet. It was Napoleon who had forced the matrimonial issue for his minister. Touched in his pride by the slurs cast upon his court throughout Europe, Napoleon determined to clean house, and began by giving Talleyrand the alternative of separation from his friend, or of giving her his name. The whole incident is a difficult one to explain in the career of the ex-Bishop of Autun, since it is impossible to see what he gained in proportion to what he hazarded, and even lost by the transaction. That he was deeply in love with Mme. Grand is out of the question. M. de Lacombe paints a vivacious portrait of this lady whose origin he establishes beyond a doubt as French, and not Danish or English, as has sometimes been supposed. After her mar-

riage to a young Englishman, a clerk in the Indian civil service, she left India, where she was born, like so many heroines of Anglo-Indian novels a hundred years later, to escape an unsavory past, and begin life anew.

In Paris, after participating in the emigration, she became one of the great *courtisanes* of the Directory and Consulate. She was very beautiful, but she had little wit, unless it be of that special kind with which women are commonly credited, and it is hard to see how she kept her hold upon her princely lover save on the ground, here hinted at, that she was in possession of compromising information, and was thus in a position to force Talleyrand to marry her. Needless to say, the marriage was not a success. Talleyrand scarcely tolerated her in his salon, where it was his kindly habit to turn her mistakes to ridicule, and finally he effected a complete separation from her. She was one of the serious mistakes of his career, and he had cause to regret his rash step in more ways than one. That which most immediately concerns us is its effect upon his relations with the Church, since these assumed supreme importance toward the end of his life. When, in 1802, Talleyrand, aided and abetted by Napoleon, deliberately violated the conventions of a papal act of secularization which permitted him to leave the priesthood, but expressly forbade him to marry, he doubtless scarcely foresaw the time when he should wish to return into the fold of the Church. This time did actually come, however, and Talleyrand was forced to make humble confession and abnegation of sin and error, almost amounting to a repudiation of his whole past life.

Whether this reconciliation, so famous in history, was really sincere, has been more widely discussed than any question of its kind in modern times. All those who have read Renan's "Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse" will recall that writer's sneer at the transaction. "Toward the month of April, 1838," writes Renan, "M. de Talleyrand, in his hôtel in the rue Saint-Florentin, feeling his end approaching, believed that he owed to the human conventions a last lie, and resolved to become reconciled, for the sake of appearances, with a Church whose truth, once recognized by him, convicted him of sacrilege and opprobrium." It has, of course, always been the effort of those directly interested in the case to prove that Talleyrand's reconciliation was no lie and that, above all, it was the result of no sudden resolution. M. de Lacombe is one of this number. In a long series of chapters at the close of his book he gives a detailed account of the successive steps of the "conversion," as it has been called. To aid him in this work he has had unusual advantages. His father was the friend of the Abbé Dupanloup—Renan's Abbé Dupanloup of the "Petit Séminaire"—to whom the work of redeeming the distinguished soul was entrusted, and who bequeathed to the elder Lacombe fourteen volumes of documents. But such an advantage is, one feels, somewhat offset by the sort of prestige always possessed by family papers for those who have grown up in their shadow. Piety predisposes to their acceptance in an almost Biblical sense, and distorts the critical faculty in an estimate of their documentary value. The most conspicuous item in the present instance is from the hand of the abbé himself. But this account of his relations with Talleyrand, here printed for the first time in full, as an appendix, seems to us, in spite of the importance attached to it by M. de Lacombe, to have psychological rather than historical significance. It is a remarkable piece of self-portraiture, and confirms in every way Renan's deliciously ironical sketch of the elegant young cleric who was chosen by the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Quélen, because what was wanted was "a worldly priest, of literary tastes, as little of a philosopher as possible, in no wise a theologian, having, with the old classes, those relations of birth and social standing without which the Gospel has little access in those circles for which it was not fashioned. The Abbé Dupanloup . . . was just the man needed to participate innocently in a collusion that susceptible souls could regard as an edifying *coup de la grâce*."

And this is precisely the impression one derives from his narration of all the little manœuvres on both sides, in which the *bon ton* of the polite world was invariably preserved. First, Talleyrand invites the abbé to dinner, and is annoyed because the invitation is refused. Then M. Dupanloup yields to a more urgent command, and is duly edified by the great man's saintly conversation at table. Talleyrand delivers an address at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences upon the death of his friend and colleague, M. Reinhard, and sends a printed copy to the abbé, who returns the compliment with his own book, "Christianisme presenté aux hommes du monde par Fénelon," together with a very graceful and tactful letter. Throughout this whole intercourse, it is impossible to escape the impression that Talleyrand is playing a game with his young friend, and seeking very deliberately to produce a definite impression upon him. Especially toward the end, when Talleyrand fell sick and felt his strength failing, does this sinister note of calculation and of play-acting grow pronounced and unmistakable. Talleyrand clearly is trying, with great craft, to drive his last *rusé* bargain, to gain the maximum of advantage for himself with the minimum of concession to his opponents. How else can one explain the grim comedy of that death-bed scene, the procrastination in the signing of the paper of recantation from which he withheld his signature almost to the last gasp? In the final analysis, and with all the evidence in, one is forced to accept the conclusion of Renan that this boasted reconciliation was but a final effect arranged with great care by the man of many wiles to disconcert friend and foe alike, and to purchase the pardon of the Church when it had become too cheap to cost him anything.

If it was the intention of M. de Lacombe to rehabilitate the memory of Talleyrand, he has scarcely been successful in the undertaking. He has shown, what could equally be shown of the most abandoned of wretches, that he had those who were attached to him, and that he possessed traits of kindly interest and consideration which came out in the intimate intercourse of his family life. But these scarcely suffice to offset what is shallow, shabby, and even sordid in the character of the man. In seeking to soften and refine the features of this cynical master of duplicity and chicane, M. de Lacombe, one feels, serves the ends neither of truth nor of art. On the whole, as often happens in works controlled by similar motives, the sole result is to make a singularly distinct and dominant personality seem rather pettier than in real life. Certainly, the author has failed utterly to let the reader catch even a glimpse of the secret of Talleyrand's unquestioned power. He has shown us a clever rascal, but not a great rascal, and in this he has, many will think, done a greater injustice to the memory of his subject than if he had allowed it to rest under the worst imputations of impiety and impenitence.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Portentous History. By Alfred Tennyson. New York: Duffield & Co.

This Alfred Tennyson is the poet's grandson. For some time he has been serving a literary apprenticeship, and this is his most pretentious effort so far. It bears the mark of effort a little too plainly, and in nothing more than in its attempts at the good-humored ease and colloquial freedom of the Fielding-Thackeray-De Morgan school—or line. No youngster need try for that jovial manner: it is alien to the storm and stress phase, native to maturity and temperamental well-being. So the reader rather resents Mr. Tennyson's effort to babble like the masters about his scenes and persons. He has a machinery of the intimate style; he himself is "the philosopher," "the biographer"—a functionary to be elaborately sniffed at, but by no means ignored. "The philosopher turns up his cuffs," "the philosopher dips his pen," and so on: unluckily the philosopher hasn't the knack of getting us interested in him: we wish

he would let himself be a plain story-teller and get on with his story.

It is a good story—remarkably good if we are to believe the author's account of its origin, which is simply that the chance seeing of a famous Scotch giant inspired him to look into the facts of the monster's life. He visited the giant's birthplace, and got up his subject methodically. Whether this is literally true or not, the result is not a mere piece of "copy." Jim Macdonald is taken as a type of all "freaks." His physical peculiarity is looked upon as a deformity by his fellow-villagers, from his early childhood. Being extremely sensitive of nature as well as slow of wit, he is thrown back upon himself. Nobody understands him, and though there is nothing vicious in him, he is steadily forced by chance and prejudice into the position of village ne'er-do-weel. His family relation becomes a mockery, and his love a curse. The story of his steady driving to the wall is told with a feeling above mere pathos. In the end, at the moment when, now fairly desperate, he promises to become a dangerous animal, an odd rescue comes. He is discovered by a great collector of freaks, and removed to the safer isolation of the "curio hall," where he is not unhappy. Oddly enough, the showman is represented as a Jew and not an American, but we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that he has all the hustling traits of his cis-Atlantic kind. He has his own theory of benevolence allied with business. When big Jim balks at the prospect of exhibiting his huge frame, of which he is ashamed, the "Tickler" is prompt with his argument. His freaks, he says, are better off with him than they can be elsewhere: "They were not born like ordinary human beings, and in so far as they were in touch with ordinary humanity they were miserable. The unnatural could not mix with the natural. The natural were too many, too hard, too strong. Now they have withdrawn to a place of refuge." The "Tickler" is a well-drawn if not novel type; and so is Dr. Spens; but Jim Macdonald is the figure which gives the book its power. If the writer could have been persuaded to leave out his bogus confidences, and to boil down his material here and there, he would have done a big thing for himself and for his readers.

The Common Law. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If it were only for Mr. Gibson's drawings, of which there are sixty and more, this volume would stand out from the mass of current novels. That master of black and white has grown out of his second and rather splashy manner into a refined and even finicking style—delicate outlines against elaborate cross-hatching. The effect is distinctly English—very unlike the Mr. Pipp sort of thing; and yet unmistakably Mr. Gibson's. Whether the present game is worth the candle depends on one's view of the game. In this story Mr. Chambers has at least abandoned his scenes of luxury and high society. The hero is a scion of the elect, but a professed renegade. His fancy does not ride in gold-fitted motor-cars, or swim in seas of Pommery. He is, in fact, a painter, a Bohemian. Mr. Chambers, to tell the truth, has merely shifted his action to a realm as popular, even, as that of high life; and in his opening scene he flings the gauntlet to every adventurous reader. The qualms and distresses of a young girl who has offered herself as model to a strange young painter are not here interpreted for the first time. But the young girl is commonly driven to her desperate act as a last resort against starvation. Valerie West has no such goad. Though she is perfectly beautiful and full of mental charm, she has grown up in seclusion, making no friends, and enjoying no youth. Hence her determination to enter the life of the world of artists, because she hopes to find there her belated share of youthful joy. She admires the work of Louis Neville, a brilliant decorative painter, and presents herself to him without warning as a model. He takes her to be a professional (without inquiry), and gives orders accordingly. Hence a scene which, however trumped up, may be allowed to be sufficiently "piquant" to whet the appetite of the most jaded story-devourer.

From this point of vantage, the tale works on to a larger situation of equal piquancy. Valerie becomes a professional model, in much demand among the more distinguished New York painters. She leads an unconventional but blameless life, not without its amatory episodes. But Louis Neville and she have unwittingly made exchange of hearts and in due season they discover the bond. Neville wishes to marry Valerie, but she will not because she knows his social and family circles would not accept the marriage as desirable. This is perfectly according to the fashion—in England. But instead of saying "we must part," she offers herself as his mistress, the relation to begin on a specified date, and to be officially known as "the Great Change." In the end, after some hundreds of pages, "the common law" enforces itself—that is, the pair at last discover that their only path to happiness lies through the old form of wedlock. This is tame enough; but the piquancy of the intermediate situation is drawn out to its utmost. Whether such a story should have gone through publication in one of the greater magazines is a question of taste rather than of morals. The whole affair, like all of Mr. Chambers's affairs, is insincere and vulgar. With much pretention of mental and moral subtlety, Valerie and her young man remain obvious and insignificant persons. The intent and effect of the story are mildly sensational.

Perpetua, or the Way to Treat a Woman. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. New York: John Lane Co.

This might well be a story of Alice and Lewis Carroll. The characters are not so named, and the author never lays himself open to the charge of imitation. But we recall no other recent book that so surely sets forth the mysteries of Wonderland or so nicely adjusts the lives of a little girl and a bachelor. Perpetua Mary—no other name can she remember—has been left in her eighth year by the death of her mother to shift for herself, the father having ridden away shortly after the marriage. But she had posed before for Brian O'Cree and now confidently comes to his studio in Kensington with her small bundle, a stuffed elephant ("Shadrach by name, since it had been rescued whole—miraculous moment—from the fire"), and with a strange message:

> "Do I understand," he asked quite seriously, "that you have adopted me for a father?"
>
> "I wondered——" she began, perilously near tears.
>
> In the firelight they made a curious picture: Brian standing there, big and bushy, in a gray flannel suit, and the long slip of yellow body, Perpetua—a kind of human fairy, trying to explain to a giant that the dreams of fairyland were more real than life. . . .
>
> "Perpetua," he said, and his voice had the coax of an Irish accent, "tell me just what has happened." "I knew people adopted people," she answered, "and I wanted a father, and I like you better than anybody, so I did it."

Even though time flies, child dreams continue with these two. Because Perpetua loves elephants and because Maria Theresa is "l'éléphant le plus extraordinaire du monde" in a French circus, they join the caravan, Brian ostensibly to procure an opportunity to paint rare scenes. Many things indicate that the author himself is at home in this strange company. Perpetua is at length placed in a convent to be educated, and the plot is left to develop—would that this were not necessary! The real father turns up, a swindler sucking the wealth of a young profligate. The resulting melodrama is regrettable save for one powerful scene which it precipitates. Brian, confronted by the father, feels his position of adopted father transformed into that of lover; whereas Perpetua, cherishing a missionary love for the profligate, still looks to Brian as her "daddy" and is conscious of the other sort of love for him when honor tells her that it is too late. Minor characters in the story are usually clearly drawn. We may mention as typical Brian's mother, with her delightful understate-

ments. To Perpetua concerning Charles I: "A most unfortunate man, my dear—most unfortunate, losing his head in that way."

The House on the Mall. By Edgar Jepson. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

There is a fairyland of crime as well as of fancy, and this house of many inventions is there situated, though it is said to be in London. A supposed suicide comes to life as a criminal with the combined resources of a Monte Cristo, an Edison, and a Vautrin. The detective in the book is a poor creature, of whom little is seen except as a victim locked up in the dungeons of the hero. In fact the book is scarcely to be classed as a detective story at all, but owes its interest to the pleasant way the hero has of getting rid of his tools and confederates. The way involves a good deal of bleeding and fantastic torturing, but the blood and the pains belong to the fairyland of crime and awaken no disgust in the reader. There is a love story running through the horrors that is really clever and pretty. The book, as a whole, is ingenious, and, to those at home in its geography, entertaining.

PRACTICAL REASONING.

The Application of Logic. By Alfred Sidgwick. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Mr. Sidgwick has performed the really remarkable task of making logic entertaining. Moreover, he has done this without at all sacrificing exactness of thought or precision of expression—"logic is logic'" still. Yet so surprising and delightful is it, in a treatise on this subject, to read page after page without a single technical term, without a rule or reference to Barbara or the Four Figures, that one has to rub one's eyes and reread the title to make sure that it is logic after all. Mr. Sidgwick has gained this surprising result by leaving the abstract altogether, by following out the course of real disputes as they actually occur, by avoiding all technical language (it is so unnecessary!), and by dealing always with meanings rather than with words. The neglect of this latter precaution, in fact, seems to be the chief cause of the misapplication of the old logic. Purely formal logic plays with words and propositions as if they were counters in a puzzle and could be treated quite independently of the particular meanings the expression of which alone gives them any value. Consequently logical argumentation, as our author points out, has usually been regarded "as a structure formed by taking isolated terms, putting them together into isolated propositions, and then putting these together into a syllogism. This conception, by its assumption that the logical character of terms is fixed independently of their use in particular assertions, and that the logical character of propositions is fixed independently of their use in particular arguments, does as much as is possible to obscure the fact that the syllogism is essentially the form of argument which consists in *applying general rules to particular cases.*"

These last words give Mr. Sidgwick's definition of the syllogism, and an admirable definition it is. And with this view of its nature, it is plain that the major premise is simply the "general rule," and the minor premise the "particular case." The newer application of logic for which Mr. Sidgwick stands would by no means do away with these useful and venerable terms. The old logic did well in inventing and retaining them. But, as our author shows, in analyzing out the two premises in any particular argument, formal logic has usually made much too easy work of it. In simple arguments like those of Euclid all will agree on the premises, and these may be regarded as themselves perfectly simple. But, as a fact, no real disputes are ever simple, and most disputes begin with a disagreement as to what the major premise, or general rule, really is. Now there is a difference between "general rules"; a few of them are absolutely general, and the great majority of them are nearly general, but not quite so. If the major premise, when found, turns out to be of the former kind, as in mathematics, then, of course, all will agree and the dispute will be settled—in fact, there will hardly be any dispute at all. But just for this reason we are not, as practical logicians, greatly concerned with this type of argument. It is in *real* disputes that we are interested; and in real disputes there is no such unquestionable major premise—no such absolutely general rule.

When once the disputants have analyzed out and agreed upon the general rule on which the conclusion shall be based, the next step is ordinarily to see whether this rule may rightly be applied to the case at issue (the minor premise). And here again we come upon one of the misleading tendencies of formal logic. It is easy to divide your argument into two premises, see whether each is correct, and then draw your conclusion. But the important question is whether the two premises really belong together, *whether the rule applies to the fact;* whether *this* case really comes under the rule or possesses a detail which makes it an exception. This question, as is obvious, usually narrows the discussion down to an investigation of *causes.*

In determining a causal sequence—that is, in answering the question whether a given detail of the case is relevant—we may be aided by experiment and observation and an attempted application of Mill's principle of "Single Difference"; but in inductive no less than in deductive logic we must remember that form alone cannot answer our questions. Every experiment must be interpreted, and the interpretation may again be a subject of disagreement, and if it is so the point at issue will still be, as before, *the simplicity of the fact.* Was it *simply* A that gave rise to B, or was it a particular kind of A? Is A merely A, or has it some additional characteristic which, for our purposes, takes it out of the class of the other A's altogether? It is right here that nearly all real disputes centre. For "a fact may be correctly described as A, and yet A may be the most misleading possible description of it in a given context. Thus a thermos flask strictly *is* a hot-water bottle, and yet a person wanting a foot-warmer would find the description false."

Concrete observation and increasing definiteness of statement may help us here, but the traditional formal logic certainly cannot. This most vital difficulty it scarcely notices, or if it does so at all, it passes by at once with the dignified remark that "A is A." This venerable Principle of Identity, however, does not prove very helpful. "When we already know that a thing is A we do not need to be told that if it is A, it is so. So that either the axiom must be admitted to be superfluous, or it must be so interpreted as to be applicable before the event—that is to say, while there is still some need to be assured that A really is the best description." As a matter of fact, the Principle of Identity can never give us any such assurance, and when it is used with that end in view, it ceases to be superfluous only by becoming deceptive. It could be useful and trustworthy "before the event" only in a world whose facts were absolutely simple. But in this world of ours, no fact is simple or can be. Nothing can be a fact for us "until we recognize it as a particular kind of fact—say A." We must have a way of classing and naming it if it is to be a subject of discussion and not a mere blank *this.* And such a process of naming and classing inevitably results in a description that is incomplete and somewhat vague. "To recognize a fact as A is to view it as *essentially resembling* the other members of the class A, in spite of all the differences between it and them." All naming and classing is therefore ultimately based on *analogy.* This important and simple fact is not commonly understood. "To the unreflective it seems that classes *exist,* and that since they exist they have to be named; that our ancestors kindly named them for us—after the example of Adam in the Garden of Eden. . . . Like the cricketer who was asked why a certain kind of ball

should be called a 'yorker,' they would answer that they failed to see what else you could call it."

Once it is fully understood that names do not grow on things, but that we have to stick them on, and that, though we must do so, we do it at our peril, it becomes clear that the central question of most disputes is how the fact under discussion should be classed. And it is now evident that this question can never be answered by any abstract Principle of Identity or any linguistic considerations, but only by an appeal to the particular situation and purpose which are relevant to the fact in question. Ultimately every fact is what it is in virtue of the context and the purpose involved, and only so can it be interpreted.

The pragmatic nature of Mr. Sidgwick's logic is now perfectly clear. "Purpose," "context," "consequences," are the things that give meaning to propositions, and without such concrete meaning they could be neither true nor false. "Every statement depends for its meaning on the *use* it is intended to be put to." "The purpose and the purport (or meaning) of a statement are the same thing. To say that truth is not independent of purpose, therefore, is no more than to say that statements without a meaning cannot be recognized as either true or false —that they are mere noises in the air, or marks on paper, till some sort of meaning is apprehended in them." This, of course, is the primary and fundamental doctrine of pragmatism, and Mr. Sidgwick's exposition and demonstration of it would make this book an excellent introduction to pragmatism as well as to logic. The pity is that so sound a doctrine should be carried to such extreme conclusions as are to be found in the writings of most pragmatists—conclusions which this book of Mr. Sidgwick's has wisely avoided.

My Own Story. By Louisa of Tuscany, Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

In December, 1902, Louisa, daughter of Ferdinand IV, titular Grand Duke of Tuscany, and wife of Friedrich August, crown prince of Saxony, fled from Dresden to Zurich, where she lived for some time in the company of M. Giron, who was French tutor to her children. She was the mother of three sons and two daughters. A third daughter was born several months after her abrupt departure from Dresden. In 1903, a specially constituted tribunal pronounced a divorce in favor of her husband, who succeeded his father on the throne in the following year. For some time, the scandal was kept alive by the efforts of the Saxon monarch to get possession of his youngest daughter, supplemented by the eccentric career of his former wife, who took a second husband to herself in the person of an inconspicuous Italian gentleman. The present volume is the reply to what the author describes as a campaign of persecution and calumny extending over a period of ten years. Published originally in the Paris *Matin*, it was prepared for the English-speaking public with the aid of Mrs. Chester ffoulkes, to whom the author expresses gratitude. The hand of the English editor is easily perceptible.

The apologia fails to be convincing on crucial points. We may find it credible that this high-spirited young woman with more than a dash of Hapsburg irresponsibility in her, should have found herself from the very beginning out of place in a social circle where the men are described as fanatics and martinets and the women were dowdy. Princess Louisa accuses her father-in-law of hating her for her gayety and democratic ways. To his machinations, aided and abetted by court chamberlains and ladies-in-waiting, she ascribes her ruin. What is not so easy to believe is that King George should have carried his animosity to the extent of entering into a conspiracy to destroy her reputation. When that failed, he openly threatened to have her incarcerated in a home for the insane. The husband, Friedrich August, appears as a good-natured innocent who refused to believe in the plots against his wife and so left her without a defence. In the winter of 1902 the princess was awaiting the birth of a child, and the king's threat became a besetting horror. She left Dresden and sought refuge with her parents at the castle of Salzburg in Austria, and when her parents insisted on her return to her family, she fled to Zurich in the company of her brother, the Archduke Leopold. Determined to cut off all possibilities of a return to Dresden, this desperate and neurasthenic woman, as she describes herself, summoned to her side the man with whom her enemies at court had tried to link her name. It was her deliberate intention to compromise herself beyond hope, and she succeeded.

Such is the burden of the defence. It is a line of conduct which does not sound probable in a woman who describes herself as in love with her husband and passionately devoted to her children. It is at variance with the highly damaging testimony brought forward by persons intimately connected with her fortunes. Part of such hostile testimony the author explains away as inventions made possible by the control exercised by her enemies over the newspapers and the courts; part she passes over in silence. The book, as a whole, impresses one as being written with extreme artfulness as well as with literary skill. The earlier chapters, dealing with the author's childhood and youth, are charming; at the same time, in the picture they invoke of an impulsive and pleasure-loving young aristocrat, they create an excellent basis for the case that is to be developed. The specific improbabilities in that case have been mentioned. The tone of the narrative in itself does not always ring true, and largely because at frequent intervals the effort to write for an English audience is quite evident. It is plainly not the author but the English editor that was responsible for the incident of the American reporter who approached the fugitive princess at Zurich and said, "Say, Princess, I've the power to cover this stairway with banknotes for you to walk on, if you will just let me have a few words with you. Is it a deal?" The "Say, Princess," betrays the light British touch at once.

Wordsworth and the English Lake Country. By Eric Robertson. Illustrated with forty-seven drawings by Arthur Tucker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.25 net.

This is a well-worn theme, but we recall no other book which treats the subject so systematically and fully. Part of the bulk of the present volume, to be sure, is due to superfluous members. One scarcely sees the advantage, for instance, of going into the ancient history of Inglewood Forest, and certainly the long prose paraphrase of "The Evening Walk" is an impertinence. Mr. Robertson's attitude toward Wordsworth is, moreover, of that suffusedly enthusiastic sort which rather irritates a reader of critical mood. It is late in the day, even for a pure Wordsworthian, to say that he can be fretted in one of Wordsworth's poems "at the constant suggestion of Goldsmith's medium of expression." To speak thus of the medium of expression of "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller" is to admit that one is still hidebound in the narrowest of romantic conventions. But withal Mr. Robertson has written a book which, for the greater part, will add to the genuine and critical appreciation of Wordsworth. By an ingenious device of circles he has made the various Wordsworthian regions stand out graphically to the eye, and he has given to the Lake Country almost the force of a living entity. By the way a number of moot questions are discussed, and his answers are generally convincing. One of these is a local matter, of no stupendous importance to the world at large, but not devoid of interest to any who care to tread in the poet's footsteps. There are five theories in regard to the exact location of the "meeting of the ways" ("Prelude," xii, 287). That chosen by Mr. Robertson for his map accords with the opinion of Gordon Wordsworth. The view from this point is reproduced in a two-page picture by Arthur Tucker, who furnished the illustrations for the volume.

Mr. Robertson is at his best when he

discusses such questions as the identity of "Lucy" and "Matthew." In the case of the Lucy poems he puts together several scattered stanzas from the ballad of "Lucy Gray":

> No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
> She dwelt on a wide moor,
> —The sweetest thing that ever grew
> Beside a human door. . . .

and compares their tone with the so-called Lucy group. His deduction is clever:

> Here we have a lyric which, though it be as abstract as the accepted Lucy poems, yet moves us with the same force that they contain. Had Wordsworth presented us with "Lucy Gray" in this form, we should have been eager to find a child-original for it in his own circle of experience—a needless quest, since the whole lyric is evolved from a girl, unknown to the poet, who fell into a canal. The example proves that, for all we know, Wordsworth at Goslar marvellously evolved the accepted group of Lucy poems from a basis of fact just as minute. Nevertheless, Lucy and Wordsworth's feeling for Lucy remain at least as high in the poetic firmament as Burns's affection for that immortal beauty.

In the case of the Matthew group, Mr. Robertson shows convincingly by his analysis that the person of the poems cannot correspond to any one individual of Hawkshead. His conclusion conveys a bit of excellent psychological criticism:

> The short and long about the Matthew compositions is—these poems are each exquisite; as a group intended to portray one ideal character, they are unacceptable. Given enough time to brood over a character, Wordsworth almost inevitably blended it with other personalities. One hardly knows whether this tendency in him was a merit or a defect. We shall be able to consider the tendency later, in connection with "Michael." So inveterate was the habit, that even the lines Wordsworth wrote in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" present us with a composite, blurred image of himself and Coleridge, clear to no perception except the stereoscopic mind of its creator.

Perhaps the most novel and interesting discovery made by Mr. Robertson is the Wordsworthian or "Lakist" quality of the poems, otherwise anything but remarkable, in Charles Farish's "Minstrels of Winandermere." The copy of this rare book which fell into the hands of Mr. Robertson is inscribed on the title-page to "W. Wordsworth," and was probably given by the poet to his friend John Fleming in memory of old days. It was published in 1811, and though written in apparent unconsciousness of the earlier work of Wordsworth, depicts the life at Hawkshead with an occasional touch that is curiously Wordsworthian. It shows that the new manner was, so to speak, in the air.

A concordance to the names of persons and places belonging to Wordsworthshire, as referred to in the Oxford one-volume edition of Wordsworth, is a useful appendix to the book. There are also several letters now first published by the kindness of the present Earl of Lonsdale.

The Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization. By Angelo Mosso. Translated by Marian C. Harrison. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $4 net.

To write a book of popular character on the neolithic culture of the Mediterranean regions is an excellent idea. The Late Minoan, or so-called Mycenæan, civilization, which has in the last few years emerged from oblivion, was so far advanced in artistic development that its origin and growth are matters of high interest to the archæologist and student of human progress. The material, both in Crete and in other places, which gives an idea of the Pre-Mycenæan culture, has been accumulating very rapidly of late, and a clear and well-illustrated account of the present stage of knowledge would be welcome to archæologists, particularly to those whose special work lies in later periods. A book for the Mediterranean, somewhat on the lines of Sophus Müller's little "Urgeschichte Europas," but with a larger number of illustrations, is about what is needed.

Dr. Mosso appreciated this need and has sought to meet it. Unfortunately, he has hardly succeeded in doing so. His book is put together loosely, without clear order and sequence, the result is that the reader gets no distinct picture. There are many good observations scattered throughout, but they are mixed in with much that seems irrelevant and often trivial. Matters which might perhaps have been appropriately mentioned in footnotes are included in the text, so that attention is constantly diverted from the main theme to distracting details. Important conclusions are stated with too little evidence, as, for example, where the author seeks (p. 183) to connect palæolithic paintings in Spain with Minoan Crete. A resemblance in boots, the chief reason given, is hardly sufficient to make so unusual a view convincing. It is, moreover, hard to believe that we can at present get so definite a notion of the early Cretan religion as is here given. Altogether, the work is like a rather miscellaneous note-book containing material which, after rearrangement and judicious omissions, would be ready for publication. To review such a book in detail would be unprofitable and would also create a wrong impression of Dr. Mosso's work, for, even in its present loose form, this is by no means without value. The many references in the notes make the book a useful guide to a wide range of scattered material, and the large number of good and not easily accessible illustrations, as was the case in Mosso's earlier book, "The Palaces of Crete," adds greatly to its worth.

The translation has been on the whole well done, though a few unfortunate slips have crept in, apparently through unfamiliarity with archæological matters. "Kratera" (p. 195) for crater, "palæ-ethnology" (p. 42); and the Italianized Greek "galopetre" (passim) are examples. Once or twice these last are very properly called "milk-stones." Why not always? On Page 3 read "Mrs." for "Miss" Quibell. The index should have been fuller. There is no excuse for the use of such very highly glazed paper; good "half-tones" may be had without it.

Notes

Five new books are soon to be issued by Harpers: "The Mansion," by Henry van Dyke; "Serving the Republic," by Gen. Nelson A. Miles; "The Power of Tolerance," by George Harvey; "Tom Brown's School-Days," with an introduction by W. D. Howells and thirty-six full-page illustrations by Louis Rhead, and "Tommy's Money," by John R. Coryell.

Among the volumes of fiction announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. are Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Case of Richard Meynell," and "The Recording Angel" by Mrs. Cora Harris.

"Voices in the Crowd" is the title of the new volume of poems by Herbert Everett, to be issued by Moods Publishing Co.

"In Northern Mists," by Fridtjof Nansen, is a title in Stokes's November list.

Francis Woodward Tyler has prepared a baby record, entitled "In the Beginning," to be published by Paul Elder & Co.; it provides, among other things, mounting leaves for a photographic record of the baby's experiences.

William E. Burghardt Du Bois's "The Quest of the Silver Fleece," announced by A. C. McClurg, describes the struggles of the negro who attempts to develop his personality. The same house will issue Randall Parrish's "My Lady of Doubt," the scene of which is the American Revolution.

Miscellaneous books in Putnam's autumn list include: "South America To-day," by Georges Clemenceau, and "Helen of Troy, and Other Poems," by Sara Teasdale

The house of Grant Richards of London is bringing out: "Empires of the Far East," a story of Japan, China, Manchuria, and Korea, by Launcelot Lawton; "Platonica," by Herbert Richards, and Lafcadio Hearn's translation of Faubert's "The Temptation of St. Anthony."

J. M. Barrie has turned his play "Peter Pan" into a narrative, having heightened and embroidered it with many new fantasies. Scribners will publish the book within a fortnight.

The list of announcements of Longmans, Green & Co. includes: "Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B. From 1826—1876," edited by his daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss; "The Pacification of Burma," by Sir Charles Crosthwaite; "The King's Caravan: Across Australia in a Wagon," by E. J. Brady; "The Story of My Life," by Emily, Shareefa of Wazan; "Alexander Viets Gris-

wold Allen, 1841-1908," by Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D.; "God in Evolution," by Francis Howe Johnson; "The Reason of Life," by William Porcher Du Bose, D.D; "The Romance of the Holy Land," by Dr. Charles Leach; "More Ghost Stories," by Dr. M. R. James; "My Adventures in the Congo," by Marguerite Roby; "Peru of the Twentieth Century," by Percy F. Martin; "The Holy Eucharist," by the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, and "Primitive Catholicism," by Mgr. Pierre Batiffol.

Henri Bergson's "Laughter," which is described in the sub-title as "An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic," will be brought out soon by Macmillan in an English version.

The same house has in hand "From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam," by A. V. Williams Jackson.

Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is preparing a memoir of her late husband, and asks the loan of letters written by him to friends and acquaintances. These letters will be promptly and carefully returned, intact. Any characteristic anecdotes or reminiscences of Col. Higginson will also be gratefully received. Address Mrs. T. W. Higginson, No. 29 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The "Diary" of Gideon Welles is promised by Houghton Mifflin Co. for October 28.

October publications of Small, Maynard & Co. include: "The Marriage Portion: The Mystery of a Man," by Julia Magruder; "The Young Gem Hunters, or, The Mystery of the Haunted Camp," a story for boys, by Hugh Pendexter; "The Librarian at Play," by Edmund Lester Pearson, and "Literary Pilgrimages of a Naturalist," by Winthrop Packard.

There are a number of historical works in the autumn list of Stanley Paul & Co., among them Lewis Melville's "Life and Letters of Sterne," in two volumes; "Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan," leaves from the diary of Baroness Albert d'Anethan, whose husband represented Belgium at the Court of Japan; "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III," the reminiscences of a lifelong friend; "The Life of Cesare Borgia," by Rafael Sabatini; "Duchess Derelict," a study of Cesare's wife, Charlotte d'Albret, by E. L. Miron, and "The Royal Miracle," a collection of rare tracts and broadsides concerning the wanderings of Charles II after the battle of Worcester.

Included in the Huth collection, a portion of which will be sold November 15 at Sotheby's, are a few interesting manuscripts: a fifteenth-century English Antiphonarium, an Apocalypse written by Margaret of Burgundy, a French manuscript on Peru.

Crowell has just published a reprint of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" The book has a handsome cover of dark blue with a golden sunburst.

The latest issue in the Riverside Press Editions of Houghton Mifflin Co. is a slender volume containing the book of Ecclesiastes. The work has been done under the direction of Bruce Rogers and is in his best vein. The borders, adapted from Geofroy Tory, are particularly fine. Altogether the little book is precious in the best sense of the word.

One could wish that Mrs. James T. Fields, in her introduction to the "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett" (Houghton Mifflin), had not started the reader wrong by likening them to "the famous journal of Dean Swift to Stella." A more unfortunate comparison you would not easily conceive; it merely calls undue attention to the weaker side of these letters. For it cannot be denied that there is in them a little too much of the "dear" and the "good," of that peculiar sweet optimism, in a word, which has been the bane of so many New England writers among the *epigonoi*—even the "Georgics" of Virgil are "pretty" in Miss Jewett's vocabulary. This was not exactly the character of Swift's "little language." But it need scarcely be added that the author of "The Country of the Pointed Firs" has also better stuff in her correspondence than falls under such criticism. The book offers, indeed, a variety of interests. From the editor we learn, if we did not already know, that Miss Jewett's father was a physician and that, "when the weather was pleasant, he would take his wise little girl into the chaise by his side in the morning, instead of urging her to go to school." What she learned in these tours of the country, no lover of her books need be told. She was in fact herself well versed in medicine, and in one of her letters of 1882, when she was in her thirty-fourth year, she speaks of reading "a handbook of anatomy" in bed. Possibly a selection of the letters might have been made to give a more intimate picture of life in South Berwick, Me., which was always Miss Jewett's home, and which furnished so much of her literary baggage. We do get glimpses of that life, finely phrased—of a visit, for instance, to "a house unlike any other, with a sense of space and time and *uninterruptedness*"—but so many of the letters are from different parts of the world that the atmosphere of the book is almost one of restlessness instead of gentle calm. Yet, on the other hand, we could ill spare the delightful letters from France. Best thing of all in the correspondence is the revelation of the writer's character—the character of the author of "Deephaven" and "The Country of the Pointed Firs." She says somewhere that at the back of her desk she had pinned up, so as to be constantly before her eyes when writing, the "two wonderful bits of Flaubert—'Ecrire la vie ordinaire comme on écrit l'histoire'; and the other, 'Ce n'est pas de faire rire—mais d'agir à la façon de la nature, c'est à dire de faire rêver.'" One sees in these letters how deeply the best of New England was imbedded in the author's own heart, and why ordinary life, as she describes it, is at once history and an evocation of dreams.

As the American wife of an Englishman Mrs. John Lane, one may suppose, loves two countries, and is rarely fitted to chasten wisely where she loves. Her score of essays just published, under the title "Talk of the Town" (Lane), leaves the first point in no way doubtful. Though her eye is quick to discern modern follies, her tone is always genial and full-hearted. Nor does she waste words on small doubtful matters, both countries being pricked at vital points:

> In his constancy he [the Englishman] is quite devoid of humor; in fact, the Englishman dreads humor. He, who by some curious freak of nature, has, as a nation, given the world its greatest humorists, is, as an individual, afraid of it. And, indeed, he is more afraid of laughter than he is of tears. In fact, if he had more humor, it would have had a wholesome effect on British art, and by and by he would cease to love the feeble [in art].

And American smugness wins no ruth:

> To say in America that you are going abroad puts you at once on a superior social footing. It is a kind of self-bestowed order of knighthood.

The American business man is well caught in a single episode. One was heard asking a porter in a Geneva hotel:

> "Is there a museum in this town?"
> "No, sir," said the porter, humiliated by this disgraceful confession. "Thank God," the young American cried fervently, and shook the astonished man's hand.

The author's position on women's rights stands apparent in one of the titles—"Men's Wrongs." The question is already more than settled, to judge by her admonishment of men to demand, in exchange for what women have, "the liberty of the needle." An interesting light is thrown on the position of vice-presidents. About three months before his assassination President McKinley was visited by an Englishman who expressed regret and surprise that John Hay had left England to enter the Cabinet:

> "To be ambassador to England is, of course, the greatest office in your gift," he said, conscious that there is only one England.
> "No," the President replied, "it is a much greater position to be Secretary of State. He comes next in importance to the President." Here he paused and then added casually, as an afterthought which had nearly escaped him, "I mean, of course, with the exception of the Vice-President."

The happiest essay in the volume is, to our thinking, "The London Bus," which for keen observation coupled with an airily by-the-way philosophizing compares favorably with the early eighteenth century manner.

The fifth volume of F. B. Dexter's "Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College with Annals of the College History" (Holt) carries the record from the year 1792 to 1805, and shows the same careful scholarship as its predecessors. These sketches are not only valuable on account of the great mass of genealogical and biographical details they contain, but also because, in brief and perhaps unintentionally quaint statements of fact, they depict so graphically the nature and life of Yale College a century ago. Thus, under the year 1792, we read:

> The newly organized government of the College, consequent upon the Act of the General Assembly in May, 1792, came fully into operation with the meeting of the Corporation at Commencement on September 11. Delicate questions of precedence in the order of procession to the public exercises had to be settled; but the most important action taken was with reference to the new building to be built from the funds supplied by the State, the estimated cost of which was £2,500. Ebenezer Gay, of the Class of 1787, resigned the tutorship at Commencement, and his place was filled by the election of Jonathan W. Edwards, of the Class of 1789.

The uncertain state of the Colonial government, the gift, even then, of $10,000 by the State, and the fact that commencement was really the commencement of studies and occurred in the autumn instead of in June, are a few of the interesting things brought to light by this one suggestive paragraph. In the eight hundred pages of

Mr. Dexter's volume there is much of a kindred nature.

"The Danger Zone of Europe" (Little, Brown), by H. Charles Woods, possesses among other merits that of unusual timeliness. The author touches, with a hand sure of its grasp, upon many problems which the present war has brought to the fore of public discussion. The successes and failures of the Young Turks are set forth impartially, and on the basis of extensive information. The new régime, as the author shows, has unquestionably diffused a sense of greater personal security throughout Turkisb territory. Travel is safer, the peasant gathers his crops with more freedom, the spy system has been largely abolished, and the censorship of the press has been relaxed. There is also noticeable a slight improvement in the social status of married women, and some efforts are being made to raise the standard of education for girls. But the reform element is greatly hampered by the condition of the civil service. The corrupt officials dismissed when Abdul Hamid's power ended were replaced by inexperienced men whose honesty and efficiency are still to be tried. Liberalism meets with the opposition of the fanatical believer in the letter of the Koran. The Christian races are tenacious of their old-time privileges, which, under the new constitution, must be withdrawn. The Greek patriarch has been shorn of his power over schools, churches, and hospitals, as has also been the Bulgarian exarch. In Macedonia the great landowners, who are chiefly Moslems, now devote more attention to their properties, and have become more exacting toward their Christian tenants. The law against brigands bears heavily on the Christians, who are compelled to surrender their firearms, while Moslems are leniently dealt with. In Albania the taking of the census, with its questioning of women, bas exasperated the population. The warlike Arnauts, moreover, hate to furnish the Government with information disclosing their numerical strength. The Northern Albanians, who have in the past professed allegiance to no one, regard compulsory conscription in the Turkish army as a breach of faith. They are willing, for the protection of their homes, to fight Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins, but they object to serving the Sultan in a war which does not concern them. The army which brought about the triumph of the Young Turks, in July, 1908, still controls both the internal policy and the foreign relations of the empire. The committee of the Union and Progress party was, at the outbreak of the war with Italy, supported by the army, but its tenure of power is evidently involved in the fortunes of the struggle. Shefket Pasha, whom Mr. Woods describes as a very moderate man, holds the key to the internal situation. Even while nominally only inspector-general of part of the Turkish army, he was in reality "a sort of secret lord and master of all he surveyed." Kiamil Pasha is, in the author's opinion, the ablest Turkish statesman, but he speaks somewhat guardedly of Hilmi Pasha, the grand vizier retired at the end of 1909, whose reappointment recent reports have foreshadowed. The complicated financial situation of Turkey receives due consideration at the hands of the author. A particularly interesting chapter is devoted to the causes and results of the Armenian massacres of April, 1909. But for these matters and the chapters on Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Asia Minor, and the Cretan question, we must refer our readers to the book itself, which is valuable in all its parts.

The 1911 edition of Prof. George Chase's "Code of Civil Procedure" (Banks Law Publ. Co.) comes out in its usual compact and convenient form. The compilation consists of the New York Code of Civil Procedure, the Constitution, General Construction Law, the Rules of Court, and the Municipal Court Act, with indexes and notes. The only original parts, of course, are the indexes and notes. The Code professes to be complete up to September 1, 1911, but on opening the book, we find a very serious fault on the title-page in the words "as amended to the close of the Legislative Session of 1911." The session did not close until October 6, and he had no assurance that no further amendments would be made. It is highly important in a work of this sort that the date to which amendments and annotations have been carried should be clearly stated. No fewer than fifty-five sections of the Code have been amended by the Laws of 1911 so far. It is unsafe for any practitioner to rely on an old edition of the Code, and it is quite possible that a section taken from this book published in September, 1911, may be amended before October by the very Legislature whose work the title-page claims to cover. The same criticism applies to the annotations. They have evidently been carried forward to a very recent date, but we have searched in vain for any statement in the preface, title-page, or head-note to indicate the date or volume of reports up to which the work has been brought. No really satisfactory index has ever been made of the Code of Civil Procedure, probably because the work is so cumbrous and ill-arranged that such an index is virtually an impossibility. The index of this book is for the most part satisfactory. On the whole, the book is neither better nor worse than other pocket editions of the Code.

The indefatigable William Eleroy Curtis wrote up Turkestan in a series of newspaper letters now issued in book form by the George H. Doran Co. ("Turkestan the Heart of Asia"). He went from Baku by steamer across the Caspian to Krasnovodsk, thence by the central Asian railway to Askhabad, Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, and Tashkend, and straight back. On the way he observed and recorded enormously and questioned voraciously; and in consequence he has produced a very vivid description, often witty if of the newspaper fashion, but throughout interesting and suggestive. Of course, on ancient and mediæval history he requires allowance, but he has known how dexterously to interweave brilliant and picturesque bits from contemporary chronicles. His estimates, too, of the present economic situation and of the Russian methods of dealing with the people, are sane and balanced. Their contrasts with those of the English in India on the one hand and of the French in North Africa on the other might with advantage have been pushed further. How best to handle less developed races is perhaps the greatest problem of civilization, and Mr. Curtis's ideas are worthy of attention. There are 34 good illustrations and a map.

Of the forty-volume Propyläen-Ausgabe of Goethe's works (Munich: Georg Müller) there have appeared thus far the first eight volumes. They contain, in chronological arrangement, the literary output of the poet from his earliest verses (1757) to "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre" (1795) and are interspersed with a few typical letters from each period. The large octavo volumes are beautifully printed on excellent paper and suitably bound, making the edition one to appeal primarily to the lover of handsome books. No editor is mentioned, and there are neither introductions nor commentaries. Evidently the publisher does not look to scholars for his purchasers, since no special value is attached to the text. He has simply carried out in a general way the idea of Hirzel's "Der junge Goethe" through the whole of the poet's life, and no doubt this plan of arrangement, which so admirably serves the purpose of the student, will be favorably received by the general reader. On the one hand the edition is not absolutely complete, even aside from the letters; on the other it contains a few items of doubtful authorship and others that nowadays no recognized scholar ascribes to Goethe. But these defects are of small import. Of the three supplement volumes the first has appeared, with the title "Die Bildnisse Goethes," and is issued by Ernst Schulte-Strathaus. This book is a real contribution to Goethe literature. Based on the publications of Rollett and Zarncke and supplemented by their later unpublished corrections and additions, it is now the best source of information concerning Goethe portraits made from life. It has 167 plates, excellent reproductions of new photographs (except the 45 drawn from Zarncke's collection) of the original 45 drawings, 42 paintings, 37 silhouettes, 18 busts, and 2 masks, together with the reliefs, medals, engravings, statuettes, and models. A table is inserted showing the corresponding numbers in Rollett and Zarncke, from which it appears that Schulte-Strathaus has added to the collection over fifty numbers unknown to Rollett and over thirty unknown to Zarncke. While the editor has limited himself for the most part to works drawn from life, the reader turning the pages is sometimes put to it to imagine that the same subject could have posed for such dissimilar pictures. Why Goethe should have sat for some of them, or granting that he had a good reason for doing so, why he should have allowed them to be preserved, it would be hard to say. The editor refrains almost altogether from entering into the question to what extent each picture is a true likeness, preferring to quote instead the reported opinions of Goethe himself and, whenever he could find any, of those who knew both the picture and the original. An index of names of artists adds to the convenience of the work for reference.

The Rev. James Mitchell, D.D., whose death is announced from Edinburgh at the age of eighty-one, was the author of "The Church and the People," "Rulers and Subjects," "The Voluntary Question," and "Significant Etymology."

William Eleroy Curtis, one of the best-known journalists in this country, died sud-

denly a week ago in Philadelphia, at the age of sixty-one. Mr. Curtis, who was a special writer on the Chicago *Record-Herald*, had in the last few months been gathering material in the South for articles. He had a life contract with that paper to write a daily letter. The contract was made in 1887, when the *Record-Herald* was the Chicago *Record*. For nearly a quarter of a century he carried out his contract, writing from the four quarters of the globe. Among the books which he wrote are "Capitals of Spanish America," "The Land of the Nihilist," "The True Thomas Jefferson," and "The True Abraham Lincoln."

Science

Horace B. Woodward contributes to Putnam's History of the Sciences series, "History of Geology"; it will be ready shortly.

Dr. Charles S. Myers's "Text Book of Applied Psychology," revised and enlarged, has just been published by the Longmans, in two volumes which are not sold separately.

The Troglodytes or cave-dwellers of southern Tunisia are described by F. E. Johnson in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, and with the help of sixty illustrations one gets a vivid impression of their life in their strange homes. They seem to be divided into three groups, those who live under the earth, in holes in the hillsides, and the climbers. He is enthusiastic in his praise of the work of the French, especially in the establishment of law and order where thirty years ago was rapine, fire, and sword. L. Kennedy gives an account of a journey to the highest known waterfall, the Kaieteur on the Potaro River in British Guiana. At the brink the river is 369 feet wide and the fall is 741 feet, nearly five times as high as Niagara.

Remarkable progress in the education of the deaf is shown in the report for [illegible] of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. It differs from similar institutions in being a military school—the first of the sort—having been put on this basis by its principal, Prof. E. H. Currier, soon after his appointment in 1893. The ethical value of military training he held to be in teaching the child obedience and self-control. His success has been great. He has established a band composed entirely of the pupils, to ascertain whether the hearing of the partially deaf might not be developed by musical massage. There are now twenty-nine musicians, with a repertoire of 185 selections, which are played with great accuracy and sweetness. The vibrations of music seem to vitalize the hearing nerves and to restore partially the hearing faculty.

To present an attractive and helpful account of the relations of organisms to their surroundings is, at the present time, a difficult task. The study of them is largely a matter of physiology, the science which consists essentially in the application of chemistry and physics to life and growth. Now it happens that recently there have been revolutionary changes along the border between chemistry and physics which necessitate a partial restatement of the general physiological principles. Professor Duggar of Cornell University has now done this on the side of vegetation, in the new volume "Plant Physiology" (Macmillan). He has interwoven in a satisfactory manner the new conceptions with the old, and has constructed a strictly modern and cautious treatise In range it goes beyond the limits of physiology proper into the neighboring field of ecology, being all the better for that. Primarily, it is a textbook for horticultural and agricultural students, but the style of presentation renders the work suitable for amateurs also. The author has the happy faculty of stating his facts strikingly. The laboratory practice is well ordered.

The "Practical Medical Dictionary" (Wm. Wood & Co.), compiled by Dr. T. L. Stedman, is a handsome as well as handy volume of a thousand pages. The book is laid down on broad lines and the author endeavors to cover a large field, in which synonyms and variations of names and biographical memoranda rankly grow and in which are many pitfalls for those unwary students whose linguistic deficiencies are deplored in a preface that is not without hope of better days. The general purpose of Dr. Stedman is excellent, and his efforts in the direction of correct pronunciation and exact, concise definition are most praiseworthy, but the inclusion of all medical terms is an almost impossible task. We have just tested the book by a single recent number of a well-known American medical journal, picked up quite at random, and have noted above a dozen words or terms which would have difficulties for the average medical student using this dictionary. On the other hand, it must be said that the book is exceedingly rich and helpful in the enumeration of appliances and special methods, although some of the illustrations seem to us superfluous in a work of this kind.

The popular mispronunciation of *angina* is carefully corrected, but Dr. Stedman seems to overlook the prevailing misconception of the quantity in *vertigo*. The pronunciation of the name of Virchow indicated by *"fer-khov"* is fairly in accord with the general rules of German pronunciation but is not that used by his family, who pronounced it *"fer-kho."* Some other pronunciations are also not quite impeccable, and that of Cheyne, a hard name for the beginner, is not given at all. By an unfortunate slip of the typesetter, the distinguished Saemisch is described as an "Australian ophthalmologist," nor is the probably intended "Austrian" properly descriptive of him. There also seems to be some confusion in attributing to the anatomist, Moritz Nussbaum, matter which belongs to the noted surgeon bearing the same family name. The well-established distinction between *albumen* and *albumin* ought to have been preserved and confirmed, and we note that the derivation of *opsonin* is not the one given by the author of the word, and also that the definition of the *purin bodies* takes no account of the present view concerning these important substances. These comments touch only one line of topics. We might easily pursue the subject further along other lines did space permit, perhaps *ad nauseam*, a phrase which should be conspicuous in any dictionary dealing with medicines but to be found in this only by the constructive effort.

Drama

The Aran Islands. By J. M. Synge. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.25 net.

Riders to the Sea. The same. 50 cents net.

The Tinker's Wedding. The same. 75 cents net.

From these three volumes it is possible to form a clear conception of the genius of the late J. M. Synge, its power, its charm, and its limitations. If they do not reveal him as the inspired dramatist he has been described to be by some of his most eulogistic compatriots, they prove at least that he had the true poetic vision and sensibility, the zeal of the student, the fervor of the patriot, a passionate sympathy with Nature in her wildest moods, and a keen appreciation of the rugged virtues of an unsophisticated and virile race. It is as a literary artist that he shines most in these pages. The diaries of his sojourn in the Aran Islands, those bleak rocks that endure the fiercest onset of the Atlantic storms which rage along the coast of Galway, are as full of interest for the general reader as for the ethnologist or for the lover of fairy legend or Gaelic. They have an especial value, because the patriarchal conditions of life which they depict, with convincing veracity, are already subject to the changes inevitably caused by increasing contact with the forces of modern civilization. Being a poet, Mr. Synge throws about the islands and their inhabitants a glamour which would not be felt by the ordinary visitor, but he was in many respects an ideal reporter. As he had the gift of insight as well as of observation, no incident or characteristic was too trivial for his record, and in so primitive a community no incident or characteristic was without its peculiar significance. The habits, the speech, the dress, and the manners of men, women, and children are noted with the minutest accuracy and with a descriptive skill which gives continuous fascination to the narrative. The hardy fisher folk in their curaghs—crank as the ancient coracles—the forlorn old widows, the full-blooded maidens, and the rheumatic grandsires, with their inexhaustible stores of folklore, are sketched with a vivid fidelity that stamps them as the natural product of their harsh and awe-inspiring environment. Facing from infancy a fierce struggle for existence, dependent for food upon scraps of barren soil or the scanty harvest of the devouring sea, perpetually beaten by storm or drenched by mists, with death threatening on every hand, and no hope of any greater luxury than a brief respite from hardship, how could they be other than a strong, simple, hospitable, self-centred, and imaginative folk, jealous of

liberty, rebellious against a law or an authority they did not comprehend, patient and strangely philosophic in calamity, but capable, upon occasion, of almost hysterical outbursts of emotion? Thus it is that Mr. Synge represents them. He tells a story of a man who killed his father with a blow of a spade in a sudden fit of fury and who was successfully hidden from the police by his friends, who, while they in no way excused the deed, argued that no man would kill his father if he could help it, and that, if he were unfortunate enough to do so, it would be ridiculous to hang him afterward, as he could never repeat the offence, while his remorse would be sufficient punishment.

During his different visits to the islands Mr. Synge lived among the natives as one of themselves, passing his days and nights in intimate converse by the fireside or on the shore, and sharing in all their simple joys or sorrows. He risked his life with them in tempest, fiddled for them when they wanted to dance, participated in their tragedies of death or eviction, rewarded their fairy tales with conjuring tricks, and became so much of an islander as to be affected by the physical phenomena around him. At all events, he tells of a dream of unearthly music which stirred him to such a frenzy of excitement as left him trembling and exhausted when he awoke. It would be interesting to quote many of his experiences, observations, and conversations as he reports them, and especially some notable passages of description of the beauties and terrors of the ocean in calm and storm; but such fragmentary excerpts could but faintly reflect the varied charm of a book whose refined, simple, vigorous prose exhibits throughout the taste of the scholar, the perception of the humorist, and the fancy of the poet.

It is from the Aran Islands that Synge derived his inspiration for the "Riders to the Sea," which some of his most ardent admirers have called the greatest tragedy of modern times. This is the language of extravagance, although the modern output of stage tragedy is small. Actually, the piece cannot rightfully be called a tragedy, in the proper sense of the word, at all. It lacks the essential elements of a work of that kind, being merely an episode of fisher life, culminating in a catastrophe following a vision. But it is told with a directness, a rapidity of action, and an impression of impending and inevitable climax which are truly dramatic, while the pathos of it is deep, eloquent, and pathetic. In its way it is, undoubtedly, a little masterpiece, patterned closely after the model of an early Maeterlinck conception. The scene is the hut of Mawreya, a fisherman's widow. She is awaiting news of her missing son, Michael. His sole surviving brother, Bartley, who is about to put to sea in a terrible storm, brings in fragments of clothing found on the body of a drowned man, for his sisters to identify. They recognize them as having belonged to Michael, and strive to dissuade Bartley from undertaking his voyage. But he is obdurate even to the supplications of his mother, who is yet ignorant of her other son's fate. He departs without the old woman's blessing, whereupon she follows him out to bestow it, but is prevented from doing so by a vision of Michael riding in attendance upon him. This she accepts as a sure token of his coming death, and soon afterward his dead body is carried into the house. The curtain falls upon the bereaved mother's outcry of despairing resignation. Nothing could be much more moving than the cruel unadorned realism of it all or more truthfully characteristic of the supposed actors and the scene. As a poignant extract from the book of life it has theatrical value of a very high order.

"The Tinker's Wedding" may be dismissed briefly. It is well known and has been acted in this country. As drama it is inconsiderable, being in the nature of broad farce. That the types are more or less veracious need not be disputed, but it offends against discretion and good taste, while the humor of it, though positive, is not extraordinary. The genius exhibited in these works of Mr. Synge is much more literary and poetic than dramatic.

The Unionist-Gazette Association of Somerville, N. J., announces, in an edition limited to a thousand copies, "The Shakespeare Autobiography of Dr. Appleton Morgan."

The arrival in this country of Lewis Waller, the popular English actor, who is to play the leading male character in "The Garden of Allah" in the Century Theatre, is an interesting theatrical incident. For many years he has been accounted one of the ablest representatives of romantic heroes upon the British stage. In the legitimate drama his Henry V has generally been regarded as his greatest achievement, and it is gratifying to hear that he intends to give some performances of this character here before his return to London. The best interpretation of it seen in this city in modern times was that of George Rignold. "The Garden of Allah" is to be produced on the afternoon of Saturday, October 21.

"Macbeth" is expected to run until Christmas at His Majesty's Theatre, in London and perhaps longer, but in the holidays its career will be interrupted for a revival on a grand scale of Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers." Mr. Zangwill's new play, "The God of War," is to be given soon at morning performances. The interesting announcement is made that some of Shakespeare's historical plays will be revived at the festival next year.

Concerning his new play, "The God of War," Mr. Zangwill says:

It is an effort to deal in artistic form with the problem of universal peace. It is not an allegory; the time and the characters are modern—in fact, entirely up-to-date, as befits the theme. I have endeavored to do two things: First, to show to what extent the gospel of good will or general peace among nations has really taken hold of civilization; second, to inculcate that gospel with all the artistic strength of which I am capable. The great problem of the present is the liberation of thought, which means thinking along new and original lines of course, with a general betterment of the race. In the very fact that the science of war has advanced to the plane of an almost perfect science of destruction, we see the dawn of universal peace.

The Adelphi Play Society, in London, is preparing an ambitious programme for the coming season. It will give "The Father" and the "Fräulein Julie" of Strindberg; incidents from Nietzsche's "Also Sprach Zarathustra"; "Othello," in full, and without waits; "Pippa Passes" and "Peer Gynt"; Hauptmann's "Biberpeltz," in a new translation by C. E. Wheeler, and Arthur Schnitzler's "Das Märchen."

The Drama Society of London, a newly-formed body, will produce during the autumn "Pietro of Siena," a hitherto unacted play by Stephen Phillips; the last four acts of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," Oscar Wilde's "A Florentine Tragedy," and "Souls on the Tramp," a new farce dealing with theosophy and reincarnation, written by Paul Hyacinthe Loyson and Leonard Henslowe.

Music

Franz Liszt. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

No living author is better equipped for writing the definitive, standard life of Liszt than Mr. Huneker. More than a quarter of a century ago he began to collect books, articles, and anecdotes on that pianist-composer; he has been personally intimate with many of Liszt's pupils, among whom some became almost as famous as their master; and he has enjoyed the advantage over most biographers and commentators of being able to play on his own piano the Liszt pieces, including the most difficult. Thus prepared, he projected, nine years ago, an exhaustive biography of Liszt, with analyses of the bulk of his works, like those contained in his admirable book on Chopin. Appalled, however, by the vast amount of raw material before him, he changed his mind and has written instead a book of 458 pages in which certain aspects of Liszt's life and art are studied without much regard for chronological sequence. The standard "Life and Works" therefore still remains to be written, for the books of Kapp, Nohl, Göllerich, Vogel, Hervey, and others are mere sketches, while Lina Ramann's three volumes, though invaluable as a trustworthy source of information, are incomplete on the biographic side and uncritical in their persistent adulation.

Thus Mr. Huneker's book, though it has fallen short of his original ambition, may nevertheless be commended to music-lovers as the one which will give them the vividest impression of the

most brilliant and many-sided of all musical geniuses; and at the same time a clear idea of the qualities which distinguish Liszt's most important works from those of other composers. There are in it excellent analyses of the twelve symphonic poems, the "Faust" and "Dante" symphonies, the B minor sonata, the études, the "Dance of Death," the concertos, the "Rakoczy" march, the choral and sacred works. Mr. Huneker is far from being a full-blooded Lisztite; he is not always successful, unfortunately, in sorting the chaff from the wheat. His remark, for example, that "one Chopin Mazurka contains more music than all the Liszt rhapsodies," is preposterous. The bitterest of Liszt's enemies, Dr. Hanslick, was so enthusiastic over these pieces that he called them "milestones in the history of art"; they are epitomes of the best melodies of one of the most musical nations—the one to which Liszt himself belongs; yet Mr. Huneker calls them "empty." By giving five pages to a citation of August Spanuth's admirable remarks on these same rhapsodies, he atones, however, for his own lapse from critical sanity—a lapse which should perhaps be taken no more seriously than his extraordinary assertions that "there is nothing new since Beethoven"; that "opera is the weakest of forms"; or such cynical exclamations as "fancy the pianoforte inciting to tears!" or "the New Zealander is already alive, though young, who will visit Europe to attend the last piano-recital."

In his first chapter, Mr. Huneker gives a summary view of Liszt, "the real and legendary," traversing his career and dwelling briefly on points that are more fully elaborated in later chapters, among them his "youthful extravagances, inseparable from his gipsy-like genius." He tells here also why "Germany set the fashion in abusing Liszt. He had too much success for one man, and as a composer, he must be made an example of; the services he rendered in defending the music of the insurgent Wagner were but another black mark against his character." Liszt's frequent remark, "I can wait," is of course cited, but in his remarks on the present status of the Liszt cult, Mr. Huneker is not entirely consistent. He thinks the "martyrdom motive has been sounded too often"; and denies that "the Liszt compositions have unduly suffered from the proverbial neglect of genius." But they have; he himself admits this on p. 66 in speaking of certain études, "those wonderful continuations of the Chopin studies," of some of which not only the public, but most pianists, have "never heard." And surely there was cause for sounding the martyrdom motive in the fact that New York will this winter hear for the first time the "Dante" symphony, which, as Weingartner has justly said, marks the summit of Liszt's creative power, being at the same time "the ripest fruit of that style of programme music that is artistically justified, since Berlioz."

With fascinating inconsistency, Mr. Huneker himself sounds the "martyrdom motive" again and again. Nothing in all musical literature is more eloquent than the two pages (26, 27), in which he shows how Liszt, after creating the symphonic poem, inventing a musical phrase, novel in shape and gait, perfecting the leading motive, employing poetic ideas instead of the antique and academic cut and dried square-toed themes, "was ruthlessly plundered almost before the ink was dry on his manuscript, and without due acknowledgment of the original source." The leading composers of Germany, France, and Russia benefited by his new ideas while he "sat in Weimar and smiled and waited, and waited and smiled." Wagner was one of the pilferers. "The later Wagner would not have existed—as we now know him—without first traversing the garden of Liszt"; it was the study of Liszt's symphonic poems that bridged over the "yawning chasm between 'Lohengrin' and 'Tristan'." The modern Frenchmen, from Saint-Saëns to Debussy, and most of the modern Russians "stem from Liszt." His influence was as wide, as deep, as Wagner's, or Beethoven's, or Chopin's; yet how few give him credit therefor! "The true history of Liszt as composer has yet to be written."

No fewer than 126 pages of this volume go to a chapter entitled "Mirrored by his Contemporaries." Vast as is the Liszt literature—a far from complete bibliography fills 27 pages of Kapp's book—nothing of importance or special interest seems to have escaped Mr. Huneker's drag-net; and in these brief extracts from the writings of men and women who knew Liszt and his compositions one gets a wonderfully vivid and varied idea of his many-sided character and activity. Beginning with Von Lenz's account of the blasé young pianist in Paris in 1828, we read what such men as Berlioz, Moscheles, John Dwight, Hans Christian Andersen, Heine, Schumann, Grieg, such women as Caroline Bauer, Fanny Kemble, Lola Montez, George Eliot, and others had to say at various times. Nearly everybody knew Liszt; five pages of Mr. Huneker's book are covered by the names of Liszt's pupils. The last chapters contain brief remarks about the most important of these and other "Modern Pianoforte Virtuosi." Under the head of "At Rome, Weimar, Budapest," copious details are given regarding piano tours, friendships, notable persons met, among them Gregorovius, who wrote of Liszt that "he and his instrument seemed to be grown together—a piano centaur." The important rôle played in Liszt's life by religion and by women, especially princesses, is dwelt on—"one naturally drops into the Almanach de Gotha when writing of the friends of Liszt"; in short, no phase of the past is neglected, and in a further chapter, "In the Footsteps of Liszt," we get an interesting glimpse of the present condition of the cities and places which were the great man's favorite haunts. Eighteen illustrations of these haunts and of friends and relatives add to the attractiveness of this volume, which is as entertaining and as brilliant in style as it is timely.

Caruso is evidently himself again, judging by the enthusiastic tributes paid to his voice and his singing when he broke his long silence by appearing at the Imperial Opera in Vienna last month.

One of the most interesting features of the coming New York season will be a concert at Carnegie Hall by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, under its famous conductor, Frederick Stock. Thirteen years have passed since this admirable orchestra was last heard here.

Ossip Gabrilowitch, the eminent Russian pianist who married Mark Twain's daughter and now lives in Munich, will play in European cities this season, but will probably come to America next season. Recognizing the fact that good conductors are even in greater demand than good pianists, he has also undertaken the leading of the Konzertverein Orchestra in Munich, with which he will give five concerts this winter, with eminent soloists, including Schumann-Heink and Sophie Menter.

The first of the Hippodrome Sunday night concerts will be given on Sunday evening, October 15, when Jan Kubelik, the distinguished violinist, will make his reappearance in New York after an absence of four years. Mr. Kubelik will be assisted by Nahan Franko and his orchestra of sixty musicians. Concertos by Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn are on the programme. The American tour will include a hundred concerts.

Maud Powell has selected for performanee this season the new suite for violin and orchestra, by W. H. Humiston, which had its first hearing in August at the Peterboro MacDowell Festival, where the soloist was Miss Grace Freeman of California. Mr. Humiston was a pupil of MacDowell at Columbia University. His "Southern Fantasy," which was played at Carnegie Hall by the People's Symphony Orchestra, will shortly be published by Breitkopf & Härtel, who also have in press an album of five songs by the same composer.

The programme for the Oratorio Society's concerts this season differs greatly from those hitherto presented; the usual "Messiah" concerts will occur at Christmas, and in the week of March 25 a Brahms Festival of four concerts, given in connection with the New York symphony Society, the programmes of which will be devoted exclusively to the compositions of Johannes Brahms. In these concerts the Symphony Society, under Walter Damrosch, will have an equal part with the Oratorio Society, two of the four festival concerts being choral and two orchestral. A special edi-

tion of the chorai works to be sung has been prepared for the society, in order that the language of the text shall, in some measure, be as beautiful as the music of its setting. One of the four symphonies of Brahms will be performed at each of the four festival concerts, and will be conducted by Walter Damrosch. The choral works will be conducted by Frank Damrosch. They will include the "Song of Triumph," "Nänie, and the famous "German Requiem." The "Messiah" will be sung on December 27 and 29; Brahms's "Nänio" and "Song of Triumph" on March 25, and the "German Requiem" on March 30. The dates for the orchestral Brahms concerts are March 27 and 29.

The Volpe Symphony Society of New York, under the direction of Arnold Volpe, will give a series of four subscription concerts at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evenings, November 2, January 9, February 20, and March 26, instead of Sunday afternoons. The artists engaged to assist at this, the eighth season, are: Rudolph Ganz, pianist; Ludwig Hess, tenor; Albert Spalding, violinist, and Leo Ornstein, pianist. The standard symphonies to be given will include: Beethoven's No. 3 ("Eroica"), Schumann's No. 4, Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor, and Tchaikovsky's No. 4. The plan, inaugurated last season, of having at least one American composition in each programme, will be continued, and the works to be given in pursuance of this plan are: "Christmas Overture," by Percy Goetschius; "The Mystic Trumpeter," by Frederick S. Converse; "Comedy Overture," on negro themes, by Henry Gilbert. To these will be added the Symphony in D minor, by Pietro Floridia, an Italo-American, who has already become known in this country through his opera "Paoletta." The symphonic poem "Les Préludes," by Liszt, will be played at the initial concert, in commemoration of the centennial of the composer's birth.

Art

"Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art," by Ernest F. Fenollosa, will be brought out in November by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Putnams will publish in October "Illuminated Manuscripts," by J. A. Herbert and Evelyn Underhill.

The publishing firm of Calzone in Rome will shortly issue the first two numbers of the official catalogue of all the antiquities and works of art in Italy: Aosta and its neighborhood, by Dr. Toesca, and Pisa, by Dr. Papini. This catalogue will deal exhaustively with the art treasures of Italy and will be fully illustrated.

The scope of Walter H. Godfrey's "A History of Architecture in London" (Scribner importation) is described in the subtitle, "Arranged to illustrate the course of architecture in England until 1800, with a sketch of the preceding European styles." Mr. Godfrey's survey has been made in very workmanlike fashion. Virtually every building treated is represented by a plan which shows clearly the original structure and the extant portions. There are in all upwards of two hundred and fifty maps and illustrations. An alphabetical list of important buildings, with a key map, is a useful feature. For the leisurely tourist the book is admirably contrived, and even the professional architect will find it convenient as a source of first reference. Indeed, it may be warmly recommended to all who would know their old London well.

Henry C. Shelley's "The British Museum, Its History and Treasures" (L. C. Page & Co.) is a very readable but one-sided manual. Satisfactory on the side of the history of the Museum, which requires about one-third of the space, the text is perfunctory on such important matters as the Greek marbles and the drawings and engravings. The Egyptian, Babylonian, and prehistoric sections, however, are written with much judgment and enthusiasm. For the accessibility of its collections and the ready courtesy and helpfulness of its officials, the Museum fully deserves Mr. Shelley's repeated commendations. The book contains fifty halftone cuts from well-chosen originals.

Hard upon the Vasari quattro-centenary appears the first volume of "Scritte di M. Giorgio Vasari Pittore et Architetto Aretino," mit Kritischem Apparate herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Frey (Munich: Georg Müller). It is impossible within the allotted space to do more than signalize a few points of importance in this monumental undertaking. Only continued use could prove the accuracy of critical apparatus crowded with documentary material. For the first time we have a letter perfect edition of Vasari's issue of 1568 with all the variants of the first edition of 1550. The annotation is extraordinarily full. We have, for example, a complete reprint of the Strozzi compilations from the account books of the Florentine wool guild. The fortunes of the Baptistery are followed year by year. All contentious points in these early lines are discussed in interchapters. So complete is this material that this bulky first volume contains besides the introductory material only the lives of Cimabue, Arnolfo, and Nicolo and Giovanni Pisano. The first volume of Milanesi's edition in nine volumes contained some twenty lives. Accordingly, it seems impossible that this new edition should be rounded out within the seven or eight volumes announced as the limit. On this matter of space Dr. Frey reminds the reader that these earlier lives require a fulness of annotation superfluous in later and more accurate portions of Vasari.

In general Dr. Frey's discussions are clarifying. With steady hand he holds apart the proved from the merely probable. He has brought to bear upon the open questions all relevant documents, in extract. One learns from his pages precisely the present state of the subject. These leisurely reviews of the great open questions are generally so clearly and sensibly done, that most scholars, we presume, will reconcile themselves to the great but necessary *longueurs* involved. Into this admirably objective survey Dr. Frey's pet theory of two Arnolfos intrudes with something of a shock. Whether there was alongside of Arnolfo di Cambio of Colle, architect, an Arnolfo of Florence, sculptor, is still an open question. Dr. Frey's ingenious argument is far from a demonstration. There even seems to be a lack of candor in failing to quote from de Rossi the inscription Arnolphus Architectus which some scholar of the sixteenth century read on the tomb of Boniface VIII. If the inscription be genuine—and no good reason for doubting it has ever been given—we have very strong grounds for believing that there was but one Arnolfo, as Vasari states, and that he was both sculptor and architect. Apart from this natural over-emphasis of a personal theory, the book is a prodigy not merely of profound learning but of good judgment. Upon the successful launching of this great work Dr. Frey is to be heartily congratulated. As it proceeds, all earlier editions of Vasari perforce become obsolete.

Finance

TAKING THE RECKONING.

When a ship has drifted for a considerable stretch of time under stress of stormy weather, her navigators greet with as much curiosity as interest the first opportunity to take the reckoning. They are likely to learn that their position on the chart is very different from what they had supposed. A somewhat similar experience awaits the financial pilots, when a tempest on the stock exchanges and the money markets has sufficiently abated to make possible some calculation as to where the markets stand.

The surprise which has confronted them, on the present occasion, consisted in their discovery that, at the very moment which they had expected to bring them on the rocks, they were actually in placid waters. Nothing more uneventful, on the home or foreign money markets and stock exchanges, could be imagined than the present week, in which those markets have been face to face with the "October settlements" and a European war. Money has, if anything, been easier; stock markets have grown inactive and in many localities have recovered; the great banks of Europe, whose credit facilities showed so heavy a strain in last week's reports, have this week shown large gain in cash and extensive reduction of loans.

That the "quarterly settlements" should have produced so slight disturbance, resulted clearly from the fact that they had prepared abundantly in advance. The apathetic response to the Mediterranean episode may have had other causes. In some ways, it was not very complimentary to Italy that the world's financial markets should have treated its war with such indifference. It might, no doubt, have complicated the diplomatic end of things if consols had gone to 70, and Paris had faced a panic instead of last Thursday's easy-going Bourse settlement, and the German bank rate had advanced to 7 per cent. That might have given the Continental Ministries a new view of Italian statecraft. But large affairs impress the markets, and the presumption is bound to linger, if the markets refuse to be impressed, that the affair is not large. Europe did

not like Napoleon any better because consols went to 50 when he resumed his military intrigues, but at all events it took him seriously. There was a week or two when our own war with Spain had a bit of the opera-bouffe complexion; but we fought two first-rate naval battles, nearly came to a brush with Germany's Admiral Diedrich, had some words with France, and the markets saw that they must reflect things. There was not quite the air which surrounds the Italian adventure, of calling on an enemy to fight whose hands are tied, and of prowling about the sea after ships which do not exist.

Financial markets, however, judge these matters philosophically, and are quite content that this quarrel should be kept in one back-yard. If they have not been able even to go through the motions of an orthodox "war scare" on the present occasion, they are at least aware that a real disturbance of the political equilibrium would have been most inconvenient.

It was to be expected, in the natural order of events, that when markets would not break on the invasion of Tripoli and the "October settlements," some one should draw the inference that prosperity once more had us in its grip. The president of the New York Central sounded the first note of optimism. Whether it was or was not a fact of particular reassurance, that the "prosperity coming for all" should be discovered by the telescope which first detected impending railway bankruptcy when the Interstate Commerce Commission held up the general advance in rates, is perhaps a question. One might even criticise the remark ascribed to James J. Hill in another interview, to the effect that nothing now is needed to insure "a period of prosperity never before excelled" except "complete restoration of confidence." There are such things as truisms, or, as Wall Street would express it, predictions with a string to them.

Nevertheless, in some directions there are signs of slowly improving business. It is easier to detect them when the stock market is advancing. But it is also true that autumn is apt to bring some turn for the better after a long depression. This is not wholly because of that favorite and unanswerable argument that "business can never stop entirely in a nation of ninety million souls." It results more particularly from the fact that, when stocks of goods have been allowed to run almost to the shelf in a time of general depression, arrival of the period when merchants have to make preparations for the regular needs of another season usually shows that matters are not quite so bad as we had imagined.

Perhaps it is more than this. Wall Street no doubt is skeptical, on the basis of its traditional belief that a break in stocks, like that of August and September, must find its counterpart, later on, in shrinkage of trade activity. But there are some things at least potentially very favorable. Every one in his senses ought to know that the trouble with trade, as with the Stock Exchange, was the obstinate maintenance of high prices. People would not buy stocks at the figures of July; but they would not buy iron either, or cotton goods. The story really was the same in all three industries, and in many others. Actual consumers could not be interested, save by a lowering of prices, and presently merchants with stocks of steel or cottons to sell were competing to mark their prices down and get the trade. But iron is now down to the lowest since 1906; cotton to the lowest since 1909, and stocks have followed their example. Wall Street said it was President Taft and Mr. Wickersham, or "Morocco," or the attack on the House of Lords, which had caused the lower prices. But possibly there were other causes also, and if there were, they have been in a considerable degree removed.

Naturally, it cannot be assumed that, merely because prices have come down, the entire consuming community will rush headlong into the market. That is not so on the Stock Exchange, and it is not the rule in outside trade. There is usually a period of inaction, in which both buyers and sellers are getting used to the lower prices, and trying to make sure that they will not go still lower. That period is often uncomfortably prolonged. But the main thing is to discover which way the wind is blowing. This is not wholly easy to do as yet, either in America or in Europe; but the horizon at any rate is clearer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albright, E. M. Descriptive Writing. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Baker, Etta A. Fairmount Girls in School and Camp. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Baldry, A. L. The Practice of Water-Colour Painting. Illustrations in color. Macmillan. $5 net.

Barbour, R. H. Finkler's Field: A Story of School and Baseball. D. Appleton. $1.25.

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Baum, L. Frank. The Sea Fairies. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.25.

Blake, William. The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, and A Song of Liberty. Introduction by F. G. Stokes. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Book of Woman's Power. Introduction by Ida M. Tarbell. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Brown, Alice. The One-footed Fairy and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Business Administration. Theory, Practice, and Application. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.

Potter, F. Poems. John W. Lovell.

Calman, W. T. The Life of Crustacea. Macmillan. $2 net.

Calthrop, D. C. The Harlequin Set. Lane. $1 net.

Calvert, Albert F. Spain. With over 1,700 illustrations. 2 vols. Dutton. $15 net.

Carver, T. N. Principles of Rural Economics. Boston: Ginn. $1.30.

Charades. By an Idle Man. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.

Child, R. W. The Man in the Shadow. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Childs, R. S. Short-Ballot Principles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

Danielson, F. W. Little Animal Stories; In Play Land. 2 vols. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net each.

Dillon, John F. Municipal Corporations. Fifth edition. Vol. V. Boston: Little, Brown.

Doyle, A. Conan. Songs of the Road. Garden City: Doubleday, Page.

Edmundson, George. Anglo-Dutch Rivalry, 1600-1653: Being the Ford Lectures Delivered at O. Ford, 1910. Frowde.

Farmer, F. M. Catering for Special Occasions, with Menus and Recipes. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1 net.

Flournoy, T. Spiritism and Psychology. Translated by H. Carrington. Harper. $2 net.

Furnivall. Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record. Frowde. $1.40 net.

Garner, J. W. Government in the United States. American Book Co. $1.

Gilbert, Henry. King Arthur's Knights: Tales Retold for Boys and Girls. Illustrations in color by Walter Crane. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

Gilman, Bradley. The Sultan's Rival: A Story for Boys. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Glass, Montague. Abe and Mawruss. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $1.20.

Gleig, Charles. Contraband Tommy. (The £200 Prize Story for Boys.) London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

Halfyard, S. F. Fundamentals of the Christian Religion. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Hastings, Wells. The Man in the Brown Derby. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Hawkes, Clarence. King of the Thundering Herd: Biography of an American Bison. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co.

Henderson, C. H. Pay-Day. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Henderson, Mrs. L. R. S. The Magic Aeroplane: A Fairy Tale. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.

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Herbert, Agnes. Casuals in the Caucasus: Diary of a Sporting Holiday. Lane. $4 net.

Hill, David J. Völkerorganization und der moderne Staat. Berlin. Egon Fleischel.

Hill, F. T. On the Trail of Grant and Lee. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

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Home, G. The Motor Routes of England (Western Section). Macmillan. $2.25 net.

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Jessop, G. H. Where the Shamrock Grows. Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

Jewett, Sarah Orne. Letters. Edited by Annie Fields. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Keays, H. A. M. The Marriage Portion: A Novel. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.

Kelley, W. V. The Illumined Face. Eaton & Mains.

Letters from Francis Parkman to E. G. Squier, With biog. notes by Don C. Seitz. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $1.50 net.

Lincoln, J. C. Cap'n Warren's Wards. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Longfellow's Hiawatha. Illustrations and designs by Remington, Parrish and Wyeth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Louisa of Tuscany (ex-Crown Princess of Saxony). My Own Story. Putnam.

McCarthy, J. H. The Fair Irish Maid. Harper. $1.30 net.

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Myers, C. S. Text-Book of Experimental Psychology. Second edition, Parts I and II. 2 vols. Longmans, Green.
Neff, S. S. Power Through Perfected Ideas. Philadelphia: Neff College Pub. Co.
Ollivant, Alfred. The Taming of John Blunt. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Openshaw, Mary. The Loser Pays: A Story of the French Revolution. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Otis, J. Old Ben. Harper. $1.25.
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Pendexter, Hugh. The Young Timber-Cruisers. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Penfield, Edward. Spanish Sketches. Scribner. $2.50 net.
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Pitman, N. H. Chinese Playmates. Boston: Page.
Plutarch's Lives for Boys and Girls: Being Selected Lives Freely Retold by W. H. Weston. Drawings in Color by W. Rainey. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Richmond, G. S. Strawberry Acres. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Sainte-Beuve, C. A. Causeries du Lundi. Vol. viii (October-December, 1851). Translated by E. J. Trechmann. Dutton. 50 cents.
Saleilles, Raymond. The Individualization of Punishment. Trans. from the second French edition by R. S. Jastrow. Boston: Little, Brown. $4.50 net.
Sangree, Allen. The Jinx: Stories of the Diamond. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet. Introduction and notes by Henry N. Hudson. Boston: Ginn. $1.
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Stocking, Jay T. The City That Never Was Reached, and Other Stories for Children. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Storey, M., and Emerson, E. W. Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar: A Memoir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
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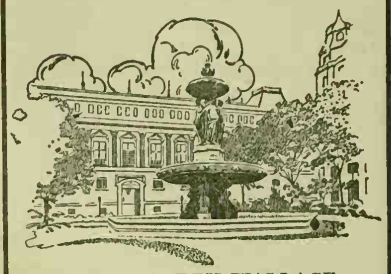

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1911.

The Week

Mr. Taft leaves San Francisco with his prestige visibly increased, we learn from the New York *Tribune's* correspondent. What a fickle thing must this Presidential prestige be which rises and falls like the thermometer, with the day and the hour. At Kansas City it rains, the crowd is rather undemonstrative, and Taft stock breaks for a sharp decline. At Tacoma Mr. Taft greatly improves his standing by calling it Mt. Tacoma and not Mt. Rainier. In southern Idaho the President suffers from a sore throat and the outlook for 1912 grows correspondingly gloomy. At San Francisco he turns the first sod for the Panama Exposition and La Follette's chances dwindle to ridiculous proportions. A Presidential swing around the circle thus assumes the character of an elaborate plucking at the petals of the daisy, with "He loves me" and "He loves me not" following each other in regular succession. In spite of the volatile nature of our democracy we do not believe that the fortunes of a public man are made, unmade, and remade within the space of a day or two. The Western trip will undoubtedly have its effect upon Mr. Taft's political fortunes, but that effect will be visible only months afterward, when the country has had time to appraise the President's record as a whole.

Monday's meeting of Progressive Republicans in Chicago seems to have been shunned by several Republican Senators and other leaders who had been expected to be present, but it went through its business directly and promptly. The platform adopted suffers from the weakness of most political platforms in being conveniently vague. It explicitly favors a Presidential primary, but its programme of Trust legislation seems to have been modelled on the good old Republican planks about protection—duties to protect the manufacturer, yet so adjusted as in no conceivable way to injure the consumer. Similarly, the Progressives are to make big business "safe and stable," while at the same time "fully safeguarding the interests of the public." At one point the drafters of the platform did not wholly escape a logical pitfall. Their movement, they assert, aims to "wrest the control of the government from special privilege," yet in the next breath they add that "the present condition of uncertainty in business is intolerable and destructive of industrial prosperity." The inference appears unavoidable that special privilege in control has not known how to care for its own. Possibly, it has not been so entirely in control as the Progressives, for the sake of campaign argument, feel bound to affirm!

That the Chicago meeting should have endorsed Senator La Follette for the Presidency was a foregone conclusion. His friends were in a great majority, and they know exactly what they want. As much cannot be said for men in the reputed attitude of ex-Secretary Garfield, who was understood to be on the ground in the interest of Mr. Roosevelt. This would mean that Mr. Garfield was there to keep in touch with the Progressive movement, to lay a restraining hand upon it, and to prevent it from committing itself too definitely to the fortunes of any man except the one whose candidacy next year—nothing said about 1916—would be a "genuine calamity." If all this was as reported, however, it must be admitted that Mr. Garfield bore himself as a thorough Rooseveltian. That is to say, finding himself in a small minority, he went cheerfully with the majority.

Inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt's stand on the passport controversy now under way between this government and Russia is unmistakably on the right side, it does not matter that the reasoning by which he approaches his position is completely at variance with what he has recently written concerning international disputes, national honor, and arbitration. Speaking of Russia's refusal to admit American citizens of the Jewish faith, Mr. Roosevelt asserts that "under no circumstances would we now make with Russia or with any other Power a treaty which explicitly permitted such discriminations as Russia actually makes against certain classes of our citizens." But if our feelings in the matter are so unmistakable, what sense is there in appealing to the Hague Tribunal, as Mr. Roosevelt suggests, for an authoritative interpretation of our present treaty with Russia? Why does he not simply order the treaty to be abrogated?

As a matter of fact, it is still to be shown that abrogation of the treaty of 1832 is necessary, in order to bring Russia to terms. The Czar's Government has taken no absolute stand in the matter, but has displayed to the full all the evasive and dilatory tactics of Oriental diplomacy. During the campaign of 1908, Mr. Taft gave his explicit pledge that Russia's refusal to recognize an American passport in the hands of a Jewish citizen should be promptly dealt with. Little evidence of zeal on the part of the State Department in this matter has so far been made apparent. A vigorous stand by our Government would bring the problem to a speedy solution.

The adoption by the male voters of California last week of a Constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote is easily the most momentous decision yet given in this country in favor of woman suffrage. That must be admitted as well by the opponents as by the advocates of votes for women. So long as women could vote only in four Rocky Mountain States, of comparatively small population, the movement to enlarge the political rights of their sex might be dismissed as almost negligible. Women could vote in Idaho, to be sure, but Idaho had only 325,000 inhabitants—not enough to make one large city. Wyoming also allows women the ballot, but that State is still more inconsiderable, its population in 1910 being but 154,000. Of the two other suffrage States of long standing, Utah numbered but 373,000 people, while Colorado's population was 799,000. It was evidently a much more important event when the State of Washington adopted woman suffrage, for that commonwealth had 1,141,000 residents in 1910. And now comes California, with a population of 2,337,000, to join the ranks of the suffrage States. This means nearly doubling at one stroke the number of wo-

men in the United States with the legal right to vote.

The challenging of talesmen in the McNamara case on the score of their views concerning the conflict between labor and capital has a significance extending far beyond anything involved in the case itself. With the meagre details that have appeared in the dispatches, it is impossible at this moment to say on precisely what basis Mr. Darrow is placing his challenge; but if it rests on any such broad ground as that of mere hostility to the avowed aims and policies of trade unions, the granting of the challenge would constitute a precedent of alarming scope. The difficulty of obtaining a jury, on account of unlimited challenges allowed for so-called prejudice in regard to the individual case in hand, has been one of the notorious evils of our criminal procedure; if now a man's views on broad public questions are to be a bar to his eligibility as a juror, there is no telling where we shall stop. The question in the McNamara case is not a question of trades-unionism, but of murder. If a talesman has a fixed opinion that trades-unionists in general are ready to commit murder in promoting their cause, that would be a sound basis for a challenge on the part of the defence; as, on the other hand, if he holds that murder in that cause is justifiable, he would justly be excluded by the prosecution. But we have come to a strange pass if mere sympathy with the labor cause, or mere antipathy to it, is to be regarded as incapacitating a juryman from judging of the question of fact whether a given trades-unionist did or did not participate in a given act of violence, or from passing a true verdict upon him.

The advantages of Vice-President Sherman's plan of using up our resources as fast as we like and letting posterity do its own worrying, are evident. Economically, we should be vastly better off with the Guggenheims breaking their necks to serve us with the products of Alaska or any other unexploited region. A greater gain would be political. Who can estimate the increased prestige of President Taft at this moment if there had never been any falling-out over the question of who should profit by our untouched and therefore wasted wealth? Not the least of the merits of the plan is its contribution to mental comfort. From the beginning, conservation has been a peculiarly harassing problem. Are we wrong in thinking that there are millions of Americans who will give a sigh of relief, now that they see how the whole matter can be dropped as safely as the Vice-President explains? Note also the value of the idea for that posterity which it seemingly ignores. The less we pass on to the future in the way of resources, the more will it be spurred to devise those inventions that give Mr. Sherman such anticipatory pleasure. The question just who, at present, should control these resources he does not appear to have considered. But why worry over that, either?

A faint suggestion of the kind of trouble with which both politics and business would be filled if the railway system of this country were to go into the possession of the Government is furnished by the suit of the *Review of Reviews* against the Postmaster-General of the United States and the postmaster of New York, asking for an injunction restraining them from enforcing the new postal regulation under which that magazine is to be carried by fast freight instead of on regular mail trains. The arrangements of the post office are of infantile simplicity in comparison with those of the railways, and the fact that the postal regulations have not, for the most part, brought about any serious complications between business and government is due entirely to the cast-iron uniformity of the few simple rules which govern the department's action. The moment a discrimination has to be made that is not absolutely mechanical, trouble begins. The part played by railway transportation in America, in the determination of prosperity or failure, not only for particular enterprises, but for whole communities, is something to which European conditions afford nothing like a parallel. With us government ownership would mean a tremendous plunge of politics into the deep waters of business.

Whatever allowances are to be made, the incident that has brought Coatesville into its latest prominence is remarkable, if not absolutely unique. The successful plea of a fifteen-year-old girl victim for the legal punishment of the man who assaulted her, instead of a repetition of the mob violence of a few weeks ago, may have been partly due to other reasons than the plea itself. The interference of the State Constabulary had prevented her father from carrying out his threat to kill the man upon his arrest, and this time there was a District Attorney who argued strenuously for orderly procedure. But it would be rash to assert that, if the girl herself had taken a different tone, the community would not have been disgraced a second time. The important thing is that in this affair some one made a stand for law, and seven hundred excited men subsided. How much this is to be attributed to the flood of censure that has poured upon the town since August 13, may be beyond reckoning, but it is significant that, almost from the beginning of the search for the assailant, members of the searching-party have been quoted as remarking that there must be no burning this time, owing to the talk it would cause outside.

"There will be more idle men this winter than ever before" is the cheerful prophecy made by Mr. James J. Hill, as reported in the newspapers. His judgment may be correct, for aught we know; but it would be more impressive if the analysis of the causes of our troubles with which he accompanies his forecast hung together better. In the first place, he says:

> This is the reason: Our capacity for production along industrial lines has grown faster than our consumption along the same lines. Some years ago the farmer had to raise enough to feed himself and another man in the cities; now he must raise enough for himself and for two other men, on account of the movement to industry rather than farms.

This is perfectly clean-cut, standing by itself; but Mr. Hill goes on:

> Business is sound, but no new enterprises are being started. The politicians and newspapers are to blame. There is too much political ghost dancing.

Well, if we are already doing too much "along industrial lines," and if the trouble lies in "the movement to industry rather than farms," it is difficult to see that there is any great misfortune in a checking of the pace at which "new enterprises are being started." Like the judge who was warned never to give the reasons for his decisions, Mr. Hill would often command more authority for his dicta if he refrained from explanatory comment.

Who wants to give a library? Harvard University, rich as it is in so many other directions, has long been handicapped by a pitifully inadequate library building. It is unable to accommodate its readers, and many of its books are hidden away in cellars for lack of shelf-room. The stacks themselves have never furnished the accommodation needed by advanced classes, and with each year the conditions become less tolerable. Now a committee of architects has evolved an excellent plan for the construction of a new building on the present site, plus considerable additional ground and on the instalment basis. Thus the first section, to accommodate 834,000 volumes, can be built at a cost of $433,400, and four other sections could be built thereafter to complete the whole structure. This is estimated to cost $1,953,000, and to give space for 2,370,000 volumes. That such an opportunity to be of service to our oldest university has not yet appealed to her many wealthy graduates—to say nothing of the great giver of libraries—is really surprising. Only $2,500,000 is needed in all, for the college has sufficient funds available for maintenance if an endowment of $500,000 be added.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Thomas Crosby, who was elected two weeks ago, is entitled to write M.D. after his name. He is said to be the first physician ever chosen as Lord Mayor. Sir Thomas is also in all probability the oldest citizen ever elected to his present office, his age being eighty-one; but that, of course, is not so very old for English public life. He has had a long and distinguished medical career, and has been in municipal service since 1877, so that the honor which has now come to him may be regarded as a fitting recognition of the public spirit which he has displayed. Of course, there will be many jokes about a doctor presiding over the City of London. Guarantees will doubtless be offered that the Lord Mayor's banquets will know nothing except pure food, and that the turtle soup which Disraeli said made all men brothers will not be "mock." There was once a Prime Minister of England who was a doctor, and of him Lord Rosebery wrote, in his Life of Pitt, that "Addington carried into politics the indefinable air of a village apothecary inspecting the tongue of the state." Sir Thomas Crosby, M.D., may as Lord Mayor expose himself to a similar fling, but it need not be so bad a thing for London to have an expert in hygiene at the head of her government.

In the new English Court of Criminal Appeal, the first capital case was recently passed upon, and it revealed a serious defect in the law creating the court, novel in British judicial procedure. A convicted murderer appealed on the ground that the jury in the court below had been improperly directed as to certain corroborative evidence. The judges on appeal found the plea to be well taken. Without asserting the innocence of the accused man—indeed, it is evident that they believe him guilty—the judges declare that they cannot be certain that the jury would have convicted him if it had not been misinformed as to the nature of part of the evidence against him. Hence the verdict was quashed; but now comes the surprising thing—the Court of Criminal Appeal is not able, under the law, to order a new trial! Over this lack of power, Justice Darling expressed sincere regret, saying that the court felt that the case was one in which it was eminently desirable that "all the facts should again be submitted to a jury with an adequate and proper direction." Justice Darling significantly added that he hoped that what the court said on this point would be "considered by those who had power to amend the law in this respect." One would think so! The right of criminal appeal was established in England as a safeguard against possible injustice to the innocent; it could never have been intended to permit a man charged with atrocious crime to escape by means of a loop-hole in the law.

Then why have the Italian Government and people gone into this adventure? Because they are dominated by the old hypnotism of conquest, the mirage of the map, the old illusion that some great national advantage will accrue from widened territory and increased political power; because the old catchwords and the old habits of political thought have blinded statesmen and people alike to their best interests.

In these words Norman Angell, the author of "The Great Illusion," explains the Italian attack upon Turkey. Mr. Angell derides the popular fallacy that the capture of a province, instead of being merely a change of administration, is in some ways an addition to the wealth of the conquerors. He insists that, "when we have conquered a territory, its wealth has to remain in the hands of its original owners; the conquerors get nothing. Conquest in the modern world is a process of multiplying by X and then obtaining the original resultant by dividing by X." It seems to us that Mr. Angell could strongly reinforce his point by demonstrating that the purchase of the Philippines has added nothing whatsoever to the wealth of this country, but has been a steady drag upon it by reason of the expense and burden of administration. We know that Washington bureaucrats have skilfully demonstrated, by means of trade figures, that we really have a credit balance to our account, but the ordinary man who thinks for himself will hardly be convinced that the Philippines have really added anything substantial to the wealth of the nation, or to its prestige, or brought us any trade we could not have obtained years ago by common-sense tariffs and business enterprise. The "mirage of the map" no longer deceives.

The task of suppressing the rebellion in the Yang-tse provinces has been entrusted to Yuan Shih Kai, the creator of China's modern army. The former Viceroy of Shan-tung is thus experiencing the usual treatment which China metes out to her strong men. Instead of utilizing their abilities in the permanent service of the Empire, the system at Peking demands that the really able men in China shall be held in reserve for the periodical crises that punctuate Government sloth and incompetence. If Yuan Shih Kai can live up, even in part, to the high expectations that were formed of him by European observers during the years following the close of the Russo-Japanese war, he should be able to cope with the present menacing situation. The first news that came out of China bore the impress of panic. With the passing of the early fright, the situation, though undoubtedly disquieting, is seen to be by no means hopeless. The rebellion may drag on or even spread slowly, without bringing any decisive overturn. That is the advantage of the Chinese system of decentralized authority. Where a highly organized governmental system might speedily go to pieces, inorganic China may suffer and endure.

WILSON ON TAFT AND TRUSTS.

With the Presidential nominating conventions only nine months off, the public outgivings of a man in the position of Woodrow Wilson are invested with exceptional importance. He is one of the two or three men from among whom the candidate of the Democratic party will almost certainly be chosen. Moreover, his emergence into the Presidential class has been so recent that, in spite of the extraordinary popularity he has attained, and of the enthusiasm some of his acts have evoked, the estimate of his qualities, in that thinking class which so often determines the final result of an electoral struggle, is still in the formative stage. Accordingly, when he thinks fit not only to pass a severe judgment on the course of the President of the United States in a leading department of governmental activity, but to give emphasis to his strictures by repeating them in a second speech on the following day, it becomes a matter of real interest to inquire into the merits of the criticism.

Gov. Wilson's dissatisfaction appears to rest partly on alleged shortcomings of Mr. Taft, and partly on a condition of much longer standing than the present Administration. "President Taft," so runs the report of Mr. Wilson's speech, "says one day that he is absolutely going to enforce the Sherman law. After reading the papers, however, he thinks perhaps he has excited too much of a tremor and decides that what he intended to do was wrong." In the heat of a campaign, such a statement on the hustings might be quite pardonable; in the quiet atmosphere of the university of which he was recently the head, and in these serene October days of an "off-year," it is not the sort of thing the friends of Woodrow Wilson have a right to expect from him. If President Taft has been wabbling in any such way, has been making any declaration on the Trust question which he has afterwards retracted on account of the "tremor" that it has excited, if he has been indicating any act that "he intended to do" in relation to the Sherman law and has afterwards decided that it "was wrong," the fact has wholly escaped our observation. If Gov. Wilson has caught him in such performances, he ought to be able to furnish a bill of particulars.

Mr. Wilson's criticism of the President, however, though apparently careless and certainly inaccurate, was, we have no doubt, but incidental to his general arraignment of the existing state of our public policy in regard to Trusts; it was meant rather to illustrate the natural consequence of an unsatisfactory method than to point to any special fault on the part of an individual. "The business man wants to know where he is," and "there has been nothing but guesswork for the last decade as to what is going to happen in business." No one will deny that there is some ground for such a complaint; nor will anybody deny the desirability of that which Mr. Wilson declares ought to be substituted for existing conditions:

> We want to put business on a sound basis and with the assurance that when we have done it we have not destroyed anything, but have reconstructed. We want definite information as to what the law means and what it provides. We don't know now what the offence is and what the penalty is.

So say we all of us. Business on a sound basis, the law made as plain as the multiplication table, many things reconstructed but nothing destroyed—what could be finer? Surely, Mr. Taft cannot harbor any desire to stand in the way of a consummation so devoutly to be wished. Surely, the eight Justices of the Supreme Court who concurred in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions must approve such an aim. So far as we know, the only thing that stands in the way of its complete attainment is the difficulty of discovering just how it can be done.

If Gov. Wilson had given us the benefit of such a discovery, the question of the accuracy, or even the justice, of his critical remarks would become entirely trivial. But in the published reports of his speeches there is no sign of such an achievement. He tells us that we are in a sad mess, and he leaves us in it. There are, indeed, before the public, two proposed solutions of the problem, each of them having the unquestionable merit of extreme simplicity, whatever may be said of them in other respects. One is the solution of the out-and-out Trust advocates, who say that all the Government ought to do in regard to the problem of combination and monopoly is to let it alone; business knows best what is good for it, and what is good for business is good for the country. The other is Judge Harlan's solution: apply the Sherman law in the most sweeping way, taking no account of degree or "reasonableness," but putting under the ban every business arrangement that sins against the letter of the law. Mr. Wilson is not for the first of these policies, for he says that "the people of the country have made up their mind that they won't stand for monopoly and restraint of trade"; is he for Judge Harlan's root-and-branch plan? If he is, does he think that it will put business on a sound basis, reconstructing much but destroying nothing? And if neither of these two simple solutions satisfies his mind, what does he propose himself? We have no doubt that he has thought a great deal on the subject; but we would suggest, in all friendliness, that when a man of his antecedents attacks a question so vast and so complex as this of the control of business combinations, the country has a right to look for something more than mere general denunciation on the one hand and the utterance of a counsel of perfection on the other.

SUPREME COURT TIMBER.

Such tributes as have been called forth by the death of Judge Harlan help laymen to understand why lawyers regard an appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States as the blue ribbon of the profession. It is not, of course, a question of money rewards; these are to be looked for elsewhere. The statement is made that Judge Harlan, even after a judicial service of more than thirty years, leaves but a small estate. For a large part of the time that he was on the bench, he was clearly underpaid. Salaries of Federal judges have recently been somewhat increased, yet are still smaller than they should be. But the opportunity and the distinction which the Supreme Court offers have always been rightly regarded as independent of anything pecuniary. What they are we see illustrated in Justice Harlan. They are an appeal to the noblest ambition. To be able to spend years in studying and applying the principles of the supreme law of the land, and in doing one's part to uphold the honorable tradition whereby the decisions of our highest court are made continuous and yet responsive to public needs as these arise; to be animated by the sole desire to do justice, and, in doing it, to make the country safe and strong—when all this has been considered, it is not necessary to speak of the dignity or emolu-

ments of the Supreme Court in order to understand why any member of the American bar should feel that the offer of a position in that court is the highest honor that can possibly come to him.

The death of Judge Harlan heightens the already sufficiently remarkable part which President Taft has had in re-constituting the Supreme Court. Within the first half of his term in the Presidency it fell to him to appoint four associate justices, and to name the Chief Justice; and now, with the choice of a successor to Judge Harlan, Mr. Taft will actually have selected a majority of the Supreme Court. This is unexampled since the original nomination of the first Supreme Court of the United States by Washington. It might be regarded by some as almost a special Providence that this re-manning of our highest court should have devolved upon a President who had himself been a Federal judge, and whose veneration for the Supreme Court he has manifested on so many occasions and in so many ways. If Mr. Taft could have followed his own preference, instead of what he felt at the time to be his duty, he himself would have been a Supreme Court judge. In that court it is now to be presumed he will never sit; yet he certainly will be entitled to the satisfaction of knowing that his mark will long remain written upon it.

There is no probability that the President will designate a judge to succeed Harlan until Congress meets. He may not be ready with a nomination even in December. A great deal of advice, however, is already showered upon him in the newspapers; names are suggested, and the principles upon which he should go in making his selection are indicated. It is said that he must pay great heed to locality, choosing the new judge from the "right" Circuit or section. Political considerations are frankly put forward: it might be good tactics for the President to appoint a justice who should be pleasing to the Progressives. Some argue that, a Republican having been named to succeed the late Chief Justice Fuller, a Democrat should now be named to follow Judge Harlan. A dozen other hints or recommendations are given the President—all of which he should, in our opinion, entirely disregard; and it is probable that he will.

The search for a fit man to go upon the Supreme Court bench may be long and difficult, but about the light which should burn in the lantern with which he is looked for there need be no doubt whatever. Arguments from locality ought to have little weight. It is, indeed, tentatively desirable that each of the Circuits should be represented; and if a candidate, otherwise admirably qualified, should chance to live in a Circuit now without a judge, that would be one thing more in his favor. But Presidents have frequently set aside such considerations of residence, and there is no reason why Mr. Taft should be swayed by them. Politics should be wholly left out of the question. The task of the appointing officer is merely to discover the man who, on the whole, appears to be best fitted to do the work demanded of a Supreme Court judge.

Legal attainments and character naturally stand first in the list of qualifications. Judicial experience is, of course, reckoned of high value, but it is not indispensable. A man may have eminently the judicial mind without ever having been a judge. Such was the case with Justice Miller, long an ornament of the Supreme Court. The question of age is important. A judge going to the Supreme Court ought to have a reasonable expectation of twenty years' service. Hence he should be not much if any above fifty. President Taft disregarded this good rule in the case of Judge Lurton, but allowed it to be understood that he would not do so again. Another point relates to the recorded judicial opinions of a possible nominee, or to the positions he may have taken respecting questions of corporation control, and so on. Now, of course, a President could not overlook the disqualification which would go with extreme views expressed by a judge on one side or the other, but, short of that, this is a matter into which it is not needful or desirable too nicely to inquire. If a man has shown himself to be a good judge—able, industrious, incorruptible, high-minded, justice-loving—it may be just as well that his opinions about the anti-Trust law, for example, are not specifically known. The main things to make sure of are that he is duly learned in the law, that his repute is of the best, and that he promises to be resolute in all things to bear himself "as becometh a judge."

THE TOBACCO TRUST DISSOLUTION.

The Supreme Court decisions of last May, ordering dissolution of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts, left a weighty problem still to be settled—how these two aggregations of competing corporations, under the ownership of the two central holding companies, should be distributed on a new basis of ownership. Of the two combinations, the American Tobacco was much the more intricate. The plan of distribution drawn up by the Tobacco company is about to come before the court. In brief, its proposed basis of dissolution as stated by its lawyers is:

> To restore lawful conditions by dividing the business in tobacco and related products, heretofore dominated and controlled by the American Tobacco Company, or companies in which it has held a large or controlling interest, among fourteen separate and independent companies, no one of them having control of or dominance in the trade as to any of the products manufactured by it.

In advance of the hearings before the court, we shall express no opinion as to the merits of this plan, from the standpoint of the varying interests and equities of the Tobacco Trust's security-holders. But there is one aspect of the matter which has already taken a foremost place in public discussion, and which bears, not only on the Tobacco reorganization, but on all others of similar character. This consideration the committee of the National Cigar Leaf Association, representing independent manufacturers, has set forth as follows:

> Any plan of dissolution which leaves the effective control of the separate parts of the combination in the hands of the same small group of individuals who now control the present solidified combination, cannot bring about a restoration of competition. The result would be that the last condition would be worse than the first, because after such a dissolution the same control would continue to be exercised as before, with the added advantage that it would have . . . the sanction of the courts.

Obviously, this means that if one man or one group of men had held a controlling interest in the stock of the holding company, they ought not, after the dissolution, to be allowed to hold a *pro rata* control in the released subsidiaries. Two questions are involved in such an argument: one, whether such a resultant situation would be repugnant to the Anti-Trust law; the other, whether disintegration on such basis would leave the conditions in the trade as obnoxious to public policy as they were before. As regards the first question, we are not

without guidance in previous court opinions. When the Northern Securities combination was ordered dissolved by the Federal courts in 1904, its management proposed and its shareholders ratified a *pro rata* distribution, to Northern Securities shareholders, of the shares of the two competing railways owned by the holding company. This plan was contested by the Harriman interests, who alleged in their petition for injunction that "the plan proposed . . . would leave control in the hands of the same people who now control, and would defeat the ruling of the Supreme Court." In so far as the Hill-Morgan interest had controlled the holding company, and would, on *pro rata* distribution of its assets, continue to control the competitive Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, ownership after liquidation would apparently have been as alleged.

Nevertheless, the Circuit Court which had ordered the Northern Securities dissolution, and before which the injunction suit was argued, unanimously refused to intervene. Its reason was that, according to well-established rules, such petition on grounds of public policy could not be entertained "so long as the Government is present by its Attorney-General, and expresses its disapproval of such intrusion." It intimated, however, that a hearing might be allowed in a suit on the question whether certain interests were unfairly treated by the plan, introduced with witnesses and evidence; and three months later, as a result of fresh petition and argument, Judge Bradford of the Federal District Court granted at Trenton a preliminary injunction against the *pro rata* plan. But in January, 1905, the Circuit Court, having heard argument on appeal, dismissed the injunction suit, and in April the Supreme Court upheld its action, the gist of the decision being that "the title to these stocks having intentionally been passed, the former owners, or part of them, cannot reclaim the specific shares, and must be content with their ratable proportion of the corporate assets."

Now, no two cases of this sort run on all fours with each other; but the legal points at issue in the Tobacco Trust and Northern Securities situation are pretty close. The Supreme Court decision of April, 1905, appears at all events to dispose of a conceivable demand for return of the Tobacco company's holdings of securities to the original owners from whom that company purchased them. Indeed, such a proposition, baldly stated, hardly conforms to common sense. Mr. James J. Hill quite aptly suggested, of that proposal in the Northern Securities case, that "one might as well go to a bank and demand a return of exactly the same money that one had deposited there." Beyond even this, it is certain that, taken as a whole, the present holders of Tobacco securities are not the parties from whom the Trust originally bought the stock of the smaller companies.

All this undoubtedly leaves open the large question whether *pro rata* distribution of the Tobacco Trust's assets would or would not continue the trade domination and the monopolistic tendencies as they were before, supposing the same investors who controlled the Trust to receive and hold a similar working ownership in the released subsidiaries. Our own answer to this question would be that the resultant situation, even then, would differ radically from what it was in the days of Trust control. The purpose of the holding company was to prevent for all time exactly what would now be again a normal probability—change of ownership in the old-time constituents of the Trust, whether through death, or through individual sales, or through purchase of a dominating interest in the smaller companies by people who could never have aspired to obtain a footing in the $119,000,000 combination.

It must be remembered that whoever controls these companies hereafter, their actions, joint or several, will still remain subject to the law. Not least of all, it is pertinent to ask just how we are to prevent such private control of several separate companies, whether through shares allotted in dissolution of the Trust or through subsequent purchase for investment. Counsel for one of the independent companies suggested, in a published interview of Monday morning, that this could be done "by compelling this coterie of insiders to dispose of their stock to others not in any way connected with themselves, and by perpetually enjoining them from re-acquiring it, or from resuming control of any of the companies, or from interfering with the tobacco industry." We must confess that this would be a highly novel and formidable undertaking.

BRITISH HYSTERIA.

Imperial fashion notes from London for the approaching season indicate that sackcloth and ashes will continue to be worn extensively in the United Kingdom and its dependencies. The sun is not the only thing that nowadays refuses to set upon the British Empire. The sun has a close rival in the panics and alarums and excursions which during the last half-dozen years have traversed the British horizon in unbroken continuity. The fear of invasion has ceased to be an emotion, and has become to sensible people an intolerable bore. It is impossible nowadays to escape the lesson of Imperial duty. It pops out upon Englishmen from political discourses, from drapers' advertisements, from directors' meetings, and from funeral orations. Worst of all, it has entered literature. Kipling's words of warning have been seized upon by the single ladies in parsonages who write novels and memoirs for the great British public. In the midst of the tenderest passages we are reminded that Britain's womanhood can never know the bliss of untroubled love until all possibility of a German landing in Yorkshire is removed. And it is not the fourth-raters who are writing this stuff. Conan Doyle has done almost as badly, and there are others.

What, then, has become of the British sense of humor? *Punch* still appears in print; Lord Rosebery still flashes his rare epigrams; Mr. Chesterton writes faster than ever. Humor as an isolated function presumably still exists in England, but as applied to the practice of life the sense of the comic seems to have disappeared when first the armed spectre loomed up across the North Sea. The shifts to which Imperial Britain finds herself put, in order to save her liberties from being ground under the German heel, are as various as they are desperate and amusing. A few years ago, England was to be saved by rifle clubs. Later, she was to be saved by boy-scouts. To-day, she is to be saved by a device that comes straight from Aristophanes. That staid, conservative London journal, the *Standard*, prints a letter which shows how England is to be kept from destruction, by her women. In the first place, all marriageable Englishwomen are to shame into action the flannelled fools at the wicket and the muddied oafs at the goal, by taking a

vow of celibacy for a period of five years, "or until such a time as England shall be placed in a posture of defence commensurate with its wealth and responsibilities and worthy of its history." And secondly, the women of England are to be organized into an "army of home defence." Visitors who have stood shaken before the "Quand Même" in the gardens of the Tuileries will now realize that there is no situation which cannot, by taking thought, be rendered ridiculous.

Now, British hysteria, in spite of its comic aspects, might have come in for something of that respect which attaches to sincerity, even when it is misguided. But with Great Britain to-day the lack of sincerity is strongly apparent. Not patriotism, but party-politics, is at the bottom; it is not national hysteria, but the wailings of a beaten political party. Imagine that the Conservatives and not the Liberals had been in power for the last half-dozen years. The lessons of the South African war might have been learned, but there would have been comparatively little talk of decadence, and invasions, and the failure of Britain's manhood, and approaching Imperial collapse. If Mr. Balfour were now holding Mr. Asquith's job, Tory confidence would have been what it has always been, a fine faith in England's destiny, manhood, pluck, and luck. The methods of "somehow" by which the British Empire was built up would still have found defenders. It is only when Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George took hold that decadence sets in and the storms refuse the sea-girt isle the protection they have hitherto vouchsafed her. British panic is to be interpreted in the light of the fact that the middle classes which write and read newspapers and books are strongly anti-Liberal.

Decadence to-day is not with England's frenzied footballers in corduroy and peaked cap, but with England's ruling class. What has become of the poise and the dignity and the sense of fair-play that were the hallmark of the English gentleman? They seem to have been thrown overboard in the vehemence of party-strife. Waterloo may have been won on the cricket-fields of Eton, but well-born Englishmen have latterly been resorting to tactics that are distinctly not "cricket." The men who howled down Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons were not vulgar football players, but very vulgar gentlemen. The manner in which wealthy Unionist M.Ps.'s have exploited the new provision for the payment of members of Parliament is atrociously vulgar. The manner in which Unionist Ulster rages against Home Rule and threatens civil war, death, and damnation apparently shows that Englishmen have forgotten how to be cheerful losers. It would be interesting to see within how many weeks after a Tory Ministry came into office British decadence would be completely checked, and the Empire put well on its feet again.

WEEDING OUT THE HYMN-BOOKS.

Gov. Wilson's quiet protest, a few days ago, against the use of silly hymns had a remarkable sequel. The Governor specifically objected to "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," which had just been sung in his presence, pointing out that its language was mushy and its sentiment vapid. But in the Baptist church at Tarrytown which Mr. Rockefeller attends, the pastor triumphantly refuted Gov. Wilson. He did it by himself singing the hymn as a solo, and then asking the congregation to say whether they liked it or not. "All in the church except one aged woman raised their hands" to signify that the hymn was very much to their mind. It is hard to get around such a canon of good taste fixed by popular vote. Mr. Rockefeller added his own high literary authority to the approval of the hymn, so that we cannot deny that those who like this sort of hymn will find this one exactly the sort of hymn they like. They will go on devoutly singing:

> Somewhere, somewhere,
> Beautiful isle of somewhere,
> Land of the true, where we live anew,
> Beautiful isle of somewhere.

We would not treat the matter flippantly, though the thing certainly invites ridicule. To many good people, no doubt, the subject appears sacred. They think of this "somewhere" hymn, and others like it, as somehow bound up with their religious faith. To them it represents the aspiration for immortality. The "Beautiful Isle" they vaguely suppose to mean Heaven, and to typify that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Against that we have nothing to say; but would merely ask if the same pious idealism is not expressed with equal intensity, and with far greater dignity, in those hymns of the church which have come down the centuries, and are now richly freighted with precious associations. If worshipping congregations desire to lift their hearts in contemplation of the heavenly hope, what better can they do than use one of the hymns of Bernard? For example:

> Jerusalem the glorious,
> The glory of the elect,
> O, dear and future vision
> That eager hearts expect!

Or again:

> They stand, those halls of Zion,
> Conjubilant with song;
> And bright with many an angel,
> With many a martyr-throng.

The sentiment is far more inspiring, and its verbal expression infinitely more worthy, than in the case of the rubbishy modern improvisations which some attempt to substitute. When we have hymns of lofty words wedded to noble music, why should they be displaced by nonsensical compositions, with catchy tunes, simply on the plea of novelty?

As a matter of fact, there is a movement in several churches, as we are glad to note, to revise their hymn-books. The plan is to exercise a severer taste than formerly in deciding what shall be allowed to hold a place in them. Some years ago the tendency was to make hymn-books encyclopædic. Rival compilers strove to see which collection could be made the larger. The result was such a huge array of good, bad, and indifferent as used to be found in earlier editions of "Songs for the Sanctuary." But the inevitable reaction set in, and we have since had volume after volume showing a more exacting selection. The later aim has been not to see how many hymns could be got together, but how much useless lumber—or how much actual doggerel verse—could be left out. An instance of the better method is "The University Hymn-Book," in which the collection is comparatively small but choice. Surely, if we are told to listen to the solemn voice of the church's unending song, we are entitled to hear something not so offensive to every right standard of taste or religious feeling as

> Somewhere the sun is shining,
> Somewhere the songbirds dwell;
> Hush, then, thy sad repining,
> God lives and all is well.

The whole question of an inspiring hymnology in our churches is one of much more importance than some people seem to be aware. An uplifting hymn is

one of the most moving appeals which a church service can make. To many it remains a tie of attachment to religious worship after most others have snapped. A sermon they will sit out much in the spirit of Tennyson's Yorkshire farmer, or will find that interest in it which George Eliot remarked to be so common—the interest of the audience when the sermon is finally done. Even praying in the churches may easily become with some a wearisome form. With Lowell, they may come to feel dissatisfaction with the "drony vacuum of compulsory prayer." But a noble hymn, borne up by the voice of the great congregation, retains its power to warm and even thrill many hearts that have ceased to respond to other religious appeals. The conclusion is obvious that the church cannot afford in any way to weaken or sacrifice this potent form of influence. To weed out transitory and tawdry matter from the hymn-books is to do much to preserve not only the dignity, but the stirring power of religious services. In this matter the moderns cannot boast of an advance. With so few even tolerable hymns written in recent years, we had better stick to the voices that carry to us from the Middle Ages. Fancy a worshipper of the fourteenth century asked to join in singing "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," after having been accustomed to hear organ and choir roll out the majestic:

Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

THE LIFE OF A LAUREATE.

I.

In a day when ancient manuscripts are opened and made to yield up misprized and forgotten geniuses, it is singular that no one seems to have discovered Alfred Austin. Fortune, who deals inscrutably with the reputations of poets, has apportioned him a unique destiny. To some she has given merit without fame; to others, fame without merit; to him alone, fame without being read. Both before and after he entered upon the laureateship, his works were regarded as inessential to salvation. But upon his assumption of the singing robes of Lord Tennyson, he stepped at one conspicuous stride into the hot sunlight of journalistic derision. His own long participation in Conservative journalism as leader-writer for the *Standard* contributed to the acrimonious hilarity of his reception. Liberal knives hitherto exercised against his politics were now for the first time fleshed in his poetry. Little Englanders, become for the nonce literary critics, collected and reprinted all the hasty and unfiled lines in the lays of the "hysterical Helot of Imperialism." The merciless cartoonist elevated him to the ancient throne of Dulness and twined the Parnassian laurels about his girdle. The wits of the press undertook to commit him with his peers, sagely debating whether to lodge him by copious Southey or elegant James Pye, or whether to bid Shadwell lie a shade nearer MacFlecknoe and make room for the newcomer by Colley Cibber. His name has thus become a household allusion; his works—who has read them? Here was surely a porridge to have killed a stouter poet than the Quarterly's martyr.

Mr. Austin is different; at seventy-six he is still apparently as hale, happy, and industrious as ever. Within a twelvemonth he has composed his memoirs,* now given to the world in two volumes comprising some six hundred pages written with unflagging zest and genuine power in self-revelation. All the evidence indicates that Mr. Austin became his own biographer, as he became his own poet, on the principle that if one would have a thing done well one should do it one's self. His self-complacency appears in the record of his influence with political leaders; in the glimpse that he offers us of Parliamentary honors proffered him but thrust aside for higher rewards; in his words to young writers on the secrets of style; in his hints for future pilgrims to Italian shrines consecrated by his verse; and, above all, in the account—since Wordsworth's "Prelude," unequalled in minuteness and self-reverence—of his own poetical development.

His early satirical poem entitled "The Season" contains, he tells us, in spite of the faults of irresponsible youth, "the germ of what Matthew Arnold called 'the criticism of life' to be gathered from *one's* works in their entirety." (A peculiar substitution of "*one*" for "*I*" is a "note" of Mr. Austin's style.) From this germ, he traces with retrospective, brooding, and affectionate finger the movement—ofttimes unconscious—of his poetical powers toward that far-off, divine event, his masterpiece, "The Human Tragedy." Pointing out that Italy cradled, though England bore, his poetry, he declares that his Italian sojournings "stripped" him "of that insularity of familiar knowledge that marks so much of English literature." Recalling early days in Rome, he speaks with wonder of his unawareness of the divine things then a-brewing:

> I little knew that "The Human Tragedy," not to come fully and finally to the birth till more than ten years later, was already germinating, and was waiting only for the simultaneous occurrence of the mighty European events between the years 1866 and 1871 and the much-needed expansion of my own mind.

This Little-did-I-wot runs like a silver thread throughout the autobiography. Mr. Austin is the most spontaneous of poets. This sense of cosmic gestation, then carried so blithely, but almost oppressive in the retrospect, reminds us of Eckermann and Goethe marvelling together over the genesis of "Faust." And sure enough, a few lines later, Mr. Austin adds in the benevolent tone which he adopts toward his period of poetic adolescence: "But, as Goethe said, 'No youth can be a master,' and *one* was young." His appreciation of his own poetry—nowhere deficient in delicacy—reaches its tenderest expression in his comment on certain villages in northern Italy once visited by him: "Suppressing their less attractive features, imaginative memory transfigured them later in the grave, sad journey of Godfrid and Olympia to Milan from the little chapel in Spiaggiascura, that closes with the melancholy line,

> Ah! life is sad, and scarcely worth the pain."

This is, indeed, a melancholy line, but though it illustrates Mr. Austin's sympathetic imagination and his power over the sententious poetic phrase, it by no means represents his criticism of life. As I have already intimated, a divine satisfaction with his own position, a bland unconsciousness of contemporary feeling and opinion—these are precisely the startling and notable traits of the Laureate's character. They are startling because at first view one cannot see what supports them. They are notable because, as one considers the pages of this autobiography, one sees exactly what supports them. One perceives that these traits are not mere personal idiosyncrasies, but the traditional and distinguishing marks of a diminishing but dogged literary, social, and political group. Mr. Austin, though he wots it not, is the last minstrel of Toryism. As he writes, he feels himself soothed, sustained, and magnified by the support of the landed gentlemen of England. He is not, he fancies, dipping his pen into the shallow well of egotism, but into the inexhaustible springs of English sentiment. We can make no sound valuation of his poetry without some consideration of the origin and nature of his ideas.

II.

Like Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, who first made him conscious that he was a poet, and like Lord Byron of Newstead Abbey, whose verse and romantic pilgrimage he has imitated in "The Human Tragedy"—though without passion, rebellion, wit, or *diablerie*—Mr. Austin is a great respecter of fam-

**The Autobiography of Alfred Austin, 1835-1910.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

ily. On the bases of his trivial mention of literary contemporaries and his ample enlargement upon his intimacy with baronets and lords, we can easily credit his declaration that "no one admires honorable descent and the easy gradations of English society, from class to class, more than I do." This feeling, eminently becoming to an official singer to the royal household, is apparent in his treatment of his own lineage. Born of Roman Catholic parents in this best possible of worlds six years after the Catholic Emancipation Act, Mr. Austin is derived from what every American would regard as comfortable aristocratic stock, his family for three generations before him having dealt in wool. And yet with a peculiarly Victorian instinct for adorning whatever he touches, he contrives to cast an additional glamour over his family-tree. Though he does not attempt to follow his physical ancestry beyond his great-grandfather, he shows at any rate—with the aid of "Chambers's Encyclopædia"—that the "honorable trade of Wool-stapling" flourished as early as the time of Edward III; and he has himself seen houses of "striking architectural beauty" which belonged to wool-staplers "in the days of the Plantagenets." Furthermore, as he playfully reminds us, Shakespeare's father was a wool-stapler; Dante belonger to the Guild of the Woolcombers. So much for his main inheritance in the paternal line. The blood of the Austins, conspiring with Shakespeare, Dante, and the Guild of the Woolcombers, determined that he should be a poet.

The special character of his poetry, however, appears to have been strongly influenced by the Hutton strain which came to him through his grandmother. Close attention will be required here, for heredity is a slippery matter at the best, and the argument runs at this point through a narrow defile: Mr. Austin "seems to remember that there existed a floating tradition that the Huttons had at one time been among the *landed gentry*." Skeptical biologists may cry out that land is an acquired and non-transmissible characteristic. Socialists—of which sect there were none in the England of the elder Huttons, merry England, the real England, the England of Mr. Austin—socialists are said to hold similar views. The incontestable fact remains that Mr. Austin received from the Huttons, or from somewhere, an impulse inclining him affectionately toward land, and land in large parcels. From childhood, he tells us, he has experienced "a passionate clinging to the country, a keen admiration of territorial homes, with their deer-parks and wide-stretching woodlands, and an unconquerable antipathy, of a most prejudiced character, to towns, mills, and manufactures." At first thought the unwary reader may suspect a conflict between the hereditary Austin instinct for commerce and the Hutton impulse toward the serene life of the landed gentry. But wool-stapling as well as the business of owning land, we are assured, was in the time of the poet's childhood "a singularly light occupation," with ample margins for a nine o'clock breakfast and a half hour's lingering before business among "the flowers, the poultry, and the pigeons."

III.

In such a mould heredity cast him. "*Qualis ab incepto*," says Mr. Austin; as he was in the beginning, so essentially he has remained, except that he has relinquished the Roman faith which was not quite English. He came into the world with a few strong innate ideas, and has neither discarded nor added many since. Pigeons, poultry, and flowers surrounding a territorial home with background and foreground of deer-park and wide-spreading woodland—these constitute his central conception of nature. These things the Laureate has sung with sweetness and sincerity, both in prose and in verse—in "Veronica's Garden," "Haunts of Ancient Peace," and in many a lyric, vernal, æstival, autumnal, and hibernal. None but a resolutely incredulous critic would question his knowledge of English seasons; and, in spite of his deprecatory "such gardening knowledge as I may later have acquired"—*cf.* Professor Saintsbury's "If-I-have-any-skill-in-criticism"—there is no reason for doubting his intimate acquaintance with English flowers. If poetry avails at all in these evil days, his songs must have done something toward keeping alive a love of territorial homes in the hearts of their owners. Nor has Mr. Austin confined himself to groves and gardens. He has sung also of man and especially of woman—the occupants of territorial homes, and of all the prejudices and sentiments that uphold and beautify them.

Though not a poet of wide-ranging passion, he has given their due to English love, courtship, and marriage. Summing up at the close of his first chapter, the forces that most moved his childhood, he mentions "a dim sense of the magnetic differences of the sexes." The maturer phase of this sense and its important place in Mr. Austin's work are symbolically adumbrated in the poem called "In the Heart of the Forest." The poet, accosting the shrilling missel-thrush, inquires the meaning of his music:

Then louder, still louder he shrilled: I sing
  For the pleasure and pride of shrilling,
For the sheen and the sap and the showers
    of spring
  That fill me to overfilling,
Yet a something deeper than Springtime,
    though
  It is Spring-like, my throat keeps flooding:
Peep soft at my mate—she is there below—
Where the bramble trails are budding.
She sits on the nest and she never stirs;
  She is true to the trust I gave her;
And what were my love if I cheered not
    hers
  As long as my throat can quaver.

In this shy lyric, Mr. Austin hints darkly at the true solution of the vexed woman question. Fortunately, I am able to illuminate this matter by a gloss extracted from the series of articles which he contributed to the *Spectator* in 1894, reporting his researches through England for "haunts of ancient peace." One of these haunts was the household of the fourth Countess of Leicester:

> In the church at Penshurst, where we abode that night, there is a monument to the fourth Countess of Leicester, and on it is recorded, *presumably in obedience to her own wish* [my italics], that "Her sole desire was to make a good wife and good mother." Could there be a nobler ambition? And shall I be forgiven if I add that when the little "emancipating" hubbub of our day has subsided, the ineradicable instinct of women will re-echo that devout and humble vow?

In the seventeen years since these lines were written the "little 'emancipating' hubbub" does not seem to have subsided much. While Mr. Austin was penning the pages of his autobiography, young women wearing a bandeau inserted with the motto "Votes for Women" were parading in Piccadilly. The tumult, however, has not reached the Laureate among the primroses and lady-smocks of Swinford Old Manor. While we who do not live in territorial homes have been asking, "*Où sont les neiges d'antan!*—where are the wives who sit on the nest and never stir?" he has sung on imperturbably, celebrating the Lucille, the Dora, the Maud of the mid-Victorian dream.

The remote charm that invests Mr. Austin's conception of the eternal-feminine pervades also his picture of man in family relations—a picture which helps us, since the family is a little image of the state, to understand his political ideals. To men of the modern democratic way of thinking, marriage exists in order to give representation to the Opposition. When a man marries, as we view the matter, he grants voice and vote to his sharpest and most remorseless critic. And this concession, most of us are agreed, whatever difficulties may attend it, is good for the government. To Mr. Austin, on the other hand, ideal marriage means a man's quiet and unchallenged assumption of the domestic throne of his fathers and his mild paternal reign over devoted and adoring subjects.

Now the nimbus as a domestic ornament is no more hopelessly out of date than the whole social and political order which Mr. Austin has celebrated. In 1790, Burke saw it already in the last ditch; because it was no more, Carlyle declared that the nations were hurtling

pell-mell into the Pit; Ruskin loved it still with a passionate regret as an exile in a strange land. It remained for Mr. Austin to declare that it has not been and never shall be shaken. His present attitude toward internal affairs may be suggested by the postscript to a letter of his to the *Times* which he has deemed worthy a place near the close of his autobiography. The sentiment, endorsed by Mr. Austin, was originally uttered by the Comte d'Haussonville, nephew of the Duc de Broglie, and friend of the Duc d'Aumale, "and whose reception by the Académie Française I had the good fortune to attend, taken there by the late Lord Lytton, when English Ambassador in Paris," etc. Here is the sentiment:

> The speeches of members of the House of Lords during the Election, so superior, even as platform oratory, to those delivered by the members of the House of Commons with one or two exceptions, would alone suffice to save from successful attack any assault upon its existence.

With democracy long since triumphant, with socialism on foot, while dynamite is laid in broad daylight under the House of Lords, Mr. Austin still confronts the times with comfortable mien and inquires whether we shall exchange for a modern democracy without a throne, with no towers, with "mean plots without a tree" [small holdings cultivated by the owners?], a "herd of hinds, too equal to be free," dwelling together in "greed, jealousy, envy, hate, and all uncharity"—shall the gentlemen of England barter for this, he asks, our ancient, unaltered Motherland, "where sweet Order now breathes cadenced tone," with its lambs going "safe to the ewes" and its "calves to the udder," its "whistling yokels" guiding the "gleaming share" hard by the home where "gentle lordship dwells"? Shall this exchange be made?" cries the Laureate in feigned and rhetorical consternation. "Banish the fear!" he replies in his poems called "Why England is Conservative," "Look Seaward, Sentinel," and in many another patriotic lay of unique and incomparable insolence. While the "wild-beast mob" of the nations whine with envy at her peace and prosperity, or, roaring and sweating under their armor, menace her across the "bastions of the brine," she towers and shall forever tower supreme, "victor without a blow," "smilingly leaning" on her "undrawn sword."

IV.

I have made this review of Mr. Austin's leading ideas because it has been falsely rumored that he has none. It should now be apparent that, far from being content with the fame of an idle pastoralist, he challenges recognition as a poetical representative of the conservative spirit. It should also be clear that the value of his representation is impaired by his complete identification of conservatism with Toryism—a confusion due to his obliviousness to the flight of time. I suppose it is more or less of the essence of genuine Toryism to confound the amenity and stability of one's own fireside with the welfare of the country; in so far as that is true, Mr. Austin seems to be a good Tory. In his system of ideas, furthermore, I can detect little that would have been repugnant to the sense of a country gentleman in the reign of Farmer George. But the possible historical value of his expression of Toryism is destroyed by a serious anachronism: the foundation on which his Georgian ideas rest, the sentiment which suffuses them, and the artistic coloring which invests them are mid-Victorian. Mr. Austin upholds the House of Lords, the territorial homes, and the whistling yokel, not like a true-blue Tory—because they were ordained by God; nor like the later philosophical Tory—because they were ordained by nature; but like the unphilosophical, atheistical, pseudo-Catholic Pre-Raphaelite—because they are æsthetically gratifying. That explains his "unconquerable antipathy" to towns, mills, and manufactures, and at the same time his fondness for depicting Britannia leaning smilingly on her undrawn sword. That is why he hates and fears liberalism, and at the same time makes conservatism ridiculous by representing it as invincible. That is why his poems, if read, and his picture of happy England might loosen all the bricks in the pavements of Manchester and Liverpool. For the sentimental romantic Toryism of Mr. Austin is not so much dull as false; false and at the same time obsolete; obsolete but not yet old enough to have acquired an antiquarian interest.

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NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Nation* of December 23, 1909, I was able to call attention to a number of brief essays belonging to Poe that had hitherto not been accredited to him. I have since come across several other items that have escaped his bibliographers.

These are as follows:

(1.) A review of R. M. Bird's "Calavar," in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of February, 1835. That this is Poe's is established by his references back to it in his reviews of Bird's "The Infidel" and "The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow," published respectively in the June and December issues of the *Messenger* for 1835 (see the "Virginia Poe," VIII, 32 f., 63 f.). The item is of special interest as being, so far as we have any tangible evidence, the earliest of Poe's contributions to the *Messenger*, and the first of a long line of book reviews.

(2.) A notice of Anthon's edition of Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for May, 1845. This paraphrases in part Poe's notice of the same work in the *Broadway Journal* of April 12, 1845 ("Virginia Poe," XII, 129 f.). I am aware that some doubt is thrown on the authenticity of this item by Mr. B. B. Minor's statement, in his history of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, p. 140, that Poe, who, as announced in the *Messenger* of the month preceding that in which this article appeared, had been engaged by the editor (then Mr. Minor himself) to furnish "monthly a *critique raisonnée* of the most important forthcoming works," did not fulfil his engagement "in the least part." But the most reasonable assumption to be made is that Mr. Minor's memory played him false in this matter, and that Poe simply made his article do double duty, as he did, we know, on more than one other occasion. Poe had also been engaged to write for the *Messenger* in the autumn of 1844; and in accordance with this arrangement he did send to the editor "two or three articles"—so Mr. Minor wrote Prof. James A. Harrison ("Virginia Poe," I, 220)—though only one of these, "The Literary Life of Thingum Bob," in the *Messenger* of December, 1844, can now be traced. It is probable, I think, that Mr. Minor confuses the two engagements.

(3.) A brief but lively notice of Grattan's "Highways and By-Ways," in Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1840. This article subsequently appeared either *verbatim* or in paraphrase in two separate instalments of the "Marginalia" (see the "Virginia Poe," XVI, 63, 140 f.).

(4.) A review of a pamphlet detailing the "Discoveries and Results of the United States Exploring Expedition" into the South Seas led by J. N. Reynolds in the late thirties. This appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, September, 1843. The item is acknowledged by Poe in a memorandum sent to Graham in 1845 or thereabouts, and is included by the latter in his article on Poe in *Graham's* for March, 1850.

(5.) A series of five editorials on the "Pay of American Authors," in the New York *Evening Mirror*, published, respectively, in the issues of October 12, 1844, and January 24, 25, 27, and 31, 1845. The first is entitled, "The Pay for Periodical Writing," the fourth has the sub-title, "The Magazines," and the fifth the sub-title, "Synopsis of the International Copyright Question." Poe's authorship is established in two ways: first, by Willis's announcement in an editorial on October 10, 1844, that Poe would take up the subject of "Authors' Pay in America," in the columns of the *Mirror* ("We have hot coals smouldering in the ashes of 'things put off,' which we poke reluctantly to the surface just now—reluctantly only because we wish to light beacons for an authors' crusade, and we have no leisure to be more than its Peter the Hermit. We solemnly summon Edgar Poe to do the devoir of Cœur De Lion—no man's weapon half so trenchant!"); secondly, by the reappearance, in close paraphrase, of the last four paragraphs of the concluding article of the series in a set of the "Marginalia," published in Godey's *Lady's Book* in September, 1845 ("Virginia Poe," XVI, 78 f.).

(6.) An editorial, entitled "American Diffuseness—Objectionable Concision," in the *Evening Mirror* of January 22, 1845. A part of the fourth paragraph is compiled from the ninth paragraph of a "Marginalia" item on Gibbon and Carlyle, published

in the *Democratic Review* for November, 1844 ("Virginia Poe," XVI, 16).

(7.) "Why not try a Mineralized Pavement?" an editorial, published in the *Evening Mirror*, February 8, 1845. The ninth and tenth paragraphs reappeared with slight changes as the seventh and eighth paragraphs of Poe's article on "Street Paving" in the *Broadway Journal* of April 19, 1845 ("Virginia Poe," XIV, 164 f.). The article is valueless as literature, but possesses significance as showing the variety of Poe's interests.

I wish also in this connection to point out that Poe's tale, "Diddling Considered as One of the Exact Sciences," of which the place of original publication has been advertised by Poe's editors and biographers as unknown, first appeared in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* for October 14, 1843. It there has the title, "Raising the Wind; or, Diddling Considered as One of the Exact Sciences." In the same journal there appeared on June 24, July 1, and July 8, 1843, a reprint of the "Gold Bug" as originally published in the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper* of June 21 and 28, 1843. This text of the "Gold Bug" has heretofore been held to be inaccessible, owing to the fact that no copy of the *Dollar Newspaper* for 1843 has been found. A file of the *Saturday Courier* for the years 1838 and 1840 to 1849 is preserved in the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, at Philadelphia.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas.

Correspondence

A LETTER OF HAZLITT'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are a number of prominent gaps in our information concerning Hazlitt's life, and few periods in his career are more obscure than that in which he practised the painter's art before he made his earliest tentative appearance as an author in 1805. Hazlitt was a scant letter-writer during all his days, and there may therefore be a special interest in reclaiming for this period a letter which is assigned by his descendant and biographer to a date ten years earlier than it was apparently written.

In his "Lamb and Hazlitt: Further Letters and Records hitherto unpublished" (1900), Mr. William Carew Hazlitt prints a letter bearing the heading "Sunday, October 23," and supplies "London" and "1793" in brackets, as if the contents pointed to its having been written by Hazlitt in his sixteenth year, while he was a student at the Hackney Theological College. I quote one of the sentences:

> Amidst that repeated disappointment, & that long dejection, which have served to overcast & to throw into deep obscurity some of the best years of my life, years which the idle and illusive dreams of boyish expectation had presented glittering, & gay, & prosperous, decked out in all the fairness and all the brightness of colouring, & crowded with fantastic forms of numerous hues [?] of ever-varying pleasure,—amidst much dissatisfaction and much sorrow, the reflection that there are one or two persons in the world who are [not] quite indifferent towards me, nor altogether unanxious for my welfare, is that which is, perhaps, the most "soothing to my wounded spirit."

What a melancholy experience of life for a youth of fifteen! It out-Byrons Byron, and it might expose to suspicion the one quality of Hazlitt's character which his severest critics have not called into question, his downright sincerity. But in spite of the inherent incongruousness, Mr. Birrell in his "Life of Hazlitt" unhesitatingly accepts the date, and remarks:

> There are many allusions at this time to "repeated disappointments," "long dejection," and other symptoms of boyish melancholy, and it is plain that Hackney College was not congenial.

But would not these expressions assume a more coherent significance if we ascribed them to a young man who had actually issued forth for his first battle with the world and had met a repulse? If we continue to read the letter with this notion in mind, we find confirmation for our view in the following allusion:

> As to my essay, it goes on, or rather it moves backwards and forwards; however, it does not stand still. I have been chiefly employed hitherto in rendering my knowledge of my subject as clear and intimate as I could, and in the arrangement of my plan, I have done little else. I have proceeded some way in a delineation of the system, which founds the propriety of virtue on its coincidence with the pursuit of private interest, and of the imperfections inseparable from its scheme. . . . I write more easily than I did. I hope for good. I have ventured to look at high things. I have toiled long and painfully to attain to some stand of eminence. It were hard to be thrown back from the midway of the steep to the lowest humiliation.

We must marvel at the owl-sightedness which can overlook such glaring evidence. Apparently, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt sees in this passage a reference to the political essay which Hazlitt wrote for his master at Hackney in place of one of the prescribed themes. But "a system which founds the propriety of virtue on its coincidence with the pursuit of private interest" can refer to nothing more plainly than to the "Essay in Defence of the Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind," the idea of which he had already conceived when he talked with Coleridge in 1798, and which at last struggled into print, though scarcely into light, in 1805.

With these limiting dates in our possession, and with Sunday, October 23, as a clue, it only remains for us to consult the almanac in order to determine the precise time of writing. In the course of the search we are confirmed in our suspicions of the slovenly editing, for we find that October 23 did not fall on Sunday in 1793, but that it did so fall in the years 1796 and 1803. Hazlitt was at home in 1796, and so could not have addressed the letter to his father, but everything in the letter suits excellently with 1803, and we must therefore accept the last as the year of composition.

Nothing in Hazlitt's expressions will now impress us as either precocious or affected. At the age of twenty-five Hazlitt had much cause for melancholy. Youthful idols had been shattered, for Coleridge had already joined the apostates from the ranks of liberty. England was again at war with humanity as embodied in Hazlitt's lifelong hero, Napoleon; and then there were private disappointments. Already the splendid vision of triumph in the company of Titian and Rembrandt was suffering dissipation, and Hazlitt was seeking mental relief in elucidating his cherished metaphysical discovery, and here also encountering little but pain and vexation. Read in the light of facts like these, Hazlitt's letter is both interesting and intelligible.

JACOB ZEITLIN.

Urbana, Ill., October 10.

"CURRENT MONEY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In order to make a card index as exhaustive as was practicable, the Deed Books of Prince Edward County, Virginia, have recently been examined by order of the Board of Supervisors of that county, the period covered being from 1754, when the county was set off, to 1850, the year in which the office index begins. During the progress of this work, notes were taken, among other subsidiary items, regarding the phraseology adopted as to currency considerations. Beginning these notes, with strictness about the year 1821, it was supposed that the colonial terms, "current money of Virginia," "Virginia currency," and the like, would soon disappear from usage, at least holding on no longer than the British reckoning by pounds, etc., which seems to drop away about 1829. As advance was made after the year 1821, it was observed with surprise that the phrases, "lawful money of Virginia," "current money of Virginia," "current money of this commonwealth," etc., were frequently employed, and it appeared very much of a paradox that this terminology should be found recorded quite to the end of the period under review—twenty-eight instances in 1844, eleven in 1849, and ten in 1850, all the deeds for 1850 not having been examined. For the year 1850, the usual terminology of this sort is "lawful money of Virginia"; "current money of Virginia" appearing twice (D. B. 25, 503 and 525), and "currency of Virginia" once (D. B. 25, 536). There are thirty-eight deeds recorded for the year 1754, in twenty-five of which appears "Virginia currency," or some such term.

As the investigation was not particularly directed toward this matter, it cannot be stated with absolute certainty in what year the phrase "current money of the United States" appears for the first time. From the memoranda, the first occurrence is in 1821 (D. B. 17, 398). Some such wording is used fifteen times between 1821 and 1850.

"Current money of the United States" is used five times, in 1821, 1834, 1840, 1843, and 1845—in 1843 the instrument is the work of a "freeman of color" or his attorney. "United States currency" is twice used, in 1822 and in 1825. "Money of the United States" is twice used, in 1825 and in 1836; in 1825 by parties removed to Missouri. "United States money" occurs twice, in 1837 and in 1844. The usage in the remaining instances, for the years 1848 and 1850, is "lawful money of the United States."

ALFRED J. MORRISON.

Hampden Sidney, Va., October 9.

WHY SHAKESPEARE LEFT STRATFORD

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I offer a new theory in regard to the vexed question of the cause of Shakespeare's departure from Stratford? Various reasons for his course have been assigned—among them the financial stringency of his father, domestic infelicity on his own part, histrionic aspiration, and a dispute with Sir Thomas Lucy about a matter of deer-poaching. My explanation is based upon a line in "Titus Andronicus" (I, i, 314):

These words are razors to my wounded heart.

The comparison is, beyond question, intended to suggest pain. Now a writer may refer to a rose as an instrument of torture, for a rose has thorus as well as beauty; but if he does so in a casual and matter-of-fact way, we can hardly help inferring that his own experiences with roses have not been pleasant. The same thing holds true with razors. When Shakespeare compares the agony produced by harsh words to anything connected with a razor, we are forced to conclude that he had either a dull implement or a beard as tough as wire. In his youthful manhood (the period in which we may assume that he shaved), he would naturally have been impatient in regard to such matters. *Ergo*, Shakespeare went to London for the sake of better tonsorial accommodations.

So momentous is this discovery that I hasten to give it to the world, without stopping to collate the passages that bear on the subject. The point most damaging to my case is the fact that there is something of a probability that Shakespeare himself did not write the line in question. But the theory is altogether too plausible to be rejected on any such grounds. The Baconian theory is far less solidly based, and look at the popularity it has attained!

Garland Greever.

The University of Arkansas, October 2.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will the gentleman who recently told us of some of his personal preferences and prejudices, under the head of "Spelling and Life," kindly inform us further just what of "life's choicest bits" will disappear when we have reduced to some logical basis the spelling of the last syllable of *proceed* and *precede*? When he has done that, possibly he will be kind enough to let us know what "choice bits" we have lost by living in a day when *fysshe* has become *fish*, and *musick* has degenerated into *music*.

Contrary to current Tory opinion, those of us who are trying to rationalize the spelling of the English language are at least as anxious as are the Tories about the finer things of life; in fact, we are so much interested in them that we long to save for future generations the precious months (estimated by some at two years) which we older ones wasted in learning an orthography without one respectable excuse for existing in its present state. We believe that the time thus saved could be spent in becoming familiar with many more of "life's choicest bits." We also think that the process of learning a rational and logical orthography would in itself help to sharpen the wits of our backward race, whereas just the opposite is now going on. One would think that such aims were worthy of the support of the *Nation*, instead of its sneers.

In reply to our plea, sleepy and ignorant old Rip Van Winkle first trotted out the "etymological argument," but even intelligent conservatives have begun to perceive that hundreds of our worst spellings not only ignore etymology, but even give false leads (*e. g., aisle* from *ala*, *foreign* from *foraneus*). Then there was pious talk of loyalty to literary tradition, until some cruel scholars showed that we are in principle no more loyal to Shakespeare's spelling to-day than we are to Chaucer's. Finally, the argument from sentiment is used, and we are asked to listen to silly comparisons of the meaningless folly of our spelling habits with such significant ceremonies as marriage. I know not what can be going on in the mind and conscience of the writer who allows an ambiguous use of the word "symbol" to leave the impression that marriage has no better rational basis than the *c* in *scent* (from the Latin *sentire*). And, if the sentimental attachment to shelves of unused books could be proved to waste about a year of the school-boy's time and to train him in ways of unreason, as well, there might be some reformers cruel enough to protest against that exquisite pleasure. Meantime, so long as association with the backs of a non-circulating library is at least harmless, it does not argue for a very firm grasp of the situation, nor for a very fair attitude of mind, to try to make the cases parallel.

If there were even half the force in the arguments of the simplifiers that they seem to think there is, the situation would not justify misleading witticisms. But, as the matter is one that may mean great things to the intellectual life of a whole race, it at least deserves respectful consideration from the smartest of us. Information upon the subject is near at hand. If one objects to the tracts of the Simplified Spelling Board, one has but to read Professor Lounsbury's charming book on "English Spelling and Spelling Reform" to see what a real scholar who honestly faces facts and argues in the open has to say on the question. Chapter ii, on the unintelligent opposition of the intelligent, is to be particularly recommended.

Philip H. Churchman.

Clark College, Worcester, Mass., October 5.

[We still believe that the knowledge, even if true, that English spelling is largely arbitrary and perverse, should be a secret for popes and cardinals, who have little need of English anyhow. As soon as it is broadcast the youth of the country at once take the contemplated reform into their own hands and spell phonetically; and as their speech is slovenly, there results not only such a word as *goverment* which we cited, but something close to the spelling on a bill-of-fare which we have seen—*constarge*, *cullash*, *fennan haddée*. Our real point was that so long as there is a battle among adult spellers, younger minds will spell to suit themselves. The history of English spelling in the past is a witness to this. —Ed. The Nation.]

SPELLING REFORM AND PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is one aspect of the question which was not touched in your article on "Spelling and Life" in your issue of the 28th instant, and that is the influence of "reformed spelling" on pronunciation. Programme, for instance, when disguised as *program*, salutes the ear as *progrum*, and thought emerges as *thott*. To be sure, only a small amount of written and spoken English is thus maltreated, but I have noted this tendency whenever, in the course of my duty, I have been compelled to listen to speakers afflicted with the spelling-reform fad. On the other haud, one hears from the same people *cult-your* and *literat-your*, but never *furnit-your* or *pict-your*. Bought and caught seem to have escaped the fate of *thott*. Thorough and though, passed through the steam roller of the Committee on Simplified (or Stultified?) Spelling, issue as *tho* and *thoro*. Phonetically considered, *thoro* is a gem of purest ray serene. M.

Chicago, October 8.

IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The title of a recently published novel is almost exactly that of Isabelle Eberhardt's "Dans l'Ombre chaude de l'Islam," the volume of fragments gathered by a friend after the tragic death of the young author, which to those who know and love the Sahara has a unique value. Was it atavism that led this daughter of Russian parents (one of whom was a Christian, the other a Mussulman), who was born and brought up at Geneva under French influences and in a French *milieu*, to feel so profoundly the splendor and cruelty, the sad and mysterious fascinations of the great solitudes, and to reflect so truly the character of the Arabs of the South, nomads and ksouriens? At any rate, nothing so penetrating and so poignant as the few pages which record her impressions of a summer's sojourn at the Moroccan Zaonia of Kenadsen has ever been written about the country, and about the life of people for whom the world has stood still for centuries and who are in entire ignorance of the ways and manners of our civilization.

Does it not seem a desecration to have the title of this little record, all that remains of an ardent, restless young life, used as that of a novel?

August F. Jaccaci.

New York, October 11.

DR. MACLAURIN AS JURIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* is usually so sure of its premises that, in "Every Man His Own Jurist" of the current issue, the column devoted to Dr. Maclaurin makes delightful reading in view of the fact that Dr. Maclaurin is not only a scientist but a lawyer.

Having won the McMahon law studentship and by his thesis (published later in three languages) the York prize at Cambridge University, having been a member of

the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn; studied German law in Germany; been dean of the College of Law of the University of New Zealand; and having earned from Cambridge the degree of doctor of laws as well as doctor of science, Dr. Maclaurin is surely more entitled than most men not only to be his own jurist if he chooses, but to be listened to seriously by other men when he speaks on legal subjects.

A. M. BAER.

Baltimore, October 13.

[We were aware of Dr. Maclaurin's early legal studies, but our point was that prominence was given his article as coming from him not as a lawyer but as a scientist.—ED. THE NATION.]

Literature

THE HITTITES.

The Land of the Hittites. By John Garstang. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 390 pages. $4 net.

Until the recovery of Egyptian and Babylonian-Assyrian sources of history through excavations and decipherment, there was no Hittite problem, and it is one of the many merits of Professor Sayce to have called attention some thirty years ago, in conjunction with the late Dr. William Wright, to the evidence of an extensive empire in Asia Minor which at one time proved a serious rival to both Egypt and Babylonia, and subsequently came into frequent conflict with Assyria. Since that time a large amount of additional material has been brought to light through the combined efforts of many explorers, and it is one of the chief purposes of the work before us to summarize our present knowledge of the Hittite empire.

The territory embraced by the traces that have been discovered of Hittite settlements now stretches from Northern Syria close up to the Black Sea and across Asia Minor, following the line of the Taurus and Anti-Taurus range. Curiously enough, no indications have been found to show that the Hittites settled along the coast of the Black Sea or of the Mediterranean, and it seems safe to say that they represent essentially an inland and largely a mountainous population. This, however, did not prevent them from passing southward into the plains of Babylonia, and in fact our first glimpse of Hittite history shows a Hittite group actually in possession of the Euphrates Valley. This conquest took place *c.* 1700 B. C., and for about twenty years a Hittite ruler occupied the throne in the city of Babylon. There is now nothing improbable in the supposition that the sons of Heth in southern Palestine, with whom Abraham had commercial relations, should represent a branch of this same Hittite group; and Professor Garstang is inclined to see in the "Hyksos" who overran Egypt a mixed multitude in which the Hittites form one of the elements, though it would also appear that the Semites constituted the predominating contingent. Significant in this respect is the statement in Ezekiel (xvi, 3) that the father of Jerusalem was an Amorite, and the mother a Hittite, in which combination the Amorites represent in the mind of the prophet the pre-Hebraic Semitic element, and the Hittite the non-Semitic element. It is, therefore, not surprising to find Hittites occupying prominent positions at the court of Solomon and David. The centre of the Hittite power, however, even in this early period, appears to have been in northern Syria, and from here it should seem to have spread both to the south and to the north, northeast and northwest.

But the ethnic problem is still far from satisfactory. It is complicated by the proof furnished through representations on Egyptian monuments of two distinct Hittite types, one Mongolian with a clearly recognized pig-tail, high cheek bones, and oblique eyes; the other designated by Professor Garstang as proto-Grecian, though one may question the justification of this term. At all events, the two types point to an admixture of various ethnic elements to form the Hittite group. Indeed, it is more proper to speak of Hittite groups, united only in so far as they were submitted to the same cultural and political influences. These influences are to be seen in the style of the building remains, in the art and the religion; but before turning to these it may be proper to dwell a little longer on the historical material. This has been largely increased through the successful work of Dr. Hugo Winckler at Boghaz-Keui, near the northern boundary of the Hittite dominion, which in the fourteenth century B. C. became the capital city. As yet only a preliminary study of this material has been made, which is partly in Babylonia, partly in Hittite, though written with the cuneiform script; but enough has been published to show that an official archive has been discovered embodying treaties with various nations, including Egypt, the Amorites, and Mitanni in northwestern Mesopotamia, as well as official correspondence with Egypt, Babylonia, and Mitanni. At least six generations of Hittite rulers are covered by these archives. During the past summer Dr. Winckler has again been at work at Boghaz-Keui, and it is to be hoped that the systematic publication of these important collections of texts will soon be begun.

The chief movement of this period appears to be the advance of the Hittite ruler Subbi-luliuma, who, in a succession of bold campaigns enlarged his dominion which was originally limited to the district around Boghaz-Keui to embrace virtually the whole territory to the south, including northern Syria. The objective point of his conquests was the kingdom of Mitanni, whose ruler at that time was a certain Tushratta, known to us from his correspondence with Egypt included in the Tell Amarna archive. It is not improbable that the people of Mitanni belonged to the Hittite group, as should appear certainly to be the case with the States of Arzawa and Khalrabbat (or Khani-rabbat), which lay on the way to northern Syria. Subbi-luliuma succeeded in this endeavor, and his growing strength prompted the Amorites who had hitherto been the allies of Egypt to cast their fortunes with the Hittites. The next step would have been an attack on Egypt which had up to this time retained a measure of supremacy over Palestine and Syria. Instead, however, we find Subbi-luliuma making a treaty with Amenophis III, which was renewed by Amenophis IV, when, in 1375 B. C., he came to the throne. A limit was thus put to any further extension of the Hittite power in one direction, while, to the East, Assyria formed an irresistible barrier, though it now turns out that the Assyrian Kingdom itself was established, *c.* 2000 B. C. by a branch of the Hittites who subsequently, however, lost control. Subbi-luliuma could well rest content with what he had accomplished, and the extensive empire that he had created by his exploits, stretching from the Halys Basin to the Euphrates, remained in the hands of his successors for a period of nearly two hundred years.

This, then, is the Empire of the Hittites in the period of its greatest strength as revealed to us in its general outlines. During the next century they were kept busy resisting the inroads of Assyria and Egypt, and, although they succeeded in holding the Egyptians under Rameses II at bay in a severe encounter at Kadesh on the Orontes, the decline of the Empire may be said to set in after this battle, which took place in 1288 B. C.

After *c.* 1200 B. C. we hear little more of the Hittite power in the annals of Egyptian rulers. They are replaced by the Muski, who, for a time, become the dominant force in Asia Minor and who, as Professor Garstang believes, may have been a European people, akin to the Phrygian conquerors of later times. The Hittite states were split up into a number of principalities, and during the following centuries it is a Hittite state with its centre at Carchemish with which Assyrian rulers like Tiglathpileser I (1125-1100 B. C.) come into conflict. A decline of the Assyrian Empire which sets in after Tiglathpileser I enables the Hittites to regain some of their lost prestige. During the tenth century, they succeeded in shaking off the yoke imposed upon them by the Assyrians, and until the middle of the ninth century, when a renewal of Assyria's power be-

gins, the Hittite states, at all events the one with Carchemish as its capital, were free agents. An internal disruption may also be assumed as one of the factors which led to the gradual loss of one stronghold after the other. Carchemish, Kummukih, Milid, Samalla (or Sindjerli), Gurgum, were obliged to acknowledge the suzerainty of Assyria. In the latter half of the sixth century, the Persian power under the lead of Cyrus and his generals appears on the scene, but the ineffective Persian rule leaves few traces in the region in which Greek influence and Greek ideas were steadily advancing. With the conquest of Asia Minor by Alexander the Great a new era, marked by the more or less complete Hellenization of the interior section, sets in. There thus result three periods of Hittite history: the first in the second millennium before our era, marked by the control of the Euphrates Valley for a short time and by settlements as far south as Hebron in Palestine; the second in the fourteenth century, leading to the establishment of an extensive Hittite Empire in Asia Minor and embracing northern Syria through the union of the various Hittite states with its centre at Boghaz-Keui; the third in the tenth century, which may be designated as a Renaissance, brought about again by a union of Hittite states, this time with the political centre at Carchemish.

The recovery of this significant chapter in the history of mankind is all the more noteworthy if it be borne in mind that the Hittite inscribed monuments, of which we now have a large number, have not yet been deciphered. Various attempts have been made during the past two decades, notably by Professor Jensen of Marburg and by Professor Sayce; but Jensen's learned method has been rejected, and Sayce's ingenious method has not been accepted. Progress has been made in determining the general character of the inscriptions, some of which are clearly of a votive character, while others are quite certainly historical, and a few ideographic signs, such as those for king and country, may also be regarded as satisfactorily settled; but all this represents only a small beginning, and the key to a solution of the mysterious problem is yet to be discovered. There are, however, good reasons for believing that a definite basis will be obtained through the publication of the Boghaz-Keui archives, containing in all probability Hittite documents transcribed into cuneiform characters.

Not only have the general outlines of Hittite history been recovered through the laborious researches of a number of European scholars, but the careful study of the monuments from a geographical and archæological point of view, in connection with supplementary evidence from other sources, has revealed much valuable information regarding the religion, art, architecture, habitations, and customs of the various Hittite groups. Professor Garstang has performed this part of his task in summing up the data procured in this way in a most satisfactory manner. In addition to a chapter on the geography of the region covered by Hittite settlements, in which what might have been a rather dry narrative is relieved by interesting glimpses of present conditions and by a large number of good illustrations, he furnishes a valuable summary of the sites, more than fifty in number, in which monuments of an unmistakable Hittite character have been found. The Hittite sites so far identified include walled towns to the number of about seven, in most of which remains also of Hittite palaces have been unearthed. In addition we have found Hittite fortresses, rock carvings with or without inscriptions in about a dozen places, and, lastly, movable stones, embracing sculptures in the round, mural reliefs, reliefs representing ceremonial feasts, offerings, hunting scenes, inscriptions accompanying human figures, and inscriptions only at more than thirty sites. Of stones that were certainly found *in situ* we have, to be sure, only two—one at Kuru-Bel, close to the modern Comana, and one at Bogche, not far from Cæserea; but supplementary evidence shows that with the exception of a small number of monuments, evidently carried far away from their original position, the rest belong to the district in which they were discovered. Dividing the monuments into five groups according to the place of discovery, (a) monuments of northern Syria, (b) monuments in the Taurus and Anti-Taurus range, (c) monuments of the Halys Basin, (d) monuments of the West, and (e) monuments of the southeast, Professor Garstang proceeds to a detailed description of these remains, accompanied by numerous illustrations. A site particularly rich in its yield of Hittite monuments is Marash, among which are two stone lions, covered with inscriptions, that originally stood at the entrance to a palace or other large building. Both the art displayed in the sculpture and the subject are characteristic of Hittite works, for the lion and the eagle (or the double-headed eagle) are the two most prominent emblems in Hittite religious art, and at Boghaz-Keui they are found in association. Of the lion we can now say definitely that it is the animal associated with the great mother goddess and her son who in various forms and under various designations in the ancient Orient correspond to the Semitic Ishtar and Tammuz, while the eagle is in all probability the symbol of the sun-god, as it appears also in Babylonian art.

The most elaborate sculptures discovered up to the present time are those two miles to the east of Boghaz-Keui and known as Jasily Kaya—the "Inscribed Rock." Winding around the smoothed surface of the rocks at this place, there are two large processions of figures approaching one another. On the left-hand side there are no less than 43 figures sculptured on the rocks, on the other side 22 in number. The head of each procession is clearly a deity—on the left side a god, on the right a goddess followed by a god who, there is every reason to believe, is the son of the goddess. It is clear from this that the entire scene is of a religious character.

In each procession Professor Garstang has also succeeded in identifying a large figure as the king acting also in a priestly capacity, and on the whole one inclines to the view that it is the same royal personage who is here twice represented. But exactly what kind of religious scene is portrayed in this remarkable group must for the present remain doubtful, though there is much to be said in favor of our author's suggestion that the scene represents the symbolical nuptials of the male and female principle in Nature indicated by the chief male and chief female deity.

This leads us to say a word about the religion of the Hittites, on which Professor Garstang touches only incidentally. Indeed, it is one of the defects in this work, so complete in almost all other respects, that the author has not put together in systematic form the data from the Hittite monuments and from the Egyptian and Babylonian sources regarding the Hittite gods and the nature of their worship. Much is to be gathered also from seal cylinders of Hittite origin, as may be seen from the chapter on the subject in Dr. Ward's "Seal Cylinders of Western Asia." To mention only one point, Dr. Ward has made it probable that the type of the naked goddess in Babylonian art is an importation due to Hittite influence. Whether in return we are justified in tracing the cult of the mother-goddess in Hittite regions to Babylonia is open to question. The idea seems to have been common to the Semites, and it may well be that it spread into Asia Minor without the direct intervention of Babylonian culture. The lion in Babylonia and Assyria is the symbol of Marduk, who is a solar deity, and not, as among the Hittites, of the mother-goddess whose emblem, in Assyria at all events, appears rather to have been the dove. As for the chief deity, while it is true, as Professor Garstang also points out, that he has the qualities of a solar deity, there is another phase of nature associated with him that is equally important. As is natural in the case of a mountainous people, the god who stands at the head of the pantheon is also the storm whose voice is heard in the thunder, who

drives along in the wind, and who hurls the lightning. Such a god is preëminently a warrior-deity, and as such is also represented with an axe. The bull —the symbol of strength—becomes the animal with which he is associated. In Babylonia, in the same way, the sun and the storm, with the accompanying thunder, lightning, and rain, are combined into a single conception, and the chief deity, in the various periods, now Enlil, later Marduk, in one place Ningirsu, in another Ninib, manifests both the traits of the sun-god and of the warring storm-god.

The two chief religious ideas present in Semitic religion—the male and female principle—are also to be recognized, as we have seen, in the Hittite religion, but there is no indication that among the Hittites the ascendency was given to the female principle. A development in this direction does, in fact, take place in Asia Minor, but not until a comparatively late date. The cult of the mother-goddess survives after the Hittites themselves have passed away and the Kybele or *mater magna* of the Phrygians is a survival of the old Semitic Ishtar, only slightly transformed through Hittite influences. We question, however, whether Professor Garstang is right in tracing the tradition of the Amazons back to Hittite days. That the Amazons are originally the priestesses of the mother-goddess is quite likely, but the conception of the Amazon itself seems to be due to other influences—Aryan or proto-Aryan. But we will not quarrel with our author on this and other points in his work which might be controverted and in regard to which more material is needed before a definite decision can be reached. Professor Garstang will probably be the first to recognize the defects of his work, but his grasp of the wide subject is so thorough and he has made such a careful study of the material now at our disposal that we can well afford to overlook any shortcomings which do not affect major matters.

Professor Garstang has had the advantage of two journeys of exploration in Asia Minor, so that his study has been supplemented by what he has seen and observed; and many of the photographs in the volume are the fruit of these journeys. How great the interest in the fascinating subject is may be gathered from the expedition organized this very year, under the auspices of the British Museum, to carry on excavations at one of the most important of Hittite centres—Carchemish. Work was begun last March by Prof. D. G. Hogarth, the eminent archæologist, whose wide knowledge and experience fitted him admirably for the task. From the first report published a few weeks ago, it appears that already a large number of important finds have been made, including the largest and about the most perfect Hittite text as yet discovered, in connection with a series of thirteen slabs depicting a battle scene which the text evidently commemorates.

Mention ought to be specially made of the three important plans of Hittite structures and the three useful maps in the book, of the alphabetically arranged list of Hittite sites, with detailed indications of the monuments found at each, as well as of the Bibliography, which, while not aiming to be complete, comprises all of importance and of permanent value that has been published on the subject.

CURRENT FICTION.

Her Little Young Ladyship. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

One's first notion of the book would be that it is an early and more pretentious effort on the part of the popular chronicler of East Side childhood. But the date of the dedication shows that it must have been virtually the last thing written by Miss Kelly. It has the defects noticeable in so many novels written by those who have been successful with the short story. It is made out of whole cloth, cleverly enough, but with effort. As a mere invention, it is hardly notable. The plot is not new—even its touches of melodrama are of conventional sort. The American girl who marries the Irish lord, and finds herself in hot water with his family, is a lady with a long pedigree. Here, to be sure, instead of the angry dowager, her "little young ladyship" has to contend with a jealous twin-brother who feels that mere chance has ousted him from his birthright. Unluckily, this gentleman is painted so black as to be hardly visible to the imagination. Cruel to inferiors, faithless to equals, envious of his betters, he is a very pretty figure of malice—for a lay figure. His only good trait is love for the home of his ancestors, and this becomes the foundation of his villany. After the birth of a son to her little young ladyship, the villain turns his mind deliberately toward schemes for getting rid of the mother and child, and even of his brother. His lordship, after the fashion of heroes in fiction, refuses to see what everybody else sees, and continues to regard his brother as a fine fellow in hard luck. But murder is out at last: all the younger brother's perfidy is made clear, and it only remains for him to depart from the scene by way of an epileptic fit. There is another unmitigated brute in the neighborhood of Glendaire Castle —a sporting baronet, M.F.H., utterly heartless and inhuman. Miss Kelly has written with feeling of the condition of the peasantry in Ireland, and we suspect from the opening of the story that some solution is to be offered. The suspicion proves idle: the story is a romance, nothing more nor less. Her ladyship's American father and mother, self-made and independent, are well drawn. Abraham Petty, an American rustic of whom a good deal is made, is simply a "comic" in the Sunday-supplement understanding of the word. There is amusing dialogue, and there are one or two well-managed situations in the book, but we should hardly judge from it that Miss Kelly would have developed power as a novelist if she had lived. She will be remembered for the humor and fidelity with which she painted a picturesque and passing phase of life in the American metropolis.

White Motley. By Max Pemberton. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

A titled scalliwag, a lovely, long-suffering wife, and a very perfect gentleman of humble antecedents—upon this well-established triangle is erected a thoroughly up-to-date romance. The inevitable elbow-rubbing incident to travel is, for the nonce, curiously prominent in the mind of the insular novelists. The phenomenal opportunities which the public hostelry affords for contact between different strata of English society, have been made the basis of at least four novels within the last six months, and this is at least the second in which we have been treated to the edifying spectacle of the Briton shedding his shell under the recreative influences of Alpine sport. Thus it will be seen that in bringing together a heroine from the upper class and a hero from the middle class, amid the rout of merrymakers at a Swiss resort, Mr. Pemberton is in line with the best current English practice; while in the aeronautical feats which he imputes to his hero he is well ahead of the game. Ghostly trial flights by moonlight, followed by a spectacular prize-winning voyage over the great peaks of the Pennine Alps, easily put "Benny" into a class by himself. It only remains for him to establish a record for the aviator in fiction by flitting over the inferior Alps into Italy on a little private errand of chivalry, in order to demonstrate that the magic carpet and the seven-league boots are already things of the past.

House of Torment. By C. Ranger-Gull. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

As "Guy Thorne" Mr. Ranger-Gull is known as the author of "When It Was Dark" and other pseudo-religious novels of a distinctly High-Church tendency. "House of Torment" is in intention an historical romance, dealing with the adventures of John Commendone, gentleman to King Philip of Spain at the English court. Queen Mary of England plays a prominent part in the story and several other historical personages are introduced. Part of the action occurs

in Spain, and the author describes the tortures of the Inquisition in great detail. Yet all his labored effort fails to produce that thrill of horror which an artist in fiction could cause in a few paragraphs. The story is not without interest, and there are colorful descriptions, brisk dialogues, and dramatic crises. But persistent harping upon bigotry, cruelty, and licentiousness grows monotonous; tragedy heavily and evenly spread becomes wearisome. His best writing concerns a subject likely to offend his usual constituency. He describes minutely and vividly a house of ill-fame frequented by Philip of Spain. The proprietress, the inmates, the unsexed attendant, the exotic and decadent trappings of vice—these are set forth with a skill that cannot be denied. That this passage, however well written, is in place in a book of this character is doubtful. The lascivious side of the King's character could be less offensively indicated. The author would do well to rid himself of his fondness for stating that sounds shiver. "The lutes shivering out their arpeggio accompaniment," "A high tenor voice shivered out in song," "A little shivering noise rang out into the room," "A sweet tenor voice shivered out beneath the bellying sails"—surely, Roget's Thesaurus would furnish Mr. Ranger-Gull with some usable synonyms. And after studying the Thesaurus he might turn to the novels of Sir Walter Scott with pleasure and profit. For Sir Walter knew how to write historical romances.

The Heart of a Woman. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The author of this book set out with a clever idea for a murder story, and so far as it keeps to murder and mystery it is neither unsuccessful nor uninteresting. But the language of the writer in summoning her characters into action, the language of the lovers, the behavior of the accused and the guilty, are on a plane quite apart from the main issue, so that the reader who should be thrilling is compelled to smile. The author continually insists upon the fact that her two young Londoners, the plighted pair, members of the great world of society, are commonplace and conventional. It is not to dispute the point that the reviewer notes it, but to ask why, being indisputable, it need be maintained early and late and almost rancorously? It must be said that for commonplace folk they indulge in an unusual plethora of language bordering at moments upon the grand manner. He, on the point of becoming "a fugitive from justice," makes a long speech to her, expressing his envy of the slaves of olden days, that he might kneel before his lady-love and have her place her naked foot upon his neck. "The light of this lamp throws a golden radiance over you, your lips are quivering—oh! ever so slightly, and your eyes reveal to me the exquisiteness of your soul." For her "there was a quaint joy in hearing him thus rambling on—he, the reserved man of the world." Then she gives him "in that even, contralto voice of hers which he loved to hear," a discourse on feelings generally, her own specifically, telling him in conclusion: "You have no right, having once come into my life, having once given substance and vitality to my love, to withdraw yourself away from me." And this with the police nearing the door! It is rather a pity that the central theme had not been treated by another hand than that which strewed the flowers of love and minstrelsy.

Phyllis in Middlewych. By Margaret Westrup. New York: John Lane Co.

Phyllis shone like a juvenile goddess among the dull earth-born inhabitants of Middlewych. Silly old maids were tremulously eager for her society, and easily mistook her lightly veiled contempt for flattering partiality. Little lads who suffered from over-doses of coddling grew quite manly after associating with her for a few days. On Phyllis's advice children were adopted, by Phyllis's example rude manners were rebuked, Phyllis herself, besides being extremely well-bred in an English way, was altogether a jaunty little sportswoman. With her parents, who were really quite a credit to her, she maintained the most cordial relations. Their informality was such jolly good form, you see. "Old girl," says her father to Phyllis. "Old man," responds she to him, in the most enviable, off-hand style imaginable. We had hoped in our crude American hearts that the race of "wise children" to which Phyllis belongs was by this time totally extinct.

ESSAYS OF PROFESSOR MAITLAND

The Collected Papers of Frederic William Maitland. Edited by H. A. L. Fisher. 3 vols. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10 net.

The death of Professor Maitland at Grand Canary in 1906, at the all too early age of fifty-six, cut short the activity of one of England's most remarkable scholars. He at first planned to practise at the bar, and had time to write very little until well past thirty. But in 1885, his love of study led him to a lectureship at Cambridge. In the score of years which remained to him he won for himself, by his rich output of raw material from the Year Books and by his finely finished work in a number of volumes, a foremost place among the great contributors to the history of English law. In fact, we fancy that those who are fit to judge will regard him as the most important legal writer since Blackstone.

Some years ago Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, spoke in the House of Commons of the trade unions as corporations. A distinguished lawyer on the opposition benches interrupted him with, "The trade unions are not corporations." "I know that," retorted Mr. Balfour; "I am talking English, not law." Maitland knew how to talk both. It was part of his rare gift to treat legal subjects with equal learning, lucidity, and charm. As in the case of William James, his pages often have the fascinating playfulness of a kitten with a ball of yarn. He will pounce upon an idea, toss it in the most amusing directions, and unroll unsuspected lengths of subtle speculation. "He was always learned, always original, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he was transparently right." In addition to his delightful style—not too common among writers on law—Maitland was distinguished from many lawyers and legal historians by a scientific habit of thought and an abounding common sense which freed him from pedantry and conventional conservatism. He reverenced ancient law. He delighted to trace the origin of legal rules in the social and economic conditions of a bygone age. But with all his knowledge of and reverence for the dead past, he had a keen appreciation of the living present. He hated to see an old rule unfitly surviving in a changed environment. One of the most vigorous chapters in the "Collected Papers" is his plea for the modernization of the frightfully complex and anachronistic English law of real property (I, 162 ff.). In contrast, he praises the Germans. In their new Civil Code there is incorporated, indeed, a great deal of old law which reaches back to ancient Rome or to mediæval Germany. "But all this stuff," Maitland says (III, 485),

> wheresoever obtained, has recently been passed through modern minds, has been debated, criticised, refined; and an endeavor has been made to present it as a single, coherent, homogeneous whole. Could anything of the same sort be said of us? Are we facing modern times with modern ideas, modern machinery, modern weapons? I wish that I could think so. Some of our ideas seem to be antiquated; some of our machinery seems to me cumbrous and rusty; some of our weapons I would liken to blunderbusses, apt to go off at the wrong end. . . . I would mention in particular a great deal of what we call the Law of Real Property. It seems to me to be full of rules that no one would enact nowadays unless he were in a lunatic asylum.

This passage suggests another characteristic of Maitland's mind and work which unfortunately has not been shared by a sufficient number of English, or even American, legal historians—his acquaintance with foreign, especially German, scholarship and jurisprudence. It used to be a habit of his to look over

the weekly lists of the tons of legal literature which fell from the German presses. He believed (and his writings bear the fruits of his belief) that the student of English law can be greatly illumined by a study of foreign systems. No Englishman was more keenly sensitive than Maitland to the fact that Brunner and other Germans had been invading the field of English history in a superior fashion. Yet no man was more generous and hearty than he in his appreciation of their services. And if England had had more scholars of Maitland's mould, she would scarcely have had to wait so long, and in the end be beholden to a German—Dr. Liebermann—for an adequate edition of her own precious Anglo-Saxon laws.

The three volumes here presented do not, of course, include any of Maitland's integral and earlier published works—"English Law before Edward I," "Canon Law," "Township and Borough," "Domesday Book," "Political Theories in the Middle Ages," "English Law and the Renaissance," the "Life of Leslie Stephen," or the posthumous "Constitutional History." Nor do they include those admirable prefaces which he wrote for the documents which he edited for the Selden Society and for the Rolls Series; these are easily accessible to students and could not without injury be wrenched from the texts which they were intended to introduce. Otherwise these three volumes contain, so Mr. Fisher assures us, substantially the whole of Maitland's scattered writings. With two exceptions the papers have been printed before, but we are grateful to Mr. Fisher for gathering them together from their inaccessible or unknown lodgment in various periodicals and encyclopædias. Arranged mostly in the order in which they were written, they enable us to trace the growth of Maitland's interest and activity along special lines. They begin with a philosophical dissertation on "Liberty and Equality" submitted by the author as a young Cambridge graduate in competition for a Trinity fellowship. They end with beautiful appreciations of the character and work of his good friends, Bishop Stubbs, Lord Acton, Leslie Stephen, Henry Sidgwick, and Mary Bateson. The other chapters cover a variety of subjects, of which not even a list can here be given. The professional lawyer will enjoy the chapters on the peculiar origin and character of English Trusts and corporations. The layman and historian will be most interested in Maitland's criticism of Herbert Spencer's theory of society, his plea for a reform of the land laws, his "Reasons why the history of English law is not written," his brilliant sketch, which followed five years later, of the "Outlines of English Legal History," his objections to Sir Henry Maine's generalizations in regard to early village communities, his account of the making of the German Civil Code, and his reviews of various books. Many of the papers, however, are very technical and deal with problems the simplest terms of which are not to be apprehended except by the trained student of English history.

Mr. Fisher has added an excellent index. We should have been glad if he had reprinted by way of introduction the discriminating biographical memoir of his brother-in-law which he published a year and a half ago, and which contains a few of Maitland's letters.

Briefe Kaiser Wilhelms des Ersten. Nebst Denkschriften und anderen Aufzeichnungen in Auswahl herausgegeben von Erich Brandenburg. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag.

The editor of this volume tactfully refrains from unconditional eulogy, admitting that the success of William I. was less due to his own merits than to his choice of the ablest men of his time to pilot the ship of state through perilous situations. To hold in check and induce to work harmoniously two such strong individualities as Bismarck and Moltke was indeed proof of superior judgment, and to yield to their better counsel with no loss of dignity to himself was one of his greatest achievements as sovereign.

The main interest of the book lies not, as one would expect, in its glimpses into political machinery, but in its human quality. It shows the founder of the new German empire divested of imperial purple and gives an opportunity to trace his personal development. The first entry in the book is a childish bit of writing from the prince's eleventh year, a page from a diary, reflecting the zest with which the prince, who had then no prospect of succeeding to the throne and was destined for the army, entered upon the methodical routine of his future career. The serious tenor of these reflections and of some of the earlier letters is rather amusing. Only once is it interrupted by an outburst of spontaneous youthful enthusiasm, when on April 4, 1814, he writes from Paris, which he had entered with the victorious army. Referring his correspondent to Count Schwerin for news regarding the army, he plunges straightway into an enumeration of the sights of the city, not forgetting the elephant in the Jardin des Plantes and the Palais Royal. His impressions are emphasized with a profusion of exclamation points and culminate in a postscript which reads: "Nein, die himmlischen Balletts der grossen Oper!!! Göttlich!!!!" Close upon this bit of boyish enthusiasm follow some pages of maxims dated 1815, which show quite a different phase of his character. They are replete with moral precepts and resolutions of a commonplace Sunday-school variety, and sound very strange to the ears of a more sophisticated generation.

With advancing years the pious note obtrudes itself more and more in both his personal and his official utterances. Perhaps no other monarch of modern times was so sincerely convinced of the "Gottesgnadentum" of royalty as was William I. It was probably the secret of his popularity with a great part of the people, who admired him for his simple faith, and saw in him a man endeavoring to the best of his knowledge and ability to fulfil the duties of his responsible position. No less firmly was he convinced of Prussia's right to supremacy over the other German states when the question of uniting them under one government began to be discussed. He was, indeed, during the tumultuous fourth and fifth decades of the past century, the very backbone of conservatism. He writes on the 11th of December, 1849, that the Constitution should not acknowledge civil marriage, and that it should limit the people's right to meet in public and organize societies; and he recommends a parliamentary body similar to the English House of Lords to support the conservative elements against the encroachments of democracy. He refers to his reputation as "Revolutionsriecher." His was an ideal of military rule, and in that curious document drafted April 10, 1857, and called his last will, he thanks his brother, the King, for having allowed him to restore "Zucht und Ordnung" in Germany. There is a letter from the same year in which he sharply distinguishes between parliamentary legislation and parliamentary government, accepting the former but decidedly rejecting the latter. Though he would not have a Cabinet appear infallible, he desires to see it protected against the possibility of impeachment and dismissal.

Of the letters of a later period those addressed to Bismarck throw light upon the peculiar relation between the sovereign and his prime minister. It is quite evident that Bismarck's far-reaching political schemes sometimes went beyond the comprehension of William I. There is a guarded self-consciousness in his replies, showing that he was overawed by admiration for Bismarck's genius, and had implicit faith in his superior judgment. The book fitly closes with a letter dated December 23, 1887, in which he consults Bismarck with regard to the advisability of initiating his grandson into the affairs of state, since the illness of the crown prince gave cause for alarm.

A peculiar feature of these letters is their language. The sovereign who spoke so frequently and emphatically of the force of moral example, did not write an exemplary German, but interlarded his language with an amazing amount of foreign expressions and quotations. True to his conservatism he

persisted in the use of linguistic hybrids which his mother-tongue owed to the Gallomania of Frederick the Great, at a time when the reaction against them was already strong. In a letter to Bismarck of April 16, 1864, occur the terms "inquietirt," "maliziös," "Rhein-Grenzenrektifikation," "perhorreszirt," "koalisiren," "realisiren," etc. In a personal note to Generalmayor von Boyen he thanks him for the "deliziösen serrepapiers, der das Geschmackvollste ist, das man sich denken kann inklusive des attentiösen Blaus." A letter to the Queen contains the French phrases "mettons," "sous main," "entre nous soit dit," and "qui vivra, verra." On becoming acquainted with the German language as it was written by the founder of the new empire, it is not surprising that one of the high officials during his reign, Dr. Stephan, inaugurated the movement to purge the language of its foreign ingredients and restore it to its original purity.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Volume VII: Cavalier and Puritan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The last two volumes of this work brought down the account of the drama to the closing of the theatres in 1642. In the present volume the history of non-dramatic literature is resumed, and we have a survey of the Cavalier and Puritan writers whose activity, although in some instances extending beyond the Restoration, is identified at least in spirit with the reign of Charles I and the period of the Commonwealth. The age embraces, of course, some of the principal names in English literature, and we have here consequently a corresponding gain in interest as compared with some of the preceding volumes. The reader who recalls Professor Saintsbury's article on Shakespeare in this history will observe with some misgivings that about one-fourth of the entire volume is from his pen. It is only fair to acknowledge, however, that of the three chapters which he has contributed—those, namely, on the Lesser Caroline Poets, Milton, and the Antiquaries—two are of excellent quality, and if the chapter on Milton can hardly be said to fulfil all legitimate expectations in the treatment of the second greatest figure in our literature, it is at least not exasperatingly bad like the contribution on Shakespeare. Milton moves in a clearer historical light, and his production has not the endless variety of the Shakespearean drama, so that no vast body of critical literature has grown up about his life and writings, as in the case of Shakespeare and even Chaucer. Thus in the present instance one great stumbling-block is removed from Professor Saintsbury's path, for, however much the individual critic may chafe under the necessity, it is impossible to offer any adequate contribution to a work of this character without giving due consideration to the labors of other men. As far as the chapter on Milton is concerned, those portions are most satisfactory which make the least demand on the writer's critical powers. Thus the life and prose writings are well described, and Professor Saintsbury's unconventional habit of mind stands him here in good stead, when without mincing words he sets down to a want of practical sense so much in Milton's public and domestic life that the world has been inclined to gloss over. But the poems are another matter, and whereas Professor Saintsbury brings to his task the great requisites of sympathy and admiration, one cannot but feel that the result falls far short of what many of his predecessors in the interpretation of Milton have achieved. This is particularly true of the pages that are devoted specifically to "Paradise Lost," which for the most part consist not so much of criticism as an evasion of criticism. To be sure, the concluding sentence of this discussion sums up well the spirit of the poem, and later on we have the generally recognized peculiarities of Milton's versification accurately stated, with some additional observations on his style, but, on the whole, it is only too plain that the writer has here failed to rise "to the height of this great argument." As regards the minor poems, how can Professor Saintsbury, in his effort to make it appear that Milton's development was slow, say of the "Vacation Exercise" that only in the summoning of the rivers at the close is there any approach to individuality, "and even then there is a strong suggestion of Spenser." If any poet but John Milton could have composed the magnificent vision of heaven in this poem beginning:

> Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
> Thy service in some graver subject use,

we should like to know who he was. As intimated above, Professor Saintsbury is much more successful in his other contributions to this volume. He is, of course, the recognized authority on the minor Caroline poets, and his chapter on the antiquaries—Browne, Fuller, Walton, and Urquhart (the translator of Rabelais)—was evidently written *con amore*. To some readers the quaintness of Browne's diction, his curious learning, and his solemn and splendid rhetoric are hardly an offset for the rather meagre intellectual content of his writings, but Professor Saintsbury's wide reading and *flair* for style qualify him especially for critical sympathy with this most distinctive representative of seventeenth century prose. No mention is made here of the fact, which seems, however, well established, that Sir Thomas Urquhart drew his amazing vocabulary very largely, if not mainly, from Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary. Happiest of all in this chapter is the characterization of Walton's "Compleat Angler," whose landscape and company are these "of 'The Faerie Queene' passed through a slight sieve of realism and crimeless; only in the distance, perhaps, an erring gentleman, who reprehensively derives his jests from Scripture or from want of decency." But the whole passage is worth reading.

We have dwelt thus at length on the contributions of Professor Saintsbury, because to him have been assigned not only the master-poet of the period, but, John Bunyan excepted, the most interesting of the prose-writers. Of the remaining chapters in this volume, four deal with subjects which, though of great importance, form, as it were, merely the background of literature—namely: Scholars and Scholarship, by Foster Watson; English Grammar Schools, by J. Bass Mullinger; The Beginning of English Journalism, by J. B. Williams; The Advent of Modern Thought in Popular Literature, by Harold V. Routh. Mr. Williams's contribution contains much that is amusing and characteristic, as in the account of the patriarch of English journalism, Samuel Pecke, who was capable of quoting Hebrew sentences under the impression that he was quoting Greek. Among the other chapters on the various branches of literature especially to be commended is that of W. H. Hutton on the Caroline Divines—Traherne, Herbert, Jeremy Taylor, and the rest. The style possesses something of the meditative and spiritual quality of these classics of seventeenth century piety and eloquence. F. W. Moorman, author of the "Life of Herrick," gives an adequate account of the Caroline lyric, and A. W. Ward a full and interesting discussion of the historical and political writings in which the characterization of Clarendon is particularly felicitous. Few readers, however, will rate so low as Dr. Ward the "Autobiography" of Lord Herbert of Cherbury—a human document of first-rate importance, as it seems to us, for the life of those times. The able article on Hobbes and Contemporary Philosophy by W. R. Sorley should also not go without mention. The only American contribution to the present volume is by Prof. J. E. Spingarn, from whose authoritative pen we have the chapter on Jacobean and Carolline criticism.

The bibliographies in this volume occupy an even larger space than heretofore. Not being prepared by the contributors they occasionally include material not used in the text. Thus Traherne's "Poems of Felicity," edited last year by H. I. Bell, is recorded (with a brief indication of contents) in the bibliography to the chapter on the Sacred Poets, although it is barely referred to

is the text as being still in manuscript. One is rather surprised that Mr. Dobell's most recent find, the poems of William Strode, is not mentioned in this chapter. The following omissions in the Milton bibliography seem worthy of note: Paul Chauvet's valuable thesis, "La religion de Milton" (1909); A. F. Leach's "Milton as Schoolboy and Schoolmaster," in the Proceedings of the British Academy (1908). Moreover, if Latin translations of "Paradise Lost" are to be included that of Hog should not be omitted, since, owing to its early date (1690), it affords striking proof of the rapidity with which the fame of Milton's great poem became established.

Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon. By Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

Lady Blennerhassett's study of the political and social fortunes of Madame de Maintenon—for she rather than Louis is the editor's chief concern—is admirable for its virile scholarship and for its charming facility of expression. She has prepared a book which the student of French history may well keep on his shelf of ready reference and which the layman may read with quickening interest. For the subject matter is much more comprehensive than the title indicates. It is a history of the career of Agrippa d'Aubigné's granddaughter, first in her relations with the King, but secondly and principally as a figure in the various political and religious crises which are coupled more generally with Louis's name than with hers. Somewhat as Sainte-Beuve in his "Port Royal" wrote a literary and spiritual history of a century and more of French life, so the present editor has known how deftly to connect Louis's uncrowned wife with all that was of most importance in his reign. Thus we find excellent chapters on the Spanish Succession, the Princesse des Ursins, Fénelon and Bossuet, Quietism, the Great Military Reverses, and Jansenism. And yet the book is no apologia of the erstwhile wife of Paul Scarron. Madame de Maintenon is treated with sane and just consideration. No new materials have been adduced for the hazarding of a new judgment. Nor can this probably ever be done, as Madame de Maintenon gratuitously destroyed all letters and journals touching in any way upon the mooted question of her marriage to the King. She will always remain a sort of biographic sphinx. As Lady Blennerhassett aptly says in conclusion:

> It sounds like a fairy tale that the mightiest and most charming sovereign of Europe fell in love with the elderly widow of a not very respectable playwright and made her his wife. She never said so, and carried her secret to the grave. This also was very extraordinary, and, moreover, very grand.

One often judges incorrectly both of the character and the rôle of Madame de Maintenon, because one judges them according to her fortunes, truly extraordinary. The great height to which she rose as if by a miracle makes one suspect in her an equal height of ambition and intelligence. It is a suspicion which she foresaw in her own lifetime and protested against. "People think," said she, "that I reached the place where I now am by the tenacity of my purpose and by unceasing efforts, . . . that I possess a singular strength of mind and a surpassing intelligence to be able to shape the plan of an elevation such as mine. Oh, no. All this was no work of mine. I could neither have intended nor achieved it. God alone has been leading me to the place where I now am. . . ." Yet she certainly had her distinctive originality, especially, and perhaps uniquely, as "institutrice de la maison royale de Saint Louis," a modest title though a proud one, and the only one that she wanted placed upon her tomb. And if more could well be asked of the present work it might be a few short chapters of detailed study of Madame de Maintenon as "institutrice," her pedagogic theories, their success and weakness, the relation of teacher to student; in a word, the psychology of education as practised at Saint Cyr. Many of her recommendations, as we find them in her correspondence, are strikingly modern. "You will get along much better"—it is to two teachers that she is writing who complained, *qu'il faut toujours parler*—"if you talk less. . . . You talk too much and too fast in your instruction: it is impossible for your girls to follow you. You do not make them talk enough. It is by what they say to you that you can determine whether or not they are profiting. Apply yourselves then to talking in few words. Every thought which suggests itself should not be uttered, even though good."

There is no bibliography in this work or list of works consulted; but the editor cites her authorities freely. These are merely references, however, and—unless it were to make the work too bulky—one would be glad to see occasionally the very words of the original. They always add zest and interest, not infrequently another shade of meaning. By way of illustration we may take an incident recounted on pages 305-6. Briefly relating the visit of Peter the Great, who was inspecting the curiosities of France, in 1717 (Madame de Maintenon is now seventy-three years old), Lady Blennerhassett writes:

> She received him in bed: he asked her through an interpreter what was the matter, and she answered that what afflicted her was old age. He seemed not to understand and drew back her curtains. "You may imagine if he was satisfied," was her amused remark when describing this most unwelcome visit to Madame des Ursins.

Here there is apparently a slight inaccuracy or omission. At least the incident in question may be found in a letter of June 11, 1717, to Madame de Caylus:

> Le czar est arrivé à sept heures, et s'est assis au chevet de mon lit. (Elle s'était, selon l'usage, couchée pour le recevoir.) Il m'a fait demander si j'étais malade; j'ai répondu que oui. Il m'a fait demander ce que c'était que mon mal: j'ai répondu: "Une grande vieillesse avec un tempérament assez faible." Il ne savait que me dire et son truchement ne paraissait pas m'entendre. Sa visite a été fort courte. . . . J'oubliais de vous dire que le czar a fait un peu ouvrir le pied de mon lit pour me voir: vous croyez bien qu'il en aura été satisfait.

The slight difference which makes us see in Peter the barbarian that he really was recalls a simple sentence in a grammar used by many not so long ago: *Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas Français.*

The First English Life of Henry V. By an Anonymous Author commonly known as the Translator of Livius. Edited, with an Introduction, Annotations, and Glossary, by Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.90.

It has often been justly remarked that the European wars of the first half of the sixteenth century, though essentially modern in many respects, were deeply tinged with mediæval practices and ideas. This is as true of the brief occasions when England took a hand in the struggle, as of the campaigns between the Continental combatants. The very policy of fighting France was profitless and out of date; the methods of waging the war were antiquated in the extreme; but the arguments of those who opposed it were thrown away on the vainglorious young Henry VIII, the dearest wish of whose early years was to prove his personal superiority to Francis I and to revive at his expense the glories of Edward III and Henry V. So much, in fact, was this latter idea in the air during the early years of Henry's reign, that one of the lesser of that group of men whose literary and intellectual productions have added lustre to the age, conceived that he could do his young sovereign no better service than to compose, for his example and instruction, in the vernacular, a life of the victor of Agincourt.

What this man's name was we do not know. Internal evidence proves that his book was written in 1513 or 1514. Its sources are four in number: the "Vita Henrici Quinti," written about 1440 by the Italian scholar, Tito Livio da Forli; the chronicle of Monstrelet; Caxton's "Policronicon," and a life of Henry V written shortly after the middle of the fifteenth century from materials gathered by or under the direc-

tion of James Butler, fourth Earl of Ormond, the constant companion of the Lancastrian King in England and in France. The first three of these sources are, of course, accessible to-day, but the last is apparently no longer extant, so that the passages in the present book which are derived from it contain precious material which is not preserved elsewhere. The author has used and combined these different authorities with a considerable degree of historical skill. In his preface, or "proem," he only claims to have "translated" Tito Livio and Monstrelet; but in reality he does far more than that: he paraphrases them, and checks and controls them, in some degree, by the "Policronicon" and Ormond's Life; and thus he imparts to his narrative a personality which is quite his own. Moreover, he deserves high praise for the scrupulous care with which he cites his authority for every sentence, in the margin. Such literary honesty was by no means common in those days. Simplicity and freedom from affectation are the salient characteristics of his style. While inferior in this respect to Sir Thomas More's "Life of Richard III," which was also written in 1513, his book need not fear comparison with Hall's chronicle, nor with other historical productions of the reign.

Though unprinted, the "First English Life of Henry V" was evidently familiar to later Tudor historians, Harpsfield, Holinshed, and Stow all utilized it; the last-named possessed a copy and quoted verbatim from it, while professing to translate directly from Tito Livio and Monstrelet. As reproduced by the chronicles of Stow and Holinshed it was known and used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. The "First English Life of Henry V" may thus be said to have exerted considerable influence in fixing the traditional conception of that monarch as a hero-king.

Two seventeenth-century manuscript copies of this interesting work exist to-day: one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the other in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. The former is by far the better of the two, and Mr. Kingsford has printed directly from it, with some small textual corrections from the Harley MS. and from Stow. It is needless to add that he has done his work with profound learning and great accuracy. The Introduction is a model of painstaking and unpretentious scholarship: Mr. Kingsford has spared no labor to discover the essential things, and he tells them simply and clearly; on the other hand, he does not waste a word on irrelevant topics. The present book, like his edition of "Stow's Survey of London," leaves a pleasing impression of finality.

Notes

John Bigelow, at the age of ninety-four, is engaged upon the fifth volume of his "Retrospections of an Active Life." Three volumes of the work have already appeared and the fourth is completed. The Baker & Taylor Co. has the book in hand.

Recent or forthcoming books in the list of Fleming H. Revell Co. include "The Bible Zoo: Talks to Children about the Birds, Beasts, and Insects of the Bible," by Albert C. MacKinnon; "Arnold's Practical Commentary, 1912"; "Woodsy Neighbors of Tan and Teckle," by Charles Lee Bryson; "Tarbell's Teachers' Guide, 1912," by Martha Tarbell; "Frank Field Ellinwood, His Life and Work," by Mary Gridley Ellinwood; "Zig-zag Journeys in Camel Country," by Samuel M. and Amy E. Zwemer; "The Negro and His Needs," by Raymond Patterson; "Islam and Missions," by Samuel M. Zwemer; "The Love Story of a Maiden of Cathay, Told in Letters," by Yang Ping Yu; "Down North on the Labrador," by Wilfred T. Grenfell; "The Gist of the Lesson, 1912," by R. A. Torrey, and "Modern Church Brotherhoods," by William B. Patterson.

Among Duffield & Co.'s autumn books are, in handsome editions: Palgrave's "A Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," illustrated by Maxfield Parrish; "A Child's Book of Stories," illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith and selected from the old favorites by Penrhyn Wingfield Coussens; Kellogg Durland's "Royal Romances of To-day"; Edward Lear's "The Complete Nonsense Book," with new illustrations and new material, with introduction by Lord Cromer and edited by Lady Strachey; "Byways of Paris," translated from the French of George Cain by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and "In the Heel of Italy," by Martin Shaw Briggs.—In fiction: "Children of the Night," by Mary Hulbert Rogers; "Old Man Greenhut and His Friends," a collection of poker stories, by David A. Curtis, and "The Ginger Cure," by William Ganson Rose.—Juveniles: Mrs. Foster's "Sewing for Little Girls"; "Stories from the New Testament for Children," by Elsa Barker; "The Cruise of the Kingfisher," a tale of deep-sea adventure by H. de Vere Stacpoole; "Mocco: An Indian Boy," by S. M. Barrett: the second series of "Grimm's Animal Stories," with pictures in color by John Rae, and "Picture Plays," by Marguerite Merington.

"The All Sorts of Stories Book," announced by Longmans for Christmas, is the twenty-third annual collected by Andrew Lang; it differs from the others in that it contains some tales that are true.

The University of Chicago Press has in hand: "The Historicity of Jesus," by Prof. Shirley Jackson Case; "Sociological Study of the Bible," by Louis Wallis; "American Poems," selected and edited with explanatory notes and bibliographies by Prof. Walter C. Bronson; "Statistical Studies in Education," by Prof. W. F. Dearborn, and "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collection of the British Museum," edited by Robert Francis Harper, Vols. X and XI.

In Scribner's announcements for this month we note, in fiction: two volumes of short stories, "Interventions," by Georgia W. Pangborn, and "Ship's Company," by W. W. Jacobs—Handsome editions: Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy."—Miscellaneous: a new edition of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's "Referendum in America"; "The Story of Korea," by Joseph H. Longford.

"The Little Lad of Bethlehem Town," a drama-poem telling an imaginary incident of the first Christmas Eve, by Emily Huntington Miller; "Jingles of a Happy Mother Goose," by Emma S. Scale, revised, and "Tahquitch Maiden," by Phebe Estelle Spalding, will be brought out shortly by Paul Elder & Co.

"The Librarian at Play" is the title of Edmund Lester Pearson's new book, announced by Small, Maynard & Co.

October 21 is the date set for publication for the following of Houghton Mifflin's books: "Broadway," by J. B. Kerfoot; "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard H. Dana, jr., illustrated copyright edition; "A Safety Match," by Ian Hay; "The Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley," edited by his wife, popular edition; "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel," by Francis G. Peabody; 'The Man of To-day," by George S. Merriam; "The Life of George Cabot Lodge," by Henry Adams; "Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge," and "Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist," by Lafcadio Hearn, Riverside Press edition.

Putnam's list of announcements includes: "South America To-day, A Study of Conditions, Social, Political, and Commercial, in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil," by George Clemenceau; "The Greatest Street in the World" (Broadway), by Stephen Jenkins; "The Following of the Star," by Florence L. Barclay, and "The Romantic Life of Shelley, and Its Sequel," by Francis Henry Gribble.

The continuation of Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe," entitled "Jean Christophe in Paris," issues from Holt's press on Saturday. The work consists of three books: The Market Places, Antoinette, and the House.

On the same day Holt will publish: "The United States Navy, a Handbook," by Henry Williams; John Buchan's "Sir Walter Raleigh," and Mr. Hunting's "A Hand in the Game."

"A Life of Andrew Jackson," by Prof. John Spencer Bassett, and "An Enemy to Society," by George Bronson-Howard, are in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The following are included in the autumn and holiday announcements of Forbes & Co. of Chicago; "Love's Purple," by S. Ella Wood Dean; "Ben King's Southland Melodies," illustrated; "The Twelfth Christmas, the Christ Child's Revelation," and "To Mother," twenty-five sonnets, both by Marjorie Benton Cooke; "Human Confessions" and "God and Democracy," both by Dr. Frank Crane; "A Calendar for Saints and Sinners," published annually.

George H. Doran Company's autumn announcement includes the following books in fiction, some of which have already appeared; "Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor; "The Life Everlasting," by Marie Corelli; John Verney, by H. A. Vachell; "The Notorious Miss Lisle," by Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds; "The Cage," by Harold Begbie;

"The Faithful Failure," by Rosamond Napier; "Letters to Patty," "The Search Party," "The Simpkins Plot," "Spanish Gold," "Lalago's Lovers," by G. A. Birmingham; "Whom God Hath Joined" and "The Man from the North," by Arnold Bennett; "The Fourth Watch," by H. A. Cody; "The Tenderfoot," by Anna C. Ruddy; "The High Calling," by C. M. Sheldon; "The Yellow Pearl," by Adeline M. Teskey.

The same firm is also issuing "Round About the Black Sea," by W. E. Curtis; "The Golden Land," by A. E. Copping; "Australian Impressions," by Archibald Marshall; "Expositions on Dante," in three volumes, by John S. Carroll; "Recreations of a Booklover" and "The Shining Hour and Other Essays," by F. W. MacDonald; Complete Works of Emily Brontë, edited by W. R. Nicoll and Clement Shorter; Collected Poems of Herbert French; "A Keeper of the Rohes" (Fanny Burney), by F. Frankfort Moore. Among the religious books will he "The Expositor's Dictionary of Texts," edited by W. R. Nicoll, Jane T. Stoddart, and James Moffat; "The Psychology of the Christian Soul," by George Steven; "New Testament Criticism," by J. A. McClymont; "The Sacramental Covenant," by David Smith; "Studies in the Messianic Psalms" and "The Book of Jeremiah," by Canon S. R. Driver; "Spiritual Interpretation of Nature," by J. Y. Simpson; "The Testimony of St. Paul to Christ," by J. Knowling; "Preparing to Preach," by David R. Breed; "The Problem of Human Suffering," by Buchanan Blake; "Social Advance," by David Watson; "The Church and the Divine Order," by John Oman; "The Problem of the Work," by J. Wilbur Chapman; "The Death of Christ" and "Sermons on Texts," by James Denney; "The Indwelling Spirit," by W. T. Davidson; "The Cardinal Elements of the Christian Faith," by D. S. Adam; "Studies in the Highest Thought," by A. T. Schofield; "In a Wonderful Order," by J. H. Swinstead; "Miracles and Christianity," by J. Wendland; "Religious Thought in Holland," by J. H. Mackay; "Christ on Parnassus," by P. T. Forsyth; "The History and Witness of Evangelical Christianity," edited by Principal Selbie; "Later Letters of Principal Marcus Dods"; "Pulpit Prayers," by A. Maclaren; "Historical Commentary on the Pastoral Epistles," by William Ramsay; "Studies in Pauline Theology," by Principal Garvie; "Christian Counsel," by David Smith; "The Work of Grace," by J. D. Jones; "Devotional Hours with the Bible," Vol. V, and "The Life of Christ," by J. R. Miller; "The Commonwealth of the Redeemed," by T. G. Selby; "In Silver Chains," by Dinsdale T. Young; "The Creed in the Pulpit" and "The Road to Unity," by Canon Hensley Henson; New uniform edition of the works of George Matheson; "The History of Dogma," by Professor Haering; "The Mysteries of Grace," by John Thomas; "Fifty-two Sermons to Children," by James Vaughan; "A New Volume on the Life of St. Paul," by A. Deissmann. Missionary books include: "My Half-Century in China," by Archdeacon Moule; "An Englishwoman's Twenty-five Years in Tropical Africa," by Gwen Elen Lewis; and "Christ in India," by C. F. Andrews.

In "The Old Order Changeth," a volume which Smith & Elder bring out this month, Frank Dilnot narrates the events of the constitutional struggle in England from the day the Budget was introduced, on April 29, 1909, to the time at which the Parliament bill became law, August 18, 1911.

Edmund Gosse is publishing through the same firm "Two Visits to Denmark, 1872-4."

"The Dialogues of St. Gregory, Surnamed the Great," edited by Edmund G. Gardner, is announced by Lee Warner.

The "Lysistrata" will be added shortly to Benjamin Rogers's translation of Aristophanes. Bell & Sons have it in hand, who also promise for early next year the third and final volume of Swift's correspondence, edited by Elrington Ball.

In the list of Sands & Co. we note "The Mirror of Oxford: Being a Catholic History of Oxford from the Earliest to Present Times," by the Rev. C. Dawson, S.J.

The marriage of Goethe to the low-born Christiane is made the subject of a novel by Sir James H. Yoxall. Smith & Elder are the publishers.

A special edition of the works of Asbjörnsen will be issued in Norway to celebrate his centenary.

Sturgis & Walton have brought out a cheap edition ($2.50 net) of W. E. Geil's "Great Wall of China." In commenting on the original publication, our reviewer (May 19, 1910) described it as "full of a strange fascination for every reader who is fond of geographical and historical novelties."

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have reissued their edition of Tolstoy's Works in fourteen volumes of pocket size, with photogravure frontispieces. The editor is Nathan Haskell Dole, who also furnishes the translation of "Anna Karénina." Other translators are Isabel F. Hapgood and Aline Delano. In its present form the edition is handy, but in some of the volumes the "Bible paper" is not perfectly opaque.

The sale of the first portion—1,228 lots—of the Huth library will begin at Sotheby's November 15. This first portion extends to the end of the first two letters of the alphabet, exclusive of the Shakespeareana to which the eighth day will be devoted.

The formal opening address of President Elihu Root, delivered on April 27 last, before the annual meeting of the American Society of International Law, which was summarized in our notice of the October *Journal* of that society, followed, as the proceedings of the meeting now issued show, more general remarks in which the speaker surveyed the achievements of the preceding year in the interests of peace. The North Atlantic Coast Fisheries arbitration decision was supplemented, early in the year, by the work of a conference, held in Washington, at which representatives of Great Britain, Canada, Newfoundland, and the United States stipulated their desire to substitute, as Mr. Root expresses it, a settlement *inter partes* for the further judicial proceedings provided for by the award of the Hague tribunal. They thereby obtained the result that the first fruits of the judgment of the arbitrators are concord and a peaceable arrangement, in place of former strife, and the judicial settlement of fundamental questions, and rendered it possible to proceed amicably to the adjustment of subsidiary and practical questions, in a manner never before possible. Mr. Root also adverted to the Canadian boundary waters treaty, providing for the use and disposition of the waters which constitute the greater part of the eastern half of the boundary between the Dominion and the United States. Note was made of the modification of the treaty of 1894, with Japan; the result being that apparently the only question between the two Governments on which disagreement or irritation was possible had been adjusted. On the question of immigration of laborers, Japan had agreed to issue no passports to any; so that it remained simply to watch the Mexican and Canadian frontiers, to make sure that none were surreptitiously brought in. The above, with the other achievements mentioned, constituted an encouraging record.

Prof. C. N. Gregory's statistics showing the number of exclusions and deportations for the last two or three years are significant. In 1910, 969 Chinese were deported; 24,270 aliens were debarred during the same year, with 2,695 arrested and deported after entry, an increase of nearly 100 per cent. over 1909. Of these, 3,128 were rejected on account of physical defects, 379 on account of mental defects, 1,215 on account of moral, and 312 on account of minor physical or mental defects sufficiently grave to affect their ability to earn a living. There were actually expelled, in contradistinction to being excluded, during the same time, on warrants of deportation, 315 because of physical, 709 because of mental, 554 because of moral defects—in all, 1,578, so that 6,602 aliens were returned through unfitness. Also, during the same period, 1,786 alien contract laborers were debarred and 78 deported; 15,907 were debarred as likely to become a public charge. Professor Gregory classifies these under the head of financially defective. He concludes that all the cases were within the recognized powers of the Government. The extent to which a carrier who is compelled to deport an alien can claim protection or indemnity therefor under the law of the country whence the one deported comes, on action brought in a foreign jurisdiction by one deported, has never been conclusively determined. Mr. Van Dyne points out that the State to which an expelled person has emigrated has a right to know the grounds on which the case has been decided. He then discusses recognized grounds of exclusion. Secretary of State Gresham is cited as having taken the stand that unless the expelling Government were to establish by proof the justice of the expulsion, it would be liable to damages; and in one case, that of Jewett, we obtained such an indemnity from Venezuela.

Lewis Melville, already author of a life of Thackeray and a book on the "Thackeray country," contributes to the centenary literature a collection of fourteen light but readable papers under the title "Some Aspects of Thackeray" (Little, Brown & Co.). Three of the chapters are here printed for the first time—Thackeray and the Dignity of Literature, Thackeray and the Newgate School of Fiction, and Some First Editions of Thackeray. The remaining eleven, dealing pleasantly with the criticism, the ballads, the drawing, the illustrators, the cult, etc., of Thackeray, have appeared in various English and American periodicals. The suitability of the volume for post-prandial refreshment is increased by some fifty illustrations, including fascimiles of rare title-

pages and sketches, and a portrait from an unpublished water-color drawing of 1850.

Houghton Mifflin Company has observed Thackeray's hundredth anniversary by issuing in an edition of 550 numbered copies on hand-made paper nine hitherto unpublished letters, together with a sheaf of recollections by Blanche Warre Cornish, daughter of his friend and kinsman, William Ritchie—the whole numbering 77 pages and entitled "Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray." Our opinion of Mr. Titmarsh will not be altered by this fresh handful of his correspondence; the letters are spirited and characteristic, entirely creditable to his humor and good heart. His woe at the prospect of a domestic dinner party is delightful: "The house is turned upside down, frantic knife-cleaning goes on, sham footmen prowl about the premises—I wish we might do it at a hotel. My rest is destroyed and my mind troubled with fear and fluster a week off—I asked William Sterling to meet you, but my dinners ain't good enough for him or he is going out of town. But you shall see a few small lions, and I hope we shall get on." *I hope we shall get on!* Add to that Mr. Thackeray's dictum on salad and you have a compendium of his philosophy of life: "When you think you have put in enough oil, drop in as much more."

"Finland To-day" (Scribner importation), by George Renwick, is a welcome addition to the scant stock of authoritative English books on that fascinating country. The author, a genial Scotchman of wide sympathies and much knowledge of affairs, is—what so few English travellers are—sufficiently familiar with the idiom of the country to converse with the natives. He quotes intelligently bits of Swedish and Finnish prose, and even amends, here and there, existing English translations of Finnish poetry. It is a pleasure to follow him in his wanderings, and his boundless enthusiasm for fjords, cataracts, and the myriads of tiny islets is as infectious as his flowing praise of the excellence of the town hotels and of the hospitality of the simple villagers. He furnishes much valuable information concerning the industrial development of the country, but the most novel feature of the book, to English readers at least, will be the chapters on the literature, music, and art of Finland. Mr. Renwick does no more than justice to the great trio, Runeberg, Snellman, and Lönnrot, who, in the first half of the nineteenth century ushered in the literary renaissance of Finland; but the note of admiration in the chapter on art is somewhat strained. The world has not taken the painter, Edelfelt, or the sculptor, Vallgren, at Mr. Renwick's valuation. Of the latter he says that "there seems to be no limit to his genius." It would have added to the value of the summary of literary celebrities if Mr. Renwick had clearly distinguished between purely Finnish writers and those who used also, or used exclusively, Swedish. Franzén and Topelius, like the poet Runeberg, wrote only in Swedish, and the works of the modern novelist, "Juhani Aho" (some of which have been published in English translations), appear simultaneously in Swedish and Finnish. The eminent philologists, Castrén and Ahlquist, are, strange to say, absent from the list of authors. Mr. Renwick's sympathies with the Fins in their struggles against Russian oppression are deep and outspoken, but he has no word of condemnation for Finnish illiberality toward the Jews. Though there are few errors in the book, a misprint (p. 219) charges the people with "a slight sense of honor," instead of humor. The year 1885 (p. 94) stands for 1855, and there are conflicting statements as to the sobriety of the Fins. The remark that in the towns, wines and spirits are always taken "at breakfast, dinner, and supper," and that "Finland is cultivating a taste for whiskey," does not seem to bear out the assertion that "she is the most sober nation in the world."

In his "Customs of Old England" (Scribner) F. J. Snell does not attempt a comprehensive picture of mediæval life. He limits himself to selected topics, but among these are included many that illustrate the most important aspects of English customs and institutions in the centuries that lie between the Norman Conquest and modern times. Moreover, as the author states in his preface, he deals with these matters not so much in their picturesque aspect as in their fundamental relations to the organized life of the Middle Ages. The university life of the period comes in for the fullest treatment, and next to this judicial and urban customs. Somewhat less full are the chapters on rural and domestic life. From the almost boundless field of ecclesiastical customs and institutions in the Middle Ages only a few matters of antiquarian and literary interest have been chosen. The work is one of popularization drawn from good sources, but it is a pity even in a book of this character that the writer should not have given us more definite references to his authorities than are contained in the merely general acknowledgments of his preface. Within the limits which he has set himself he has managed to place before the reader a great deal of information—for the most part fresh and unhackneyed. We only regret that, even among the topics he has chosen, owing to the small size of his treatise, he should have dealt so briefly with some important matters, such as the life of minstrels and the evil custom of maintenance and livery, which, by keeping at the disposal of the nobles a retinue of lawless followers, was so largely responsible for the disorders of society. Among the corrections to be made we note that a wrong date (1099) is given to the "Assises de Jérusalem"—that is, the code of laws established by the Crusaders in their Oriental dominions. No part of this code is earlier than the last quarter of the twelfth century. What, moreover, does Mr. Snell mean by quoting a "play" of Lucian's? The reference should evidently be to the charming dialogue between Cronos and the priest.

In reissuing his "Eastern Asia" (Stokes), Ian C. Hannah has corrected details and lightened the narrative of many unnecessary names and minor events. In consequence the book is now a fair historical sketch of Asia apart from the Mediterranean area. The style is somewhat exclamatory and even flippant, but good authorities have been followed.

Another life of Charles II has come out under the title of "The Gay King" (Brentano's). The author, Dorothy Senior, attempts to explain the inconsistencies of the King's character as the result of his treatment in Scotland in 1651. The book is on the usual lines, with the usual anecdotes and sketches of character. Its manner of telling is rather more entertaining than the average of its class.

"In the Heel of Italy," by Martin Shaw Briggs (Duffield & Co.), is based on articles originally prepared for the English *Architectural Review*. The city described is Lecce, and Mr. Briggs is to be congratulated on having opened for English readers a new field of remarkable interest. His descriptions and drawings of Leccese architecture will be a surprise to all but the few travellers who have visited Southern Italy. There are many fine survivals of the Norman period, and still more of the Baroque, besides the antique remains which crop out everywhere in the Terra di Otranto. Mr. Briggs devotes most of his book to the history of the city, down to the end of the Bourbon régime, fifty years ago. His last chapter, on the manners and customs of the people to-day, and on the environs, including Otranto, should be read by Americans who desire to know out of what conditions one stream of South Italian immigration flows. Mr. Briggs writes without pretence, as a good draughtsman should. Many of the excellent illustrations are reproduced from his drawings.

The three years covered in the last volume of William Foster's calendar of documents relating to the growth of the East India Company ("The English Factories in India, 1634-1636"; Clarendon Press) were unusually eventful. The English settled at last their long-standing feud with the Portuguese and established with them an attitude of cordial friendship and mutual assistance in Indian affairs which has continued without a break to the present day. In 1635 the English sent their first ship to China—to Macao. It was during these years also that Charles I injured the Company and infringed their solemnly secured monopoly by chartering and assisting the rival and irresponsible body of interlopers known as Courteen's Association. On these and many other matters Mr. Foster sheds new light, as usual, by his judicious analysis of the documents and his careful index. One document reveals a pirate named David Jones, who caused some terror and probably scuttled some ships. May we not trace to him the origin (unknown to the Oxford Dictionary) of "Davy Jones's locker," and of that sailor's superstition, of which the earliest mention appears to be in "Peregrine Pickle," more than a century later?

The twenty-five papers by the late Edmund Clarence Stedman now brought together under the name of "Genius and Other Essays" (Moffat, Yard) represent the occasional work of forty years. Much of this material is rather slight, but the level of judgment and workmanship is ever high. Stedman took his function as a man of letters with priestly seriousness, and nothing perfunctory ever came from his hands. The deft precision of his manner appears to advantage in short notices of Austin Dobson, Landor, Sidney Lanier, Mrs. Stoddard, and William Blake. Very diverting are the reminiscences of Eugene Field, to whose professional huffoonery Mr. Stedman is indulgent. The essay on Edwin Booth's acting in 1862 is of permanent worth, and the author's discrimination of that feminine something

which made Booth's position different from that of the great tragedians *pur sang* is fine and accurate. In reviewing Bryant's translation of the "Odyssey," Stedman, following Matthew Arnold, indulged the hope that an English hexameter suitable for the task would yet be beaten out by some poet of genius. He made it clear that no other verse form would quite do. Since then has come the age of the translation into rhythmical prose, the English hexameter still remaining a desideratum. The title essay on Genius, born of a controversy with W. D. Howells, possibly does not deserve its prominence. The briefer paper, "What Is Criticism?" contains some of Mr. Stedman's best thinking. We opened this volume with some misgiving. It seemed impossible that such a presentation of minor work should not diminish a fair but tenuous fame. Such fears were groundless. The fine breeding of Stedman, his background of the best reading, his scrupulous standards, are as prominent in this casual collection as in his coherent works. One recalls with gratitude that for fifty years mostly given over to irresponsible puffery and equally irresponsible censoriousness, Stedman pursued the task of criticism upon the theory that the critic must be at home in the entire world of letters. It is this fine breeding and complete absence of provincialism that may give Stedman's best criticism a chance for life beside the works of greater genius. He was saner and safer than either Lowell or Poe, admittedly our greatest critics, and but little their inferior in adroitness. Of the critic's office he held a finer and juster ideal than either of his more famous predecessors.

The death is reported of Sir Herbert Risley, who distinguished himself as a member of the Indian civil service and as a student of anthropology and ethnology. He was the author of "Primitive Marriage in Bengal," "Widow and Infant Marriage," "Sikkim and Tibet," "Tribes and Castes of Bengal," "The People of India," and other works.

Addis Albro, author of "Our Country's Flag," the first book on the origin of the American flag, died last Sunday in Columbus, N. M., at the age of fifty-six. He was known as a clergyman, educator, and lecturer, as well as writer. At the time of his death he was collector of customs at Columbus. He was a personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and was a delegate to the Republican convention which nominated Roosevelt for Vice-President. For two years he was chaplain of the New York Senate. He was instrumental in forming the tentative Constitution of New Mexico.

Philip Verrill Mighels, a well-known writer of short stories, died October 13 at Reno., Nev., from a gunshot wound which he accidentally inflicted on himself. He was born in Carson City, Nev., forty-two years ago. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. Two years afterward he went to San Francisco and engaged in newspaper work. His stories and sketches soon attracted favorable attention, and he came to New York in 1894. From that time he devoted himself solely to writing. Besides the poems of "Out of a Silver Flute," he was the author of "Nella, the Heart of the Army," "When a Witch Is Young," "The Crystal Sceptre," "The Inevitable," "Bruvveh Jim's Baby," "The Ultimate Passion," "Chatwit, the Man-Talk Bird," "Dunny," "Sunnyside Tad." and "The Pillars of Eden," which he also dramatized.

Henry Broadhurst, the first British workingman to become a state minister, died October 11 at the age of seventy-one. He was member of Parliament from 1880 to 1892, and for a while in 1886 was undersecretary of state in the Home Department. He published an autobiography and, with Sir R. T. Reid, a "Handy Book on Leasehold Enfranchisement."

Science

SOME KINDS OF EVOLUTION.

Some Neglected Factors in Evolution. By Henry M. Bernard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

Hereditary Characters. By Charles E. Walker. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

Convergence in Evolution. By Arthur Willey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Mutation Theory. By Hugo de Vries. Vol. II. Translated by J. B. Farmer and A. D. Darbishire. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $4 net.

There are few persons who will doubt that the general acceptance of the theory of evolution was a distinct advance intellectually over the traditional cosmological views of the creation of animals and plants. It must be conceded, however, that the advance was largely a substitution of one belief for a better one on the basis of circumstantial evidence, for while there is an abundance of what is sometimes called "indirect proof" of evolution, there is little that may be called direct evidence to establish that principle. If this statement is challenged it need only be pointed out that those who hold fast to the theory of evolution differ widely in their *opinions* as to how the process has taken place and equally widely as to the causes involved. Until it becomes settled as to how animals and plants have evolved no amount of circumstantial evidence can do more than make the theory of evolution a matter of great probability rather than of scientific proof. It is not strange, therefore, that books about evolution continue to be written and published, in which the author, while disclaiming the use of technical language, does not hesitate to address to a popular audience a plea for some new interpretation of how the process of evolution has taken place.

Two appeals of this kind are made in two recent books. Henry M. Bernard writes on "Some Neglected Factors in Evolution." His study of the retina of the eye convinced him that "the simplest possible combination of chromatin bodies and delicate filaments" yield a hypothetical unit of organic structure, the chromidial unit which is capable of manifesting all the phenomena of life. On this slender basis he proceeds to build up an imaginary and highly fantastic account of a conceivable process of evolution. The organism is treated as a network of threads with nodes. The author's attempt to bring such an interpretation into accord with physiological processes shows only too clearly the purely fictitious character of his conception.

In a smaller book, C. E. Walker, director of the Glasgow Cancer Hospital, presents in a popular way the problem of heredity from the point of view of the cells, which are to him "the ultimate units of living matter." He shows a wide and somewhat superficial knowledge of modern biological work on heredity and cytology. His attempt to set up "two classes of characters that behave in different manners with regard to inheritance" cannot be taken seriously, and his hope to bring harmony between biometricians and Mendelians is likely to be treated lightly by both schools. Instead of a scholarly and critical treatment of such difficult questions as the topics discussed, we find a one-sided and arbitrary mode of settling matters that is not likely to appeal to any one familiar with the evidence at first hand.

In a treatise whose range is less pretentious than the preceding two, Arthur Willey presents a collection of heterogeneous facts to support his contention that again and again dissimilar structures or functions have been changed into very similar ones through adaptations to the same end, and hence are hard or impossible to distinguish from resemblances based on a common descent. Since the entire evidence from comparative anatomy in support of the theory of evolution rests on these resemblances, Mr. Willey is consciously undermining some of the props of evolution itself. The author's efforts are, however, so palpably literary, and the lesson intended so out of date, that the damage done to the theory of evolution is not more serious than the author himself would no doubt be the first to admit.

In a different category belongs the already famous book of De Vries, "Die Mutationslehre," which now after eight years appears in translation. Both the original and the translation are printed in two volumes, with the contents somewhat rearranged and abridged in the translation. Here we have a serious and technical book, with the evidence furnished in full to support the author's far-reaching conclusions. Yet despite its erudition and the freshness of much of the new evidence discovered by De Vries, it is surprising to find, within the few years that have elapsed since the German edition appeared, how far our ideas in regard to mutation have advanced, until some parts of the book

seem to be already behind the times. In two very essential points the central contention of the mutation theory is endangered, or in need of better evidence than that first advanced to establish evolution by mutation. De Vries based his theory of heredity mainly on the behavior of the evening primrose, Œnothera Lamarckiana. This plant, introduced from America, has escaped from European gardens, and at Hilversum, in Holland, De Vries found that eight or nine new types appeared annually. A large part of his book is devoted to a description of the origin and heredity of these new mutants. His studies have led him to the view that the older types of Linnæus are collective, made up of a number of *elementary* species or mutants. These he believes arise suddenly at a jump, as it were, as do the new types from Œnothera Lamarckiana. Instead, therefore, of the slow origin by means of selection of individual differences postulated by Darwin's theory of natural selection, the elementary species arise suddenly. The new types are not only discontinuous, but are definite from the beginning, and do not require a selective process to maintain them in their pure form. That elementary species exist in nature, cannot be disputed, but recent studies have revealed two very serious flaws in de Vries's argument that such processes as these shown by O. Lamarckiana furnish evidence as to how the process of evolution has gone on. In the first place, it has been suggested that O. Lamarckiana is not a wild type at all, but a hybrid, and in consequence the mutation observed by De Vries represents a process of "splitting" and disintegration into the original types, or into combinations of the original characters of the hybrid parents. Leclerc du Sablon in Europe and Davis in America have discovered evidence that throws serious doubts on the purity of O. Lamarckiana. To this is to be added the fact that, despite a thorough search, no such type as Lamarckiana has been found growing wild in this country, whereas a cross between the common species, O. biennis and O. grandiflora, gives a hybrid remarkably like, though not identical with, O. Lamarckiana. It is true that these new hybrids show at once, when inbred, their hybrid origin, while Lamarckiana breeds true, giving for the most part only 2 per cent. of new forms. But even this apparent contradiction may be met on the grounds that Lamarckiana is a very old hybrid that has eliminated most, though not all, of its possible hybrid combinations. Should Lamarckiana prove, then, to be a hybrid, a hard blow will be dealt to the very foundation of the theory that such mutations furnish the basis for progressive evolution.

This brings up the second point. Most of the mutants that are now known are unquestionably due to losses of some one or more characters of the wild type. De Vries called these retrogressive mutations. They follow Mendel's law of heredity. On the other hand, the question is still an open one whether new types that represent something added to the original type arise in this way. It is true that among domesticated races of animals and plants there are many types that appear to have added something to the original type from which they sprang, but a careful examination of the origin of these progressive types often furnishes little evidence that they have arisen suddenly by a single step, or else the examination shows that some inhibitory factor has dropped out whose loss permits the new character to develop further than it did in the original type. The latter cases, therefore, are still retrogressive mutations. Until these matters are cleared up the evidence for evolution furnished by the mutation theory must hang in the balance.

Even supposing, however, that it should turn out that all mutations are losses, and that therefore mutation has played, so to speak, the losing game in evolution, it does not follow that the older Darwinian idea of progressive advance through selection of individual differences is the alternative left; for, whatever discoveries the future has in store, one fact has in recent years been clearly established, namely, that selection of individual differences can produce no such result as was claimed by Darwin. In a word, the kind of variations on which Darwin rested his theory of selection has been convincingly shown not to yield the result that Darwin's theory has maintained.

There are three science books in the list of University of Chicago Press: "Heredity and Eugenics," edited by Prof. John M. Coulter; "American Permian Vertebrates," by Prof. S. W. Williston, and "Agricultural Education," by Benjamin Marshall Davis.

Dr. E. B. Lowry has written for Forbes & Co. of Chicago, "Herself Talks with Women Concerning Themselves."

The attempt which Prof. J. Arthur Thomson makes in his book, "The Biology of the Seasons" (Holt), to unite poetry and pure science is so nearly successful that we readily overlook any shortcomings. He has written a year-book of natural history, devoting about ten chapters to each of the four seasons. The central thesis holds that "life is rhythmic, and that it is punctuated by the seasons and by other external periodic influences." Some of his illustrations follow:

Many vegetable cells, such as simple Algæ, feed during the day and divide at night. The deeply rooted inherent contrast between nutrition and reproduction is externally punctuated. Flowers open and shut, wake and sleep, periodically. Some flowers are intermittent even in their fragrance. The lines of growth on shells and on some bones indicate periodicity, like the rings of growth on a tree, or the rings on the rattlesnake's rattle, and this self-registering of alternations is widespread—as the four illustrations may suggest—in organic nature. In most cases it seems that the punctuation is from without, while the necessity of the alternation is from within. We can read summer and winter on the scales and otoliths of fishes, just as we can read day and night on a bird's feather. The increase to the scales in the summer period is different from that in the winter period, and the daily variations in the bird's blood-pressure are sometimes registered, when feathers are a-making, by the beautiful cross-bars.

The first chapter in each part is impressionistic and gives charmingly the season's chief traits. Professor Thomson has selected his subjects with care and has presented them in admirable form. The most serious drawback to the volume is its altogether English character. Except when the most general subjects are under discussion, one is conscious of a foreign atmosphere. The birds are English birds, so that such inaccurate statements as that which says the red grouse is the "only bird peculiar to Britain" has little significance for us. Even in a list of modern traveller-naturalists there are only English names, and more than once we find expressed rather caustic disbelief of facts obtained by American ornithologists and by other aliens. It is a pity that an American edition was not issued, with the facts and names translated. But any one with more than a passing love for our own fields and woods will find great pleasure in this volume.

Dr. Agrippa Nelson Bell, one of the widest-known physicians in the country, and an authority on hygiene, died last Sunday at his home in Brooklyn, at the age of ninety-one years. He was greatly interested in quarantine work, and was largely instrumental in bringing New York's quarantine station to its present efficiency. Dr. Bell was a native of Virginia and a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars. He served for many years in the navy as an assistant surgeon, and was the author of several medical books.

Drama

"NATIONAL" PLAYS.

Mr. Yeats's attempt to set the Irish in this country straight on the nature of J. M. Synge's drama, "The Playboy of the Western World," was not surprising, considering the amount of opposition which has been shown. The main grounds for objection are said to be the immorality of the principal character—a man who kills his father, and as a fugitive from justice is sustained by other Irishmen. Mr. Yeats asks whether any one would prefer to see his country represented by a Macbeth, a Falstaff, or a Don Quixote. He insists that the central incident is not to be taken as typical of Ireland, and that to conceive of it as such is to show no artistic discrimination. The author has selected a specific—not a general—situation "around which to build his superstructure." If the play is immoral, which Mr. Yeats will not admit, it is no more an affront to the Irish than to

any others in the audience. He suspects that the parricide is not wholly responsible for this violent antipathy, but that Irish-Americans dislike to see certain characters and conditions of their native land realistically presented, and he warns them that Irish art will never flourish until a writer is free to figure life as he sees it.

Race or national sensitiveness may, it is true, be as unfair to a writer as it is unreasoned. Usually, burlesque, even though it results from an author's shot at the truth, causes no hurt. In London playhouses what American but is amused by the impersonation of a compatriot chewing tobacco, inordinately "guessing," and hot-foot to buy the Sistine Madonna? And we fancy that English and French equally cast sickly smiles —but still a smile—at the "Bah Jove!" and "Oni, oui" men who represent their countries on the American stage. It is the same off the stage as on. Uncle Joe Cannon only grew the happier the more the cartoonists tilted his cigar and the longer his cake-walk strides were made. But as soon as rank exaggeration ceases, sensitiveness begins. As the legal saying has it: "The greater the truth, the greater the libel."

What undoubtedly makes the Irish uneasy in the present instance is the authority given to the portrayal by its Irish authorship. Still, they might reflect that few countries are better off in this respect than theirs. The French look almost in vain for a single drama which sets forth their life typically, and remind us that as a people they are not wholly given to domestic intrigue. And even the world which Shakespeare created is not an accurate or representative mirror, though now and then a character in his works, as, for instance, Henry V, is hailed as embodying typically English traits. Our own country is in the same predicament. Lately, we have stood before the world in terms of unscrupulous captains of industry, or virtuous young college graduates matched against cruel hard-headed adults, or mothers willing to sell their daughters, etc. If various peoples were asked what plays they would each care to be known by, the list would surely contain as false fabrications as those to which they object. "The Rivals" and "She Stoops to Conquer" leave a pleasant taste in all beholders, and Englishmen would like to have us believe that their land is full of such attractiveness. But what of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Mid-Channel"? If Americans were subjected to the same test, would they not still choose "The Old Homestead," rather than "The Easiest Way"? The Irish in this country are frequently confronted on the stage, without great irritation, by a corrupt Irish politician. But, then, he is always pictured as being good to children and dogs, and that helps.

The problem created by "The Playboy" is probably one, even as Mr. Yeats insists, not for the Irish merely, but for others as well, to pass upon; is in fact æsthetic, not national. One may coolly consider the desirability of an author's choosing for his central situation a remote instance. There may be cases in actual life of a man killing his father and later through repentance and struggle meriting prosperity, but instinctively one trusts that they are rare. Flying in the face of probability makes a proportionate demand upon the writer. It may be that Synge has lived up to the high praise artistically, which Mr. Yeats is trying to win for him. If so, he has created a picture which is great and true, not by virtue of its Irish setting, but because human nature in one of its most appalling aspects has been wrought to a noble purpose. Yet, successful or not, the play will never be dubbed typically Irish for centring upon parricide.

Ben Greet is publishing, through Doubleday, Page & Co., "Shakespeare a Child Can Read and Act."

Houghton Mifflin Company adds this week to its Riverside Press series, "Romeo and Juliet."

Gordon Craig's forthcoming book, "On the Art of the Theatre" (Chicago: Browne's Bookstore), tries to explain the art of preparing a play for the audience.

Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine et Sélysette" will be published shortly by Dodd, Mead & Co. in an English version.

On or about November 25 the Broadway Publishing Co. will issue, under the title "50 Years in Theatrical Management," reminiscences of M. B. Leavitt; the volume will have 485 separate portraits and will be sumptuously produced.

"What the Public Wants" (George H. Doran Co.), a four-act play by Arnold Bennett, is on the same general subject as, and might have been inspired by, "The Earth," of James Bernard Fagin, which is a much stronger work on the dramatic, or, at any rate, on the theatrical, side. Both are satirical attacks upon the modern monopolistic commercial journalist. Mr. Bennett's experience of newspaper life enables him to lift the veil from some editorial mysteries, and to make some fairly interesting copy, but it may be doubted whether a publication office conducted upon any such prodigal plan as he indicates would produce the millions of which he speaks so glibly. Like most facile writers, he falls easily into exaggeration, but there is a good deal of truth, unquestionably, in his conception of the character of the newspaper proprietor whose rule of life is to make money by printing stuff that the lower, more numerous, and least fastidious classes of the community are willing to pay for. He depicts a man who, though completely devoid of moral instinct, scholarship, or natural refinement, desires to figure as a patron of the arts, and therefore confers benefactions on Oxford and assumes the management of an independent theatre, which he proceeds promptly to make profitable and popular. He even dreams of establishing a salon, and, with that end in view, engages himself to a clever actress, who, in the end, dismisses him, despite his vast wealth, on account of his indifference to all dictates of social decency. Mr. Bennett exposes the meanness, the greed, the vulgarity, the hypocrisy, and the callous degradation of the yellow editor, and employs many humorous and forceful touches, but he has not succeeded, as Mr Fagan did, in drawing a powerful and menacing personality. As drama, his work is of small account, but as a satirical squib, it may amuse many readers, especially those who can recognize the original identity of some of the fictitious characters beneath the very thin veil of disguise. Mr. Bennett assails managers and critics as well as editors, and lays himself open to the suspicion of paying off old scores.

Otto Ludwig's "Erbförster" is a play which students of German may be expected to read with pleasure and profit, and in which students of the drama find much to admire and much to dubitate about. The edition (Holt) by Prof. M. C. Stewart is more nearly adequate to the needs of the first class of students than to the needs of the second class. The Notes interpret most of the difficult passages of the text, though the explanations given are not always either precise or satisfying; but the Introduction, unoriginal and uninspiring, does not lead to a just appreciation of Ludwig's drama. The immediate ancestor of "Der Erbförster" is Iffland's "Jäger," and every discussion of the question whether "Der Erbförster" belongs in the category of the dramas of fate must be based upon Jakob Minor's articles on this subject.

The popular and critical welcome extended to "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the Scotch comedy by Graham Moffat now to be seen in the Comedy Theatre, is due chiefly to the realistic quality of the piece, which is in effective and pleasant contrast with the artificiality so generally prevalent upon the stage. The play itself is not remarkable for either the strength or novelty of its motive, the ingenuity of its construction, or the brilliancy of its dialogue, while the humor of it, though positive and constant, is not always of the tonic or agreeable sort. Actually it is a somewhat cynical satire, in spite of its comic illustrations, upon the selfishness and hypocrisy of ordinary human nature as exhibited in a rural group of Scotch Presbyterians. The senior elder of the kirk, a flourishing grocer—who will not permit his children even to look out of the window on the Sabbath—has appropriated trust funds in order to pay the debts of a son whom by his severity he has driven into evil courses, and has changed his name in order to escape a woman with whom he has broken troth. The sanctified old spinster, whom he has defrauded, insists upon marriage as the price of silence, until she is proved to be a thief herself. The heroine uses her lover's savings to prevent a family scandal, while the minor characters are either ludicrous or insignificant. But each individual personage is real enough to be a copy from the life, and, moreover, there is nothing in their composite action that is not entirely plausible and consistent. For once, apparently, the mirror has been held up to nature and no attempt made to tamper with the reflection.

Herein lie the power and the value of the whole thing. The author evidently is much more of an observer than a creator. Tammas Biggar, the pharisaical grocer; Susie Simpson, the vinegarish and canting old maid; Bunty herself, the bustling little Scotch body who manages so successfully her own affairs and those of everybody else; the foolish, "goody-goody" lover, Wcelum Sprunt; the buxom boarding-house keeper, Eelen Duniop, who is willing to be either wife or housekeeper, on conditions, and the miscellaneous folk who gather in the church scene, are, in almost every instance, closely akin to very old stage figures, but have been made to act and talk like veritable human beings. If they were less photographically accurate, more broadly typical of national characteristics, they would, of course, be infinitely more valuable from the dramatic and artistic point of view. As it stands, the piece is an exceedingly lifelike and amusing sketch, which is important as a comparatively new experiment in the direction of Scottish comedy. But it cannot be placed in the same category with the best Irish plays of the Abbey Theatre. Mr. Moffat is not a J. M. Synge or a J. M. Barrie.

Madame Simone, for whom Henri Bernstein wrote his play, "The Thief," and who was greatly praised in Paris for her performance of the heroine, Marie Voysin, played that part in English for the first time in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, and won a decided though not an overwhelming success. Evidently she is an artist of fine training and rare intelligence, though not, probably, of great emotional force. When "The Thief" was produced here originally the character of Marie was interpreted by Margaret Illington with much emotional vigor and eloquence, if not with any particular subtlety. The American actress strove—and, to a certain extent, successfully—to create sympathy for a distressed woman without much reference to her conduct or deserts. Her performance appealed to sentiment rather than to the understanding. Madame Simone's interpretation, on the other hand, is intellectual rather than emotional, and is more artistic—because more consistent and logical—if less theatrically impressive. It is probable also that she depicted it in the spirit designed by the author, who, doubtless, had her artistic limitations in mind when he wrote it. Briefly Marie is a woman so infatuated by her somewhat untrustworthy husband that she will stick at nothing to retain his favor. In her utter selfishness she remorselessly sacrifices an innocent youth to conceal her own treachery and crime. Madame Simone presents a woman manifestly capable of the actions ascribed to her, which Miss Illington did not do. But it must be noted that it is extremely doubtful whether Madame Simone could have exhibited the emotional abandonment of Miss Illington even if she had so desired. The impression created by her first appearance is that she is a charming and able, but not a great, performer. Her English is excellent except in passionate passages, when it is apt to become indistinct.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, who will soon return to this country from their summer vacation abroad, will open their season at the Shubert Theatre, Brooklyn, on October 30. They will then play a four weeks' engagement at the Manhattan Opera House in this city. Their season this year will be a long one, extending to the first of July. No new Shakespearean play will be added to their repertory, but they will rely on "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night." Next year they will make two new Shakespearean productions, one of which will be "Cymbeline."

"Whether or not 'The Sentimentalists' is 'a play,' or would have been 'a play' if Meredith had ever finished it, it is delightful to see and hear it again," says a writer in the London *Times*, "especially after fearing that one would never see it again. Further acquaintance further reveals its wit, its wisdom, and the beauty of its language; it is the essence of Meredith, the burden of some of his 'stiffest' poems, set easily and attractively before you."

A London journal describes one of the latest scenic inventions which Gordon Craig has patented:

The device is extremely simple. It consists of folding screens, which will stand of themselves without being fastened either to the stage or to ropes, rollers, or beams in the "flies." The screens can be made of any size required. They may be thirty feet high or only eight feet; they may have three folds or a dozen, and each fold may be one foot wide or six feet. Three men in three minutes could move or remove a whole scene, and, folded flat, each screen would take up very little space. The obvious advantages are the ease and quickness with which these things can be handled, and the simplicity of the manipulation. To change a scene would no longer be to roll up or roll down great canvases, to screw and unscrew bolts, to adjust and fasten ropes, to remove entirely an elaborately built-up set, and put another in its place. A complete change of scene can be obtained merely by rearranging a few screens. And when it is necessary (as in the case of touring companies) to take away the complete scenery of a play, the carpenters, instead of working all night and losing some very important piece of the outfit, could transport the folded screens to the van at a reasonable hour.

Music

Voice and its Natural Development. By Herbert Jennings. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Philosophy of Music. By Halbert Hains Britan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

Unfigurcd Harmony. By Percy C. Buck. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.

School of the Piano Pedal. By W. S. B. Mathews. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Great as is the number of books on the singing and speaking voice, after reading Mr. Jennings's little volume of 220 pages one welcomes his announcement that he is at work on a larger book which will more exhaustively consider both the cultivation of the voice through its various stages of development and the correction of defects. The present volume touches only those points in training the voice for public speaking and singing that are absolutely essential to obtaining clear enunciation and to protecting the vocal organs from fatigue and overstrain; but it treats these topics with a directness, a lucidity, and an aptness of illustration that make it one of the most valuable of all publications on these topics. It is still as true as it was in the days of Locke that "too little care is taken to improve men in their own language so that they may be masters of it," and most actors still, as in the days of Shakespeare, mouth the speech instead of pronouncing it trippingly on the tongue. The average Englishman's delivery is, as the author remarks, loose, muffled, and "fluffy," and in the theatres it is no unusual sight to perceive people putting their hands behind their ears in order to catch a sentence. The dwindling congregations so often complained of are, in Mr. Jennings's opinion, due in some measure to the great lack of rhetorical power amongst the modern clergy. Most singers and speakers, too, suffer from frequent huskiness—one variety of it is clergyman's sore-throat. The case is mentioned of one clergyman of seventy in a busy London suburb, whose speech had become so husky and indistinct that his discourses were painful to utter or to listen to, and he was nigh losing his position; but with less than two months of correct vocal study he was completely restored. The method by which such a cure can be effected is set forth here convincingly in chapters on increasing the power of the voice, defective utterance, tone and its cultivation, natural pitch, articulation, followed by sections on public speaking, emphasis, gesture, and facial expression.

From Lewiston, Maine, one would expect a book on pioneer work in some improved form of lumbering or manufacturing, rather than a treatise on the Philosophy of Music. Dr. Britan, who is professor of philosophy at Bates College, is quite mistaken in supposing that in writing his book he was doing pioneer work in musical æsthetics. There are hundreds of books, chapters, and essays on the subject quite as important as the list of seventeen treatises which make up his bibliography; a list which does not include the writings of Hegel, Schopenhauer, Eduard von Hartmann, Lotze, Engel, Stumpf, Helmholtz, Wallaschek, Seidl, Ehrlich, and others who have contributed important data or suggestions. Most of the things Professor Britan says are true, many of them self-evident; his style is usually so dry and abstruse that his pages make dull reading. Had he read the treatises just named, particularly those of Eduard von Hartmann and Stumpf, he would have seen that he is entering as a pioneer a field which has already not only been long cultivated, but in some parts intensively so. To many professionals, and especially to musical critics, we nevertheless commend a careful perusal of Professor Britan's pages (207-227) in

which he shows conclusively that the final test of the value of a musical composition is not its sensuous beauty, or its form (as so many hold), but the inherent worth of its thought content.

Thought content is what one usually misses in the music of England. Possibly this is due in part to the fact that English composers are brought up too exclusively on figured-bass as a means of teaching harmony. Percy C. Buck, who is professor of music in the University of Dublin, is at any rate convinced that the musical knowledge acquired by figured-bass exercises, which are used almost exclusively, can by itself produce only a bricklayer, whereas every worker should cherish the hope of becoming a master-builder. His book on unfigured harmony is an attempt to teach writers how to acquire the sense of style and build on their own initiative. What a student most needs to know is how to harmonize melodies, and to this problem, in its advanced and elementary stages, the greater part of this treatise is devoted. The chapter on Harmonization of Melodies is preceded by one on Modulation and followed by three entitled Unfigured Basses, Inner Melodies, and Ground Basses. The illustrations and examples in musical type are useful and good in every way. One marvels at the thoroughness expected of students who try to pass the musical examinations in the Irish and English universities. Incidentally, the author pens a number of aphorisms, such as: "Few tunes start on an accented note"; "constructive ability is notoriously less common than analytic"; "the whole art of repetition in any form of art is the deliberate increasing, or abating, of emotion." Most timely and commendable is the warning given as to the true meaning of the word modern: "There is an unpardonable tendency amongst young students to imagine that they bring music up to date by cramming in all the accidentals possible. It is scarcely untrue to say that the reverse is the case."

One of the leading musical educators in America for many years has been W. S. B. Mathews. Among the many contributions he has made to tone pedagogy none is more valuable than his School of the Piano Pedal. It was not till the time of Chopin and Liszt that the extraordinary importance of the pedal for enriching tones and combining them into novel harmonies was understood, and to this day the majority of teachers devote most of their time to finger exercises, neglecting the pedal. To pedal a piece well is, however, as Mr. Mathews says, "more difficult than to write out a really artistic fingering for an individual hand." To teachers, therefore, as well as to pupils, his treatise must be commended; in fact, there are not a few among the best class of concert pianists who might profit by reading this book. It has special sections (with abundant citations from the works of great masters) on the pedal for legato playing; for connecting basses with the chords and chords among themselves; for atmosphere; and for curious and unusual effects. The only thing to regret is that Mr. Mathews did not discard the misleading traditional word "damper" pedal for the mechanism on the right which *removes* the damper. The expression is as foolish as the word "nasal" applied to tones which are *not* enriched by nasal resonance.

Ernest Ford is publishing through Treherne of London "A Short History of English Music."

"The Musical Amateur," by Robert Haven Schauffler, is issued this week by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Christopher Welch has written "The Recorder and Other Flutes"; it will be published shortly by Henry Frowde, with 112 illustrations.

"Thirty Songs by Liszt" is a timely addition to Ditson's Musicians' Library. They are selected, edited, and annotated by Dr. Carl Amhruster, the eminent pianist, conductor, and lecturer, who is at present musical adviser of the London County Council. Other new volumes in the Ditson series are: "Selected Piano Compositions of Schubert," edited by August Spanuth; "One Hundred Folk-Songs of All Nations," edited by Granville Bantock, and Krehbiel's selection of "Songs from the Operas," for haritone and bass voices.

Of the many biographies of Beethoven, the best is still that of the American, Alexander Wheelock Thayer. The Germans themselves have acknowledged this without dissent, and two of their scholars, H. Deiters and Hugo Riemann, have in succession incorporated in its text the results of the latest researches. Among the shorter sketches, none is more serviceable than that of H. A. Rudall, who was able to build on the labors of Thayer and also those of Grove. A new edition of his "Beethoven" has just been issued by the Scribners, in company with new editions of "Mozart," by Dr. F. Gehring; "Purcell," by Dr. William H. Cummings; and "English Church Composers," by William Alex Barrett. Gehring is a well-known German scholar, a contributor to Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." His biography of Mozart embodies many of the most valuable points in Jahn, without any of that specialist's prolixities. In writing the life of Purcell, Dr. Cummings had no easy task, as the historians whose duty it was to gather information regarding England's foremost composer—Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney—neglected their opportunities. His own sketch of Purcell's career was first printed as long ago as 1882, in Novello's Great Musicians series (a fact which it would have done no harm to mention in the new edition), and it is still the standard treatise on this master, whose genius had so great an influence on Handel. Because of the exhaustive treatment of his labors by Dr. Cummings, Mr. Barrett disposes of him briefly in his volume on English Church Composers, reserving his space for Tallis, Birde, Bull, Morley, Gibbons, Barnard, and a multitude of others who won fame in this field.

Art

Houghton Mifflin Company will issue shortly: "The Life and Works of Winslow Homer," by William H. Downes, and "Portraits of Dante," by Richard T. Holbrook.

Oxford books announced by Henry Frowde include: "Byzantine Art and Archæology," by O. M. Dalton of the British Museum.

Bell & Sons announce a volume of papers and addresses by Walter Crane, called "William Morris to Whistler," and Reginald Blomfield's "History of French Architecture from the Reign of Charles VIII to the Death of Mazarin," 2 vols., and above 300 illustrations.

In "Furniture," announced by Duffield & Co., Esther Singleton undertakes to trace the history and evolution of this art from early times.

A volume dealing with Chardin, whose significance in the development of painting Herbert E. A. Furst, the author, holds to be great, is this month added to the handsome Classics of Art series (Scribner).

Paul Elder & Co. have in hand, under the title "Envelope Brochures," a series whose purpose is to present exquisite examples of typography.

George H. Doran Company's latest additions to art gift books include: "Stories from Hans Andersen," illustrated by Edmund Dulac; "David Copperfield," illustrated by Frank Reynolds; Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," illustrated by Eleanor F. Brickdale; Sheridan's "School for Scandal," illustrated by Hugh Thomson; Dickens's "Christmas Carol," illustrated by A. C. Michael; "Arundel Library of Great Masters"; "Below Zero," with colored plates by Noel Pocock, and verse by A. E. Johnson; "The Story of France," by H. E. Marshall, illustrated in color; "Fairies I Have Met," by Mrs. Stawell, illustrated by Edmund Dulac; "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," by Francis T. Palgrave, illustrated by leading artists; "Stories From the Arabian Nights," retold by Laurence Housman, drawings by Edmund Dulac; "Days With Great Composers, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert," illustrated by portraits; "Days with the English Poets, Tennyson, Byron, Browning," with twenty plates in color; "The Garden of Love," anthology, by May Byron; Walton's "The Compleat Angler," with color plates by J. H. Thorpe; "Thoughts on Hunting," by Peter Beckford, illustrated by G. D. Armour; "The Power of the Dog," done in color by Maud Earl, described by A. Croxton Smith; Children's Series, including: "The Treasure-Book of Children's Verse," edited by Mabel and Lilian Quiller-Couch; "The Kewpies and Dotty Darling," verses and pictures by Rose O'Neill; "The Book of Baby Beasts," illustrated by E. J. Detmold, described by May Byron; "Cecil Aldin's Happy Family," illustrated; "This Year's Book For Boys," illustrated by color plates; "The Peek-a-Boos," color and verse by Chloë Preston; "The Teddy Bearoplane," "The Little Small Red Hen," and "Adventures of Dumpy Dimple, and His Dog," by May Byron;

"Fables from Æsop," illustrated by Percy Billinghurst.

The greater part of Cecilia Waern's "Mediæval Sicily" (Dutton) is devoted to an account of the arts and crafts of the island in the brilliant century of Norman rule. Mosaic had not yet given way to fresco, and stone-carving had not reached the dignity of an independent art, but the churches and palaces of the Normans were decorated with all the beauties that the workers in glass and wood and marble could supply, and there remain vases, ivories, jewels, and a wealth of woven stuffs, to testify to the skill of the lesser craftsmen. The art was Norman only in its patronage. Church plans were almost invariably Byzantine, and the decoration was now Byzantine, now Saracenic, now South Italian. Miss Waern's descriptions are no less careful than enthusiastic, and she is familiar with the best technical studies of the several monuments. Her interest is in the whole life of mediæval Sicily, as well as in its art. She traces the old streets and quarters of Palermo, and quotes at length from the curious records of travellers and geographers of the Norman period. The humble life of peasants and city workmen and the luxury of the palaces are alike reflected, and bits of modern folklore that seem to be survivals from mediæval times are reported *con amore*. The book is finely illustrated.

A. L. Baldry has inquired into the methods of nineteen British painters in water-color, and the result of the quest is a quarto volume, with thirty-eight good color plates, called "The Practice of Water-Colour Painting" (Macmillan). Among these painters the most prominent perhaps are Alfred East, Frank Brangwyn, Arthur Rackham, and Arthur Wardle. Considered as a picture-book, this work has much to commend it. Whoever looks for practical guidance in it will be disappointed. There is no modern method of water-color painting. Wardle's amazing animals are gouached upon colored paper. The method is that of oil. Brangwyn paints either in water color or body color, but regards the mixture as a solecism. Some painters leave the original wash, some build upon it tenderly, others scrub and wash it out vigorously for texture. Some wash out when they must; others do so regularly. Some regard retouching in body color as a necessary evil, others as a usual resource. In short the much vaunted school of British water-color painting rejoices in complete anarchy, or let us say more politely in untrammelled individualism. For Mr. Baldry all ways are good, even combinations of pastel and aquarelle do not offend him. To the present writer few of the reproduced pictures seem of a quality to make the analysis of their *facture* either important or exemplary. It may be noted, perhaps, that men in whom the inventive quality is unmistakably strong—men like Rackham, Weguelin, and Brangwyn—have a tendency to the old-fashioned practice of leaving the original washes in their fair transparency.

The veteran landscape painter, James Aumonier, the report of whose death has reached us, was one of the few survivors of the company of English landscape painters who succeeded the pre-Raphaelite movement. Associated with him in particular were Buxton Knight, Charles, and Fisher.

Finance

EUROPEAN LENDERS AND AMERICAN BORROWERS.

Foreign financial critics have laid emphasis of late on one aspect of the present confused position which amounts to a financial innovation, and which has come into stronger light this week. In virtually every disturbance of Europe's money markets for a decade past, until this year, the urgent borrowings by Wall Street in Europe were an aggravating cause. This was particularly true when the foreign bank rates were concertedly advanced in 1905, 1906, 1907, and 1909. Even in 1910, the salient fact of the day was New York's besieging of foreign money markets, Paris particularly, to raise money on new bonds, new stocks, short notes, and finance bills. What is happening this season is that, while Europe's money markets have been confronted with stringency and disorder through causes in which America had no part, New York is doing its best to stop the trouble by enormous loans to Europe.

This European borrowing from our banks began a month ago; it was Berlin particularly which asked for loans, and offered 6 per cent. or more for them. That demand was commonly ascribed to the German crisis of the first week of September, and to preparations for financing the extraordinary requirements of the October settlement week. But the borrowing continued after the German market had recovered and the October account had been adjusted.

Last week, the inquiry broadened to a point where international bankers estimated that our market's loans to Paris, Berlin, and London exceeded $150,000,000. More than half of this sum has been advanced to German borrowers, whose aggregate demands on this market, during the past six weeks, have been quite unprecedented. The inquiry for exchange with which to transfer these credits explains why foreign exchange has ruled firm this month, in the face of shipment of cotton and other merchandise from New York of unprecedented magnitude for this month—which would usually have broken foreign exchange and caused gold imports.

From the home money market's point of view, the inducement to make these foreign loans lay in the fact that Wall Street borrowers were last week bidding only 3½ per cent. for ninety day secured loans, when virtually 4½ per cent. was offered by German borrowers. Further inducement, having great weight with the large New York banks, arose from the consideration that an institution making such an advance to a Berlin bank does not necessarily have to tie up its funds for a fixed period, as would be the case in making a ninety-day loan here. That is because the three months bill, which the German borrower gives as evidence of his indebtedness, can always be converted into cash before maturity, should the New York lender suddenly wish to use the money otherwise.

Since our banks cannot possibly, under present conditions in the speculative market, lend out on call the money ordinarily employed in Stock Exchange demand loans, without breaking the Wall Street rate to less than 1 per cent., they are naturally glad to make quick loans to the great banks of Europe at such advantageous terms. The situation has even been taken advantage of by the foreign buyer of our cotton, to finance his purchases in this market. Ordinarily he would discount his bills abroad; he is able now to procure his accommodation on this side through the Wall Street correspondent of his London, Paris, or German bank.

The episode is most unusual. It is not, to be sure, the first occasion when New York has loaned money on the grand scale to Europe. Our bankers took some $200,000,000 of the British war loans in 1901 and 1902, besides from twenty to forty millions of new bond issues by the German Empire and the German cities. We also bought up, at a prodigious price, the English steamship lines. But that was not a result of home reserves of capital greater than home demands; for American money rates were high in that period, demands of domestic finance and industry unprecedented, and our own borrowings from Europe on finance bills had been some $250,000,000. We were actually lending Europe's own money back to her.

Since then—except for 1904, when our $150,000,000 loans to Japan may possibly be described as indirect advances to Europe—New York has been a persistent and at times enormous borrower abroad for all sorts of purposes, including the financing of "booms" on our Stock Exchange. We drifted very far away from the days, in 1900 and 1901, when excitable Wall Street used to talk of New York supplanting London as the financial centre of the world. But here is Wall Street again financing Europe, and even London explaining how another advance in the Bank of England rate may be avoided if New York will send it gold—which virtually means, if New York will lend enough more money.

The explanation is not altogether difficult. Financial America saw its own reckoning ahead, nearly two years ago. It tried to avert this, first by strengthening its home bank position, next by selling to Europe all the securities and merchandise it could place with foreign buyers. All that did not prevent the impending liquidation, which was thorough and drastic on every American market, whether financial or industrial, and which released very large

amounts of tied-up capital. But the necessary upshot of this coincidence of so many measures of relief was, in the end, an American money market oversupplied with unemployed liquid capital. Just at the moment when this state of things became visible in America, Continental Europe entered on the phase of drastic financial strain which had confronted America at the beginning of 1910.

No doubt the problem of chief interest is, what the state of markets, home and foreign, will be when the European liquidation also has been completed. The one certain fact is, that these recent events in international finance throw light on the unusually strong position of this country.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, C. G. The Sun. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Abbott, Lyman. My Four Anchors. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Adams, C. F. Studies Military and Diplomatic, 1775-1865. Macmillan. $2.50.
Adams, S. H. Average Jones. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Æsop's Fables. Drawings by E. Boyd Smith. Century. $2 net.
Anderson, Galusha. When Neighbors Were Neighbors. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.20 net.
Bailey, H. T. The Victorious Surrender. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.
Baldwin, May. Teddy and Lily's Adventures. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Beach, E. L. Ensign Ralph Osborne. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.50.
Belcher, Henry. The First American Civil War, 1775-1778. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6.50 net.
Bennet, R. A. Out of the Primitive. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Bennett, Arnold. The Truth About an Author. New edition. Doran. $1 net.
Benton, J. H. Warning Out in New England. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
Béranger's Morceaux Choisis. Preface by Serge Fleury. Putnam.
Bland-Sutton, J. Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Bliss, W. F. History in the Elementary Schools. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Bodger, J. A Toy Party. Illustrated in color. Warne & Co. 50 cents net.
Boodin, J. E. Truth and Reality. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Brainerd, Norman. Winning the Junior Cup. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Briggs, L. B. R. Girls and Education. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Warne & Co. $1.50.
Bryant, E. A. On Life's Highway: a Book of Verse for Graduates. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Bunge, M. L. Abraham Lincoln: A Historical Drama in Four Acts. Milwaukee, Wis.: Coöperative Printery.
Burton, T. E. Corporations and the State. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Calendar for Saints and Sinners, 1912. Chicago: Forbes. $1.
Calendar of Letter-Books of the City of London. Letter-Book K. Temp. Henry VI. Edited by R. R. Sharpe. London. Guildhall.
Campbell, D. H. The Eusporangiatae. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Castle, W. E. Heredity in Relation to Evolution and Animal Breeding. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Chapin, A. A. Kön'gskinder: A Fairy Tale Founded on the Fairy Opera. Harper. $1.25.
Children's Book of Christmas. Compiled by J. C. Dier. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Cocke, S. J. Bypaths in Dixie: Folk Tales of the South. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Collins, F. A. The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Comer, C. A. P. A Letter to the Rising Generation. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Cooke, M. B. The Twelfth Christmas. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 50 cents.
Coryell, J. R. Tommy's Money. Harper. 60 cents net.
Craik, Sir Henry. Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5.50 net.
Dejeans, Elizabeth. The Far Triumph. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Dodge, W. P. The Crescent Moon: A. Romance. London: John Long.
Douglas, R. The Choice: A Dialogue Treating of Mute Inglorious Art. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Dunn, B. A. The Scout of Pea Ridge. Chicago: McClurg.
Earle, S. C. The Theory and Practice of Technical Writing. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Ellis, E. S. The Flying Boys in the Sky; The Flying Boys to the Rescue. Philadelphia: J. C. Winston Co. 60 cents each.
Evans, Willmott. Medical Science of Today: A Popular Account of Recent Developments. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Ferrero, G. The Women of the Cæsars. Century Co. $2 net.
Fletcher, J. B. The Overture, and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Franck, H. A. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Century Co. $2 net.
Garrett, G. Where the Money Grows. Harper. 50 cents net.
Gell, W. E. The Great Wall of China. New, cheaper edition. Sturgis & Walton. $2.50 net.
Gibbon, Perceval. Flower O' the Peach. Century Co. $1.30 net.
Gillpatrick, Wallace. The Man Who Likes Mexico. Century Co. $2 net.
Goetz, P. B. The Summons of the King: A Play. Buffalo: The McDowell Press.
Gregory, M. H. Checking the Waste: A Study in Conservation. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Grew, E. S. The Growth of a Planet. Macmillan. $2 net.
Gummere, F. B. Democracy and Poetry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Haines, H. S. Problems in Railway Regulation. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Harrison, E. O. The Glittering Festival. Illustrations by C. P. Wilson. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. Recollections Grave and Gay. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Harvey, W. Scottish Life and Character. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Henderson, Archibald. George Bernard Shaw. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $5 net.
Hill, C. F., and Brooke, L. L. The Truth About Old King Cole. Warne & Co. $1 net.
Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus. Edited by C. L. Dana and J. C. Dana. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press. $3.
Hoskier, H. C. Concerning the Genesis of the Versions of the New Testament. 2 vols. London: Quaritch.
Howard, J. R. Poems of Friendship. Crowell. $1 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1911.

The Week

It would doubtless be impossible to prove that any positive neglect of the public business is involved in the President's prolonged tour of the West. Yet it is evident that there is in Washington a feeling of uneasiness about the many important topics which will need to be brought to Mr. Taft's attention on his return. This feeling has obviously been heightened by the announcement that the President has decided to extend his trip, planning now to travel in the South and not to reach the capital until about the middle of November. That would certainly leave him scant time to make his preparations for the assembling of Congress, to say nothing of executive matters waiting for his decision. With the political effect of his journey at least of doubtful advantage to the President, it has frankly to be said that his example in being so often and so long away from Washington, or his "summer capital," is one that his successors will be well advised not to follow.

It was high time for Mr. Hitchcock to notify postmasters that the enforcement of the regulations concerning improper matter for the mails "should be characterized by wise conservatism and justice." He himself had already ruled in favor of the report of the Chicago Vice Commission, at least to the extent of permitting it to be mailed to the list of social workers to which it was being sent through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, jr. We are not as yet familiar with the alleged offences of the Richmond *Journal* and *News-Leader*. If they were similar to those of the metropolitan yellow press during the Thaw trial, the Department is in a strong position. But this question demands something more than the bureaucratic rule-of-thumb procedure which marked the opinion of the fourteenth or fifteenth Deputy Assistant Attorney-General for the Post Office Department who blundered in the Chicago case. Not only is the character of the matter to be considered, but its purpose, as well as that of its publishers. If the work is a genuine scientific undertaking, not scattered promiscuously or intended for general sale, it should not be debarred from the mails.

Senator Cullom's abandonment of his undertaking to restore harmony among Illinois Republicans, in despair at the hopeless split, is as significant of the Senator's own loosened hold in Illinois as of the seriousness of the division which he laments. Going to Illinois from Washington two months ago, he has had to listen ever since, not to plans for composing the differences between Lorimerites and Progressives, but to arguments against his own candidacy for reëlection to the Senate. Speaker Cannon discovered the temper of his party in a somewhat similar way a few years ago, when he left Washington in all the glory of his freshly won Speakership to break the six-fold deadlock for the nomination for Governor. The convention made him its presiding officer with enthusiasm, but the potency of his gavel was limited to questions of procedure. In the end the man who had made it impossible for Lorimer's candidate to win on the first ballot became the nominee and has been Governor of Illinois ever since. One thing Speaker Cannon was spared, however. No one told him that harmony would be nearer, the farther he was away. The rout that began in the Old Guard in the Senate seems destined to reach every member of it. There is pathos as well as unconscious humor in Senator Cullom's announcement that he is giving up the task of straightening things out in Illinois and going back to Washington to take up the consideration of the peace treaties.

Mr. Hearst's formal announcement of his return to the Democratic party will be received by Democrats in New York with mingled emotions. Does he come back as a Prodigal Son, tired of wasting his substance in the far country of the Independence League? Or is it his idea that the party ought to acclaim him as a conqueror? As for the Independence Leaguers, they may easily be imagined dolefully chanting "The Lost Leader"—just for a Democratic ribbon to stick in his coat! For them there must be dejection not only on account of the great cause abandoned, but because of the cashier who now fails them. Republicans, too, will feel that Hearst has done them an ill turn in abandoning his rôle of free lance. They can no longer find comfort in the thought that even if Democratic prospects looked bright, Hearst could be depended upon to make mischief; and his rushing back to the Democratic fold now will be taken as a sign that he sees not a ghost of a chance next year for either an irresponsible guerrilla like himself or for the Republican party.

The announcement that Senator Penrose favors the commission form of government for Philadelphia will startle no one who has followed the course of the Senator's excursion into the politics of his own city. Conditions in Councils, he finds, despite the many good men in both branches, "are admitted to be unsatisfactory," so that from this moment their reformation is worthy of most serious consideration "by every one interested in the betterment of municipal conditions." Being thus interested, the Senator looks about for a remedy, and his eye lights upon—Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh Councils, too, sad to say, were formerly corrupt, so corrupt and incompetent, indeed, "that the Legislature was obliged to rip them all out of office," and put a commission in their place. Of course, no one will think of doing anything hastily, and "nothing will be done ultimately except what is in accord with the best public sentiment of the people of Philadelphia." But if Mr. Earle should be elected Mayor, and then be declared ineligible, might not a commission be the wish of those who assume to speak for "the best public sentiment" of Philadelphia? And who better fitted to head such a commission than Mr. Earle? It is safe to say that the new form of government will wait a long time before procuring a more influential convert than the senior Senator from Pennsylvania.

In Charleston, South Carolina, a fight is on against the establishment of a race track. Apparently that city feels the force of the widespread sentiment against the evils bound up with racing in this country. The same interests

which formerly maintained tracks in Florida are behind the project, and the example of Florida in abolishing racing is now used as a weapon against them. They have the necessary charter, but the Charleston newspapers are predicting that it will be revoked by the next Legislature. Against the chief argument in favor of the track—that of commercial advantage to the city—an overwhelming weight of testimony is presented from representative business men of the Florida cities where the experiment was tried.

A remarkable state of mind is presented by the desire of Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, for the release of Abraham Ruef, the notorious boss whose conviction and imprisonment were brought about primarily through Older's unremitting efforts. Mr. Older declares that in his hunting down of Ruef he was vindictive and savage:

> I went to Washington and enlisted Heney in the fight. William J. Burns came and I persuaded Spreckels to help us. At last, after years of a man-hunting and man-hating debauch, Ruef became what I had longed and dreamed that he might become—a convict.
>
> Then I said to myself, "You've got him. He's in stripes. He is helpless, beaten, chained. You've won. How do you like your victory?" . . .
>
> Well, my soul revolted. I thought over my own life, the many unworthy things I have done to others, the injustice, the wrongs I have been guilty of. . . . I see myself now stripped of all sham and pretence and self-righteousness, holding the key to another man's cell. If society will let me I want to unlock that barred door, and for the rest of my life try to get nearer the spirit of Christ.

There is no question of Mr. Older's sincerity, and it is impossible to withhold respect for the humane feeling and the personal humility that he expresses. But it is essential to distinguish between the question of the sincerity or beauty of such feeling on the one hand and that of the clearness of the thinking that accompanies it on the other. "I think vengeance—and by vengeance I mean punishment—makes us all worse rather than better," says Mr. Older. But, whatever may have been his own personal feelings or motives in bringing Ruef to justice, the motive of the community was neither "vengeance" nor the desire to make Ruef "better." The prime instigator of the movement to put an end to Ruef's reign of scoundrelism, and to warn others of Ruef's stripe that they engage in similar work at their peril, may have been led by some blind instinct to do the great public service which stands to his credit; if so, we can only say that he builded better than he knew. The need of holding forth the bitterness of punishment as an agency for deterring men inclined to certain forms of evil from which society must protect itself is the beginning and the end of the justification of punishment. And whether, in the judgment of God, other forms of evil, of which judge, or jury, or lawmaker may be guilty, are more or less reprehensible, has absolutely nothing to do with the case.

A food expert without a fad looks almost like a contradiction in terms, but it is the ideal that Dr. Wiley professes to follow. In proof of his sincerity, he has now ranged himself on the side of the feasters as opposed to the fasters, and thereby finds himself once more in the ranks of the majority. It is so refreshing to be advised to continue doing the thing which we have always done, and which we are bent upon doing to the end, that we cannot restrain our admiration for the man who sets the seal of his approval upon it. This is particularly true because of the innumerable warnings showered upon us of what we must not do again if we expect to live out half our allotted days. Once all we had to do, even in a crisis, was to take the most awful chemical compound that the wit of doctors could devise. Now, nothing less than the complete alteration of one's habits of life will tide one over the most trifling trouble. Dr. Wiley comes, therefore, as a novel and delightful sort of practitioner, bearing the glad tidings of a double emancipation, from regulated mastication and partial starvation no less than from drugs.

The late Clark Russell would have found in the sea-wanderings of the "Holy Ghosters" yacht Coronet a tale upon which to found another sea-yarn fairly rivalling the "Wreck of the Grosvenor." To parallel the sufferings of those sixty-six people on a 133-foot yacht, undergone for the sake of what can only be termed a religious aberration, one must go back to some of the early efforts to reach America in the search for religious freedom. Their craft itself was once a noble one; it has twice been around the world and once won a transatlantic race. But those four months spent in the endeavor to sail from Hayti to Greenland have been severe enough to wear out many a sturdier ship. It is to be hoped that the authorities may now find some way to interfere with this fearful dragging of defenceless children over the seas. But as for the Rev. Mr. Sandford, there is no breaking his spirit. Now that a summer in Africa and a winter in Greenland have been denied him, it may be that the salvation of Maine will have to occupy him for a little while. It will take time to repair his religious letter-of-marque and to assemble the necessary funds to cruise again. He has been around the world once in the Coronet; yet the silly old world still talks of Protestants and Catholics and Mohammedans and all the rest of the faiths which Sandford has placed on the rubbish heap.

Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve completed on Monday his eightieth year, with no apparent diminution of his intellectual vigor and alertness, or of the sparkling and pungent humor which has been so vital an element in the influence he has exerted upon students and scholars for more than half a century. The place of Greek in the college and university world is very different now from what it was when the young South Carolinian, at the age of twenty-two, gained his doctorate of philosophy at Göttingen, among the first of the long line of American scholars who were to bring to this country the ideals and standards of German learning and science; but in Professor Gildersleeve's lecture-room, as in his published writings, the lamp has been kept burning as bright as ever, through all the changes of time. How little he answers to the vulgar notion of the Greek or Latin specialist has been evidenced month after month, for more than thirty years, in the delightful wit and almost encyclopædic range of his "Brief Comment" in the *American Journal of Philology*, of which he has been the editor from its foundation in the early years of Johns Hopkins University. Of that institution, as of the intellectual and social life of Baltimore, he has been a leading light during the thirty-five years of his professorship there, following upon twenty years as professor in the University of Virginia.

Europe's welcome to Thomas A. Edi-

son was so whole-hearted and universal that we cannot wonder at the look of pain that appeared on the face of the Continent at the distinguished guest's blunt and ready judgments on things European. The trouble is this: Europe has not yet grasped the truth, which with us has become a commonplace, that eminence in one particular field makes a man an oracle in every other field of human endeavor. That is why a champion polo-player returning from abroad is asked whom he picks for the Republican nomination in 1912; why the leading lady in a musical comedy outlines for us the future development of aviation; why novelists are hired to write picturesque accounts of baseball games that have to be supplemented by a statement of what happened at the game; why stock brokers continually lay down new principles of political economy, and why Trust magnates are in a position to define the religion of the future.

One of Mr. Borden's Cabinet appointments has provoked warm discussion in the Canadian press. It is that of Mr. Monk to be Minister of Public Works. The point is that he has been Bourassa's chief lieutenant in the Nationalist movement. Of that French-Canadian agitation, a leading feature was protest against the building of a Canadian navy, to be put at the disposal of the British Admiralty, and it is accordingly natural for a paper like the Toronto *Globe* to assert that, since Mr. Monk joins the Government as "the mouth-piece of Mr. Bourassa," the Navy Act will be "repealed or suspended." This is partly borne out by the organ of the Quebec Nationalists, *Le Devoir*, which thinks that Mr. Borden will not go on with the navy plans until they have been submitted to the people, "either in a general election or in a referendum." The journal quoted hastens to add, however, that on this question the Nationalists stand ready to acquiesce in the verdict of the majority. All this makes it probable that the naval programme of the Laurier Government will not be openly abandoned by Mr. Borden, but that he will go slow with it and seek to modify it. What seems certain is that Canada, in her present temper, will insist upon keeping for her own use whatever warships she may build, and will make no direct contribution to British seapower.

Technical education in Germany has often been highly and enviously praised, and the authorities in that country are evidently awake to the advantage of maintaining and extending it. A recent step in advance is the organization of special courses for graduates of technical schools. In Bavaria, as we read in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, it is now made compulsory upon engineers in the employ of the state to attend a certain number of these *Fortbildungskurse*. This is particularly the case with structural engineers. Graduates of ten or fifteen years' standing may not in all cases have kept up voluntarily with modern methods in building, and the aim is to help them to be level with progress in their profession by hearing lectures on its latest phases. Among the topics which they were to hear discussed this month at the technical school in Karlsruhe are "Progress in Building and in the Transport of Materials," "The Economic Bearings of Gas-Industry," and "Problems of Finance and Personnel in Modern Industry." It is by such methods that the Germans aim not only to educate technically but to make the processes of technical education continuous.

Two Italian professors have recently had their say concerning the raid upon Tripoli. One is described as the head of an Italian archæological mission in North Africa. Interrogated by the Italian Government with regard to the natural resources of the coveted territory, this expert replied in a manner calculated to make the patriotic bosom swell indefinitely. There is plenty of rich soil in Tripoli, if you know how to look for it. There is no dearth of water, if you sink enough artesian wells. There is a great deal of timber on the mountains at a considerable distance from the coast. The natives are not hostile to Italy, if you find the right kind of natives. In other words, throughout this "scientific" report our expert is desperately trying to make out a case for his employers, who in the present instance are the Italian Government. Having been accused of criminal conduct in seizing land belonging to some one else, and of foolish conduct in seizing land that has little value, Italy is determined to prove that the second charge at least is untrue. In doing so she has shown once more that, when patriotism calls, star-eyed science will frequently consent to shade the truth a bit.

But there are honorable exceptions. Another Italian professor, Guglielmo Ferrero, has refused to kow-tow to the idol of Imperialism. He has not come out in open opposition to the Italian Government's policy, but in an article written for *Figaro*, on the abstract problem of ancient and modern Imperialism, he expresses little confidence in the classic argument for land-grabbing, namely, that it is all for the benefit of civilization and of the inhabitants of the land seized upon. Professor Ferrero admits that the superficial benefits of modern civilization follow in the wake of European conquests—railways, sanitation, public security, justice. Judged by such standards, the work done by France in Algeria and Tunis would seem to justify Italy's mission in Tripoli. But Professor Ferrero has spoken with men of affairs in Tunis and Algeria, and upon the question of the ultimate outcome these men have shaken their heads. When the railways and wireless and European civilization in general have bitten far enough into Moslem society to engender decay and decomposition, what will happen then? The conflict between a civilization triumphant and a decadent civilization at bay has several times remade history.

The people of Japan are learning that it is one thing to get rid of a Cabinet, but quite another thing to set aside a policy. They have exchanged Katsura for Saionji, but Saionji's programme promises no radical departure from Katsura's. Expenditure is to be maintained, as by the late Administration, and no new schemes are to be adopted, owing to the difficulty of finding funds. One of the well-informed Japanese newspapers announces, as an important part of the financial policy of the new Government, a thorough overhauling of the whole system of taxation. But no one will expect this to be accomplished at once, if it is accomplished at all. The "Pay, pay, pay" stage of expansion is not so easy as the drum-and-fife stage, but it follows that stage inevitably. Any Cabinet in Japan will find its path difficult until this part of the nation's route is past—more especially until the Japanese people see that no Cabinet can perform what must be left to time.

LYNCHERS TRIUMPHANT.

The failure of justice at Coatesville is now virtually complete. Five men have been put on trial, only to be acquitted without the slightest attention being given to the evidence. In one case the State's Attorney had to stand by and watch the crowd cheer the acquittal of a man who had confessed his participation in the burning of the negro Walker. The jurors who are false to their oaths are llonized by the community. There is hardly a citizen in this Northern community who has not been more or less *particeps criminis*, chiefly through a refusal to uphold the law by word and deed. The lynchers are on top. They have not only defied the machinery of justice in their county; they have mocked that of the great State of Pennsylvania. They have flouted their own Governor who declared on September 12: "I am determined that, no matter at what cost, the offenders who have brought such a blot on the State of which I am the presiding Executive, shall and must be brought to account for their dastardly crime." In reply Coatesville answers the Governor by placing laurel wreaths on the jurors who connive to acquit the lynchers.

The lynchers are triumphant. Yes, not only in Coatesville. Before us lies the Topeka *Plaindealer* with the horrible story of the lynching at Durant, Oklahoma—on the *same day* as the Coatesville burning—of an unknown negro. Here the white fiends who shot down the man without giving him a chance to defend himself, were so proud of their work that they bound the body to some planks, and, as the picture before us shows, posed around their victim while the photographer recorded the scene. Even with such proof, we are sure, a Coatesville jury would acquit. In Oklahoma apparently nobody has stirred, despite this convincing evidence. The lynchers are on top. Their victim was a stranger in a strange land; the woman in the case identified him *after* the mob had killed him—what else could she do, in the presence of a half-drunken and violent mob? Then these exponents of American civilization piled fagots around the body and danced around the fire as it consumed their victim. Is it any wonder that the *Plaindealer* begs every negro newspaper in the country to reprint this cut, that "the world may see and know what semi-barbarous America is doing"; and may know how they scorn the "white ministers and Christian workers who are bent on Christianizing the heathen Chinese"?

The lynchers are on top—near Charleston, South Carolina. There a despicable wretch was lynched two weeks ago. It was done, says the Charleston *Evening Post*, in the "most approved and up-to-date fashion." Automobiles filled with "prominent citizens" took part in the chase. "Among those present" was a Representative in the General Assembly, the Honorable Joshua Ashley, who with his son took the prisoner from the sheriff. But, of course, now that the event is over, nobody knows anything about the crime. As the Charleston *Evening Post* puts it:

> It is obviously impossible, in all the circumstances, that anybody of the neighborhood should be able to say just who had a hand in the lynching. Indeed, it would seem as if none but the sheriff who lost his prisoner and the coroner who took down the body—and, of course, the good folk who cut the negro's fingers off for souvenirs—knew that there was a lynching, and even they cannot be sure that the man didn't hang himself by his foot and riddle his own body with bullets.

Brave as these exponents of white civilization are, our Charleston contemporary asks why they should also be so modest about concealing their services to humanity, and refuse to come forward and accept the plaudits of their State. It points out that their Governor and their senior Senator have themselves lauded lynching to the skies. A Sumter, S. C., jury has just freed under the "unwritten law" a white man who killed a negro in the dark by mistake, believing that this victim, who was admittedly innocent of any wrong, was a white man who had invaded the sanctity of the murderer's home. Why should not the Honorable Mr. Ashley and his son openly avow their having taken the place of the law and the courts, and so put lynching on a sound and recognized footing?

The lynchers are almost on top in New York. Two police officers have recently shot innocent negroes without the slightest excuse, seeking revenge apparently for the wanton killing of a policeman by a negro last spring. In one case the victim is probably crippled for life; the detective who shot him has been suspended for three months—and the majesty of the law is upheld! The other day, a negro who got into a dispute in a drug store was so frightfully beaten by the police that the magistrate before whom the victim was brought protested hotly. With such official sanction for abusing men because of their color, is it any wonder that a mob the other night tried to lynch a colored man who, for all they knew, was but using his revolver in self-defence? An actual killing in the streets may take place any day, as it did in the draft riots of 1863. Who shall say when, in a gust of passion, a street crowd in New York will not slay guilty and innocent alike?

Is it any wonder that the colored people are looking to Washington for aid? The Topeka *Plaindealer* declares that it must seem to foreigners the height of hypocrisy for President Taft to be talking about peace among nations when such diabolical acts of private war at home go on unchecked. As for the *Crisis*, which speaks for the educated colored man, it asks the President how he can keep silent "in the face of a record of murder, lynching, and burning in this country which has appalled the civilized world." Certainly, there are no topics the President has discussed on his present trip that are of equal moment with the question of the rule of the mob. The lynchers are on top, North, South, East, and West. Who shall say what deadly blows they will not yet deal to our civilization, our self-respect, and our honor before the inevitable revolution against their domination takes place?

ALDRICH'S REVISED PLAN.

Ex-Senator Aldrich has submitted to the Monetary Commission a completed draft of his suggestions for a plan of banking and currency reform. This plan has not been officially adopted by the Monetary Commission; indeed, there has been, so far as we are aware, no official determination as yet even of the lines on which the report that the Commission is to submit to Congress next January will run. In some respects it is unfortunate that the only perfected plan in the field should be that of a single member of the Commission, and should have been made public in advance of the public hearings and deliberations which must precede the final report. But Mr. Aldrich's plan has served the valuable purpose of giving a nucleus for discussion, and its reception in both legislative and financial circles has already made it virtually certain

that the Monetary Commission's report will follow his in the main.

This by no means signifies, however, that Mr. Aldrich's plan is likely to be proposed in Congress or enacted into legislation exactly as it stands. No preliminary draft, on such a subject as banking reform, could in the nature of things be perfect—much less, satisfactory in every particular to Congress, the bankers, or the people; and even when Mr. Aldrich's plan is accepted as the basis of discussion, it is reasonable to expect wide difference of opinion regarding its financial and political merits. In advance of last Friday morning's revised proposal, amendments and alterations in his plan as previously proposed have already been discussed. Gov. Folk of Missouri, in a public interview this past week, while approving the main details of banking machinery as proposed by Mr. Aldrich, and while, in fact, repeating verbatim many of the clauses in Mr. Aldrich's plan, would have the directors of the National Reserve Association chosen by the President of the United States, and not elected, directly or indirectly, by the banks. On the other hand, ex-Controller of the Currency Charles G. Dawes, in an interview last Friday morning, declares himself "opposed to governmental representation in the management of the proposed institution, because of the opportunity it would give a national administration to inject politics into the affairs of the banks."

This may give some notion in advance of the wide range of opinion. So far as concerns the additions or changes made to his previous plan by ex-Senator Aldrich, his proposals as published last Friday have to do mainly with the question of note issues, and with a scheme for admitting other institutions than national banks to the scope of the new banking plan. Instead of imposing a progressive tax of 3 to 6 per cent. on all note issues in excess of the amount already outstanding when the new association shall be formed, Mr. Aldrich now proposes that issues in excess of $900,000,000 and not in excess of $1,200,000,000, which are not covered by an equal amount of lawful money in hand, shall pay a special tax of one and a half per cent. per annum, with a five per cent. tax on notes in excess of $1,200,000,000.

In regard to the trust companies and State banks, the proposal in the earlier Aldrich plan, creating a new class of national banks, to exercise trust company powers as well as the powers now allowed under the law, is withdrawn from the scheme. Instead, it is now proposed that State banks and trust companies be admitted to membership in the national association upon conforming to the general stipulations, regarding capital and reserves, that are applied to national banks. This is a highly interesting and important part of the proposition. It will undoubtedly impose on the trust companies, as a whole, considerably increased requirements in the way of cash reserves. The interesting question follows, exactly to what extent the State institutions would see fit to conform to the terms laid down in such a plan, for the sake of the privileges which they would manifestly gain through membership.

One other change made by Mr. Aldrich from his plan of last January deserves careful notice. In the earlier plan, it was proposed that there should be no change in the percentage of reserve against deposits required from national banks, but that the credit balance of any national bank in the reserve association should be counted as part of its legal reserve. In the revised plan as given out last Friday, it is proposed that the banks may not only count as part of their reserve their several deposit balances with the central institution, but that they also may be allowed to count any notes of the national association which they may hold in their vaults. This change has been made under rather strong pressure from numerous well-known bankers, chiefly from the West. The idea of counting notes of the central institution as reserve for individual banks was based by these bankers on the theory that when banks were allowed to count their credit balance in that institution, it was illogical that they should not be allowed similarly to count the notes received in discharge of such a balance.

We have never been able to agree with this view of the matter. On the contrary, we believe that use of the notes as lawful reserve money, under any circumstances, would serve to defeat the real purposes of the note circulation, and might easily, under certain conditions not at all inconceivable, create an engine of inflation. The reason why a bank is allowed to count as part of its reserve its credit balance with a central institution is that such institution is supposed to hold itself always ready to provide the lawful reserve money on recall of such balances. A national bank drawing on the proposed reserve association might ask for gold, silver, and United States legal tender paper, or it might ask for notes of the central institution. If it wanted to build up its reserve, it would naturally make the first request. But if it asked for notes, its purpose manifestly would have been to provide for the hand-to-hand circulation of its business district. In other words, its legitimate object would be to get the notes into the people's hands with the smallest possible delay when business needed a larger circulating medium, and to get them back again to the central association's redemption office the moment they were no longer required for purposes of trade. But once give these notes the right to serve permanently as reserve money for the individual banks, and what becomes of the automatic expansion and contraction of that part of the currency, in response to the needs of trade?

THE TORY HAPPY FAMILY.

Cable dispatches from England have been referring to the serious divisions in the Conservative party, but they have not fully conveyed the excessive bitterness with which the faction opposed to Mr. Balfour is attacking him. The question is not only of leadership, but of party policy, yet everything is for the present made to turn upon getting another Conservative leader. The "die-hards" and "last-ditchers" of the recent struggle in the Lords have invented a new sort of password—B. M. G., which, being interpreted, means "Balfour Must Go." Those letters are signed to an article in the ultra-Tory *National Review*, in which Mr. Balfour is held up to scorn as "The Champion Scuttler," and is described as a politician who can, indeed, "command an unlimited amount of simulated indignation," but who has shown himself absolutely unfit to lead the Opposition.

The singular thing is that these ferocious assaults upon Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, with the formation of a "Halsbury Club" within the Conservative party, whose avowed object is to depose the leader, fall at the very time when the urgent cry is going up for Conservative harmony. From many

sides and from many men of weight has the appeal come for united action. Professor Dicey has been writing about the constitutional effects of the Veto bill, and showing how important it is that Conservatives should stand together not only in resisting forced or wrong interpretations of that measure, but in preparing for its amendment or repeal. For other reasons, Lord Roberts recently made a strong plea for Conservative unity. He thinks of this as only a form of "Imperial Unity," and dwells upon the issues which, in his mind, touch "the very fountain-head of the Empire's life"; asking, "Is it too late to hope that the Unionist party will come forward to lead the millions that wait for a leader?"

This letter by Field-Marshal Roberts was published almost at the very time when Mr. Balfour was making his first important speech after the adjournment of Parliament. It was delivered at a great Unionist meeting in East Lothian, and has to be regarded not only as Mr. Balfour's sketch of the party programme, but as his bid for continuance in its leadership. So far as specific reference goes, he quietly ignored the existence of dissidence, or, rather, something like a mutiny, in the Conservative ranks. Mr. Balfour calmly alluded to himself as "the Leader of the Unionist Party," and spoke as though no rebels against his authority had ever been heard of. True, he alluded to differences of opinion at the time the Veto bill was before the Lords, but he declared that those controversies had "no longer any living or practical interest," and that to revive them now would merely make more difficult "the union which is the first secret of political success." Thus easily does he think to dispose of the Chamberlains, father and son, of F. E. Smith and Lord Hugh Cecil, and of all the irreconcilables who vow that there can be no peace with or without honor until Mr. Balfour is compelled to give up the party leadership! Those troubled and troubling spirits, he has found by now, are not so soothly to be laid. As for the rest of his speech, Mr. Balfour had nothing either very new or very inspiring to say. He used, indeed, some stout language about Irish Home Rule and the duty and determination of the Conservatives to resist it to the death, but even in this part of his address one catches the Balfourian note which gives color to the sneers of the *National Review*:

> Unionists will once more be led into battle with all bands playing, colors flying, and their splendid chief riding gallantly in front. But the moment the battle waxes hot the bands will stop playing, the banners will be furled, and the great chief will be found calmly riding off to Gastein or some other place, having concluded the usual compact and ordered a general *sauve qui peut*.

From all this, it is readily to be seen that the Tories are not a happy family. They had been predicting that it was the Liberals and their allies who would fall to quarrelling and become a prey to dissensions, but here the nation sees the great party of the intellectuals and landed gentry, the party which for years boasted, like our own Republican party, that it alone was "fit to rule," now torn asunder and filling the air with taunts and angry accusations. It would be going too far to say that the whole trouble lies in the party leadership. Any leader would find it almost impossible at present to unite the Conservative party and kindle it with enthusiasm. It may be doubted if Disraeli could do it, were he alive to-day. If Joseph Chamberlain were ten years younger and in full health, his political genius might be equal to coping with the task; but when one looks about for any other Tory to put in Mr. Balfour's place, with a better promise of success, the man does not appear. Yet it cannot be denied that there is warrant for the feeling that Mr. Balfour is not the man for the hour. With all his distinction of intellect and of manner, his nature is cold, and he too often appears like a mere logic-chopper. He thinks strongly and on great subjects, but he does not think with passion. The faculty of communicating impulse and of thrilling with zeal does not appear to be his.

THE CHINESE REVOLT.

The possibility of a Government overturn in a country occupying the peculiar position of China or Turkey gives rise to a double problem. A revolution in Portugal means simply a change of régime for the Portuguese people. A revolution in China inevitably brings up the question of foreign interference and its effects upon national integrity and independence. It is quite true that the outsider may lay undue stress on the international phase of the question. To the people of China, the immediate necessity of putting an end to a bad governmental system may be so pressing as to throw every other consideration into the shade. The outsider, for instance, is in no position to grasp a condition of mind which makes the Chinese people, after more than two hundred and fifty years, still look upon their Manchu rulers as foreigners and oppressors. That, however, does not do away with the fact that to the world at large the problem whether China shall be ruled by a Manchu dynasty or a Chinese dynasty is of infinitely less importance than the question whether China shall be ruled in accordance with modern constitutional principles, and, more than that, whether China shall continue existing at all. The outcome of the fighting at Hankow does not render it less certain that a long and bitter warfare must be passed through before the Manchus can be expelled from Peking. And such a protracted state of civil war is bound to let loose all the pent-up forces of destruction in Eastern Asia and pave the way for radical changes of the map compared with which the results of the Russo-Japanese war may easily prove insignificant.

If the uprising in the Yang-tse provinces were nothing more than an anti-dynastic movement, there would be little hesitation in declaring that the game was not worth the candle. The satisfaction of setting up a native dynasty in place of a "foreign" one is incommensurate with the risk involved. But it is the contention of the revolutionary leaders that their aims are progressive as well as anti-dynastic, that Manchu and reaction are synonymous, and that an overturn at Peking would be followed by the establishment of a constitutional régime; some even speak of a republic. These assertions may be well-founded, so far as the intentions of the revolutionary leaders are concerned. It is not so sure that they correctly describe the attitude of the Peking Government itself toward the great problems of political and social reform. The situation resolves itself into the question whether constitutionalism and reform have more to gain under the present system or under the system that the revolutionist leaders propose to set up, taking into account the ever-present possibility of foreign intervention. In other words, would the Chinese people do better to

choose reform under the Manchus without the danger of intervention, or to get reform a little more swiftly by totally upsetting things and taking chances on what the Powers will do?

It is well to notice that the record of the present régime in the matter of reform is far from bad. In the short space of half a dozen years, China has passed through all the preliminary stages of constitutionalism, until it stands to-day on the threshold of parliamentary government. What the compelling motives have been is of little consequence. It may have been ambition on the part of China's rulers to follow Japan's example and obtain for the Empire a footing among the Powers. Nor does it matter overmuch that the progress of reform has been marked by conflict between the forces of reaction and progress at the Imperial court. Other countries than China know what court intrigue and party struggle mean. The fact is that progress has been made. A mere summary of events since 1905, when the Imperial commissions for the study of parliamentary institutions were sent abroad, should suffice on that point. In September, 1906, an Imperial edict set forth the solemn promise that a Parliament would be established as soon as conditions favored the change. Just a year later, the new Government Council was created for the purpose of formulating the necessary preliminaries of parliamentary government. Within a few days, the organization of Provincial Councils was decreed. In August, 1908, the opening of Parliament was fixed for the year 1917; this delay of eight years aroused dissatisfaction. In 1909, elections to the Provincial Councils took place. An Imperial edict fixed October 3, 1910, as the date for the assembling of the Senate, or the upper house of the proposed Parliament

The proceedings of the Senate, as soon as it had assembled, and the attitude of the Government toward that body, seem to constitute a sufficient reply to the charge that the Manchu element in China is opposed to progress. The Senate is constituted on a non-popular basis. Of its ninety-one members, no less than twenty are drawn from the Imperial clan, and thirty-two are Ministers and office-holders, thus establishing a Manchu preponderance in numbers and influence. Yet the first thing the Senate did was to petition the throne for an immediate convocation of Parliament. The Government endeavored to meet the Senate half-way by advancing the date for the meeting of Parliament from 1917 to 1913. But the Senate held out and the Government yielded. Toward the end of December, an Imperial edict ordered that steps should be taken toward the organization of a constitutional cabinet. The census intended to serve as a basis for the parliamentary elections was to be hastened. On May 8 of the present year, an Imperial edict abolished the Grand Council and erected a constitutional Ministry in its stead, though the question of responsibility to the Parliament was left open.

The cycle of Cathay has thus been revolving rapidly enough. And that is to look merely at the political side. If we add to this record such notable reforms as the virtual solution of the opium question, the abolition of footbinding as an incident in the campaign for the emancipation and higher education of women, the progress of railway building, and, more than all, the decisive steps taken toward a solution of the currency problem, which many observers have declared to be at the bottom of China's troubles, the charge of reaction is fairly refuted. It may very well be that intrigue is still combating the progress of reform at the Imperial court, and it is in protest against vacillation and delays that the present revolutionary movement is in part directed. But judging by the past, the petty politics of the court cannot stay the wheels of progress. Given a popular trend toward reform, the Chinese Government is in no position to oppose it, for the simple reason that the Chinese Government is not an absolutist monarchy backed by a powerful army, but a Government that rules with a loose hand over a group of semi-independent satrapies.

Thus revolution and civil war, while they might hasten by a little the political reconstruction of China, cannot hasten it by so much as to justify the enormous risks to which they expose the country. Already the prophets of white imperialism are predicting the dismemberment of China. Russia is eyeing Japan, and Japan is watching the situation in the Yang-tse valley. If the revolutionists in China think that the innate merits of their cause must win the sympathy of the foreign Powers, they might call to mind how the European Powers have been exerting themselves to make things pleasant for the constitutional régime in Turkey.

COPYRIGHT CHANGES.

In Europe some notice is taken of the fact that this year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first Berne Convention. During the quarter of a century since the formation of that international union for the protection of literary and artistic property, many advances have been made along the lines of the original proposals. The number of signatory countries has increased, though the United States still remains among the few outside barbarians. There have been two international congresses to revise and extend the Berne Convention—that in Paris of 1896 and the latest one of 1908 in Berlin. It is the changes advocated at the latter that the several Governments interested have since been discussing and preparing to enact into law. At its last session the House of Commons passed the new British Copyright Act, and this is expected to go through the Lords, without serious opposition, soon after Parliament meets next week.

Of the changes proposed in this bill, full accounts have been given in our own London correspondence and in other publications. The *Publishers' Weekly* printed the entire text of the new law. It undertakes no radical departures from existing principles and practices. The term of copyright is now made the life of the author and a period of fifty years after his death. It is provided, however, that under certain conditions, including payment of royalties to the owner of the copyright, a work may be reproduced after twenty-five years, or thirty years in some cases, without infringement. This is obviously intended to license the reprint of books out of the market. Objection to this provision was made by some publishers, but the prevailing opinion seems to be that there could be no great danger in it, since its application would necessarily be restricted, and could operate only in case of works kept out of sale for other than commercial reasons. It is plain that a protected book which is worth reprinting would ordinarily be supplied to the trade. Other changes proposed in the new British law are, as were some of those made in our own revision of 1909, designed merely to bring

the statute up to modern methods of reproduction. For example, the owner of copyright has the sole right, "in the case of a literary, dramatic, or musical work, to make any record, perforated roll, cinematograph film, or other contrivance by means of which the work may be mechanically performed or delivered."

There is, however, one change in British copyright legislation to which little attention has been directed, but which may prove to be of serious consequence, especially in this country. Hitherto, the copyright laws enacted by Parliament have been valid and binding for the whole Empire. But now the new policy is to be followed of permitting the self-governing colonies to pass their own laws on the subject of literary or artistic property. This privilege will undoubtedly be seized by Australia, the South African Union, and Canada. In Canada, in fact, a copyright bill is pending which will undoubtedly receive the force of law soon after the English act is approved by the House of Lords and the free hand of the Dominion definitely established. Now, this proposed Canadian law has several bad features. We can say this with confidence, because they are manifestly copied from our own statutes. There is the "manufacture clause," for instance; Canada is to embody that in her copyright law, although, we believe, not in so extreme and offensive a form as in the American measure. It will be possible, we understand, to import plates into Canada, on payment of duty (which is more than this country permits), but the printing and binding must be done in Canada.

There can be no question that this is a bad leaf torn by Canada from our own book. It stands in the act of 1891, which the Register of Copyrights printed in the volume, "Copyright Enactments," under the almost ironically descriptive heading, "so-called international copyright act." But we trust that no good American will be deterred by the fact that his own country's statutes limit copyright to books "printed from type set within the limits of the United States," from denouncing the similar Canadian proposal. Let us characterize it as it deserves—a short-sighted device of purblind protectionism. Canadians ought to be told in good set terms by Americans that any such step is a step backward; that its benefit even to Canadian printers will be extremely doubtful, while the effect on Canadian standing in the eyes of the world will be of the worst. If there is need of extreme arguments, we can ask the Canadians if they really intend to fall into as low a repute in matters of international copyright as that now enjoyed by Americans!

Professor Röthlisberger of Berne, writing in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of the history of the movement for an international literary union which dates from 1886, declares that the ardent hope of the members of the Berne Convention from the first was that the Governments of all civilized countries would sooner or later join them. That hope has been largely realized. A great common understanding has been wrought out and put into effect respecting rights in the fields of literature and art. But the United States remains conspicuously aloof. Everybody knows why. We have been kept from adhering to this liberal and civilizing agreement, based on equal privileges for authors and artists in all lands, solely by the baleful influence of the protectionist spirit. As there are now, however, so many signs that it is losing its power in the United States, we may hope that the day will soon come when this country will leave off its unworthy fumbling with the question of international copyright, and go over unreservedly to the enlightened position of the Berne Convention.

THE NEW BRITANNICA.

Although the circumstance that all the volumes of the new Britannica were prepared simultaneously ought to render it unnecessary to make any special comment upon the contents of the second half* of the work, issued within a few months of the first, still it would be ungracious to leave the concluding fourteen volumes altogether unnoticed. To pick out a miscellaneous handful from the imposing array of new articles on old subjects whose presence or extent evinces the enlarged scope and greater fulness of this edition as compared with its predecessor, mention may be made of Ship, Railways, Water Supply, Painting, Museums of Art, Theatre, Temple, Vision, Spinal Cord, Map, Logic, Rumania, Magnetism (Terrestrial), Tool, Typography, Lighthouse, Lighting, Ordnance, Polar Regions, Trade Unions, Strikes and Lockouts, Papacy, Liquor Laws, Japan, Song, Metternich, Picaresque, Novel, Science, Leviticus, Textual Criticism.

The article Ship fills 62 pages, besides 28 pages of plates. Here we find on turning to the ninth edition (the "tenth" edition was merely the ninth edition plus a huge supplement) one of those extraordinary lapses that marked the nonchalant spirit of the old Britannica, whose failings were on a par with its transcendent qualities. The subject was disposed of in just five pages. These five pages contained a good deal of scholarly information about the war vessels of the Greeks and Romans, and something about the mediæval galleys, and there the story abruptly ended. To add insult to such outrage, a table was inserted in the article, borrowed from a learned German antiquary, which would lead the untutored reader to imagine that the ancients had ships of war nearly as big as Queen Victoria's battleships. Of course, there was an article on Shipbuilding, but this did not contain the information that was so mysteriously absent under Ship. The new article on Shipbuilding is four times as long as the old one, covering 57 pages, besides 13 pages of plates. It is in great part a sealed book to all but advanced students of marine engineering, and, if the truth has to be told, one would almost be glad to barter it for the sixteen-page article on Seamanship in the ninth edition, still reflecting the spirit of the romantic days of wooden ships. The subject of Sea-Power, hitherto ignored, is discussed in a twelve-page article by Sir Cyprian Bridge. Another maritime topic not represented in the old Britannica is Steamship Lines, occupying 11 pages of small type. Shipping (5 pages) gives statistics of the commercial navies of the world. These various articles on naval matters, with the addition of the eighteen-page article on Navy and Navies (defective in the scant reference to the Italian republics and in the inadequate history of our navy) and the 14 pages on Navigation, would make about 1,000 duodecimo pages.

By the side of all this, the article on Railways (42 pages, the equivalent of about 250 duodecimo pages), although it is twice as long as the one in the ninth edition, which did not concern itself with railway legislation and, among other things, omitted the whole subject of train resistance, strikes one as being too brief. This impression is strengthened when we come to the section on construction, the author of which ought to have indulged in the recital of the great epic of railway engineering from the Stephensons and I. K. Brunel down to Harriman's levelling of the Rocky Mountains to a gentle gradient, the piercing of the Simplon, and the subaqueous creations about Manhattan. The interesting subject of the interchange of freight cars is not discussed

**The Encyclopædia Britannica.* Eleventh edition, Vols. XV-XXVIII. New York: Cambridge University Press.

in the article. The lengthy section dealing with locomotive power, which contains nearly all that the Britannica has to say about steam locomotives —there being no separate article on the subject (not even a cross-reference under Locomotive!) and less than a page on it under Steam Engine—should have dealt more fully with the anatomy of the various types of engines and reproduced pictorially some of the forms from the little four-wheelers of the early days to the leviathans of the Santa Fé.

In a publication claiming to be an Anglo-American encyclopædia (a claim fully justified with respect to the departments of geography, biography, and history) space should have been found for the early history of railway construction in the United States. In the section on railway accidents, the United States figures in a gruesome way. That numerous class of legislators, who, yielding to popular clamor, are intent upon keeping rates below the level at which our railways could afford to bring their physical condition up to the requirements of safety, should ponder the figures here given. We may also observe that the inadequate biographies of George and Robert Stephenson have passed from the ninth into the eleventh edition.

The new Britannica has an article of 59 pages on Painting, the joint contribution of several writers. Schools of Painting in the ninth edition, covering nearly the same ground, filled only about one-fourth of the space. The United States has not been generously dealt with here, receiving less than a page. Rumania (24 pages) occupies about four times as much space as it had in the ninth edition, which took the liberty of omitting the literature of the country. The shifting of the relative importance of geographico-historical subjects is well exemplified in the articles on Japan and Persia. Japan has 119 pages in the eleventh edition (about as much as the United States), and Persia 65; in the ninth edition, Persia had 100 and Japan 23. One's sense of proportion is offended on discovering that the Transvaal has a longer article than Bohemia or Sicily. Prominent among the articles on celebrities who have but recently passed away is the eight-page essay on Tolstoy, by C. T. H. Wright, librarian of the London Library. The old Britannica was niggardly in its treatment of the labor problem. It had only 3 pages on Trade Unionism, a subject now covering a dozen larger pages, which still appears too little for an encyclopædia that can afford to give 15 pages to Plate, 10 to Lace, and nearly 12 to Totemism. We have 14 pages on Strikes and Lockouts, where there was no such caption before. Labor Legislation (21 pages) is more than twice as long as the corresponding article in the ninth edition. It is regrettable that the article on Socialism, from the able pen of James Bonar (not quite 8 pages), is much shorter than the one it has supplanted. The article Negro in the ninth edition, a very unsympathetic production, has been superseded by a longer one, conceived in a more humane spirit. The fulness of the new Britannica in everything pertaining to war is not calculated to reassure those who believe that *aspera mitescent sæcula*. Ordnance, for example, has 47 pages, or nearly three times as much space as was occupied by the corresponding article, Gunmaking, in the ninth edition. It is gratifying, however, to discover that the longest biography in the Encyclopædia Britannica belongs no longer to Mars, but to the Muses, Napoleon having been dethroned by Shakespeare. A serious omission is the absence of an article on the Peasants' War. The subject of Peace is discussed by Sir Thomas Barclay, who has hopes of a brighter future for the world, in spite of Nietzsche's rhapsody about war reproduced at the end of the article. Those people who cannot get themselves wrought up by Italy's dastardly breach of the peace, on the ground that the Turks are a nation undeserving of sympathy, would be edified if they happened to light upon the following passage in the article on International Law, contributed by the same distinguished publicist to the new Britannica:

> Turkey too has the advantage of possessing a code of morals which produces so high a standard of right conduct in private life that very little in the way of moral lessons will have to be learned by the Ottomans from Western civilization.

The more closely one examines the fabric of the splendid work before us, the more clearly is its dual character brought into relief. It is a vast storehouse of information for all people of culture, upon which is reared an imposing superstructure, accessible only to a few, comprising the weightiest elements in the whole edifice—the lengthy scientific treatises designed for the specialist. Much of what might be put within the reach of the ordinary reader is placed aloft where he can not easily get at it or where it is presented in a form too intricate for his powers of apprehension. At times, there is even something like a wanton indifference to what is demanded of a general work of reference. A feeling of this sort comes over us when we turn to Rain, Lightning, Wind, Trade Winds, and Tornado, the treatises under Meteorology and Atmospheric Electricity not affording an adequate substitute for what we should like to find under the special heads. The Britannica is conceived on too exalted a plane to permit of its being an embodiment of the ideal of a great encyclopædia constructed on practical lines. Its fidelity to the tradition that it shall be an exhaustive summary of man's attainments in every branch of research and investigation militates against its being invested with such a character. Could not an encyclopædia, it may be asked, answering in an equal measure the needs of the great mass of cultured readers, be got into a much smaller compass by not being made so top-heavy? Undoubtedly it could, but it is questionable whether, without the lofty aims that have actuated the successive editors of the Britannica, as manifested in the desire to make the work transcendent as a monument to the sciences, the encyclopædia would ever have risen to its present high level as a book of general information. Louis Heilprin.

THE CONGRESS OF THE "DANTE ALIGHIERI."

Rome, September 27.

In addition to the international congresses held this year at Rome and Turin in connection with the commemorative exposition, there is also a large number of national conventions that for the most part have to do solely with national organizations and interests. To this rule, however, the twenty-second annual congress of the Dante Alighieri Society, which was held at Rome from September 20th to the 24th, forms an important exception. Though the organization of this society is national, it has many chapters in foreign countries, and its aims and scope are truly international. On March 25, 1889, the first meeting of a provisional committee of twelve was held in Rome. On May 29, of the same year, when they met again, they were thirty-one, and among them was the poet Carducci. In July, the Constitution was finally adopted and signed by one hundred and fifty-nine charter members, who represented the best of Italian public and intellectual life.

The society has grown and prospered from the first, but its object has remained the same as in the time of small beginnings. Its first preoccupation was that the Italian language and culture should not, in countries ethnographically Italian but subject to a foreign power, be displaced by other languages and cultures. These countries are entirely Mediterranean, are, in large part, contiguous to Italy, like the Trentino, Italian Switzerland, and Malta, and were under foreign domination before the union of the kingdom. And further away, as, for example, on the Dalmatian coast, in the Ionian Islands, and in Asia Minor, there are many places, where the Italians are not, indeed, indigenous, but are long established, in most cases going back to colonies sent out by the Venetians. In countries like the United States, to which emigration has been recent, the aims of the Dante Alighieri are much more modest. For the many emigrants who return home,

it is expedient that they should not forget, nor begin to forget, their language and other national attributes. While for the many who become permanently expatriated, the Society, while recognizing that they and their children must eventually become a part of the land of adoption, speak its language and share its institutions, yet wishes them to know that they are not forgotten in the home country, and still to keep alive the memory of her ancient traditions and civilization.

In such an arduous and varied endeavor, the society employs many agencies. It founds and endows schools and promotes their efficiency by prizes and other distinctions. It institutes courses of lectures, coöperates in the establishment and maintenance of popular and circulating libraries, and distributes books and other publications. Above all, there are chapters, both within and without the kingdom, whose members are expected to promote the cause by collecting funds, by winning new members and by devoted labor and well-directed enthusiasm in every way. The chapters in Italy number a little more than two hundred, those in foreign countries about seventy. Of the latter thirteen are in the United States, namely, in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Hudson County, New Jersey, with headquarters in Jersey City, Los Angeles, New Haven, New York, North Dakota (in the State University), Pittsburgh, Rochester, San Francisco, and Washington. There is one in Canada at Toronto.

To give some idea of the scale on which the Dante Alighieri now works, a few figures may be cited. From 1903 to 1911 there have been sent to foreign countries six hundred collections of Italian books, adapted to the various schools, libraries, and clubs for which they were destined, comprising in all 115,000 volumes. A single energetic and devoted member of the Turin branch, Signora Ildegarde Occella, in the year just ended, collected 21,000 francs and 22,000 volumes. The total income of the society this year from invested capital and contributions, excluding gifts of books and other printed matter, was 330,125 francs, of which 160,000 have been spent for the "defence of the language," as the report says, in Italian-speaking communities under foreign rule.

The deliberations of this congress were especially important. For some time the question has been agitated of the foundation of a periodical devoted to the interests of the Society and of the Italian propaganda in general. As three publishing houses have now offered to publish such a magazine at a low subscription rate and without expense to the Society, it was voted to instruct the committee in charge to accept one of these offers and to begin publication some time in the coming year. It was also voted to fix April 21 as "Dante Alighieri Day." All schools and other organizations that are beneficiaries of the Society or affiliated with it in any way will be expected on this day to make their supreme effort for the cause by enlisting new members and raising money and awakening enthusiasm.

It is much to be hoped that the American chapters will soon become strong enough to carry on the work in their own country, or at least to contribute much more largely to it than they do at present. The report of the Consiglio Centrale for this year testifies with much satisfaction to the part taken by Americans in the work. Special mention is made of the Hon. Curtis Guild of Boston, who, although he has gone as ambassador to Russia, has again accepted the honorary presidency of the Boston Society, of Miss Isabella McClung of Pittsburgh, and of Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago.

The congress of 1912 will be held at Catania in Sicily. A suggestion privately made by the present writer that New York would be a good place for a meeting in the near future was favorably received by a number of delegates. The journey would be long and expensive for the Italian delegates, but if the New York members and their friends can find them their transportation going and coming, it is probable that a congress could soon be arranged to take place in the Western metropolis. H. E.

Correspondence

THE "SOCIAL" EVIL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May a chronic grumbler presume to criticise your use of the English language? A fortnight ago you published an editorial headed "The Social Evil." Concerning the substance of the editorial, I need only say that it has my hearty approval. The action of the Post Office in excluding from the mails the admirable report of the Chicago Vice Commission seems to be, briefly, asinine. No; my objection is aimed merely at the heading, "The *Social* Evil." Why should any one call the evil in question "social"? Emphatically, this evil is anything but social.

Let me illustrate by means of examples of evils which are genuinely social. The order, you will note, is *crescendo!*

First, there is the tiresome five o'clock tea. One cannot make an afternoon call without being asked by the gracious lady of the house, young, old, or middle-aged: "Sha'n't I give you a cup of tea?" If you accept all these invitations, you are in danger of nervous prostration, neuritis, or other ailment of the sort. If you decline, you are set down as a boor or an ignoramus.

Next, there is bridge. Think of the thousands of rational beings, especially in smart gowns, now wasting daylight—and money—over luck at cards.

Then, there is drinking. True, the Glasgow factory hand is capable of finding delight in solitary "booze." But mankind in general drinks in company. Conviviality nearly always includes drinking. What I have in mind more especially is the practice of men to get together in the evening, in clubs or similar places, theoretically to talk over the events of the day. Practically, of these sessions one may say: No drink, no talk.

Last, but not least, there is the automobile. By tens of thousands men and women are now chasing over Europe, Asia, America, even Africa, for the mere fun of the chase. Like Rosalind's traveller, they waste their own lands in order to see other men's. And all in company. No one rides solitary in an auto, except on strict business.

All these abuses, and many more, are genuinely social. They spring from one's desire to associate with one's fellow beings. But the vice which you discuss shuns society, shuns the light of day; indeed, shuns all light. Why, then, should the *Nation*, of all papers, indulge in mere euphemism? Why not call the evil in question by a name which fits? Name it the *sex* evil, or the *sexual* evil, or, in one word, prostitution? Perhaps, even sex or sexual is not precise enough; for dancing might be defined as an entertainment of the two sexes. At any rate, "social" will never do; it completely obfuscates the problem. H.

October 16.

THE PENNSYLVANIA LYNCHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an article on the Coatesville lynching (*Nation*, October 12), you conclude with the question: "And what does the sound citizenship of Pennsylvania say to it all?" As a life-long resident of Chester County, and a descendant of Quaker ancestors, I feel free to state unqualifiedly that the "sound citizenship" of Pennsylvania has the same feeling about the affair that all the rest of the civilized world has or should have, if American civilization is anything but a very thin veneer on primeval savagery. For above twenty years my occupation has required me to travel extensively in the South and West, and it has frequently happened that I have been in or near places where lynchings by burning have been committed shortly after the crime has taken place. I have always felt it my duty to speak strongly on the subject, and have done so in many cases, in the face of an inflamed public opinion. I have had this experience in West Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia, Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri, and have known of cases of this crime in Illinois, Ohio, and Delaware, the Coatesville case being the first in Pennsylvania and, it is to be hoped, the last. It is written that "faithful are the wounds of a friend," and it is well to state the facts fully, which your article does not do. In its presentment, submitted on September 20, 1911, the grand jury says: "Throughout the whole course of our inquiry we have been hampered and obstructed by the attitude of the citizens of Coatesville and vicinity having knowledge of the commission of the crime and the identity of the criminals," and again, "the testimony we have taken clearly dem-

onstrates that immediately after the commission of the crime a conspiracy of silence was formed and the citizens of Coatesville who have knowledge which would assist in the administration of the law have deliberately concealed that knowledge and have refused to aid the officers of the law and this grand inquest in its administration." This position on the part of the citizens of Coatesville, taken, as is well known, by leading citizens who were called by the grand jury with the idea that they might suggest some course of action that would lead to the conviction of the criminals, can only be explained by the coarse materialism of an industrial town—indeed, it was openly stated that a complete exposure of all the facts would "hurt the town." So far, it is bad enough, but when it is remembered that, in the Swartz case, the defendant had made a confession that he had taken an active part in the crime, said confession having been legally admitted as evidence by the trial judge and having been corroborated by other testimony; and that he was forthwith acquitted by the jury, one of whom, after being discharged, offering to bet that the State would not obtain a conviction in any of the other cases—what can be said of a public sentiment that makes such a verdict possible? A study of the conditions under which this crime of lynching by burning has taken place will show conclusively that it is a distinctly American crime, committed by men who have been through the public schools, and, as a rule, in Protestant communities. Every man indicted in connection with the Coatesville crime bears an unmistakably American name, and the crime was planned in the house of the local fire company, which was presumably a body of trained men.

I am free to say that, in arguing this question of lynching, I have heretofore taken the position that, while violence of this nature might crop out anywhere under great provocation, in the older States it would surely be punished, and I must admit that I was mistaken. So far as I know, the old State of Virginia has the best record in this respect, probably because its citizens are not altogether "up to date" and have not cut loose from all the duties and responsibilities of civilization in the mad race after wealth. If we are to be a law-abiding people, our public schools and higher educational institutions cannot begin too soon to instil into the minds of the young men the importance of the fundamental principle of Anglo-Saxon civilization—the supremacy of the law.

GEORGE ASHBRIDGE.

Whitford, Pa., October 16.

"WHERE SWART PAYNIMS PRAY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer must ask pardon for recurring again to the well-known and much-tortured line from Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes" (see *Nation* May 11 and June 22, 1911):

Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray.

He does so only in the hope of offering for the second half of the line a more reasonable interpretation than bas yet been given.

"Shut," the rejected variant for "clasp'd," is a sufficient gloss on the first half. But why "shut" if the missal is employed by pagans in prayer; or, if the sense of the line is merely that it is closed and unused "in Heathenesse," why the misleading phrase, "where . . . Paynims *pray*," for the last word suggests at once the use of the missal? This, I believe, is indeed the poet's intention. But, while the literal meaning is that the devotion of the pagans is in some way connected with the missal, we are to think of it as stirred rather by the loveliness of the sleeping Madeline, of which the clasped missal is one among other beautiful images.

This rapid transference of a quality from the object to the image has an exact parallel in two lines from "The Rape of the Lock":

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.

Here we are by no means to infer that the adoration of Jews and infidels was attracted chiefly by the ornament. The "silver cross" "on Madeline's fair breast" might even suggest that Keats had this very passage in mind. An earlier parallel, and one in which the notion of heathen worship of Christian beauty rises naturally from the situation, occurs in Thomas Hudson's translation of the "Histoire de Judith" of Du Bartas, included in the 1608 and later editions of Sylvester. The passage is in book iv, lines 357 ff., and describes the sensation created by Judith as she is led captive through the Syrian camp:

Her ivry breast, and neck of Alahastre,
Made heathen men of her more Idolastre.

The phrasing is not felicitous, but the story is always attractive, and the passage a small oasis in the wastes of Hudson's translation. The travels of either Keats or Pope in "realms of gold" might easily have led him to one of the old folios in which the poem occurs.

Aside from the possibility that the line in Keats is reminiscent of his reading, the interpretation offered seems, if not obvious, at least more pleasing than one which would involve the poet in an obscure reference to some missal, ornamented with kneeling converts, and known only to himself and his friends; or, still worse, one which would substitute *prey* for *pray* and convict him of misspelling and of an inevitable pun. ALLAN T. WESTCOTT.

Columbia University, October 18.

AN OLD SPELLING REFORMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The subject of spelling reform is still sufficiently alive, I hope, to make an early attempt toward it interesting. In 1765 appeared "An Account of the Trial of the letter Y, *alias* Y," the posthumous work of Thomas Edwards. Edwards is known to the few who know him at all as the keen critic of Warburton's Shakespeare, as one of the revivers of the sonnet, and, perhaps, to some as a friend and correspondent of the novelist Richardson. It was with the seventh edition of his "Canons of Criticism," the exposure of Warburton's critical methods, that the "Account" appeared. Edwards was not an innovator, but a reactionary in orthography, his objects, as he tells us in the preface, being "Uniformity . . . and, Preserving . . . the marks of our Etymology." It is interesting to note that some of the spellings which the Simplified Spelling Board is to-day trying to introduce, Edwards urged in 1765 as etymologically correct, while others were then generally used.

"Once on a time," the "Account" begins, "the English Commonwealth of Letters, generally called the Alphabet, was very much disturbed." The cause of the disturbance was the intrusion of the letter Y into such words as *Wyfe, Lyfe, Knyght*. Apollo, being appealed to, gave Y about the position it occupies to-day, and then asked if the letters had any other grievances. D and TH each seized this chance to complain of the position of the other in *Murder* or *Murther*. The matter was referred to a committee of Anglo-Saxons—Apollo apparently not feeling at home in the language of our forefathers—"and in the meantime the Poets had liberty given them to use either, as would best suit their rhime." OUGH then petitioned "to be restored to the end of the words *Tho'* and *Thro'*." The request was granted, with an emphatic censure on the "new-fangled way of leaving out such letters as are not pronounced." After S had got back his place in *Defence, Pretence*, etc., a complaint was presented "of O against U for intruding into the words *Honour, Labour, Superiour*, and the like. The Judge discharged U with a reprimand from the final Syllable of all words derived from the Latines ending in OR." The next matter was not so easy. It was the petition of N "that G might be excluded from the words *Foreign* and *Sovereign*," seconded by A, who begged that he might have the place of E and I in the same words. Apollo, who seems to have been attending a German seminar since leaving Parnassus, decided to "take time to consider the case." He granted, however, the request of E "that those [words] which are now absurdly writen *Claim, Prevail*, &c., may hereafter be spelled *Clame, Prevale*, &c."

Then followed "A Complaint of ED against T, for justling him out of the ends of Verbs of the preterperfect Tense, and of Participles." But here Apollo, with a shrewdness for which he has not always been given credit, concluded that "The Court had sat late, and therefore referred this petition to another Day; and adjourned." RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

The University of Rochester, October 15.

INGERSOLL'S WRITINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Though we naturally differ from the estimate you place upon our biography of Robert Ingersoll, yet the facts contained in the review (*Nation*, October 5) are in the main correct. One glaring error, however, is your statement that "the writings of Ingersoll are already dead." For a number of years we have published the Dresden edition of Ingersoll's works in conjunction with Mr. C. P. Farrell, representing the Ingersoll estate, and in that time have sold above 70,000 volumes at prices ranging from $2.50 per volume up. During the same period, Mr. Farrell has sold hundreds of thousands of the lectures in pamphlet form. These are facts, not estimates, and prove

conclusively that Ingersoll's writings are very much alive.

DRESDEN PUBLISHING CO.

New York, October 17.

[We admit that we had no notion of the continued and extensive sale of Ingersoll's works. Such a sale manifestly represents a certain kind of vitality. The almost complete absence of reference to Ingersoll in the serious literature of to-day does, nevertheless, indicate that he has quite lost such significance as, in his lifetime, could provoke the controversial ire of Gladstone. His particular method of attacking Christianity is a dead thing of the past.—ED. THE NATION.]

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

The Poems of Henry van Dyke. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Poems. By Madison Cawein. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.35 net.

The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

The Country by the Sea: A Book of Verse. By Henry Robinson Palmer. Providence: Brown Alumni Magazine Co. $1.

The Blossomy Bough: Poems. By Shaemas OSheel. New York: The Franklin Press. $1 net.

Pagan Sonnets. By John Myers O'Hara. Portland, Me.: Smith & Sale.

Poems and Ballads. By Henry De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co. $1 net.

Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

The Voices of the Rivers. By Nina Salaman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

Poems of Men and Hours. By John Drinkwater. London: David Nutt.

The House of Orchids and Other Poems. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25 net.

By the Sea and Other Poems. By Anne Cleveland Cheney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

The New Hesperides and Other Poems. By Joel Elias Spingarn. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.

The Overture and Other Poems. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

It is so unusual nowadays for a poet to stick for any length of time to his lyre that the reappearance of a familiar name seems a distinct poetic merit in itself. How much more so a collection of nearly five hundred pages, like Professor van Dyke's "Poems," which evinces a lifelong devotion to the muse. And yet the critic can hardly sympathize with his half expressed regret that he has not done more. Good in its way as is much of what he has done, it would probably have been still better if he had done less. As it is, his weakness is diffusion. What his verse lacks is concentration, intensity, and suddenness. Like so many of our American poets, he versifies too readily; and it is only when he confines himself to the stricter forms of stanza that he gains a relative concision and vividness. At best, he never astonishes. His quality and charm consist in a sort of gentleness or kindliness for his subject, expressed in familiar associations and allusions—a kind of innocent intimacy with nature and the passions. A stream reminds him of going a-fishing; the stars, of little watchmen; love, of "home-sweet-home." With this easy sympathy for his themes, it is not surprising that he should be at his best with those which possess in themselves a certain elevation and dignity, as in his "Milton":

Lover of beauty, walking on the height
  Of pure philosophy and tranquil song;
  Born to behold the visions that belong
To those who dwell in melody and light;
Milton, thou spirit delicate and bright!
  What drew thee down to join the Roundhead throng
  Of iron-sided warriors, rude and strong,
Fighting for freedom in a world half night?

Lover of Liberty at heart wast thou,
  Above all beauty bright, all music clear:
To thee she bared her bosom and her brow,
  Breathing her virgin promise in thine ear,
And bound thee to her with a double vow—
  Exquisite Puritan, grave Cavalier!

But Professor van Dyke is not quite alone in constancy to his art. Mr. Cawein, too, has come to a point where he is able to get together a very respectable body of selected verse. His collection, which includes a preface by Mr. Howells, is remarkable for the keenness of its interest in nature and all that is hers—in her moods and affections, "dusk in the woods" or "drouth" or "autumn sorrow"; and most of all, in the myriad tiny creatures that populate her, the locust that makes "meridian music" or the cricket with its 'elfin pipe." But always about Mr. Cawein's nature, there is a kind of human immanence. It is quick with feminine influences and suggestions, as though Pan and Eros and Psyche were a-maying together. Or else it is conscious in some vague way of the presence and passions of man. It is this latter quality which enables him to insinuate descriptively, as it were, the story of the ground, as he does with singular vividness in such poems as "Lynchers," "Ku Klux," "The Man Hunt"—or in his "Feud":

A mile of lane—hedged high with ironweeds
And dying daisies—white with sun, that leads
Downward into a wood; through which a stream
  Steals like a shadow; over which is laid
A bridge of logs, worn deep by many a team,
  Sunk in the tangled shade. . . .

Fields over which a path, o'erwhelmed with burrs
And ragweeds, noisy with the grasshoppers,
Leads—lost, irresolute as paths the cows
  Wear through the woods—unto a woodshed; then,
With wreeks of windows, to a huddled house,
  Where men have murdered men. . . .

Within is emptiness: the sunlight falls
On faded journals papering the walls;
On advertisement chromos, torn with time,
  Around a hearth where wasps and spiders build.
The house is dead: meseems that night of crime
  It, too, was shot and killed.

Nor is Mr. Baring's "Collected Poems" a contemptible evidence of poetic activity. Fully a half of his volume is made up of dramatic verse, of which "Tristram and Iseult" is the most ample and satisfactory illustration. Indeed, his vein is distinctly romantic and heroical. Even of his non-dramatic work, his "Sigurd" is in many respects the most poetical. But he has, in addition, a knack with the sonnet and no little lyrical appropriateness, particularly in the songs with which he is fond of interspersing his plays:

Farewell! this is the last, the saddest tryst;
For I am of the valley and the plain,
And you are of the mountain and the mist;
Farewell! We shall not say "Farewell" again.

You will forget the swearing of the oath;
You were the wind and I the bending tree!
Alas! I am the rock and you the froth,
That lightly comes and goes upon the sea.

Among a great deal of new verse so occasional and casual as to seem little more than an exercise, Mr. Palmer's ode on the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at Brown University reaches at times an unusual pitch of seriousness and sobriety:

From dreams that fever and enthrall,
  From greed of gain, from crass display,
From fickle Glory's fretful call,
  The Stoic tempts the world away;
As when above the troubled street,
  Where party's futile voices float,
We hear, serenely near and sweet,
  The unvexed oriole's treetop note.

Around his throne the Emperor saw
  His armies surge like troubled seas.
They bore the tables of the law
  To the white-foaming Hebrides.
From Thebes to York they flashed their might,
  But he, the master of his soul,
Wrought out beneath the starry night
  The larger law of self-control.

Here in a land beyond his ken,
  Where Roman eagles never flew,
We raise his lifelike form again,
  And sound his pagan praise anew;
For still his quiet lips may preach

Of transient passion's foolish quest,
And still his healing thought may reach
The envious and untranquil breast.

In a world of echoes and routine it is, perhaps, the freshness of Mr. OSheel's lyrics, as much as anything, which lends them their peculiar attraction—freshness and a kind of disarming ingenuousness. There is a great deal in them of the poet and the lover to his lady; for after the manner of youth Mr. OSheel, too, has suffered much for love. And if his passion seems a little ideal and idyllic, even a little tenuous and airy, and his artlessness a little artful, it is all the prettier in its kind for that. And yet fanciful as he is, his fancy is that of the Celt and not without the shadowy overcast of his race:

They went forth to battle, but they always fell;
Their eyes were fixed above the sullen shields;
Nobly they fought and bravely, but not well,
And sank heart-wounded by a subtle spell.
They knew not fear that to the foeman yields,
They were not weak, as one who vainly wields
A futile weapon; yet the sad scrolls tell
How on the hard-fought field they always fell. . . .

They went forth to battle, but they always fell:
Their might was not the might of lifted spears;
Over the battle-clamor came a spell
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.
Their wreaths are willows and their tribute, tears;
Their names are old sad stories in men's ears;
Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,
Who went to battle forth and always fell.

After all, in spite of their little air of romantic aloofness, their little assumption of "primitiveness," Mr. OSheel's verses are thoroughly modern. Thoroughly modern, too, in their own way are Mr. O'Hara's "Pagan Sonnets." Though their reminiscence is that of classical antiquity, they have very much the same symptomatic nostalgia of the past. Marked as they all are in a high degree by recollection, it is in "The Latin Sea" that their author's power of illusion is at its best, notwithstanding a want of "richness" in some of his rhymes:

The wonder of its blue is under us;
We see, with glamor of Homeric lore,
Shimmer the wave that lured Ulysses' oar
And Jason faring for the fabulous.
Yon trellised slopes were thine, Theocritus!
And those trim galleys, bound for Capri's shore,
Dart from the cove and follow, as of yore,
The burnished trireme of Tiberius.
Hellas and Rome, templed antiquity,
Looming along thy shore, O Latin sea,
Live once again beneath the dreaming glance;
Around thee clings the virgin world's romance;
And there, beyond the Pillars of Hercules,
Glimmers the Isle of the Hesperides.

To these lines Mr. Stacpoole's verses on Athens make an interesting pendant, with their slightly different range of association and their exclusively literary suggestion:

Upon the hills the shepherds feed their flocks.
Afar the sea—the violet-tinted sea—
Still floods in foam around the Pontic rocks,
And with the golden sun holds revelry;
Lulling the hyacinths with drowsy rhyme,
About Pentelicus still floats the bee;
All is as fair as in the olden time,
All is as fair as then—
But where are ye?

Where art thou now, O Pindar? in what land,
Demosthenes, what tongue dost thou now speak?
Far from the plane trees by the spring wind fanned,
Far from Piræus where the blue waves break.
The plane trees bend them to the winds of spring,
And echoes answer to the breaking sea;
Sweet from the olive groves the wild birds sing
Forever of their love—
But where are ye?

It may be merely mirage which inspires these regrets for a vanished past. It is a little difficult, however, not to read into them a vague distaste or suspicion of the present—now particularly when the air is shrill with voices uttering with no uncertain sound their distrust and discouragement, not merely with a day or generation, but with man himself and the human spirit. To say that such is the dominant of Mr. How's "Lyrics and Sonnets" would be hardly fair—he sings in divers tones—but such at least, as he strikes it in his verses on the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, is his most penetrating and haunting chord:

I know not who was Caïus Cestius.
His pyramid is by the city gate,
Where rows of cypress, standing black and straight,
Mark their own city, quiet, ominous.
Poor little Keats, no longer amorous,
Or unrequited, lies there, now grown great:
And Shelley, who may be aware—too late?—
If he was right or merely marvellous.
Certain have knowledge of Heaven; I have none.
I were content to learn the earth beneath,
The hearts of men, the secrets in them hid.
Knowing, perhaps I'd long that life were done
And I were lying, careless of a wreath,
Near Caïus Cestius's pyramid.

More subdued and resigned but no less unmistakable Miss Salaman's "Mood in the Silence" echoes an answer like a distant reverberation of the same call:

Let us be quiet now; let all the voice
Be of calm waters, while the silence sings,
Like a vast rumor of unheard-of things
That know not grief, nor dream how men rejoice.

The low hills love the silence; in the haze
They dream of what the sea is murmuring
In dim reverberance—some hidden thing
The sea learns from its heavenward endless gaze.

These things hold perfect knowledge; lo! the sea,
The hills all satisfied for ever; lo!
The full sun seeth, and the great winds know;
And these things are, while we but strive to be.

After this partial eclipse of confidence in what Huxley used to call "men and their ways" it is reassuring to feel the mild buoyancy and ready acquiescence of Mr. Drinkwater's verse in what humanity is prone at present to regard as the worst of evils—criticism and war. His lines on "The Dead Critic" are admirable in their manner, and no less so his "At Waterloo":

Great peace is over Hougomont,
And over La Haie Sainte is peace,
The level lands are ploughed and rich
With promise of increase;
The sleepy cattle graze along
Beneath the scarred historic walls,
And here where nations spent their blood
The flush of sunset falls.

No pride nor pity touches me
Nor hatred's fire and ancient stings,
Only a sense of strifes outworn,
And strange ironic things:
And stirrings of some broken strain
Of sounding hoofs and answering guns,
And faith that Europe now as then
Can breed heroic sons.

Mr. Sterling's is already a familiar name. And if there is little or no change of feature in his new book, it does at all events contain some interesting pieces, as his new books always do. Of these the best appear to have been inspired by contemplation of the solemn and sobering eternity of ocean:

Thou seem'st to call to that which will not hear,
As man to Fate. Thine anthems uncontrolled,
From winnowed sands and reefs reverberant rolled,
Shake as with sorrow, and the hour is near
Wherein thy voice shall seem a thing of fear,
Like to a lion's at the trembling fold;
And men shall waken to the midnight cold,
And feel that dawn is far, that night is drear.

Thou wert ere Life, a dim but quenchless spark,
Found vesture in thy vastness. Thou shalt be

When Life hath crossed the threshold of the Dark,—
When shackling ice hath zoned at last thy breast,
And thy deep voice is hushed, O vanquished sea!
One with eternity that giveth rest.

It is the same subject but in another mood, the mood of elusiveness and mystery, which gives Miss Cheney occasion for some of her happiest lines:

Dull gray sky, the sand more pallid gray,
White line of lapping surf and silken swish of the sea;
Gulls' plaining sharp, and shadowy slow, slow sail
Gliding in mist away.

Tang of brine and murmur and mystery,
Dreams of the fair lost ships and those that have reached their port;
Of alien wonders they bring and rich, haunting, strange,
Myths and songs of the sea.

It is an anxious moment when the scholar makes an excursion into poetry. His very reputation in his own subject is a disadvantage to him in another. Expectation is pretty nearly bound to be disappointed. So it is with Mr. Spingarn's "New Hesperides." In comparison with his studies of criticism it does not seem a thoroughly happy venture. The verse has certain felicities, to be sure; but on the whole his conceptions hardly appear to have been presided over by the "divine faculty." His manner of treating a traditional theme, however, may be judged by the following quotation from his "Prothalamion," which exhibits his versification pretty nearly at its best:

Oh, dawn that ushers in the bridal day,
And with the twilight brings the bridal joy,
Yours is the torch that once would light the way
Of that fair pagan boy,
Who guided hearts, and married their delight,
And closed the portals on the nuptial night.
. . .
Long years ago, when on the Syrian hills
A glory shone, and all the world grew light,
Ours was the day, and his the endless night;
We left him dreaming on Hymettus mount,
Where murmur of the bees his slumber fills,
And all the bubbling rills;
The honey stolen from the wilding hive
Clings to the dryad's lip; he dreams it sweet,
And her fond kisses keep his hope alive,
But waking finds the sun upon the plain,
With all the world in combat at his feet,
And all his vassals fallen from his train.

Nor is Professor Fletcher's "Overture" all that could be wished. His verse is very uneven, varying at its highest from a kind of earnest dignity to the frank banality of "A Nice (?) Distinction" and "The Lesson." Even at its best it is a little rugged, frequently it is crabbed; as though the fusion of thought with form were never quite perfect. Something he has got from Browning, no doubt; more from Meredith. Indeed, it is hard to keep "Modern Love" out of mind in reading his "Ransom." Perhaps the best, at all events the most interesting, things that he does are *genre*, like the "Seven Sandwichmen on Broadway," and his little sketches about New York, like "Riverside":

Windless waters roll aglaze
Under smoke-swept purple haze
Streaked with long, slant, lurid rays.

Heights across the river seem
Drifting off like hills of dream,
On which silvery steam-wraiths gleam.

Eerily, as daylight dies,
Motor-cars with nightmare eyes,
Scuttle past with croaking cries. . . .

Where dim buildings loom aline,
As from many a cliffside shrine,
Lights in cavelike chambers shine.

Past the moon-path in midstream
Lithe tugs leap with sudden scream;
Huge, squat barges, beam to beam

Like slaves fettered, three and three,
With the slave's pace, patiently
Bear their burdens out to sea.

CURRENT FICTION.

Ethan Frome. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

More than ten years ago Mrs. Wharton published a short story called "The Duchess at Prayer." Since that time we have cherished an estimate of her powers which no intermediate accession to her repertory has raised, nor even, to speak truth, quite justified. Practised, cosmopolitan, subtle, she has seemed, on the whole, to covet most earnestly the refinements of Henry James. In spite of her habit of a franker approach, her consistent rating of matter above manner, and the gravitation—we should hesitate to say transfer—of her interest from exotic to native themes; we might have been reasonably content to rank her as the greatest pupil of a little master, were it not for the appearance of "Ethan Frome." This startling fulfilment recalls not only the promise of the early story, but its revelation of a more potent influence—the inspiriting example of a greater novelist to whom Mr. James's *devoirs* have been paid in the phrase, "The master of us all." Exactly how much the inception and execution of "The Duchess at Prayer" owed to Balzac's "La grande Bretèche" is beyond our present point, which is, specifically, that the excellence of Mrs. Wharton's work in this case outstripped the charge of imitation, and allied her with that company of splendid talents whom neither magnificence nor the catastrophes of passion can abash.

There is certainly no imitative strain in "Ethan Frome." The style is assured and entirely individual, the method direct and firm in its grasp upon substantial fact. Yet here is the companion-piece to the "Duchess," a variation upon the same theme of triumphant malice and tortured love, evoking the same emotions. And here as there the genius of a place presides, and the scene and the hour conspire to meet the racial temper. But there is this great difference: in the place of sumptuous memories, decaying under the sultry oppression of Italian noon, she was, at heart, a stranger; whereas she writes now of New England as one writes of home, plainly, and with a wealth of understanding and familiar allusion. Even the arrangement of the narrative is designed to fit the life described and its probabilities rather than to satisfy any precious scruples. A winter-bound stranger in an out-of-the-way Massachusetts hamlet recognizes in the limping figure of Ethan Frome the "ruin of a man," and apprehends some singular misfortunes behind his obvious plight. The sparse comment of a community respectful of privacies and little indulgent to curiosity yields but scanty information. Out of the native's penury come at length hours of enforced companionship, the daily rides to the station during which "Frome drove in silence, the reins loosely held in his left hand, his brown, seamed profile, under the helmet-like peak of the cap, relieved against the banks of snow."

"It was that night," explains the visitor, "that I found the clue to Ethan Frome, and began to put together this vision of his story." Such an approach could not be improved, forbearing, as it does, to violate the seal of silence; nor could, we think, the conclusion of village confidences be spared, with its ultimate breaking down of reserve between the initiated, its natural cadence of secret curiosity, and its softening echo of unavailing human sympathy.

Surely, the melancholy spirit that haunts the remoter byways of rural New England has entered into this chronicle; over all its scenes breathe the benumbing and isolating rigors of her winters, a sense of invisible fetters, a consciousness of depleted resources, a reticence and self-contained endurance that even the houses know how to express, retired from the public way, or turned sideways to preserve a secluded entrance. Yet it is with a softly-breathed strain of native romance that the drama opens. As well try to transplant arbutus from its native habitat as to dissociate this exquisite burgeoning of passion from its homely circumstances and the inflexible trammels of a local speech meant for taciturnity rather than expression. Thriving on meagre opportunities and pleasures—the coasting, the picnic, the walk home from the "church sociable"—and on the sharing of frugal household cares, the love between the young farmer and the little dependent who inefficiently "helped" in his home, spread like a secret flowering too innocent and too fragrant to escape the wife's malicious eye. The

brave and fragile figure of Mattie Silvers is not an idealized one, although this is the type of New England girlhood whose modesty and touch of fairy grace have been the subject of much poetry.

The wife who stands for fate in this drama is a curious and repugnant figure. She introduces the same vein of close-mouthed malignity which darkens local history. The helpless fear and loathing she inspires in her husband is the essence of supernatural terror without its obsolete husk of ignorance. By showing this instance of a hypochondriac roused by jealousy out of a "sullen self-absorption" and transformed into a mysterious alien presence, an evil energy secreted from the long years of silent brooding, Mrs. Wharton touches on a very radical identity. We realize that the same gloating satisfaction that made the wife smile upon the parting lovers, had something to do with her capabilities as a nurse. Her pleasure at the sight of pain she had inflicted—was it, perchance, from such an evil spring that her strength was drawn for the long years of drudgery between two cripples?

No hero of fantastic legend was ever more literally hag-ridden than was Ethan Frome. The profound irony of his case is that it required his own goodness to complete her parasitic power over him. Without his innate honesty and his sense of duty he could have escaped her demands and her decrees, refused the money for her nostrums and "doctor books," followed the vision of a new free life "out West." In his submission to obligation and in his thwarted intellectual aspirations he typifies the remnant of an exceptional race whose spiritual inheritance has dwindled amid hard conditions until all distinction is forfeited except that of suffering; but which still indicates its quality, if only by its capacity for suffering.

The wonder is that the spectacle of so much pain can be made to yield so much beauty. And here the full range of Mrs. Wharton's imagination becomes apparent. There is possible, within the gamut of human experience, an exaltation of anguish which makes a solitude for itself, whose direct contemplation seals the impulse of speech and strikes cold upon the heart. Yet sometimes in reflection there is revealed, beneath the writhing torment, the lineaments of a wronged and distorted loveliness. It is the piteous and intolerable conception which the Greeks expressed in the Medusa head that Mrs. Wharton has dared to hold up to us anew, but the face she shows us is the face of our own people.

The Autobiography of a Woman Alone. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A note states that "this book is not a novel, but a record of the actual experiences of the woman, who is the narrator." One wonders, in all courtesy, if the little boy lied? or if the little girl did? One feels rather sure in either case that the writer had in mind an American Marie-Claire. America is a less picturesque field than France for such adventure, and the style of the American wage-earner lacks the finish of her French sister's. We cannot recall in the Parisian seamstress's vocabulary any word corresponding to the New England college graduate's "cute," for instance. In self-pity Dorothy Baldwin far outdoes Marie-Claire. The parallel indeed may be dropped as the book advances, since it is with life in a great city that this book mainly concerns itself.

Miss Baldwin's country life and country college career are quickly disposed of. From self-sacrificing motives she betakes herself to New York to earn her living. There is an original touch here in her meeting with both kindness and success instead of rebuffs and starvation. As secretary to a woman philanthropist she works early and late, but she makes always a reasonably comfortable living. Policemen, car-conductors, boarding-house keepers, are universally kind and pleasant. The emphasis is laid on the loneliness of one dwelling under the abnormal conditions of a toiler, solitary in a crowd, with no relatives, no domestic hearth; in particular, no husband. Dorothy's first high hope of one were rudely dashed to the ground by a man of protecting nature, manly yet sweet, whose cloven hoof is clumsily fitted upon a chivalrous, flower-and-candy-bestowing exterior. The hoof having demolished her prospects, she turns more assiduously than ever to business. Seeking employment, she finds misunderstanding, and returns to her charity work. Next she enters upon a trial marriage, feeling that her "motive was honest" and her "heart was pure." Disillusionment succeeds this step. Thereafter he of the cloven hoof reappears proposing marriage, and is scorned. At last a real husband is procured. In her "plenitude of joy" she is enabled, let us hope, to forget to be "baffled by her own intensity." Her story, as we see it, is a study in self-commiseration, a wail, sincere but far from tonic, for the lone woman worker, and a warning against trial marriages.

The Last Galley. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The present volume falls apart into two sharply defined sections. Concerning the eight stories that make up the second half of the book, the author says in his preface that they explain themselves. What he means is that they stand by themselves, on their own merits as bits of imaginative fiction. As such they are quite readable, without reaching a very high level, either of invention or of narrative skill. A possible exception is the story of the English noblewoman during the sporting times of good King George the Fourth; she hires a professional pugilist to trounce her husband, who is a bully and beats her. In the first half of the book, Sir Arthur has made an attempt at developing a new literary form which is to stand halfway between fiction and history and find its interest "not in the happenings to particular individuals, their adventures and loves, but in the fascination of the actual facts of history themselves," colored with the glamour of fiction. The experiment might be worth making; but what our author has given us is not imaginative history, but a series of sermons on British imperialism after Mr. Kipling's latest manner. The sinking of the last Carthaginian galley is obviously a plea for anti-German Dreadnoughts. The evacuation of Britain by the Romans is an argument against the evacuation of India by the British. It is a form of preachment which has been done to death in England. We are grateful that no scene from ancient Athenian history has been evoked in favor of the Boy Scouts or against the payment of the members of the House of Commons. Where the writer forgets to play Cassandra, as in the chapter on Nero the musician or the coming of the Huns, he is entertaining.

OLD BOOKS.

Frankfort Book Fair. By Henri Estienne. Edited by James W. Thompson. Chicago: The Caxton Club.

Frankfort-on-the-Main was founded by Charlemagne, who built a fortified villa there. It early gained importance as a trading centre. Its fairs, of which the first record dates from 1240, soon were prominent among those of the German cities, and retained that prominence for several hundred years. Not long after the invention of printing, the city became the centre of the local book trade, then of the German, and finally of the international trade. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Henri Estienne, of the famous family of French printers, who frequently visited Frankfort for the sale of his publications, was so pleased with its spirit that he wrote, in Latin, and published in 1574, a small volume in its praise. The volume, now very rare, has recently been published by the Caxton Club of Chicago, with an original English translation, an historical introduction, and notes. By this venture, the Caxton Club has again put in its debt lovers of fine books and students of the art of printing and of the history of book-selling. The club has published many interesting books, has given to their preparation much care and expense, but upon none of them has it put as much research and care as upon this "Frankfort Book Fair" of Henri Estienne.

The format was designed by Ralph Fletcher Seymour of the Alderbrink Press of Chicago, with suggestions and criticisms from Frederick W. Gookin. Those learned in books of the sixteenth century can find defects. But the defects are nearly all such as must appear, at the present stage of printing in this country, in any volume which involves as wide a range of typographic problems. As a whole, the book gives one the impression of breadth, generosity, and richness; and all without raising in the observer any unpleasant sensation of wearying labor on the part of the makers. The paper, unbleached Arnold handmade, is very nearly eight by eleven inches; the type page proper is five by seven and three-fourths, to which marginal notes, where they are needed, add about an inch and a quarter of width. The type, which was designed by Mr. Seymour and is a bold Roman on a sixteen-point body, produces a page of good color, holding its own, even where notes in smaller type of the same cut confine it at bottom and side. Had the page been opened with very thin leads, the occasional dark spots caused by the conjunction of ascenders and descenders would have been lightened; but the page as a whole would probably have lost much of its vigor. To design a type face, even a good one, is almost to invite defeat in the opinion of the critics, partly because we are so far from having any standards save those born of precedent and personal taste. The saving grace is always simplicity, and this Mr. Seymour has used. If the cross-bar of the capital A had been dropped a little, perhaps the space above would never have filled and produced a black spot, as it sometimes has, and the letter would have lost nothing in dignity. One may ask why, if the top serif of the M be left square, that on the N should have a curve. But these are very minor points; the new letter composes well and gives a very legible and dignified page.

The many illustrations enrich the text without enfeebling it or giving the reader annoyance. They are included, not simply as ornaments, though most of them serve well as such, but to illustrate and enliven the text. They would perform this function much better if their proper legends were set below them, instead of being placed only in the list at the front of the book. To have given to the illustrations their own notes would have added to their value to the reader without weakening or spotting the page. The side notes come dangerously near the margin of the leaf. Here lies perhaps the typographic feature which will be most criticised. But the book is large enough already. The page proper is admirably proportioned and placed, and why may not the modern printer, if he is moved thereto, give his notes the secondary air they are entitled to by crowding them a little? There has been a little too much of law laid down in recent years concerning the sanctity of margins. It is well to find now and then, in the art of printing, a successful violation of over-stringent law.

The Latin text of Estienne's book, set in a trade italic which harmonizes admirably with Seymour's Roman face, is put opposite the English translation. The latter is, of course, much the longer; but the page-for-page balance is cleverly retained by placing in the Latin text reproductions of old wood cuts taken from books printed in Frankfort and bearing upon the general theme of the volume. The head and tail pieces and all the illustrations, a total of 187, are likewise from Frankfort books. The initials, designed by Mr. Seymour, are in keeping with the type and the wood cuts. Among the inserts are four large reproductions in collotype of early Frankfort views. Mr. Seymour designed for the end-paper a large, bold decoration, with an old seal of the city and the device of the Caxton Club for its main features.

For the selection of the book, the editing, and the historical introduction, Prof. James Westfall Thompson, associate professor of European history in the University of Chicago, is responsible. Professor Thompson has long been known as an enthusiast in bibliography and a student of the better phases of book madness. He has here attempted a very difficult task and the measure of his success can be grasped only by one who has labored long in the same field. The book centres, of course, upon Estienne's brief encomium; but this with its translation form simply a text on which Professor Thompson hangs a discussion of European fairs; a history, the first in English, of Frankfort and its fair; and a history of Frankfort book printers, the first of this subject in any language. The available information in these fields is vast. The list of as many of the books consulted as Professor Thompson thinks it wise to give in an appendix runs to sixty titles. The other apparatus comprises, besides the illustrations and the bibliography, a good index, a copy of Michael Harder's manuscript catalogue of the books he offered for sale at the "Frankfort Lenten Fair" of 1569, and many very complete tables of the number and character of books printed and sold in Germany and other countries in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and early seventeenth centuries.

As early as 1498 books came to the fair from as far as Venice, and by 1540 came printers, book-sellers, proof-readers, wood-cut makers, and binders from all parts of Europe. Noted European scholars came to enjoy one another's companionship, and to browse. Professor Thompson shows us what a tremendous incentive Luther gave to book-making and what the rivalry was between books in Latin and books in German. He describes also the development of the book catalogue and gives an interesting account of that imperial control of book catalogues which seemed to mark the beginning not only of press censorship but also of the recognition of the rights of authors and printers in their publications.

The somewhat pompous tone of Estienne's little treatise is properly reflected in Professor Thompson's English version; and in general the rendering is accurate. Curiously enough, a slip in the opening words deprives the senate of Frankfort of the adjectives "honorable and most worthy" and the city of its "renown."

Of the many enthusiasms in which Estienne indulges as he recounts the beauty of Frankfort, the excellence of its government, its moderate prices, the marvellous gathering of the world's products which the fairs display, the power they exert in the promotion of trade, and the honesty and fair dealing shown by buyers and sellers, even by the Jews, naturally the most characteristic, intense, and interesting is that wherein he touches upon books, printers, and scholars:

> The Muses assemble their printers and book-sellers in the city at the time of the fair, and order them to bring with them the poets, the orators, the historians, the philosophers, and not only those whom Greece and Italy once had, but also those to whom the lands which are visited by the nine Muses daily give birth. . . . For one is mistaken who supposes that only the writings and not the writers themselves are to be seen in this city which, as I have said, could well be called the Frankfort Athens. . . . Here all may enjoy the living voice of many honored persons, who gather here from many different academies. . . . The Italians speak falsely when they insist that the Germans have all their genius located in their fingers; as if this nation excelled only . . . in the mechanical arts. Let them visit, let them visit, I say, the Frankfort fair, and this Athenian fair which it has associated with it; and the first sight of the latter will convict their statement of falsity. . . . This fair, indeed, can provide one with a library hardly less rich than were those libraries, so celebrated in the past, of Ptolemy, of Polycrates, of Pisistratus, . . . and at no monstrous expense. . . . While Germany thus gathers in Frankfort this abundance of books for those interested in literature and the liberal arts, she adds a new service to the old, . . . that service by which he who invented the art of printing was unwilling to cherish that invention in his own bosom, but shared it with all the world to the highest good of the human race. For this one and the same act of his shattered and dispelled the dense shades of ignorance; struck from its throne and drove afar that barbarism which had so long reigned everywhere; brought back the exiled Muses and gave to literature its greatest impulse and its strongest support.

Notes

Among the Oxford books in Henry Frowde's list are: "The Memoirs of Sir John Burdon Sanderson," the work of Lady Burdon Sanderson, who is now dead, completed by J. E. Haldane and Miss E. S. Haldane; the fourth volume of Professor Oman's "History of the Peninsular War," and Robert P. Porter's "The Full Recognition of Japan."

The Columbia University Press will soon publish a volume of "New Poems of James I of England," edited by Dr. Allan F. Westcott. More than half of these poems are from a hitherto neglected manuscript in the British Museum, and are now printed for the first time.

Forbes Lindsay's new book on "Cuba and Her People" will be brought out by L. C. Page & Co., early in November.

Lemcke & Buechner are to be the American agents for a volume of "Lettres inédites de John Locke à ses amis Nicolas Thoynard, Philippe van Limborch, et Edward Clarke," edited by Henry Ollion.

Dr. McGiffert's "Martin Luther: The Man and His Work" is now announced by the Century Company for immediate publication.

Tunis of to-day is the subject of an interesting article by F. E. Johnson in the *National Geographic Magazine* for August. With the help of the illustrations one is able to get an idea of the attractions of what is regarded as one of the most beautiful cities of the Orient, a city which in ancient times was one of the principal places in the "granary of the world," so marvellous was the Roman system of irrigation. Prof. T. L. Blayney's account of a journey in Morocco enables one to realize the present conditions of this bone of contention, as well as the tremendously difficult problems the French must solve if they undertake its overlordship. The starting point was Tangier, the other important places reached being Fez, one of the sacred cities of the Moslem world, and Mequinez.

An enthusiastic account of the development of Canada and the geographical conditions affecting it is given in the *Geographical Journal* for October by Prof. W. L. Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. He even intimates that in the future it will be the centre of the British Empire, and that London is to be replaced by Winnipeg. The well-known Kashmir medical missionary, Dr. Arthur Neve, gives an account of some of his numerous journeys in the Himalayas, in which he studied the great factors of erosion, rain, glaciers, and earthquakes. In the animated discussion of the paper at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Thomas Holdich asked the members "to recognize the enormous amount of assistance to geographical inquiry, which is due, not only to Dr. Neve, but to the whole of the great fraternity of missionaries."

"Masks and Minstrels of New Germany" (John W. Luce & Co.), is the result of Percival Pollard's enthusiasm for Otto Julius Bierbaum, a troubadour, novelist, traveller, and critic, whose songs of wine and women represent the tone of revolt and negation now prevalent in German letters. The new nationalism, also a conspicuous note, he discusses only incidentally, in connection with the military lyrics of Detlev von Liliencron. His great interest is in spontaneous drinking songs and blithe voicings of nature and the ego without regard to the conventions of morality. Liliencron, Bierbaum, Hartleben, Dehmel, and the other poets reviewed have been strongly influenced by Nietzsche. Yet their neo-pagan spirit is not esoteric or the product of a coterie. Their songs have been popular in the variety theatres and are still heard on the streets of Munich and Berlin. Owing to this fact the Ueberbrettl' movement comes in for comment. This effort to render the entertainments of the music hall more artistic was first promulgated in Bierbaum's novel "Stilpe" as the project of a half-mad journalist, conceived in the fumes of a drunken orgy. But within three years the satiric pronunciamento had been carried out in Berlin by the author and his friends. It began as a joke and went to pieces when the joke grew stale, but the influence spread over Germany. Even America has seen the effects in "The Merry Widow" and the succession of Viennese operettas. For Americans, however, the most interesting part of Mr. Pollard's book deals with the dramatists. Hauptmann and Sudermann, being already buried under academic criticism, are passed by in silence. But Wedekind, the author of "Spring's Awakening," and Schnitzler, whose "Green Cockatoo" was presented by Mrs. Fiske last season, and Hermann Bahr, whose "Concert" has had a remarkable run in New York, are dealt with at length.

To refer to Mr. Pollard's volume as a critical work would be highly displeasing to its author. It purports to be simply a record of sensations and impressions. It tells of turning the pages of a magazine, the *Island*, and of thus entering fresh fields of literature full of alluring prospects. It lingers over the delight in some erotic or neurotic poem that reminds the author, queerly enough, of the minnesingers of the Middle Ages. In another chapter it describes with the most unprejudiced impartiality the product of Wedekind's diseased imagination, or the devilish perversity in Arthur Schnitzler's portrayal of Viennese fastidiousness in amatory etiquette. Mr Pollard should hardly be expected to furnish a study of the ideas of these new writers, since most of them had little interest in ideas; they lived for novel and varied sensations. But he might have attempted an analysis of the prevailing attitude toward life and destiny, or have indicated the significance of these decadent movements in the history of the German lyric and drama. Such attempts, however, Mr. Pollard would classify as the deadening preoccupations of literary Brahmins.

It is with a distinct sense of gratitude for a small favor that one welcomes the facsimile of the English edition of Samuel Blodget's "Prospective Plan" of the battle near Lake George on September 8, 1755, with its accompanying explanation (London: Henry Stevens Son & Stiles). No one can understand that somewhat important episode in the Seven Years War without studying the observant sutler's record of what he saw, and the English version of his sketches is a good deal better than nothing. It is almost equally far from being as illuminating as the original Boston engraving, of which an excellent facsimile was issued in 1902, by the librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This facsimile was not accompanied by a reprint of the pamphlet issued at the same time as the original engraving, containing explanations of the data on the plan, which without these explanations is quite unintelligible. Both the plan and the pamphlet were reprinted in London the same year that they appeared in Boston, and it is this London reprint which has now been facsimiled, with an editorial note by Henry N. Stevens. Doubtless it is just about as good as the Boston edition, which it would have been as easy, and much more satisfactory to students and bibliophiles, to reproduce.

Volume V of "A Historical Geography of the British Colonies" (Frowde), which is being brought out under the editorship of Sir Charles P. Lucas, gives a large place to Canada. The volume has four parts; the first two, comprising the bulk of the historical considerations, were published some three years ago as the work of Hugh E. Egerton. Parts iii and iv, which are now published, are by J. D. Rogers. Part iv contains not only the geography but the history of Newfoundland, which explains away the seeming lack of balance in assigning an entire part to that single colony. Part iii is given up to the geography of the Dominion.

Mr. Rogers sketches in part iii the features of the Dominion as they were discovered and explored by adventurers from the days of Queen Elizabeth onward to the final accomplishment of the Northwest Passage by Amundsen in 1903-6. The whole volume is occupied with the ethnological problem rather than with what would ordinarily be termed geography. Geographical features are only emphasized in order to explain the distribution of population, and Mr. Rogers is careful to bring out the preponderantly British character of the population of Canada, in spite of the large infusion of non-English-speaking immigrants which has gone on in recent years. In Quebec, the French are still largely in the majority—forming, in 1901, 76 per cent. of the population; but in all the other provinces the inhabitants of British descent greatly outnumber Germans, French, and other European races. In the new provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, where the greater part of the non-English-speaking immigration now goes, 70 per cent. of the population are of British origin and 11 per cent. come from the United States; besides, there are communities of Germans, Galicians, Doukhobours, Hungarians, Rumanians, Scandinavians, and half-breeds from Mesopotamia.

In the volume on Newfoundland, Mr. Rogers's chief problem has been to unravel the politics of cod-fishing. Newfoundland is even yet inhabited chiefly on the coast, with no inland towns. Although responsible government was introduced into the island in 1855, it was 1902 before any town or city had municipal institutions. St. John's obtained a town council in 1888, but it was not wholly elective, and had no power to levy or collect revenue. In 1902 the city obtained full self-government, but St. John's is the only city which up to 1910 had progressed so far. Harbor Grace, Carboneur, Heart's Content, and Tullingate are moving for similar powers; but at the time Mr.

Rogers wrote they had attained only the stage reached by St. John's in 1888. The long series of complications both with France and with the United States over the cod, herring, and lobster fisheries are carefully detailed; and an excellent summary of the natural history of both land and sea in Newfoundland makes clear the prime importance of the fishing industry. The Newfoundlander thinks in terms of fish, and to him fish is cod or cod bait. Mr. Rogers shows how this peculiarity of the island colony has made for isolation both in interests and character—an isolation that so far has foiled all attempts to make Newfoundland part of the Dominion of Canada.

The eleventh publication of the Irish Texts Society is a volume of the "Poems of David O'Bruadair," edited and translated by the Rev. John C. MacErlean, S. J. The edition is to be completed in three parts. Father MacErlean, who is already favorably known to Celtic scholars by his edition of the poems of Keating, has shown the same competence in the present production. His text is carefully constructed, after what appears to have been a thorough collation of the manuscript materials; his translations are trustworthy; and his introduction and notes supply full discussion of O'Bruadair's life and of the text, metre, and subject-matter of his poems. If we were to single out a less satisfactory part of the editor's work, it would be found in some of his general literary observations. We do not follow him, for example, when (on page xxi) he denies all influence of Latin literature on Irish poetry, and then explains its absence by the "extraordinary refinement of Irish poetry, which rendered its style and spirit impregnable to the assaults of foreign literatures." We feel the more bound to take exception to such a comment because remarks of the sort, it is our impression, are too common in the writings of the native Irish scholars who are doing a really important service in the publication of Gaelic texts. The edition of O'Bruadair, when completed, will be admirably representative of the Gaelic poetry of the seventeenth century. The volume now published contains hymns and elegies, epithalamia, and personal and political satires. While many of the pieces are conventional in language and structure, some depict with vividness the Irish life of the time, and some have decided lyrical beauty. All of them, moreover, merit the consideration of the historian as expressing the mind and spirit of the Gaelic population of Ireland in the age of the Stuarts and the Commonwealth. Regarded thus as historical documents, a number of the Publications of the Irish Texts Society have a value which is sometimes forgotten.

Col. Charles Edward Stewart was an officer in the Indian army and later in the diplomatic service. He went through the Mutiny and the Umbeylah campaign against the Wahabis and the Akhund of Swat—famous even in these western lands—and travelled much in Persia and Afghanistan on his way to and from his appointments and on boundary commissions. Especially he made a journey, disguised as an Armenian horse dealer, which carried him across Persia and far up into the Turkoman country, then just feeling the restraining shock of the Russian advance. Wide experiences followed as consul and consul-general at Resht, Meshed, Tebriz, and Astrabad. His last seven years of service were spent more quietly at Odessa, the last year being 1899. His book, "Through Persia in Disguise" (Dutton), takes its title from the most picturesque but hardly the most important episode in his life. It consists of full extracts from his diaries, extending from his first going to India in 1857 to the end of his official life; it was worked up into a continuous narrative after his death by Basil Stewart. But though the East is supposed to be unchanging and in certain respects really is so, and though he left Persia only in 1890, yet the most striking thing about this book is that it deals with a situation utterly gone by. The present series of crises in Persia would have been unthinkable, certainly unintelligible, to Col. Stewart. He had evidently no idea of the ferments which, even in his time, were working beneath the surface and which are now transforming the East. For him these countries contained no hope in themselves, but were to be kept in order by pressure from without or, if there were absolute need of it, were to be annexed and administered. And to very few, at that time, it is true, had other possibilities appeared. But though this book gives pictures of the past, its pictures are interesting and vivid. In them there is an unchanging East, too; Herodotus knew it and Alexander met it. And similarly Col. Stewart also as a soldier, a geographer, and, above all, a practical, clear-sighted man, has his contacts with the modern world. There are parts of Khorasan, where his surveys are still the only authority; he was early interested in central Asian railways; and he was one of the first to urge in the West the use of petroleum products as fuel in steamships and locomotives. There are two good maps and some illustrations, three Oriental.

How long the journalistic mill of the late William Eleroy Curtis will be kept grinding by enterprising publishers we have no means of telling, but apparently his letters to newspapers from Eastern countries will furnish grist as long as the present war lasts. Following closely upon his "Turkestan," there appears now "Around the Black Sea" (Doran), which is as readable, discursive, and in part, it must be said, as little authoritative as most correspondence of this sort. The topics are not closely related, and some of them, like "Florence Nightingale and Her Work," and the conventional descriptions of Odessa and other cities, are pure padding. Of the English transliteration of Russian names the author has no idea, and the haste in putting out this volume did not allow the proof-reader to correct such misprints as "Galatzin," "Malikoff," "Luxenburg," "Van Wied," etc., etc. The volume has good illustrations and a map of Asia Minor, the Caucasus and the Black Sea to which the publishers justly call attention. This map, an admirable product of the Stanford Press, is alone worth the price of the book.

In the literature of Western railway and land exploitation there is no better known name than that of Robert E. Strahorn, whose book on the resources and attractions of Wyoming Territory, published in 1877, brought him to the notice of Jay Gould, and placed him for many years at the head of a literary bureau and advertising department of the Union Pacific Railway Company. The tender of this position was made to Mr. Strahorn just after his marriage, and he accepted, upon the condition that his wife should be permitted to accompany him in the arduous and constant travel necessary to the work in hand. After much objection, the point was yielded and the result has been a career of travel and sight-seeing under rigorously primitive conditions such as probably no other American woman has ever experienced. Mrs. Strahorn kept no systematic diary, and the volume before us—"Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage"; Putnam—is made up in the main from memory, checked and supplemented by her husband's writings, newspaper work of her own, and especially her constant letters to her mother, a few of which are inserted in the text. As literature, the book naturally suffers somewhat in style from the surroundings out of which it came, though it must be said, on the other hand, that many of Mrs. Strahorn's relations of fact could never have gained acceptance in her husband's volumes of—we shall not say fiction, but description of the marvellous resources and beauties of our grand and glorious West. Tales of the same type have been so often told that it is needless to indicate here, either by quotation or otherwise, the general nature of her narrative. A book of frontier travel and adventure can no longer win its way by novelty, but must depend upon the reaction of frontier life upon an original and engaging personality. Mrs. Strahorn has met this requirement sufficiently to present a very readable book. With some allowance made for rhetorical hyperbole, her book must be taken as a fairly accurate picture of a phase of American life of which she herself has been a part, and which she has seen pass away through the very influence which brought her upon the scene, the growth of Western railway enterprise. The book has a certain value for the light which it throws upon some of the methods called into play in stimulating that enterprise. On one occasion Mr. Strahorn was called upon by his superiors, without previous warning, to produce six separate pamphlets of 100 pages each, on as many different States and Territories, all to be printed and ready for distribution within ninety days. It is little wonder that, even with his wife's assistance, the conclusion of the task found him ordered to the South for recuperation from complete physical collapse.

Richard Kendall Munkittrick, the writer of humorous verse, died at Stamford, Conn., on Tuesday of last week in his fifty-ninth year. He was born in Manchester, England, but was educated in this country. From 1881 to 1889 he was on the staff of *Puck*. He was the editor of *Judge* from 1901 to 905. He was the author of several books, among them "The Moon Prince and Other Nabobs," "New Jersey Arabian Nights," "The Acrobatic Muse," and "The Slambangaree."

From London comes the report of the death of Miss Sarah Smith, better known as "Hesba Stretton," at the age of seventy-nine. Her "Jessica's First Prayer," published in 1867, was enormously popular, and was translated into many languages. Among her other books are "Alone in London" and "Pilgrim Street."

The death is announced of Dr. Wilhelm Dilthey. He was born in 1833, and from 1882 to 1905 was professor of moral philosophy in the University of Berlin. Among his works may be mentioned "Das Leben Schleiermachers," "Das Schaffen des Dichters," "Beiträge zum Studium der Individualität," "Die Funktion der Anthropologie in der Kultur des 16ten und 17ten Jahrhunderts," "Studien zur Grundlegung der Geisteswissenschaften," and "Die Jugendgeschichte Hegels."

The Parisian journalist J. Vibert has just died. He was the author of "L'Œuvre de M. de Bismarck."

Science

Characteristics of Existing Glaciers. By William Herbert Hobbs. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

The late Professor Israel C. Russell of the University of Michigan issued some fifteen years ago a series of works upon physiographic topics to be used as reading texts. The glaciers, volcanoes, and lakes of North America were successively the subjects of individual volumes. Prof. Wm. H. Hobbs, his successor in the chair at Ann Arbor, is maintaining the traditions of the department, and to an earlier work on earthquakes now adds this excellent summary of the main points relating to glacial ice. The basis of the book consists of three papers upon as many different topics, published in physiographic journals within a year or two past. As now brought together, they treat, respectively, mountain glaciers, arctic glaciers, and antarctic glaciers. They cover thus the chief manifestations of ice in nature. To the three is prefixed a general introduction in which emphasis is laid upon the evolution of glacial theories and upon the contrasts of the smaller and larger masses of ice.

In discussing the mountain glaciers the author has before him chiefly their physiographic effects. The resulting landforms are described in detail and a number of features not generally familiar to the casual student or reader are well illustrated. The sharp conical peaks of northern Norway will surprise those who have not chanced to see them in travels. The dissection of restricted table-lands from which glacial ice flows outward is clearly set forth, as are the cirques, the U-shaped valleys, the fjords, and similar phenomena. In accord with the book's title, it is these characteristics, with which the author is here concerned, rather than with the deposition, cause of movement, and life-history of the masses of ice.

In the part on arctic glaciers the observations hitherto made by the various polar expeditions are naturally the sources of information. Greenland is necessarily the chief topic, but other portions of the frozen North are not overlooked. In the case of mountains, the local relief greatly influences the movement and effects produced by the ice; but in Greenland and similar areas, the relief is overwhelmed by the huge ice-cap and the local topography is of little moment, except at the edges. The area of accumulation in Greenland and the cause of the precipitation which yields this continental, glacial mass seem to be still a matter of some uncertainty. The author opposes the view of Drygalski that the moisture comes from the east, and favors an anticyclonic descent of air-currents upon the lofty area, and their subsequent outward flow. The topic of icebergs closes the second part of the book.

The third part is devoted to the vast mass of the south polar ice sheet, which, resting as it doubtless does upon greatly elevated land, possesses peculiarities all its own. The wonderful marginal ice with its precipitous escarpment, many miles in extent, impresses readers at a distance scarcely less than observers along its immediate front. Its extraordinary jointing, and the great, rectangular icebergs which it consequently yields, are different from the arctic ice-sheet. The several expeditions which are now engaged in the dash for the South Pole give this region special claims to interest.

From many sources, Professor Hobbs has brought together in condensed and readable form the most important observations upon the subject which he treats. He writes generally in a clear style and makes an interesting book, even though he is a trifle pedantic at times and a little inclined to take himself too seriously, and to bring in uncouth words from languages with which English has little in common.

In "The Dawn of the Health Age" (P. Blakiston's Son & Co.) Dr. Benjamin Moore makes an interesting attempt to solve several social problems relating to the practice of medicine. He starts with the general thesis that if we looked after the death rate the birth rate could be trusted to take care of itself. This would be done by the establishment and development of a National Health Army, that is by making the ordinary practice of medicine in large measure a systematized national service, in which properly qualified medical men, and only such, are in charge of all matters in any way connected with the public health, including much that concerns the health of the private citizen. The evils of the present system, or rather lack of system, are discussed at some length, and Dr. Moore shows forcibly how poorhouses and hospitals as now conducted are inadequate or even futile in protecting the community against itself. He also shows the harmfulness of the existing methods of poor relief and the growing evils of the fee system and of club and lodge practice, which result in the demoralization of the doctor and completely fail in giving the poor timely and sufficient attention. All these difficulties are to be removed by having a properly trained medical officer, a government official for every 400 to 500 houses or families, with other medical officers in charge of the necessary hospitals and establishments to which may be promptly sent all sick persons that cannot be satisfactorily cared for in their own homes. The gain in working power, in "efficiency," to use a much overworked word, and the incidental diminution of cases of chronic disability likely to become a public charge, together with the economy of hospitals and other establishments conducted by the state, are expected to do more than make good the expense of conducting a salaried public medical service. This book, of course, deals with conditions as met with in Great Britain, but the intelligent reader in any degree familiar with our social problems will find that the American conditions are in many respects similar, and may profitably ponder the details of Dr. Moore's plan, a part of which at least has already made its appearance in Parliamentary discussions in England. The adoption of any such proposal here, except perhaps in certain thickly settled States, presents greater difficulties than on the other side of the ocean.

Drama

Henry Rose's interpretation of "Maeterlinck's Symbolism: The Blue Bird" (Dodd, Mead) will be welcome to those who find comfort in the reference of the points in a novel and brilliant spectacle to moral maxims of the most reassuring longevity and popularity. Mr. Rose's public will not be troubled by the reflection that the author of "Monna Vanna" and the essays is hardly the man to set forth a body of doctrine not one point of which would perplex the intelligence or offend the prejudices of the well-disposed middle-class American. The literary poverty of symbolism is suggested in the fact that the analogies to which Maeterlinck is supposed to have given scenical elaboration have less aptness and point than the majority of the brief similes and metaphors scattered with careless prodigality through his other work. Of positive intellectual value Mr. Rose's essay contains little; but it merits praise for its avoidance of those refinements and subtleties which have made a venture into the field of symbolic interpretation almost tantamount to a renunciation of sanity. The second essay in the volume, "The Optimism of Browning," is a corrective to certain misinterpretations of "Pippa Passes" which would make even Robert Browning an apostle of the lotos-eaters. The third essay, on "The Musical Mind," is negligible.

The production of "The Garden of Allah," in the Century Theatre, is worthy of a certain amount of respectful attention, not only as the first effort of a new management on the most costly and best equipped stage in New York, but because it is the result of a really conscientious and ambitious, though not wholly successful, effort to provide an entertainment at once popular and artistic. From the first great stress has been laid upon the magnificence of the spectacle to be provided, and it is scarcely too much to say that no play has ever been presented in a finer setting. The trouble is that the

piece itself, like the original story, is deficient in true dramatic quality, and that it suffers from the attempt made to supply the lack of action by attractive but irrelevant decoration. The spectator has to wait until the fifth scene before what plot there is begins to unfold itself. Of the descriptive and explanatory writing that forms the great bulk of Mr. Hichens's romance little or nothing, of course, is preserved in the play, and the characters of the two leading personages have been so modified that their conduct is not always intelligible, whereas clearness is vitally essential in dramatic construction. In the theatre the sudden fascination exerted upon the beautiful and idealistic Domini by the renegade and fugitive monk, Androvsky, who inspires distrust in almost every other person, appears artificial and improbable. But it is in its final outcome that the play seems most at variance with the ordinary experience of human nature. Here are the main facts as presented: Domini and her newly wedded husband are enjoying the first fruits of love in the desert, when they are discovered by Count Anteoni, Domini's friend, who recognizes the ex-monk and compels him to reveal the whole truth to his devoted bride. The confession made—in a really eloquent and moving scene—Androvsky pleads his passion as his one and sufficient excuse for having betrayed her into an unholy union, and implores pardon. She, in an apparent rapture of mingled horror and pity, bids him pray—which hitherto he has been unable to do—and he sinks upon his knees. Then the curtain falls and in the next scene Androvsky and his wife are at the doors of the monastery from which he had fled. At her bidding he has consented to renew his broken vows and do perpetual penance. His last momentary hesitation is overcome when she tells him that she is about to become a mother and that the child will be a constant memento of their past happiness. In other words, the revolting monk who dared run the risk of eternal damnation for the sake of forbidden freedom, is willing, just as he has realized his wildest hopes of happiness, to renew the yoke that had galled him to desperation. It is not thus that such a man would act in such circumstances. He might kill himself, or both, or bide his time or seek oblivion in dissipation, but he would not return meekly to his cell, even at the behest of such a woman. Moreover, there is something repellent in the suggestion of a repentance that leaves an innocent associate to suffer alone. A conventional happy ending would have been as easy as it would have been absurd, and the joint adaptors, Mr. Hichens and Mary Anderson, deserve credit for rejecting so conventional an expedient. There are only two strong scenes, one Androvsky's declaration of love and the other his confession of guilt, and in both the English actor exhibited eloquence and passion. The most highly finished and artistic performance was the Count of Ehen Plympton. Miss Mannering was a sympathetic but scarcely brilliant Domini. The stage settings, especially the desert scenes, were rarely realistic and beautiful, being notably fine in spaciousness and color.

A new production by David Belasco always commands public attention on account of his preëminence as a stage manager; but his latest play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," is more remarkable for the novelty of its theme than for any high dramatic or literary quality or serious significance. Dramatically, indeed, it is an altogether conventional and clumsy affair. But the fact that the action is supposed to be dominated by a ghost is certain to appeal to public curiosity. It is conceivable that a drama of absorbing interest might be founded on an impressive use of such preternatural agency, but the imagination of Mr. Belasco is not equal to the task. The spirit is simply a human being divested of his material properties, without any considerable accession of spiritual advantages. Having in his life time, with habitual obstinacy, enjoined upon his adopted niece a loveless marriage with a rascally nephew, Peter returns from the grave—in a ghostly reproduction of his habit as he lived—to undo the mischief he has brought about. As he is inaudible, invisible, and speechless (except for the audience), he can work only by means of suggestion, except in the case of a dying boy, with whom, in the end, he is able to establish direct communication and thus effect the exposure and defeat of the wicked nephew, the union of the true lovers, and the general fulfilment of his ante-mortem designs. The philosophy of the piece is so confused that it is difficult to fathom. The spectral Peter speaks dogmatically of the superior state into which he has entered, but apparently has acquired no special knowledge or authority. He is credited with no other powers than those of mundane mesmerists and mind readers. As an example of persistent energy he is decidedly inefficient. He owes his final success far more to the incredible carelessness of his criminal nephew than to any preternatural influence exerted by himself. As a plausible illustration of any of the many various theories concerning the possible nature of a future life, or of the continued participation of the departed in the worldly troubles from which they are generally supposed to have been freed, it is altogether unsatisfactory. The simple truth is that the author has chosen a subject much too profound and intricate for his capacity, but which will provoke discussion and attract large audiences. Moreover, Mr. Warfield, as the human ghost, acts with the charming naturalness, quiet humor, and sympathetic tenderness which long have characterized his style.

Music

THE LISZT CENTENARY.

Six of the greatest composers of the last century were born within five years: Mendelssohn in 1809, Chopin and Schumann in 1810, Liszt in 1811, Verdi and Wagner in 1813. Verdi's centenary is to be celebrated in Milan by devoting the whole operatic year to the production of a cycle of his works, while in Germany great preparations are already under way to honor Wagner. There was also due recognition of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann, but Liszt's centenary is celebrated this year with unprecedented ardor and universality. In all Europe and America there is hardly a concert pianist or an orchestral association that has not announced a Liszt programme or two, and in some places, as at Heidelberg and Budapest, there are festivals lasting nearly a week, at which some of the greatest pianists of the time, mostly former pupils of Liszt (among them D'Albert, Friedheim, Lamond, Rosenthal, Stavenhagen, Sauer, Vera Timanoff, Sophie Menter, and Saint-Saëns), are coöperating with eminent singers and orchestral conductors. Of the Budapest festival, the Hungarian Government itself has charge—which is also an honor without precedent.

All this is, like the triumph of Wagner after many tribulations and delays, a gratifying illustration of the fact that professional pedantry, critical conservatism, and prejudice cannot in the long run stifle genius. Had Liszt in his compositions been merely a virtuoso, a brilliant technician, as his enemies asserted many thousands of times, he would now be a mere memory, like his once celebrated rival Thalberg, whom Fétis and others placed above him as a composer. Liszt was generally underrated until long after his death To-day, there are few piano recitals the programmes of which do not include one or more of his pieces, Chopin alone being more frequently represented. His songs are still unduly neglected, but his orchestral works are now played in Germany oftener than those of any other masters except Wagner and Beethoven—oftener than those of Brahms and Richard Strauss, who have been in fashion for a decade or longer.

The desire for more information about the life and works of Hungary's famous son has led to the publication, within a few years, of several biographies, of which Mr. Huneker's is the best. The colossal achievements of Liszt, not only as pianist and composer, but as missionary for all that is best in music, new and old, as teacher and helper of hundreds of aspiring musicians, and as reformer in general, loom up larger and larger, although a quarter of a century has passed since his death. It was the many-sidedness of his genius that made Wagner call him the greatest musician of all the ages. Only five other composers—Bach, Schubert, Beethoven, Chopin, and Wagner—wielded so deep and lasting an influence on musicians and the development of their art—and none of them in as many directions—as he did with his piano, his pen, his instruction, his example, and, above all, with his perfecting of the alliance between poetry and music, his infusion of fiery Magyar and gypsy elements into the sluggish current of European musical art, and his innovations in musical form. These last were particularly important, and were the source of virulent opposition, abuse, and hatred. He hacked at the very roots of the traditional sonata and symphonic form, planting in their place the symphonic poem which imparts unity to a composition in place

of the mere sequence of four unconnected pieces that constitute what is called a sonata or a symphony. The new procedure also made it possible for composers to give their pieces an endless variety of novel forms, and for these reasons all the great composers of France, Russia, and Germany, except Brahms, promptly followed in the footsteps of the "emancipator of orchestral music," as Saint-Saëns called the creator of the symphonic poem, the highest type of programme music.

While Liszt was one of the most modest and generous of men, it was not these traits alone that made him for many years discourage rather than encourage the playing of his own works in various cities. Attempts to produce them were likely to prove unsatisfactory because they needed for their effective performance a new kind of conductor—not the old-fashioned time-beater, or the man who thinks he has done his duty when he attains precision and tells the different groups of players when to come in, but a man who interprets an orchestral score as Liszt interpreted piano pieces, putting into them his own individuality, searching their inner meaning and proclaiming it eloquently, with elastic tempo and telling accents. At Weimar he simply applied the principles of his poetic piano playing to the interpretations of orchestral pieces. The results were the same as those achieved by Wagner's reforms in operatic conducting; but Liszt did not learn his art from Wagner, nor did Wagner learn his from Liszt. The two share equally the honor of having given existence to the modern orchestral and operatic conductor.

Through his example and his many pupils, including nearly all the prominent young musicians of his time, Liszt effected a similar and equally radical transformation in piano playing. He, the greatest technician of them all, sounded the death knell of mere technique, of display for its own sake. He created a new kind of piano-playing, which, without ceasing to be as idiomatically pianistic as Chopin's, is at the same time orchestral in sonority and variety of tone-color.

The world is just beginning to get the measure of Liszt's genius. Some of his achievements are still virtually unexploited, notably his church and organ compositions, and his literary works, a rich storehouse of wit and wisdom of which even his biographers have not availed themselves—there is so much to be said about him! Nor has the musical world as yet learned the lesson he set by tolerating and helping all, even his opponents. When a friend asked him why he was always, at social gatherings, genial toward his bitterest critical enemy, Dr. Hanslick, he replied: "I know only two kinds of persons—the clever and the stupid; with the clever ones I am always glad to converse, even if our views diverge widely; the stupid ones I avoid, even when they burn incense for me."

Art

OLD MASTERS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

LONDON, October 11.

The exhibition of old masters at the Grafton Gallery two years ago was such a success that it is not surprising a second should follow it. The fairly large profits of the first were presented to the National Gallery, which the Government, never liberal where art is concerned, leaves always in need of money. The profits of the second, whatever they may be, are to go to the National Art Collections Fund, which has already helped the National Gallery out of more than one tight place. And, again, the series of paintings and drawings got together is less interesting in itself than in the opportunities it offers to modern art authorities and patrons—to the authorities for the airing of their erudition and the exercise of their ingenuity in making new attributions; to the patrons, for self-congratulation in belonging to a country rich in genuine old masters and not, as some unfortunate nations are, our own for instance, forced to put up with what Lord Curzon described in his opening speech as the cruel fates of the Metropolitan Museum and other New York collections. As for the ordinary visitor, there is the chance to enjoy his own intellectual appreciation of art without the uncomfortable feeling modern work gives him, that he may be appreciating the wrong thing.

More remarkable shows of old masters have often been held in London. The Royal Academy, justly criticised as it is in many respects, deserves little but praise for its long succession of winter exhibitions, though the organizers of the shows at the Grafton are hailed in certain quarters as if they were pioneers. In the present collection the important pictures are in the minority. A number have already figured at one time or another, and not a few quite recently, in the Academy, the New Gallery, the Guildhall, the Burlington Fine Arts Club, or Continental exhibitions, where, either because they were better hung or better aranged according to school or period, they appeared or could be studied to greater advantage. Indeed, the arrangement at the Grafton leaves much to be desired. It is hard to understand the system, or want of system, adopted. Decorative effect, if aimed at, has not been achieved, and so little have schools and periods been considered in most of the rooms that Goya and Rembrandt are found side by side, Watts is discovered in a corner with Titian and Tintoretto, Romney and Sassoferrato stare at each other in discomfiture from the same alcove.

Where something like system has been observed, as in the first, small, Octagonal Gallery, the result is so admirable that the wonder is it did not serve to set the standard. Here are the early masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, mostly Italian—Giotto, Benozzo Gozzoli, Masaccio, Vermejo, Signorelli, and others whose methods are sufficiently in sympathy for their work to be in harmony, and whose designs, though seen on gallery walls instead of in the churches or monasteries still remain decorative. One of the most talked-about paintings in this section is the Masaccio, a Madonna Enthroned with Angels. It shows the disastrous wear and tear of time, but its adventures through the centuries have not destroyed the fine composition nor marred the decorative effect obtained by the careful placing and beautiful balance of the Mother and Child and the surrounding angels. It is talked about, however, less because of its beauty and dignity than because it was once attributed to Gentile da Fabriano, because the new attribution is so recent that the discussion may be prolonged, and because it is supposed to be a part of Masaccio's altar piece for the Church of the Carmine at Pisa, described by Vasari, the other parts of which are said to be in Pisa, Naples, Vienna, and Berlin. As it has not been previously exhibited, probably the last has by no means been heard of it or of its origin and history. But far more interesting, because more impressive as a design, is a noble-spirited St. Michael Overcoming Satan, with the Figure of a Kneeling Donor, ascribed to Bartolommeo Vermejo, a little-known first-century Spanish artist born at Cordova. This painting also appeals to the scientific critic, for the present attribution has not been reached without doubt and discussion, and, indeed, I believe a new master was once invented to account for the picture, not so much, because of any special qualities in it as because of the signature, "Bartolomeus rubens." The exhibition may revive the controversy, but nothing can alter the fact that the man who painted the panel was a master of decoration. Against a gold background, the archangel in shining coat-of-mail and splendid crimson-lined gold mantle, with a wonderful rhythm of movement and line, attacks the dragon, squirming, if subdued, at his feet. The youthful figure of the archangel, all action and energy, is astonishingly alive, real despite its amusingly artificial swagger, and full of charm, while the dragon, fiery-eyed, its mouth wide open to display an alarming and impossible set of teeth, is the most naïve, most charming, most decorative beast

that ever defied knight or saint from a painter's panel or canvas.

That the subject was one often to inspire the early masters, there is a reminder in the adjoining room, where, in a crowded landscape, Sodoma's little St. George, alert, eager, dashing, and from a horse that shares his vivacious enthusiasm, charges a dragon hardly less horrid and primitive and decorative than Vermejo's. But it is in this second room that the difficulty of adjusting one's vision, or one's point of view, increases at every step. From Piero di Cosimo and Filippino Lippi, in examples that can be outdone in beauty and interest by themselves in many a permanent collection of old masters, one passes on to a stiff, archaic Christ Taking Leave of His Mother Before the Passion, by Altdorfer, and an amusing little Venus attributed to Lucas Cranach the Elder, and then, as swiftly, to portraits of women, pretty and sentimental, by Gainsborough and Romney, the Gainsborough notable chiefly, incredible as it seems, because it has been included in no previous exhibition. These portraits frame in a rich, flamboyant Bacchanal by Poussin, and two large paintings, presumably of the Adriatic and the Lagoon in Calm and Storm, by Guardi, with just sufficient of the quality of his work to make one wish so fine an artist had been represented by more characteristic pictures. After this the strange medley of Watts and Titian and Tintoretto, Romney, Sassoferrato, and Goya, leads to Rembrandt, of whom there is less to say because the principal examples were hung in the Rembrandt Exhibitions of Amsterdam and London not much more than ten years ago, and then fully described.

One Rembrandt in the third gallery, however, attracts particular attention just at this moment. I refer to Le Commencement d'Orage, the large, sombre landscape under a cloud-laden sky, lent by Lady Wantage, and by some critics claimed for Philips de Koninck. It was exhibited at the Guildhall in 1903, when I remember describing it in the *Nation*. As it happens, there is now hanging close by a large, somewhat similar landscape under a sky heavy with clouds, by de Koninck, lent by Mrs. Bischoffsheim, so that there is a chance for comparison. As the two are seen together, the de Koninck landscape has none of the sombre mystery and dignity so impressive in the Rembrandt, though there are paintings by him that would stand the test much better. However, the special interest of the Rembrandt at the moment is that, also hanging in the same gallery, are a copy of Rembrandt's Mill, said to be by Crome, and A River Scene by Hercules Seghers, whose signature is reported to have been found on the original Mill after it passed into Mr. Widener's possession. In this copy there is far more of the feeling and character of the big tragic Commencement d'Orage than of Seghers's tranquil, rather characterless pale green river banks under a pale sunlit sky covered with white cumulus clouds. A still further comparison is suggested by Turner's Windmill and Lock, possibly inspired by the Mill, which Turner seems to have known, and now placed on the wall beside Crome's copy. Altogether, for many reasons, this is one of the most interesting groups in the collection. Here and there are other paintings of note. J. P. Haseltine has lent his collection of Dutch drawings, and on the wall opposite to them is an historical collection of British water-colors, including a number of the Turners from Farnley Hall. But I have said enough to explain that whatever may be said of the merits of the show, there can be no question as to its variety. N. N.

December 1 Paul Elder & Co. will issue "The Laws of Japanese Painting," by Henry P. Bowie. The author has studied in Japan for more than nine years under Oriental masters, and ought to speak on the subject with authority.

There would be an impropriety in praising Louis Hourticq's "Art in France" (Scribner, in the "Ars Una" series) at the length it deserves. The conciseness and wit of the author put severe restraint upon the reviewer. It is the first complete history of French art, and the necessarily hasty survey is throughout sympathetic, learned, and brilliant. The book contains the data needed by the beginner, but it will be read with keen delight by the initiate. M. Hourticq's point of view is that of a tolerant classicism. Lucidity he believes to be the native quality of French art. The work of René Ménard especially appeals to our author. Of the neo-impressionists he entertains small hopes. In general, the book is pervaded by sweet reasonableness, relieved by an occasional touch of Gallic irony. It is a remarkably successful accomplishment of an inordinately difficult task. The French and English editions contain the author's complete text and illustrations. The editions in other languages are in both respects somewhat abridged. The English translation lapses too frequently into French idiom. On page 425 we read: "The Impressionist method is solvent for design." It will be a clever reader who sees at once that this means Impressionism destroys structural drawing. This is merely an extreme instance of a recurring defect.

In the *Bulletin* for October the Metropolitan Museum reproduces and describes two very important acquisitions, Meditation on the Passion, by Carpaccio, and Miracles of St. Zenobius, by Botticelli. Both these pictures come from that fount of surprises, the Ahdy collection. In the Meditation on the Passion we have a mystical subject of unusual type. The dead body of Christ is seated askew in a ruined throne, behind is a noble landscape. To the right and left in the foreground sit hermit saints, bearded, and almost nude. Of their meditation the central Christ is an embodiment. The picture bore a false signature of Mantegna. It has recently been ascribed to Carpaccio by Sir Claude Phillips, in the *Burlington Magazine*. The links which attach this picture to Carpaccio's work are palpable, but we feel that the question of attribution is still open. This and several other pictures of allied quality show a Carpaccio almost impossible to reconcile with the master of the legend of St. George and St. Ursula. But the picture is so fine that the question of attribution may comfortably wait.

A schedule of lectures for three years has been arranged for the Charles Eliot Norton Memorial Lectureship. During the present season part of the societies of the Institute will be visited by Prof. Franz Cumont of the University of Ghent, Belgium; the rest by Prof. Caspar René Gregory of the University of Leipzig. Professor Cumont's subject will be "Astral Theology of the Monuments"; Professor Gregory will speak on "Mt. Sinai; Its Monasteries and Its Manuscripts." In the autumn of 1912 Mrs. S. Arthur Strong (née Eugenie Sellers), assistant director of the British School in Rome, will lecture before all the societies on some subject in the field of Roman Sculpture; in the autumn of 1913, Prof. Georg Karo of the Imperial German Archæological Institute in Athens will have appointments on all the circuits, speaking on some phase of Greek art.

Finance

"SOLD-OUT MARKETS."

When the long decline in prices slackened or ceased last week the explanation was put forth with singular unanimity that "the markets were sold out." This is one of those technical terms of the market-place and the counting room which sometimes need elucidation, and the existing state of affairs makes such elucidation more timely than usual.

On Wednesday of last week, the rumor suddenly ran through Wall Street, and was afterward confirmed, that "the Steel Trust" was "planning to surrender its ore-land lease"; that it was preparing to take this action (it would have a year or two in which to make preparations) in order to conform to the Government's criticisms of its status in the iron ore trade under the Anti-Trust law. Now when one recalled the sequel, a month or so ago, to a more or less similar report that the Harvester Trust was planning to shape its corporate organization to the Anti-Trust law, it is not strange that a thrill of terror should have run through holders of "Steel common." Another fifteen-point decline was plainly enough foreshadowed.

But the next day, the stock advanced; two days after the ore-lease news, it was up 2 points, and people who had sold it, expecting to buy it back at lower prices, had to pay a point or so more than their selling price and pocket the losses. It was explained, of course—explanations after the event are always abundant—

that the "ore-land lease" was a very doubtful bargain for the Trust, that some high authorities in the trade had pronounced it a mistake, and that the Steel Corporation would quite possibly have rescinded it any way in 1915. But that was not the point. There were also people, in September, who described the rumor of Harvester readjustment as reassuring, but whose conclusions had no effect in averting the break in stocks. The thing of importance last week was that something had been said of a Trust's unexpected move to avoid complicity under the Anti-Trust law, and that instead of a sudden avalanche of realizing sales, people were bidding up the stock.

Most of the Wall Street constituency eventually accepted the explanation that the stock market was "sold out." On the one hand, pretty much all of those people who had been carrying on borrowed money stocks which they could hold no longer, had got rid of their burden and been eliminated from the field. On the other, people who would not buy at the September prices were ready to come in as purchasers at concessions now. There were few necessitous sellers left, and a good many potential buyers.

This is interesting enough, merely as picturing the change in the Wall Street situation. But perhaps it is even more interesting as a photograph of conditions in other industries. While the low prices on the Stock Exchange of a fortnight or so ago found Wall Street with greatly reduced supplies of securities in hand which were trying to find a market, the low price of print cloths had found spinners and merchants with comparatively empty shelves, the low price of iron and steel had found mills with smaller unsold piles of finished material stacked in their yards, and so on through the other trades. In some of these industries, moreover, the consumer had begun to take notice of the price lists. With rather few exceptions, and those governed by more or less peculiar circumstances, it is a series of "sold-out markets."

Usually, such a condition of things means that while the prospective buyer need not be in any great hurry to place his orders, he will make no mistake in acting immediately, and may possibly lose a bargain if he waits too long. There are exceptions to all such rules, and certainly no one looks for a "runaway market" in any trade not subject to harvest dearth. But the consumer of steel who is waiting to place his orders until the Government sues the Steel Trust, the spinner who postpones laying in supplies until 8-cent cotton is a permanency, and the investor who should prefer to keep his money at 2 per cent. in a trust company until next year's Presidential election has been decided, are not the safest guides to business policy. It is occasions like this which bring to mind the legendary millionaire who confessed to having made his fortune through never buying at the bottom and always selling too soon.

The action of prices is not the only consideration which suggests some new views of the business outlook. The really extraordinary statement of September's foreign trade set many people thinking. A foreign market, had its own country made a parallel exhibit, would have called it indisputable proof of prosperity. Merchandise exports larger by $27,000,000 than in any September of our history, and merchandise imports $7,800,000 above the month's high record, are not altogether what one looks for in states whose industry is crushed by political machinations and paralyzed by social unsettlement. It is quite true that the increased exports (notably cotton) have been made on the basis of lower prices, whereas dearness in many foreign products has helped in the increased value of our imports. But that most precious of achievements in the eye of American markets, the "outward balance of trade," has also broken all September records. The excess of exports over imports for the nine completed months has itself been matched in only three previous years of American commerce—1908, 1900, and 1899.

It is easy enough to dismiss such a showing with the comment that hard times in the home consuming market have driven our manufacturers to sell abroad at a sacrifice. But that was also a favorite answer of the pessimists in 1897, and it was just as true then as it is to-day. But it missed the essential point of the matter then, and so it does on the present occasion. For such an argument overlooks the fact that precisely such courageous grappling with trouble has always been the plain way out. With an industrial nation, one must judge the large trend of affairs as he would judge the personal attitude of its citizens. Every successful merchant or manufacturer knows what he did, as a matter of policy, when he found his customary market slipping away from him.

He faced the situation boldly and aggressively, went out in search of new buyers, worked off his surplus supplies at prices which less quick-moving competitors would not meet, and meantime set at work his own wits and the wits of every inventive employee, in reducing cost of production. When the tide turned, as it always eventually did, these captains of industry found that they had control, not only of the newly-obtained constituency, but of the old one too, reinforced in purchasing power by prolonged economies. But the merchant or manufacturer who confined his activities to lamenting the good old times and storming at "the Government," had probably by that time put up his shutters.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Henry. The Life of George Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. 62, No. 2, Ledger of Zone Observations, by A. Searle; Vol. 71, No. 2, Spectra and Photographic Magnitudes of Stars in Standard Regions, by W. P. Fleming.

Baillie-Reynolds, Mrs. The Notorious Miss Lisle. Doran. $1.20 net.

Bates, K. L. America the Beautiful and Other Poems. Crowell. $1.25 net.

Begbie, Harold. The Cage. Doran. $1.20 net.

Bell, Lilian. The Runaway Equator. Third edition. Stokes.

Benedict, I. H. The Great Problem. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Beowulf. Concordance, compiled by A. S. Cook. Stechert. $3.50.

Books of Baby Beasts. Pictures in color by E. J. Detmold, descriptions by F. E. Dugdale. Doran. $3.50 net.

Brearley, H. C. Animal Secrets Told. Stokes.

Brown, Julia. The Enchanted Peacock and Other Stories. Pictures by Lucy F. Perkins. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.

Burton, M. E. The Education of Women in China. Revell. $1.25 net.

Byron, May. Cecil Aldin's Happy Family. Illus. in color. Doran. $3 net.

Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose. Illustrations, in color, by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson. Holt.

Cody, H. A. The Fourth Watch. Doran. $1.20 net.

Coleridge, Stephen. New Poems. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. 75 cents net.

Compilation. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1 net.

Copp, E. J. Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1865. Nashua, N. H.: Telegraph Pub. Co.

Crawford, M. C. Goethe and His Woman Friends. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Davis, J. W., and Julien F. The Sea-Brownie Reader. For second-year classes, two parts. Boston: Heath.

Dickens's Christmas Carol. Illustrated in color by A. C. Michael. Doran. $2 net.

Dimock, A. W. Dick Among the Seminoles. Stokes.

Dixie Book of Days. Historical calendar. Baltimore, Md.: Page Publishing Association.

Downes, W. H. Life and Works of Winslow Homer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.

Foucher, L. C. The Cats' Tea Party. Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.

Gale, Zona. Mothers to Men. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Gerry, M. S. Heart and Chart. Harper. $1.20 net.

Gibson, Charles Dana. Other People. Scribner. $4 net.

Giesecke, A. A. Questions in Municipal Civics. (Cornell Study Bulletins.) Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. $1.

Gilson, R. R. Ember Light: A Novel. Baker & Taylor. $1.30 net.

Goodhue, Isabel. Good Things: Ethical Recipes for Feast Days. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1 net.

Hall, Bolton. The Gift of Sleep. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Harker, G. A. Square Beasts and Curved. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XXII, 1911. Cambridge, Mass.

Hearn, Lafcadio. Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist. Introduction by Ferris Greenslet. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4.50 net.

Hill, W. L. Jackiehoy in Rainbowland. Pictures by F. Y. Cory. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.

Holbrook, R. T. Portraits of Dante: A Critical Study, with a Concise Iconography. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $6.50 net.

Huntington, I. M. The Garden of Heart's Delight: A Fairy Tale. Pictures by M. W. Enright. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.

International Studio. Vol. 44. July to Oct., inclusive, 1911. Lane Co.

James, William. Memories and Studies. Longmans. $1.75 net.

Johnstone, R. A. At My Window: Hours With My Pigeons. Stokes. 80 cents net.

King, M. W. Recipe for a Happy Life: A Leamy, Edmund. The Golden Spears, and Other Fairy Tales. Desmond FitzGerald. $1 net.
Lincoln, Abraham. Noted Speeches. Edited, with sketch, by L. M. Briggs. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
Little Folks' Book of Verse. Edited by C. Johnson. Baker & Taylor. $1 net.
Lodge, G. C. Poems and Dramas. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Longfellow's Hiawatha. Introduction by F. W. Gunsaulus; Illustrations by G. C. Horn. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $2.
MacLafferty, J. H. The Army of Days, and Other Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Manchester, L. C. The Funeral at Egg Hill. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Morecroft, J. H., and Hehre, F. W. A Short Course in the Testing of Electrical Machinery. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Muzzey, D. S. American History. Boston: Ginn. $1.50.
Napier, Rosamond. The Faithful Failure. Doran. $1.20 net.
New York State Bankers Association. Proceedings of Convention, June, 1911.
Noyes, Alfred. Sherwood, or Robin Hood and the Three Kings: A Play in Five Acts. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Patterson, F. A. The Middle English Penitential Lyric: A Study of Early Religious Verse. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.
Peattie, Elia W. Edda and the Oak. Illustrations by K. Merrill. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.
Perry, S. G. S. Go To Sleep: Bedtime Tales. Stokes.
Platner, S. B. Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome. Second edition, enlarged. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $3.
Report of the Commissioner of Banking and Insurance for the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1910. Part II. Trenton, N. J.
Rich, W. Tony's White Room. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1 net.
Rolleston, T. W. Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race. Crowell. $2.50 net.
Ruddy, Anna C. From Tenderfoot to Scout. Doran. $1.20 net.
Schauffler, R. H. The Musical Amateur: A Book on the Human Side of Music. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Seawell, M. E. The Jugglers. Macmillan. $1 net.
Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Tudor edition, edited by W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Sheldon, C. M. The High Calling. Doran. $1.20 net.
Smith, E. D. On Hurley Hills, and Other Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Stanley, H. M. Autobiography. Popular edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. Illustration by Jules Guérin, appreciations by C. H. Spurgeon and others, and metrical versions with music. Stokes. $1 net.
Tallentyre, S. G. Basset: A Village Chronicle. Moffat, Yard. $1.50 net.
Taussig, F. W. Principles of Economics. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4 net.
The Treasure Book of Children's Verse. Arranged by Mabel and Lilian Quiller-Couch. Illus. in color by M. E. Gray. Doran. $5 net.
Tibbits, M. L. The Pilgrim's Staff. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Whitechurch, V. L. Off the Main Road. Baker & Taylor. $1.20 net.
Woods, W. H. The Anteroom, and Other Poems. Illustrated. Baltimore, Md.: The Author. $1.35.

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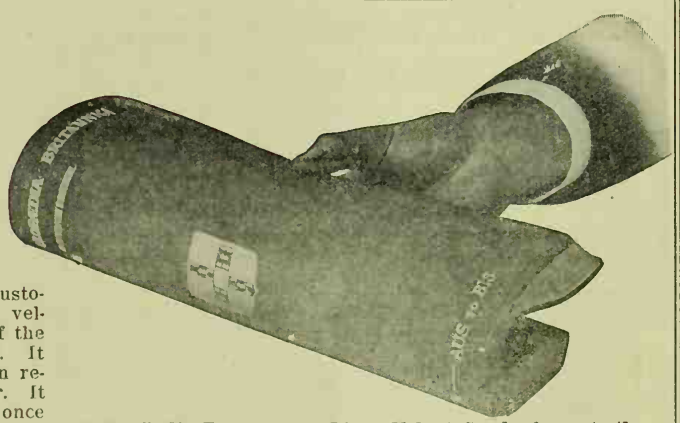

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The Week

Most people find it a good plan not to say everything that comes into their head, especially in public; and if this is a good rule for ordinary folk, it is a still better one for Presidents of the United States. If Mr. Taft had had it in mind when he made the big opening speech of his reciprocity campaign, he might not have committed the blunder of talking about "the parting of the ways," which was made so much of by the Canadian Opposition. And we cannot help thinking that another instance in point is furnished by these remarks in his speech at St. Paul on the Panama Canal:

> Then there is the question of tolls. We have agreed that we will charge equal tolls to all countries and there arose the question how far we may favor our own vessels between coast and coast, as we exclude vessels of any other country from that trade. The question is whether if we remit the tolls we are in a sense discriminating against any other country that has no right and no power to enter upon that trade. It may be that it will be held that the rule can apply to them as to others; if so, there is nothing to prevent our voting back to the coastwise vessels the tolls which they would be required to pay.

Was ever a proposal to whip the devil round the stump made with such childlike innocence? Perhaps the rule against discrimination can be got over, says the President, on a special plea; but if that special plea should be decided to be baseless, then there is nothing to prevent our getting by a trick what we have had to acknowledge we could not get fairly and aboveboard.

The delightful simplicity of Mr. William Allen White's analysis of the Republican Presidential situation must commend it to all devotees of the science of political prophesy. A few bold strokes of insight, and poor Taft's business is settled. He can't be nominated without getting the Southern delegates, and he can't get the Southern delegates if Wall Street wants to take them away from him, and Wall Street will take them away from him, because it knows he can't win. The circle seems quite complete. But let us see. Wall Street hates La Follette like poison, and cannot be satisfied to knock Taft out if that should mean the nomination of the Wisconsin Progressive; so the question arises, who is to be set up against La Follette in place of Taft? That difficulty may possibly be got over by putting up "some fine, unimpeachable, dignified candidate like Seth Low, President Butler of Columbia, Senator Lodge, or Senator Burton of Ohio." Thus we have the circle complete again—but for one trifling gap. If Wall Street has intelligence enough to know that Taft cannot be elected, what sort of intelligence will it be exercising in trying to get a man elected whose nomination would be brought about primarily by its control of Southern delegates through its ownership of Southern railways, and whose candidacy would bear the mark "made in Wall Street" all through the campaign? Thus the case is not so simple as it seems, and Mr. Taft still has a fighting chance for the nomination in spite of Mr. White's diagnosis of the condition of Wall Street's mind.

Why go further than Albany for a Democratic candidate for the Presidency? Here is Gov. Dix telling us—as the newsboys would say—"all about" the Trust question, and surely that is *the* question of the day. "The great need of the time is to cease ill-considered interference, and, consistent with human rights, give the fullest play possible to the energy and resourcefulness of the American people." No objection to well-considered interference, please notice; and a reservation is clearly made for the claims of "human rights." That is the way to solve the Trust problem, and the wonder is that nobody has thought of it before. Perhaps one reason, however, for this failure has been the neglect of other people, in the pressure of politics and law and business complications, to take a philosophical survey of the fundamental factors in the case. These are set forth by the Governor with a firm hand and an unflinching pen. He sees plainly that "capital has a just claim to remuneration commensurate with the hazard and risk of business and financial enterprises, and the compensation of labor should be far above the line of bare subsistence," and he does not hesitate to say so.

Secretary Fisher's address on "Alaskan Problems," before the American Mining Congress, is wholly free from controversial or partisan spirit, and is manifestly the result of painstaking inquiry and observation, and of impartial thinking. Upon many aspects of the agitation over the exploiting of Alaska's resources, Mr. Fisher's statements throw a milder light than has beaten upon them in the pages of some of the muck-raking magazines; but upon the central question involved in that agitation his conclusions are as clear and as emphatically expressed as the most determined conservationist can desire. "The time has passed," says the Secretary, "when the Government should convey an unrestricted title to its coal fields. The day is done in which the Government should deliberately encourage the unrestricted private exploitation of the sources of power."

On the contrary, Mr. Fisher declares unqualifiedly for the working of the coal lands under a system of leases and royalties, the ownership remaining with the Government. Proof of the practicability of this plan he adduces from experience in this country, in Australia and New Zealand, and in the Yukon territory adjacent to Alaska. So far as the question of delay in the using of the coal is concerned, Secretary Fisher's statement is that "by making the terms of our leases liberal we can make them even more attractive to capital than if we adopt the policy of an outright sale of the fee"—provided we understand by "capital" working capital and not speculative capital. As for the objection that it would be impossible to get any leasing legislation through Congress, this is neatly and completely dispatched by the Secretary in the simple remark that, in his judgment, "Congress is far more likely to pass a rational leasing measure than it is to throw the coal fields of Alaska open for unrestricted private exploitation."

It is twenty-five years since Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore was made a member of the College of Cardinals in succession to McCloskey of New York. During that quarter of a century the Catholic population of this country has greatly increased in numbers, in wealth,

and in prestige. The enlarged representation among the Princes of the Church which the remarkable growth of Catholicism in this country long ago justified is sometimes supposed to have been delayed by the conflict of opposing currents within the American Church. Such controversies are apparently no longer a living issue. At any rate there is handsome compensation for the long-deferred honor in the unexpected number of American prelates upon whom the distinction has at last been bestowed. The United States will now have four Cardinals out of a total of seventy-three, which is not greatly out of proportion to the number of Catholics in this country. The new creations are indicative, however, of something more than the growth of Catholicism in the United States; they recognize also the larger place which this country occupies in the eye of the world. At a time when the Church in Europe is sorely beset in many places, the new appointments are a tribute to the friendly relations between Church and State which are the only ones conceivable in our system.

The remarkable personal qualities and the extraordinary career of the late Joseph Pulitzer deserve such recognition as his sudden death has called forth. His story of struggle upward from the lowliest beginnings is what we like to think typically American. His rise was no accident. He had the mind and will to carve his way anywhere. To an energy which was both restless and untiring, he added a marked intellectual grasp. And the way in which, during the closing years of his life, Mr. Pulitzer kept his intellectual interests alive though in the grip of relentless disease and stricken with blindness, witnessed to an inner spring of vitality in the man, and an indomitable resolution. As a newspaper proprietor and editor, Mr. Pulitzer is to be credited with having championed many of the good causes of his time. Under him, for example, the New York *World* was early a stout advocate of the reform of the civil service. This implied sincere conviction on Mr. Pulitzer's part, for at the time the movement was not popular. Perhaps it was related in his mind to that general fight for the people against privilege in which he thought of himself as engaged—the spoils of office being, in this case, the privilege which politicians arrogantly claimed. Also for a revenue tariff and for sound money his newspaper valiantly contended. Indeed, it was a part of Mr. Pulitzer's instinct for politics and sagacity in reading the future in the present that he should have been so often on the right side of important public questions.

It is a different matter when we consider the type of journalism which Mr. Pulitzer first fully exemplified in New York. About that, it is notorious that doubts arose in his own mind! He came to feel that what he had helped create had somehow become too powerful and had got away. It is known that he often expressed some such idea about his own paper; what he thought of the imitators who had bettered his instructions, may easily be imagined. From the first days of his control of the *World*, he struck out boldly for a new kind of "publicity" in journalism. But that word means many things. It covers not only the exposure of political scoundrels, but it denotes, in practice, a kind of constant clamor rising into a shriek, with a daily prying into private affairs as if nothing existed anywhere which should not be dragged into the light of day, and, worse than all, a lurid exploitation of crime and nastiness. Attempt has been made to justify such methods on the plea of "appealing to a wider audience," and acquiring the greatest possible "influence." But there is always a danger lest influence be confused with circulation—meaning profits—and the wider audience be only another way of spelling larger dividends. At any rate, the admittedly evil means remain evil and work evil, even if they are adopted in the hope of attaining good ends. "The Press and Crime" was one of the topics discussed at the meeting of the American Academy of Medicine, last June, and the author of a paper on "Neurotic Books and Newspapers as Factors in the Mortality of Suicide and Crime" specifically accused the *World* of having given a lead and a vogue to "prurient and crime-inspiring periodicals."

Mr. Taft, as a consistent advocate of peace, endeavored at the University of Minnesota to show that peace hath not only her victories, but her heroisms as well. Braver deeds may have been done than Mr. Taft's when he told his college audience that their favorite yells were senseless and barbaric; but history has not recorded them. The miracle was that the President's words were not immediately drowned in a roar of

Rah, rah, rah, Ski-U-mah,—hurrah—hurrah 'Varsity—'Varsity!—Minne-so-ta!

And the indignant cry would have been caught up by one seat of learning after another, Dartmouth flinging in an indignant

Wah who wah! wah who wah! da-da-da, Dartmouth! wah who wah! T-i-g-e-r!

Benzonia College rising to an angry staccato,

Ski-yu-bah! Ky-yi, Ky-yi, Ky-yippy, Ki-yah! Ben-zee, Ben-zee, Benzonia, Yippi, Ki-yi, Ky-youshl

Ohio Wesleyan remarking somewhat sardonically,

O-we-we-wow! A-la-ka-zu-zi-zow! Razee-zi-zu! Viva! Viva!-O.-W.-U.!

and Georgetown announcing with tremendous Wagnerian finality,

Hoya! Hoya! Haxa! Hoya! Hoya! Georgetown Hoya! Horah Doray Hai I Hickey, Hickey, Kai, Kai, Moky, Moky, Hay I, Toe Me!

Before this avalanche of wrath, even the number of first-voters Mr. Taft may have alienated would have sunk into secondary consequence.

In his address at the unveiling of the Bryant statue in New York, Dr. Van Dyke wisely gave to Bryant's poetry the first place in the appeal which he makes for lasting remembrance. Prize as we should the service of the public-spirited citizen, and praise as we may the long labor of the newspaper man, it is the imaginative quality of the poet, and his representative position in our literary history, which are the best claim of the name of Bryant to be commemorated. In an age beset by materialism and sordid tendencies, this public tribute to a poet seems to acquire special meaning. It is the protest of the spirit against the things that would quench it. In honoring a poet we somehow record our belief that a man's life does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesses, and that there is something finer than luxury and nobler than power. Even when we are fallen on prosaic days, and it should seem that the voice of the singer fails and his vision perishes, there is still the invincible hope that a poet will arise, in answer to invocations like that of Clough, to interpret our time truly to us. A statue to Bryant the poet thus becomes a significant treasure of New York.

G. B. Shaw has had to wait some time for an endorsement of his conviction that he could write as well as Shakespeare, and that he had never done anything as poor as "As You Like It." It has now come, however, and from no less an authority than a Western high school. The literary societies managed by the pupils are at one with the faculty in declaring the Stratford dramatist "licentious, unclean, and objectionable," and in demanding the withdrawal of his productions from the curriculum in favor of those of Ibsen and Shaw. The strongest point of their indictment is that the "bard of Avon" was "a cheap grand-stand player." This puts the antithesis between present and former playwrights perfectly. It is the greatest of pities that the Marlowes and the Shakespeares were so shortsighted as to prefer momentary success, however won, to the lofty ideal of writing for posterity, which dominates the immortals of our own time. Had it not been for the factitious importance given to the sensational author of "Hamlet" by prescribing his works for study in our schools, he could not have obtained such a hold upon us.

Irresponsible muck-raking appears at its worst in an article in the *Cosmopolitan*, purporting to describe the "carnival of corruption" in Mississippi culminating in the election of Leroy Percy to the United States Senate in 1910. The writer seeks to show that the same interests which elected William Lorimer in Illinois operated in the choice of Senator Percy over Vardaman by a vote of 87 to 82. The whole case hinged upon the testimony of Bilbo, a State Senator, and one of Vardaman's henchmen, that he had trapped L. C. Dulaney, Senator Percy's manager, into bribing him for his vote. Dulaney was indicted and tried, but acquitted, the writer charges, by a packed jury of Percy supporters. As a matter of fact, the jury, of whom eight were Vardaman men, acquitted Dulaney upon the testimony of Bilbo himself, when it had been proved that the banknotes which he swore were the identical ones handed to him had been issued by a bank in his home town, on a date after that on which the bribery was said to have taken place. Moreover, the Legislature, in joint session, after a complete investigation, exonerated every one concerned save Bilbo—and this, not by a partisan division as a whitewashing measure, as the writer alleges, but by a unanimous vote.

Madero's enemies in Mexico evidently find any kind of stick good enough for their purposes. We imagine that even the German Kaiser could venture to say, as Madero is charged with saying, that he should rather govern with the cooperation of the people than with the aid of bayonets. Why this should have been construed into an insult to the Mexican army and should have thrown the Chamber of Deputies into a fury of protest, does not appear from the context, the situation, or the record made by the Mexican army against Madero himself. The situation is complicated by the peculiar nature of the charges brought against Madero in connection with the insurrectionary movement led by Gen. Zapata, with whom the President-elect is supposed to be in connivance. Why Madero should conspire to ruin his own Administration right from the start does not appear. There is a different explanation that suggests itself. Madero, in assuming office, finds this fairly serious revolutionary movement on his hands. He does not want to begin his Presidential career by initiating a civil war, and believes that a policy of conciliation might bring the rebels to terms. Hence the expression about cooperation and bayonets, and hence the wrath of those Deputies who are his enemies or who do not understand his motives.

Those people who have described Italy's advent into Tripoli as a campaign for civilization, are now in a position to record the first decisive victory scored for civilization—namely, the indiscriminate massacre of thousands of non-combatant natives by the panic-stricken Italian soldiery. It is not to be supposed that Italy entered upon her adventure in Tripoli without being prepared to pay a heavy price. Putting aside the disastrous experiences in Abyssinia, the Italian General Staff must have been fully aware that campaigning in the tropics is a very expensive bit of business. Even the model German army found that to be the case in East Africa and Southwest Africa. The French Government had to throw nearly fifty thousand troops into Morocco during the campaign that followed the occupation of Casablanca, and Italy must count upon severer opposition than the French encountered. The Turkish army in Tripoli, while unimpressive in point of numbers, nevertheless constitutes a nucleus about which the desert horsemen may be brought into something like military discipline. And in the Turkish officers the natives will find leadership of a kind that the Beduin tribesmen in Morocco were entirely without. That brilliant young officer Enver Bey, one of the pillars of the new régime at Constantinople, is reported to have arrived in Tripoli, or to be on his way there. Ultimately, it is to be supposed, the Italians will make themselves masters of the country. The national honor is now so deeply engaged in the enterprise that any sacrifices necessary to the end will be forthcoming. But Italy will be fortunate if she comes out of the struggle with merely a heavy loss of men and money. The reaction upon conditions at home is one that the Government must look forward to with no little anxiety.

The necessity of saving one's face, which has always been a cardinal point of Chinese diplomacy, apparently no longer holds, or applies only to dealings with the foreign devils. Certainly the Imperial edict issued at Peking on Monday is one of the most notable examples of eating humble pie on record. It is an extraordinary document. The child Emperor, pleading his immature years as an excuse for ignorance, scores his former Ministers and pledges himself to rule henceforth in complete accord with the desires of his people. For a little boy of five the paper is not a bad showing either from the tactical or the stylistic point of view. There should be a great literary career in store for the Emperor Pu-Yi. As for the general situation, the Imperial edict merely puts into immediate effect the promises of earlier years. The exclusion of the Manchu princes from a voice or place in the Constitutional scheme was bound to come as soon as a real Parliament was assembled. If it should turn out that the reported Imperialist victory at Hankow is as complete as it has been reported to be, conditions leave both parties in a fit mood for compromise. And that is the best that can happen to China if her democratic institutions are to have a fair test, unhampered by the interference of the Powers.

THE SUIT TO DISSOLVE THE STEEL TRUST.

We suppose that most people who have observed attentively the course of recent events were not greatly surprised at the news that the Government had entered suit against the Steel Corporation. This great trade combination occupied what at any rate was admitted, even by its friends, to be debatable ground under the scope of the Anti-Trust law. To suggest that even the sensitive financial markets may sooner or later experience a feeling of relief at having the question tested and settled by formal suit, may seem to be speaking paradox. Yet the bringing of the billion-dollar organization before the courts was the only way, short of voluntary and complete disintegration, by which the constantly overhanging uncertainty could be removed. If the law officers of one Administration should not challenge the Steel Trust's legality by entering suit, that would be no guarantee that the next Administration would refrain.

The case of the Steel Corporation, it hardly need be said, differs in many respects from that of the Standard Oil or the American Tobacco. Its ten years of history have not been marked by the ruthless trampling out of competition which characterized the one, or by the industrial sharp practice which characterized the other. Pittsburgh itself, the centre of old-time "open markets" in the steel trade, concedes that the Trust has in a certain sense fostered competition by refusing to use its great resources to invade the territory of rivals. Its management is admitted to have stopped the excesses of a rising steel market, in times of excited speculation and urgent demand, by refusing to mark up prices to the extent of its opportunity.

Steel prices have admittedly been more stable, since the corporation was organized in 1901, than they were under the Carnegie régime; and if the Steel Trust has stimulated in the stock market, in a way to expose its management to grave criticism, that spirit of reckless speculation which it has kept in leash in the market for its products, this is not what the Anti-Trust Law undertakes to deal with. In advance of the present suit, the Trust has served notice of cancellation of the lease under which it held the iron ore lands which the Commissioner of Corporations denounced as virtual monopoly, and it probably would have consented to relinquish the Tennessee Coal and Iron, concerning the motives for whose acquisition, in the panic of 1907, controversy is still active.

All this shows why the Steel Corporation will come into court with a far better case than the Oil Trust or the Tobacco Trust. This prosecution will necessitate some much closer definition of restraint of trade. The weakest point in the Steel Trust's case is undoubtedly the powerful influence applied by its management toward preventing concessions in the price of steel, through "moral suasion" and the "Gary dinners," at such times as the year which followed the panic of 1907. When the head of the organization resorted to the assertion that supply and demand no longer had any business to regulate prices, proposing, as an alternative economic law, the rule that prices "should at all times be reasonable and fair," it was quite inevitable that somebody should ask who was to settle the question of fairness. Supposing the Steel Corporation to have the deciding voice, would its judgment ever be influenced by the pressure of shareholders for higher dividends? And supposing that Judge Gary and the present board could be trusted to ignore such ulterior influences, could the consumer be sure of the policy of the management which in due course would succeed them? For ourselves, we believe that it was his own instinctive recognition of these serious difficulties which led the chairman of the Steel Trust to his extraordinary advocacy, before the Stanley Committee, of the fixing of prices by the Government.

The Steel Corporation's history has been in many ways an epitome of the history of its times. When the Trusts are attacked indiscriminately, as malign conspiracies against the liberties of the people, it is only fair to remember that the people were not free from whatever blame may have attached to the construction of these huge trade combinations. It is not only that no effort was made in 1899 or 1901, when most of them were formed, to enjoin their organization under the Anti-Trust Law, which had then been for a decade on the statutes. There is something more than this to say of the public's attitude at the time. The investing community, small and large, was combination-mad. It hailed each successive amalgamation of the sort with enthusiasm; it rushed tumultuously into the market for their shares. College professors set forth gravely, to students and readers, that the manufacturing business of the future could be conducted successfully in no other way.

All this, in our opinion, was part of the derangement of ideas which marked that extraordinary period—when serious men in the high places of American finance insisted that the old laws of political economy were obsolete and fit for the rubbish-heap. But the very fact that responsibility for the conditions which then arose in corporate industry rested largely on the community as a whole, makes it all the more right that the pending inquiry into the legal status of these combinations should be pursued with sobriety and with no spirit of vindictiveness. This reminiscence of the conditions prevalent when the Trusts first rose to their formidable power shows the utter impropriety of that indiscriminate clamor for the Government to "put some Trust magnates in jail," which has been persistently raised by some of our newspapers. Where promoters of monopoly have acted in open and knowing defiance of the law, the penal clauses of the Anti-Trust Act may be, have been, and will rightly continue to be, invoked. But in the case of combinations regarding whose lawfulness or unlawfulness the courts took ten or a dozen years to decide, it is certainly enough to say what must be done no longer by the corporations and their owners, and what must be undone.

THE BOSS SELF-DEFINED.

The appearance of Mr. William Barnes, jr., as a witness at the Albany investigation, has a value beyond anything that may be proved or disproved by his testimony. For he is that most interesting and instructive of political figures—a boss assisting at his own unveiling. One's mind reverts to Richard Croker's examination by the Mazet Committee in 1899. He gave to the public reluctantly and perhaps all unwittingly a picture of himself and his methods—"working for his own pocket all the time," was one of his brutally frank admissions—that was of great help in rousing the city against him. Mr. Barnes, no doubt, is too astute and self-possessed to repeat Croker's blunders on

the stand. The Albany boss is able and he is cool. Yet it will be found that, in essence, his conception of his power, and of the way in which it may legitimately be used, is the same as that of the Tammany boss.

After considerable skirmishing, Mr. Barnes finally conceded that he was the "local leader" of the Republican party in Albany County. Asked then to say what he understood by the term, he replied: "I suppose a political leader in a colloquial sense means a man whose advice is taken quite largely, pretty generally, by the men with whom he is associated." Mr. Barnes was probably unaware how closely his definition followed that of Croker. When the latter was on the stand twelve years ago he, too, was a little slow in acknowledging that he was the "leader" of Tammany Hall, but finally said: "If others think I am, I am willing they should." On the point of the naturo of his leadership, he fully agreed with Barnes. It was "advice" and "judgment" that he was expected to give to the "organization," and they were "generally considered," since it "does not do to have divided councils at the head." The inquiry was also made of Croker whether his "wish" was not "a powerful wish" with Democratic Senators and Assemblymen at Albany. The boss answered grimly: "I try to make it that way." Croker, however, was consistently at one with Barnes in alleging the influence of the boss to be purely moral, and his power over those associated with him to be due solely to his reputation for superior political sagacity.

Now, it is evident that this leaves the whole thing in the region of mystery. The strange deference to the wisdom of the boss, as the bosses themselves set it forth, has to be ranked with the greatest puzzles and wonders of politics. The somewhat obscure process by which the leader of a party comes in England to be recognized as such is transparent simplicity by comparison. Outsiders are sometimes surprised that the King should know whom to send for when it is a question of forming a new Government, but that is nothing to the mysterious way in which all the Republican workers in Albany with one consent point the finger at Barnes and say: "He is our leader." The boss seems to stand on the same ground as a Prime Minister. According to the old story, a member of the Cabinet said to a Premier that he didn't see the difference between a Prime Minister and an ordinary Minister. "The difference is this," he was informed, "that when we disagree it is you who resign and not I." Barnes would undoubtedly take the same view of his own supremacy. Those Republican workers who do not take his "advice," are expected promptly to file their resignations. Any other course would be flat *Majestätsbeleidigung*.

All these cloaks of modesty and mystery in which the boss wraps himself, when called to the witness stand, really conceal nothing and deceive nobody. The innocents must be few who are in any doubt about the kind of "advice" which the boss gives, or the means he uses to force its acceptance. Again take a look back at the Croker examination. Making allowance for the differences between Albany and New York, there can be no question that the same sort of thing has gone on for years in the former city under the Barnes régime:

Q. Is it not a fact that upon the success of the Tammany ticket in the election of the fall of 1897 there was a gathering at Lakewood of the important members of the Tammany organization, including yourself, at which was discussed the offices that were to be filled and the candidates for these offices? Is not that so?

A. Oh, yes.

Q. And at that conference at Lakewood practically all of the important offices of the city and county government were selected, were they not?

A. Well, pretty much.

Q. And your advice was asked upon them all, was it not?

A. Mostly all, yes, sir.

Q. Do you recall any member or any important officer of the city government now who was not discussed with you and your advice asked about him?

A. No, I do not.

Q. These men were all agreeable to you, were they not?

A. Yes, sir.

This gives us some idea of the meat on which our Cæsars feed that they have grown so great. It is the power of official life and death that is lodged in the boss's hands. In Albany as in New York he nominates mayors and judges and county officers, dictates the appointments, and orders those in office what to do. He has at his disposal money-prizes in the shape of contracts and "honest graft." In public—especially when he is undergoing investigation—the boss appears as a very quiet-spoken citizen who is amazed at his own political importance. All he ever thinks of doing is to give advice. Yet what he is when actually functioning as boss, no one is in the slightest doubt. Surrounded by his cronies and his tools, he issues his orders like a satrap and is as remorseless as a Sultan in throwing an enemy into the Bosphorus. For all his mild manners and unimpassioned speech, Barnes is known to have ruled with an iron hand in Albany. His "advice" has often been given with a club. And the sources of his power are an open secret.

DR. COOK REDIVIVUS.

The cruelty of the Danes to Dr. Cook at Copenhagen shows up in all its baseness when we turn to the pages of the warm-hearted doctor's just-published and elaborate book, "My Attainment of the North Pole." "With sweet memories of the warm hospitality of Danes in Greenland," says Dr. Cook in his preface, "I here subscribe my never-to-be-forgotten appreciation; . . . and above all I am grateful to the Danes as a nation for the whole-souled demonstration of friendship and appreciation at Copenhagen." Such were the sentiments of the illustrious discoverer as he sat writing the preface in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, so lately as June 15, 1911; what must have been his feelings the other night, when all these sweet memories were ruthlessly blotted out by a fickle and heartless populace? "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark," he must have felt, as the eggs came pelting into his carriage.

In this hour of his humiliation, struck down as he is in the house of his friends, we turn eagerly to his large and handsome volume to find the long-delayed refutation of the slanderous charges against him. Throughout the 594 octavo pages—not counting preface or index or table of contents—we are delighted, of course, to find an unfailing stream of that fervid enthusiasm, that gushing rhetoric, those iridescent descriptions, which have always furnished such convincing proof of the sterling purity of the doctor's soul. But, pleasing as these are in themselves, we know full well that they will not satisfy the carping critics. We turn, therefore, with joyful expectation to the nine precious pages appearing under the heading, "Copy of the Field Notes." It is not a facsimile copy, photographically made or otherwise—which is a pity; still we

may hope that some of the doctor's opponents will have enough humanity in their composition to overlook this little weakness. Taking the column headed "Observations, Etc." to be what it is stated to be, an "exact copy from original field papers," we scan the entries from day to day, to find just what observations—particularly of the sun's altitude—Dr. Cook took as he advanced upon the Pole. Unfortunately, however, he made a bad selection from among his notes. We get the latitude day by day, just as we got it in the first reports as they appeared in the New York *Herald* two years ago. But latitude is not written in the heavens; neither is it got directly from a reading of the sextant; it is a pity that Dr. Cook should have felt it more to the purpose to reproduce the result of his daily calculations than to give us the record of his actual observations day by day. And this is especially regrettable because it was owing to the total absence of such observations in the "proofs" he sent to Copenhagen that the scientific authorities there rejected the claim which they had so impulsively granted on his first appearance.

However, let no one rush to the conclusion that the original observations are wholly unrepresented. Opposite page 292 there is a photographic reproduction of the original note of the observation taken on the day of days—April 21, 1908—with the calculations deducing the latitude from this observation. If there had been plenty more of the same, and if the doctor had shown the originals themselves two years ago, instead of a professed photographic reproduction of a single one of them after the lapse of all this time, we venture to say that even in this hard modern world he would have found his claim to the discovery of the Pole generally recognized. As it is, we fear that even those who are not mathematicians or navigators will only be reminded of the famous Dunkle and Loose episode—the offer of those worthies to perform for the gentle doctor the simple task of constructing by calculation the altitude observations that would fit his daily figures of latitude.

That Dunkle and Loose business combined human and scientific interest in a higher degree than any other phase of Dr. Cook's story. It is, therefore, a satisfaction to know just what view Dr. Cook gives of the matter, after plenty of time for mature reflection. This is what he tells us:

> He pointed out, what I myself had been thinking about, that all observations were subject to extreme inaccuracy. He suggested his working mine out backward to verify them. As I regarded him as an experienced navigator, and moreover had had no chance of checking my figures, so, desiring an independent view, and thinking that another man's method might satisfy any doubts, I told him to go ahead, using the figures published in my story in the New York *Herald*.

Were it not for our abiding faith that Dr. Cook, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, is a man both of sound knowledge and of spotless integrity, we should be puzzled in several ways by this. We should ask first, how in the world the accuracy of *observations* could be tested by working back from their results to recover the original figures. But perhaps Dr. Cook, being somewhat perturbed in mind, was not quite clear in his ideas at the moment, and what he really desired was to verify not his observations, but his calculations. If Dunkle's calculations gave back the original figures, that would be a proof that the calculations had been correctly made, though it would tell nothing whatever about the correctness of the observations. Well, did Dr. Cook avail himself of this excellent opportunity to check his reckoning? Not at all. When they brought their "faked" observations, he examined them, and, seeing "the game the rascals had been playing," he sent them to the right-about, papers and all. Dunkle and Loose were not permitted to see Dr. Cook's original figures, and Dr. Cook lost the great opportunity to compare them with theirs; and so the world will never know whether the two sets of observations—the set "faked" by the gallant mariners and the set which Dr. Cook has been so carefully screening from the world's gaze—are in agreement or not. Thus does an evil fate still pursue this heroic discoverer.

THE EXPIRING REICHSTAG.

The definite fixing of the date for the election of a new Reichstag marks the active beginning of an electoral campaign which bids fair to be one of the most momentous in the history of the German Empire. The last elections were held in January, 1907; Von Bülow was then Chancellor, and the resulting disaster to the Socialists, who lost 38 of their 81 seats, was heralded not only as a great personal triumph for the Chancellor, but as a definitive check to the Socialistic movement. That it was a distinctly reactionary victory was clearly apparent, both from its moral effect and because nearly one-half of the lost Socialist seats went to the Conservatives or the Centre. The reactionaries so regarded it. The Agrarians became more than ever convinced that, owning a large share of the land, they should, therefore, have the controlling voice in the nation's affairs. The widespread agitation in Prussia for the abolition of her suffrage evils was the more readily defeated as a result of this election, while Von Bülow got a free hand in both foreign and domestic policy. Altogether, the privileged and bureaucratic classes had every reason to be satisfied with the Parliament chosen in 1907.

Within six months, however, the tide began to turn. A number of causes, of which the rise in the cost of living is one, combined to set the electoral tide to ebbing away from the Government and its majority. Virtually every bye-election has shown a remarkable trend toward the Left, until, only the other day, in an election in Düsseldorf, a veritable fortress of the Clericals, with its 80 per cent. Catholic population, was actually wrested from the Centre, for the first time since the earliest days of the Empire. As if this were not shock enough, in the elections for the Oldenburg Landtag, the reactionaries were completely routed, the Socialists and Radicals capturing 26 seats out of the 45, with the National Liberals holding six more and the Centre only nine. The particular significance of this lies in the agricultural character of Oldenburg. In the cities, a heavy Socialist vote is expected, but not so among the landowners and peasants of this North German state. Moreover, this success was won by a coalition between Socialists and Radicals of the kind so long urged by the late Dr. Theodor Barth. If the National Liberals, who hold 56 seats in the present Reichstag, should turn in this direction, the Chancellor might easily find himself confronted next spring by a very different kind of *bloc* from that which has supported him heretofore.

And it is a different Chancellor who will lead the Government forces in the

coming election. Unquestionably a man of ability, Von Bethmann-Hollweg has none of the charm of Count Bülow nor his gift of graceful and moving eloquence. He has failed to impress his personality upon the public in any marked degree, despite the adoption through his efforts of a Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine and his revision of the workmen's insurance law. The nation has not been enthusiastic over the latest Moroccan incident, although it has stood solidly behind the Chancellor. The Germans feel themselves isolated in national politics, despite the Triple Alliance, and they cannot understand why, when others grab African territory unchallenged, their slightest move in this direction meets with criticism not merely in Europe, but in America as well. Moreover, their domestic problems are too pressing to admit of the ordinary citizen's becoming enthusiastic over an increase in the German sphere of influence in Africa. He is really interested in the effort of his Government to provide cheaper supplies of food—particularly in that of the Berlin municipality to furnish fish direct to the public. The tariff problem exists in Germany also. Von Bethmann-Hollweg's last speech shows that the tariff on cattle is not to be wholly abolished, and the excessively strict quarantine against American cattle is to be kept up unaltered. And the trust problem begins to cause uneasiness, despite the belief in this country to the contrary.

But some things are to be done for the laboring classes before the present Reichstag expires. There is a labor exchange bill pending and one for the insurance of "private officials." The whole complicated procedure of the criminal courts is to be revised, though the antiquated criminal code itself remains virtually unaltered. It is to be patched up in default of the scientific revision it needs. All of this is to be done between the expected exciting debates on the cost of living and the Moroccan affair. But, excellent as this programme may be, it does not, after all, go to the heart of things. One's mind invariably turns back to the hundreds of thousands who live on horseflesh and are now in such need of good food that municipalities feel themselves compelled to go into the fish business and are making every effort to cultivate vacant city lands for market-gardening purposes. A boundlessly prosperous industrial country, teeming with factories, in the very front rank of energetic producing nations, still finds itself unable to supply cheaply the food needed by hundreds of thousands.

That all of this will help the Socialists and the Liberals would be perfectly plain if there had been no bye-elections. The Reichstag is expiring amid a greater longing for a truer democracy than Germany has yet seen. The victory of 1907 for reaction was but the flickering up of a doomed cause. In Germany, as well as in England, the attack upon privilege cannot be stayed. The industrial growth of the nation means that men are leaving the old beaten paths. The German bayonets have, moreover, begun to think; the very drill of the service is in the direction of individual instruction and responsibility, the final wind-up of the idea of docile masses. Why, then, can it be surprising that men are more and more thinking for themselves politically and declining to accept the word of the privileged classes? At this distance it seems as if the next Reichstag could pretty well be foreshadowed—a reëstablishment of the Social-Democratic representation at the old figures, at least, with the largest popular vote in the history of the party, and a corresponding increase in the Radical and Liberal groups.

DEMOCRACY AND POETRY.

There is in Professor Gummere's theory of the communal origin of all poetry something of the fine fervor and simplicity of the older days of German scholarship, when the *Volk* was raised into a transcendental creative entity and when a man in his study would not hesitate to explain a vast mythology by reference to the dawn or the storm-clouds, or whatever other special phenomenon struck his imagination. With unabated ardor he has once more charged the skeptics, in his N. W. Harris Lectures delivered at Northwestern University this year and now brought out in book form. Again we see the Faroe folk and the Botocudan folk dancing with joined hands or woven arms, and under the excitement of this rhythmic motion pouring out traditional chorus and improvised song in unison by a kind of mystic and sympathetic inspiration—*das Volk dichtet*. And the true poet to-day is still but a voice for this communal instinct:

> No one would dare to blot out the function of the poet, or make him mere mouthpiece of his environment; but it is to ennoble his function when one marks the progress of it from improvization in the primitive choral throng up to the lonely splendors of the bard in meditation of his lay. And the survival is plain. The poet who makes verses by the most private act of composition, in that dream-state which Professor Stewart has described, never cuts loose from the conventions of his art; he has the throng always with him. They sustain his verse in the uninspired intervals which even with the noblest poets are so frequent and so long. The throb of his metre still echoes those ordered steps and voices; and without the instinct of kind, the appeal to human sympathy, the survival of communal emotion, he would not compose a single stave.

In all this there is an element of truth; but it errs in that zeal for logical simplicity which results so easily in confusion of ideas. The sense of rhythm is too innate and too universal to admit of any such exclusive source for rhythmical language as the communal dance—has not the very course of the blood in our arteries its swell and subsidence? In the same way when Professor Gummere extends these communal origins to a theory of "Democracy and Poetry"—which is the title and the main theme of his book—he touches on a real truth, but confuses it by what may be called a sophisticated simplicity. He sees creeping upon us a spirit of reaction which shows itself in a self-seeking individualism, in a cynical aloofness from the passions of the people, in the materialistic trend of science, and, above all, in the silencing of that "democratic note of enthusiasm and faith" which is the genius of poetry and which, he firmly believes, "will sound again, when and how we cannot tell, but in its right season, and in the large utterance which hope always inspires." Professor Gummere's lectures are a stirring appeal to the poet and to the poet's audience to sink themselves once more in the communal spirit of democracy. Only that rebaptism is needed to bring back the larger utterance of the Muse.

Much in the appeal is sound and timely. It would have been more effective if Professor Gummere had himself been a little clearer as to the nature of democracy and of democracy's influence in art. As it is, he rather adds confusion to darkness. "The central democratic idea," we are told, is "the active and

supreme function of the imagined community." That sounds like good Rousseau; but Professor Gummere spurns Rousseau, "for in politics as in life he was a picturesque tramp, and his reformed state is simply a tramp's paradise." On the contrary, Montesquieu was the real inventor of the democratic idea, which he found in the spirit of the laws. "Make that spirit dominant," says Professor Gummere, "and the actual ruling of a country may be monarchical, republican, or even socialistic, without prejudice to its success." We are getting into strange regions for democracy and the "imagined community," and the strangeness is not removed when we hear that Taine, though in politics the commune meant to him merely unbridled license, is the most perfect type of the democrat in letters because, forsooth, he believed a piece of literature was the absolute product of convention. To add to our bewilderment Professor Gummere, the champion of Montesquieu, the repudiator of Rousseau's ideas as fatal at once to government and literature, upholds Herder, the great transmitter of Rousseauism to Germany, as the divine herald of the new word, "humanity":

> He set it vibrating with emotion. . . . And then the People! . . . "People" was no new word, but it got a new meaning: all the living sons of the earth had now a share in it, and all their utterance was sacred. It was Herder who opened the gates of human literature for outcasts and wayfarers upon the cypaths of song.

To such confusion does the communal theory of poetry come in the end. If Professor Gummere, instead of driving his theory to logical extremes, had rested in common sense, his plea for the democratic influence in poetry might have been as sound as it is actually eloquent. Long ago Addison knew that "human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures," and that the great poems of the world, whether the simple ballad of "Chevy Chase" or the "Iliad" or "Paradise Lost," endured in memory because they were inspired by the universal passions of the human heart. That is the true communal origin of poetry, the real democracy; and the writer who in pride or ignorance withdraws from that influence, as Professor Gummere sees so many withdrawing today, may be witty or fine or sensuously beautiful, but he will not be great. There is no mystery in Addison's easy theory of human nature, no learned peering into the backward abysm of time. But it avoids the error of confusing the universality of true emotion with specious theories of the community. It leaves room also for the complementary influence, which may be called the aristocratic sense of distinction, as equally necessary for the creation of noble forms. Without this sense of form no work will endure the rigid inquisitions of time, just as without the appeal to the common, fundamental emotions of mankind no work will be truly cherished, even if remembered.

FRENCH FICTION FROM LAST SEASON.

PARIS, October 20.

"Les Exilés" (Plon; 3.50 francs), by Paul Acker, is dedicated "to the memory of my father who rests in the land of Alsace." It digs deeper the groove begun in "Le Soldat Bernard" by this very personal author, whose stories are likely to last. They are real novels of Alsatian sentiment dammed or turned violently into alien channels by annexation to Germany. It is not a book of politics, but a touching romance of "exiles" in a world which differs from that of all of us only in this peculiar wrenching of home ties. Those whose dead have led them to love the bright life and culture of the French have now to submit to unsympathetic foreign rule and transformation or go into exile. It is the Alsatian side as distinct from that of Frenchmen pure and simple, like René Bazin in "Les Oberlé," or even the "Colette Baudoche" of Maurice Barrès, who is Lorraine-born. That such masterpieces of recent French literature should spring from a war forty years past shows how enduring is the wound in the consciousness of well-nigh two million human beings trans-civilized against their will. The comparison with the romances of Erckmann-Chatrian, so Alsatian before the war and so anti-militarist and pacifist, is most striking. Paul Acker, who is relatively young and new, holds his own with all these as a writer.

"Pour tuer Bonaparte" (Ollendorff; illustrated; 3.50 francs), by Georges Ohnet, is the thirty-fifth novel or romance of this author, who has held his popularity at home and abroad ever since his first—"Serge Panine"—was crowned by the French Academy. His career is a direct answer to foreign critics who have eyes in French literature only for impropriety and worse. Technically, Georges Ohnet does not belong to "literature," not so much as Marion Crawford and not much more than E. P. Roe. Like these he can tell a good story in language and adornments easily understanded of the innumerable middle class to which most of us, like Gladstone, are proud to belong, and which included Queen Victoria. The present story, as the author candidly remarks in a sub-title, is at once legend and history—one of the plots against Napoleon's life made by the Chouan chief, Georges Cadoudal. By the way, one of its principal actors escaped to lead a life of penitence, violent as in all else that he did; and he ended his strenuous life an aged priest and chaplain in the placid Visitation Convent of Georgetown, near Washington. Naturally, the novel takes no cognizance of this other real story; but it appears, with its own strong romance, in the bits of history gathered from "old papers" by G. Lenôtre.

"Le Métier de Roi" (Calmann-Lévy; 3.50 francs), by Colette Yver, is also something of an historical romance, but of these latest days. It deals with Anarchists—philosophically and religiously and fanatically so—plotting against some king. "It is a risk of the trade!" said King Humbert of Italy after the failure of one such plot; he fell a victim to the next. Perhaps the title was suggested by this; but the book makes no pretence to revelations of underground Revolution, as Wilkie Collins and William Black and so many other English story-tellers have done in more or less naïve novels. It is a romance of sentiment among those who take the world as it is hardly, their counsel being darkened by all sorts of ill-considered wisdom from Tolstoy and Herbert Spencer and such. The story shows the deftness of touch of the provincial lady who signs "Colette Yver" and, from her first book, won popularity and the French Academy's crown.

"Le Cœur se trompe" (Calmann-Lévy; 3.50 francs), by Louis Delzons, is the fifth book of fiction of a Paris lawyer who seems headed straight for the Academy and a substantial place in French literature. His first novels, doubtless for professional reasons, were published under the name of "Louis Lestang." He has a penetrating as well as keen vision of society as it is organized in France of to-day—of the honest trials and frequent good-for-nothingness of people such as you and I may see daily, with their humdrum love strained to heroism or crime. His style is clear and strong, with the realism of a master who has no intention of forming a school. His French men and women are not saints; but for a modern lawyer there is a curious and tonic mixture of religion in their failings, as there still is in real French life, in spite of literary efforts to the contrary. The book, however, does not belong to the "reaction," that terror of the nineteenth century Frenchman who has lived to see the strange turns taken by the twentieth. Its literature is of life, not of philosophy, like Anatole France's. His hearts—in three longish stories of pro-

vincial life—deceive themselves for reasons which reason does not know; and this, as Pascal wisely remarked, is the regular course of human life.

"La Bachelière en Pologne" (Mirasol; 3.50 francs), by G. Réval, is a sequel to "La Bachelière," which continued the series of novels devoted by this author to French college girls; that is, to the new set of French women who go up for university degrees. Her first book stirred attention greatly. It was "Les Sévriennes," dealing with life at the first state normal college for the higher education founded by the French Republic. Under many difficulties, particularly the antagonism which such institutions in present political conditions are bound to have with the Roman Catholic religion, this new formation of French women has made its way slowly. Solemn Melchior de Vogüé answered Madame Réval's first book in one of his own novels. Even now "well-thinking" families look askance at the bachelor-ess who issues from the "lay" instruction of the state, although girls from church schools go up for examination on state programmes by state examiners. The present novel leaves all such social conflict aside for thoroughgoing romance.

"Le Hasard et l'Amour" (Calmann-Lévy; 3.50 francs), by Guy Chantepleure, is a volume of short stories by this very feminine writer. Like all her books, it is easy reading about well-bred people who undergo touching chances and changes in good French and with kindly sentiment and refinement. It is not without merit as literature and reaches a high level of story-telling. It belongs with Georges Ohnet, but from the woman's side of the hearth.

"Sur l'aile des Moulins" (A. Colin; 3.50 francs), by Lya Berger, is a domestic novel with a French heroine among good people of Holland, where the windmills are situate. The descriptions of men and things are excellently done. Two of the books of this writer have been adopted by the authorities of public instruction in France.

"Au Pair" (A. Colin), by Mademoiselle H. Célarié, is the story of a French lady who goes into a German family to teach; it is enough to say that it is written with more refinement and insight than the more pretentious "Monsieur et Madame Moloch" of Marcel Prévost, dealing with the same matter—and it is more interesting. "Le Chrysanthème Rose" (A. Colin), from the Italian of Yolanda, belongs to the same "blue" collection for *la jeune personne*, which includes naturally many innocuous translations from the English.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first portion of the library formed by the late Henry Huth will be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge in London, November 15 to 17 and 20 to 24. This portion includes only A and B of the large privately printed catalogue and the Shakespeares, which, though only forty-two lots, alone form the last day's sale.

The Sykes-Perkins copy of the forty-two line Gutenberg Bible has a manuscript note by the elder Quaritch: "This is the finest copy I ever beheld, or anybody else." It has many untrimmed leaves and is without much doubt the finest and most desirable of existing copies printed on paper. It will be remembered that the Hoe copy of the book printed on vellum was bought by Henry E. Huntington at auction in this city last spring, for $50,000, the highest price ever paid for a book at auction.

The Huth library contains two copies of the Latin Bible of 1462, the first edition of the Bible with a date, one on vellum and the other on paper, both being very fine copies. Among many other important editions of the Bible are the first German Bible (Nuremberg, 1483); the first Bible in Low German (Lubeck, 1494); the first Bible in Icelandic (Holm, 1534); and the first Bible in Irish (London, 1681-85). Among many important English Bibles are Tyndale's Pentateuch (1530), the first printing of any portion of the Bible in the English language; the first Coverdale Bible, first edition of the complete Bible in English (1535); the first edition of the "Great" or Cranmer Bible (1539); the first edition of the Genevan or so-called "Breeches" version (1560); the first edition of the "Bishops'" version (1568), and the first edition of the King James or "Authorized" version (1611).

This portion of the library includes two important Block-Books, one the second edition of the "Ars Moriendi," the other one of the several editions of the "Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis." A manuscript Boethius of the fifteenth century, an English "Antiphonarium" with miniatures, a finely illuminated "Apocalypse" made for Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV, and a Flemish "Biblia Pauperum" done about 1430, with fifty-three remarkable designs in pen and ink, are among the most important early manuscripts included.

While the collection includes many early editions of the classics and books in foreign languages it is chiefly notable for its rare early English books. And among English books some curious volumes unknown to the ordinary reader of English literature are likely to bring the highest prices. Among these are a long series of the works of Nicholas Breton with attractive titles, such as the following: "A Floorish upon Fancie" (1582); "Melancholike Humours, in Verses of Diverse Natures" (1600); "Wits Trenchmour, in a Conference had betwixt a Scholler and an Angler" (1597); "A Divine Poem, divided into two parts, the Ravisht Soul and the Blessed Weeper" (1601); "An Olde Man's Lesson and a Young Man's Love" (1605); "Cornu-Coplæ, Pasquil's Night-Cap, or Antidot for the Headache" (1612), and others. A series of the writings of Richard Brathwait offers equally attractive titles: "A New Spring Shadowed in Sundry Pithie Poems" (1619); "Ar't Asleepe Husband? A Boulster Lecture" (1640); "Whimzies, or a New Cast of Characters" (1631), etc.

The list of Bacon's works shows the exceedingly rare first edition of the "Essayes" (1597), as well as the second edition (1598), a pirated edition of 1606, the third authorized edition (1612), and an unauthorized edition of the same date, as well as the more common edition of 1625, the last published during the author's lifetime.

The Bunyans include the fifth, sixth, and ninth editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and first editions of "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman" (1680), "The Holy War" (1682), and "A Discourse upon the Pharisee and the Publicane" (1685).

A collection of the works of Lord Byron, including the excessively rare "Curse of Minerva" (1812) and "Waltz, an Apostrophic Hymn" (1813), will first be offered as a lot, but if the reserved price be not realized they will bo sold separately.

Among the Americana in this first portion there may be noted: Acuña's "Descubrimiento del gran Rio de las Amazonas" (1641), a book no longer as rare as it was formerly supposed to be; Archdale's "New Description of Carolina" (1707); Bullock's "Virginia Impartially Examined" (1649); Francis Bugg's "News from Pennsylvania" (1703); Gersham Bulkley's "People's Right to Election or Alteration of Government in Connecticut" (1689), an exceedingly rare piece printed by William Bradford; "Beschrijvinghe Van Virginia, Nieuw Nederlandt, Nieuw Englandt, etc. (1651), the book which contains the earliest engraved view of the city of New York, though this important fact is not mentioned in the catalogue; and an interesting manuscript "Histoire Naturelle des Indes," supposed to have been writtten by a Frenchman who accompanied Drake in one of his voyages.

Some of the Huth books which are supposed to be unique, no other copies being known, are: Henry Austin's "Scourge of Venus" (1613), "The Academy of Complements" (1658), "The Goodly History of the Lady Lucres and her Lover Eurialus" (1560), "An Interlocucyon with an Argument betwyxt Man and Woman" (Wynken de Worde, about 1530), Robert Armin's "Foole upon Foole, or, Sixe sortes of Sottes" (1605), William Baldwin's "Marvellous History, intituled, Beware the Cat" (1584), Ballard's "History of Susanna" (1638), "The Honour of Chivalrie, set downe in the most famous historie of Prince Don Bellianis" (1598), John Bradford's "Complaint of Veritie" (1599), and Thomas Brewer's "The Merry Jests of Smug the Smith" (1657).

Other books of which only one or two other copies can be traced, are: "A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Iles of Açores, this Last Summer" (1591), "The Actor's Remonstrance" (1643), Thomas Bancroft's "The Glutton's Feaver" (1633), "Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes Bay Horse in a Trance" (1595), and "Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough and William of Cloudesle," two editions (1648 and 1668). William Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals" (1613-16), John Milton's copy, with manuscript annotations by him, is the most interesting "association book" in the sale.

The Shakespeares, at the end of the catalogue, are the most important collection offered at auction in recent years. The first folio is a fine copy, not large but sound and clean. The third folio

is the rare form of the earliest issue, title dated 1663, without the seven spurious plays and with the portrait printed on the title. In most copies of this issue the space on the title intended for the portrait is blank. The second edition of "Venus and Adonis" (1594), the first edition of "Lucrecce" (1594), and the first edition of the "Sonnets" (1609) are rarities that seldom come upon the market. Among the early quartos are "Romeo and Juliet," the second edition (1599); "Richard the Second," third edition (1608); "Henry the Fourth, Part I," two editions (1599 and 1613); "Troilus and Cresseid," the first edition (1609); "Othello," the first edition (1622); "Hamlet," the second edition (1604), the fourth edition (1611), and the undated edition printed for John Smethwicke; "Titus Andronicus," third edition (1611); "Henry the Fifth," first edition (1600); "Much Adoe about Nothing," first edition (1600), and "Pericles," the first edition (1609). The falsely dated quartos are also included, and it is a curious fact that Sotheby's cataloguer, in the case of both "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Merchant of Venice" gives precedence to the spurious editions with James Roberts's name in the imprint. Of Thomas Fisher's edition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he says: "This is regarded as the second edition," and of Thomas Hayes's edition of "The Merchant of Venice" he says, "doubtless the second edition." Since the studies of Messrs. Pollard and Greg there can, however, be no doubt that these two were actually printed years before the corresponding Roberts editions.

Correspondence

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT AND ACADEMIC EFFICIENCY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recognizing the great public interest in the question of scientific management and its effect in the increase of industrial efficiency, the authorities of the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance of Dartmouth College held a conference on that subject on October 12, 13, 14. The writer was delegated by Clark University to attend the conference with the view of learning what he could relating to the increase of academic efficiency, and in the belief that this will not be without interest to your readers takes the liberty of presenting some observations on the subject. The conference as a whole was extremely interesting. It consisted of two long and serious evening addresses at sessions presided over by ex-Gov. Henry B. Quinby and by Gov. Robert P. Bass, respectively, the first on the Prineiples of Scientifie Management by the ehief authority on the subject, Mr. Frederick W. Taylor of Philadelphia, and the second on the Application of Business Methods to the Government of a Municipality by Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland, advisory director of the Burcaus of Municipal Researeh of New York and Philadelphia, together with morning and afternoon sessions at which a number of papers were read and informal discussions on varicus aspects of the subject were held.

It was immediately evident that the leading men connected with scientific management were present. All the papers were very carefully prepared and showed very remarkable results. A point on which all participants seemed to be agreed was that business men in this country to-day do not know their own business, a point on which the present writer has animadverted in your issue of September 14. At the same time, it was remarkable how sure each of the speakers was of his ability to give advice upon and improve any business whatever, not excepting that of carrying on a college or university. No doubt the very great success which these gentlemen have had in improving business methods, as evidenced by examples as diverse as machine shops, printing houses, bleacheries, concrete construction, and the unloading or loading of cars or barges, has given good ground for this apparent cocksureness. At the same time, it seems plain that their methods are simply those of common sense, and the wonder is that this sort of common sense was not introduced into business long ago. For instance, the methods of a very successful razor manufacturer were described in getting the sort of steel fit to make his razor blades, and it was stated that previously to this, no razor manufacturer had ever standardized a razor. Whenever this manufacturer found an extra good razor in a barber shop, he bought it at any price whatever, had the steel chemically analyzed and micrographically studied, until he found all the physical and chemical qualities that such steel must have. Certainly there is nothing wonderful in this, except that it should be new. Many other such examples were given.

The discussion upon academic management unfortunately occupied only an hour, late on Friday afternoon, and was participated in by six persons under the leadership of Prof. Edwin F. Gay, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. The speakers took as a text the celebrated report of Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, to the Carnegie Foundation. Mr. Cooke did not himself take part in the discussion, being occupied at the time in the discussion of another topic. Most of the speakers agreed that in certain parts of its work, such as administration, accounting, the care of buildings, and the provision of food, a university carries on a business which may be helped by the adoption of business methods. But in the most essential point, a university differs totally from an industrial plant. It is impossible to standardize its product. If a shop produces a definite article such as a typewriter or a watch, each one like all the others, or at any rate, belonging to a recognized standard type, there is no difficulty in measuring the success of its output. No such standard article is produced by a university, although many of our scientific managers seem to assume that the contrary is the case. It seemed to the writer that these gentlemen were always thinking of an engineering college, and that the idea of a college for liberal culture, or a university for the advancement of learning, was not in their minds. Mr. Taylor, for instance, stated that the first case of careful time study known to him was that of his old teacher, the late Mr. Wentworth of Exeter Academy, who always in the geometry class kept his watch upon his desk, and turned out to be making a careful study of the time required by the various boys to do each particular problem. No doubt the subject of elementary geometry is one in which such a would-be accurate assignment of time is possible, and no doubt Mr. Wentworth was a very skilful drill-master and teacher. It is well-known that by his skilfully arranged text-books he made a large fortune, but it should not be overlooked that in all his life, Mr. Wentworth never enlarged our knowledge of mathematics, and the encouragement of such a type of teacher in colleges is hardly to be looked for. The writer asked Mr. Cooke how he would investigate and standardize a department of Latin, and was told that he would not undertake it. Fancy the attempt to standardize the output of a course, the object of which should be to implant in the student an appreciation of the beauties of Shakespeare or Chaucer. Take a more concrete case in which the task idea may conceivably apply, say the learning of a lesson in physics. Suppose it is on the laws of vapors, the statement of which is tolerably simple and which may be put upon four or five ordinary pages, yet these simple laws may require several years of soaking-in to the student's mind before he really appreciates them. Is this appreciation to be gauged with a stop-watch by measuring the time it takes the student to recite the words in which these laws are stated in the book? A second point in which a university differs from an industrial establishment is in the matter of cost and output. Most of the speakers at the conference spoke of the necessity of the manager having his eye continually upon the balance-sheet, and this remark was always applauded. Now the object of a university is not to produce a profit in dollars and cents, but the cost of the student's education is generally more than double what the student pays for it, and a university is properly an eleemosynary institution carried on because of its advantage to the community.

In the matter of selection of the worker the colleges have much to learn, and the student at present may be fairly compared with the worker trying to do the least possible amount and still appear to be working at all. One member of the conference produced a motto found hanging upon the wall of a student's room, to this effect: "There is just this advantage about study, that it shows by contrast the value of those things for which we really come to college." As long as the material with which the colleges deal is of this sort, no great efficiency may be expected. For this, however, we must blame public opinion, rather than the professors. In the matter of selection, the elective system was an attempt to make the man fit the work. But it has undoubtedly been much improved upon by the more modern and more scientific method of giving each student a faculty adviser or manager to plan for him or help him plan. It was brought out by Mr. Taylor that the results of scientifie management had been to require a managing staff of about one-third the number of the workers. Here is a direct suggestion for the colleges. When there is one professor or instructor or assistant to each three students, there will be a marked increase in the efficiency, as has been shown by the example of Princeton, in the introduction of a large number of preceptors who attack the student in detail with excellent results. It is a matter of general knowledge that those of our

graduate departments devoted to research, and having the smallest relative numbers of students, get the best results. Unfortunately, the adoption of the scientific system which in the business world more than pays for the managerial staff, by the increased output, does not in the university work produce any corresponding inflow of money, but here, fortunately, as in other places, virtue is its own reward. Probably every professor is aware of how much more and better work he could do if he had a competent stenographer, and did not have to bother over keeping accounts, making both ends meet in his department, and doing various menial duties, but there is equally no doubt that presidents are at present totally unable to supply such desiderata, even to their oldest and best-tried workers. In the long run, the American professorate is composed of high-minded, able, and self-sacrificing men whose heart is in their work. The writer does not for a moment believe that the best brains of the country are occupied in business. At the same time, our professors do not reach—in character, yes, but not in training and productive ability—up to the standard of professors in Germany, France, or Italy. What would be said by the efficiency engineer to the statement that a professor of mathematics in the University of Paris, paid a salary equal to one of the highest in America, has to lecture twice a week for fifteen weeks in the year and has no other duties? What would the cost of such a professor figure out per student hour? And yet, such are the greatest scientists in the world, and of such is the Kingdom of Science.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Mass., October 26.

CORRECT ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For years Professor Lounsbury of Yale has been advocating the general proposition that any possible error in grammar or diction is defensible if it can be proved that the same mistake has crept into the work of a writer of standing. Now, in fifteen prolix pages, in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, he makes one more effort to attract attention by contending that the present methods of "Compulsory Composition in Colleges" do not make literary artists. One is tempted to quote Holmes to him:

> Thou say'st an undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way.

Nobody ever contended that they did. The limitations of college instruction are perfectly well recognized, and by nobody more regretted than by the men who administer them. "There are certain results, largely mechanical in their nature," writes Professor Lounsbury, "which can be achieved in the class-room." This is exactly the ground taken by every intelligent teacher of composition, and the only ground. Greatly offended as he is by the idea of compulsory composition, a slight sense of humor would have made him reflect upon what would be the probable result on the modern boy if composition were to be made voluntary. The student at least learns something under the present system, and that on the whole seems better than nothing.

It is a pity to see a man of Professor Lounsbury's position treating an important matter so superficially. The causes for the lack of great writers at the present time do not lie in the compulsory composition of our colleges. It is possible that in these damp attempts at fireworks he is intending to rebuke formalism and incompetent instruction, both of which are fair game. In this case, little as his performance can be regarded as successful, he is to be commended for his purpose. What he has really been accomplishing, however, is to use the reputation of the title he holds to support the slovenly use of English and to discredit honest effort to make it better. The multitudinous illiteracies of current periodicals hardly need his aid in this direction.

ARLO BATES.

Boston, October 24.

SPELLING REFORM AND PRONUNCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 19, a correspondent, "M.," calls Simplified Spelling to account for the pronunciations *progrum* and *thott*. Now it happens that *progrum* flourishes especially in England, where the old spelling with *mme* is generally retained, while in America, where the form with *m* at present prevails, the *a* almost always has its full value. *Progrum*, in this country, appears to be an importation from Great Britain. We all spell *telegram*, yet no one, apparently, is tempted to call it *telegrum*. As to *thought*, that is one of the words which the Simplifiers have expressly left untouched. The occasional pronunciation *thot* seems to be a by-product of the reaction against *dawg, Gawd, lawg, lawng*, etc.; at any rate, it cannot be laid at the door of the Simple Spellers. In reality, both slovenly utterance and offences against orthography are due, in great measure, to the lack of proper connection between our spoken and our written language. The printed forms cannot be trusted to convey a correct message to the ear, and the sequences of sounds by no means suggest to the mental eye the accepted combinations of letters. Hence pronunciation is largely deprived of the conservative influence of orthography, and spelling has to do without trustworthy guidance from speech.

G.

Cambridge, Mass., October 21.

"COMMENCEMENT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of Dexter's "Graduates of Yale College" (*Nation*, October 12) has made a natural and quite misleading mistake. He remarks: "Commencement was really the commencement of studies and occurred in the autumn instead of in June." Matriculation books are indeed open now in the autumn and commencements are in June, but the modern practice is not simply a reversal of the earlier. Our colleges, that is to say, held two vacations until about 1840, the one in May and the other in October, approximately [See, *American Almanac*, 1830-1850, under Colleges]. There was often some kind of academic celebration at the end of the winter term in April (such as the Dartmouth "Quarter Day"); the commencement proper being held in September, at the close of the summer term. Has our climate changed, have the students themselves managed this business, or did "committees of efficiency" impose the new order?

M.

Prince Edward Co., Va., October 23.

Literature

A RECENT VIEW OF URUGUAY.

Uruguay. By W. H. Koebel, Author of "Argentina Past and Present," "Portugal: Its Land and People," etc., etc. With a map and 55 illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The numerous writers who during the last few years have given us so many books on the South American republics, their economic prospects, as well as their history and politics, have mostly passed by Uruguay, or, as it calls itself, the Banda Oriental. It is small, the smallest of all the republican states in the Continent. It has neither the immense material resources of Argentina and Brazil, nor the antiquarian interest and the striking scenery of Peru and Bolivia. It has not played a part in the general history of South America comparable to that of Chili. Nevertheless, it is in many ways an attractive country, a land which evidently makes an agreeable impression upon travellers, while it inspires its own children with an unusually ardent patriotism. We are glad, therefore, to receive a work which undertakes to present to the American reader a complete account of both country and people.

Mr. Koebel has published several other books on other Spanish American countries and gives evidence all through of a familiarity with their conditions and ways of life. He writes easily and pleasantly, evidently liking the people and desiring to take the most favorable view of their character which loyalty to facts will permit. This is a condition it is necessary to remember, for both investors and immigrants have been sometimes beguiled and misled by roseate pictures. His account falls into three sections. There is a sketch of the history of Uruguay from the first Spanish settlements on the Rio de la Plata down to the present day, a sketch which is pretty full for the period of the War of Independence, but much more brief when he approaches our own time and has to mention living politicians. There is a description of the principal cities and centres of commerce, with some remarks on the scenery and agricultural conditions of different regions; and there are also nine general chapters, in some of which the manners and customs and character of the people are touched upon, while in others the resources of the country are considered, and estimates of its probable financial, industrial, and commercial progress are made. Some useful

figures bearing on these last-mentioned topics are collected in an appendix. The numerous illustrations taken from photographs help to give a good impression of the aspect of the towns and the features of the life of the people.

Few countries have so large a part of their surface available for productive industries. In Uruguay there are neither deserts like those of Peru, Bolivia, and parts of northern Chili and northern Argentina, nor lofty ranges like those which fill large districts in all the above named countries, as well as in Brazil and the republics which lie to the south of the Caribbean Sea. As the land is mostly undulating and comparatively clear of large wood, it is available both for stock raising and for agriculture. The former industry has been up till now the mainstay of the country. Immense quantities of meat and meat products are exported, the recent introduction of *frigorificos*, or cold storage processes, having much enlarged the business. Tillage has advanced relatively less than in Argentina, but the soil is well fitted for nearly all the cereals. Both wheat and maize are crops of increasing importance, while the culture of the vine has been introduced in some districts and promises well, Brazil being rather too hot for vineyards, and most of Argentina unsuitable, as too flat or too dry. Thus Uruguay, which is behind the other republics in mineral wealth, has an assured and indeed more permanently promising industrial future in her agricultural resources. The increase, both in stock raising and in tillage, has been much accelerated by the construction of a railway system which is, for so new a country, remarkably complete and efficient. The capital which has gone to the making of the railway lines and to the establishment of the great ranching and meat packing establishments has been mostly European, but, in recent years, the American Beef Trust is said to have entered the field, and according to Mr. Koebel, who devotes a useful chapter to the cattle business, new developments may now be expected in this line of business.

Nature has favored the country no less in climate than in soil. The heat is seldom excessive, even in the sub-tropical northern border, for the proximity of the sea and the easterly breezes give coolness, even in middle summer. The extremes of temperature are much less marked than in Argentina, and in summer large numbers of rich people flock from Buenos Ayres to bathing places on the Uruguayan coast. Locusts, the scourge of the Argentine farmer, occasionally appear, but as the welfare of the land depends more on cattle than on tillage their ravages are hero less destructive.

With a fine soil and a healthy bracing air, the people of Uruguay have two of the chief requisites for well being. A third is found in the fact that they are of predominantly European stock, with an almost imperceptible infusion either of native Indian or of negro blood. Mr. Koebel is less clear upon this subject than we could have wished; but we gather, both from his book and from other sources of information, that there was comparatively little inter-marriage between the early Spanish settlers and the aboriginal tribes. The latter were not numerous, and the most vigorous among them, the Charruas, seem to have been almost exterminated in their wars with the colonists. The Gaucho, both in Argentina and in Uruguay, seems to be a product rather of conditions than of race mixture. Like the mountaineers of east Kentucky in the United States, he is a European who has reverted to a wild, rude way of life, under the influence of an environment which belongs to a semi-civilized time, and which the progress of civilization is now destroying in South America, just as it is destroying the less marked type of Western cowboy in this country. The Gaucho is, in fact, something like a Canadian trapper, or a Wyoming cowboy, though somewhat rougher, having ranged the Pampas for a longer time, and in a more complete independence. He is now, though still rude and illiterate, beginning to subside into a peon or laborer of the civilized order, but he retains his love of fighting and his readiness to take part in a revolution at the shortest notice.

This taste has frequently opportunities of gratifying itself in Uruguay. No part of South America has had a more continuous record of wars and revolutions. Mr. Koebel has enumerated one hundred and four battles. During the first two centuries after its settlement, its possession was disputed by the Spaniards settled on the rivers Parana and Uruguay and the Portuguese established on the coast of Brazil. The troops employed were few, but the fighting was obstinate, and though more than once the Kings of Spain ceded the land to Portugal by treaty, whenever hostilities broke out afresh, the first effort of each Governor of Buenos Ayres was to recover this northeastern province. Even when the War of Independence of the early part of the last century had ended by the defeat and expulsion of the Spanish forces in 1814, and it was clear that they could not recover the country, the Portuguese of Brazil renewed their efforts to keep a hold on Uruguay. A fresh and fiercely contested struggle ultimately compelled Brazil to recognize, in 1827, the independence of the Uruguayan Republic. But so far from bringing peace, this was the beginning of a long series of intestine wars between various military leaders who had come into prominence in the previous years of strife, wars which lasted down into our own time. Thus the Uruguayan, so long accustomed to fighting, has come to regard it as the normal state of things, and quickly responds to an appeal to take up arms for his party. Since 1835 there have been two parties in the country, the Blancos and Colorados (whites and reds). They are so called because in a battle fought in that year the adherents of one general carried white pennons on their lances (then the favorite weapon of the country), and those of the other red pennons. These parties were at first merely personal, the generals standing for nothing but themselves. Like other parties, however, they have from time to time picked up principles, or at least tenets, on their way; so that of late years the Colorados have come to be the party of the townsfolk and of "advanced ideas," while the Blancos are friendly to the Church and find their chief support in the rural districts. So lately as November, 1910, the Blancos, apprehending, not without reason, that the Government was going to manipulate the elections to the Legislature in such a way as to procure a majority which would then proceed to elect as President a particular Colorado leader, organized a rising which lasted for some weeks, and was attended with considerable bloodshed. Where, as in not a few South American republics, the Administration "takes care" of the voting, revolution is the natural recourse of an Opposition, and as the Opposition, if and when it becomes the Government, pursues the same method, the habit of making revolutions perpetuates itself. The remarkable thing is that these very unsettled political conditions have had comparatively little effect on the prosperity of the country. Public credit is no doubt affected, and bonds are, for the time being, sent down in the market, but ranching and wheat-raising go on much as usual, except that traffic on those roads and railways which traverse the disturbed districts is stopped. It may, however, be remarked that revolutions have tended to be less and less formidable in recent times. The Colorados have now held power continuously for more than forty years, and the extension of railways, enabling the Government to move its troops quickly to threatened points, puts insurgents at a disadvantage. Though political assassinations have been pretty frequent, and party bitterness remains intense, war is conducted with less ferocity than in the old days. The Uruguayan has many fine qualities, like those fighting races of the East, the Albanians in Europe and the Afghans in Asia, of whom he reminds us. When the energy he has shown in war is turned to the arts of peace, he may prove to be one of the most progressive among the South American peoples. Mr. Koebel is not the only traveller to whom he appears

more attractive than either of his neighbors, the Argentine on the west and the Brazilian on the east. And though he is of virtually the same racial stock as the Argentine, neither nation having absorbed much of that aboriginal Indian blood which has affected the Peruvian and the Chilian, and which predominates in the Paraguayan, he has acquired a national character of his own, which seems likely to become rather more than less distinctive in the years to come. Its influence is shown in the fact that the children of Americans and Englishmen settled in the country are proud to call themselves and feel themselves Uruguayans.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Fruitful Vine. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

If Mr. Hichens would only learn to let well enough alone! He knows his own range, which is confined to problems of sex, and he is seldom busied with an unreal problem. But he can never deal directly and simply with it. Or rather his instinct is to conceal the essential simplicity, not to say ingenuousness, of his mental process. He always has the portentous air of the oracle, or of the medium. With him, we breathe an air of mystery, however commonplace the topography of our surroundings. And one listens to a voice consciously rotund, rolling on and on, around and about and before and behind the subject, until one fairly wishes the subject had been left alone. But there are readers who enjoy fiction as an interminable meandering in a moonlit grove—such readers as could enjoy every word of "The Garden of Allah" and presently found "The Old Wives' Tale" stupid and long-drawn-out. The fact is, Mr. Hichens has the knack of providing mildly voluptuous entertainment for readers of lethargically amatory temperament. Such readers do not care to be hurried over their pleasures. Nothing which attracts the languid palate can be too long-drawn-out.

And, indeed, prolixity is the chief fault which the undevoted reader will find in this book. Mr. Hichens has never written anything with so little taint of mawkishness, with so large a measure of spontaneity. His theme is of burning interest to thousands of human beings, and fiction has hardly more than touched upon it. It is the problem of the childless wife and husband who long for children. We ought to bear in mind, when we are making up our tables of "race-suicide," that there are many such wives and husbands, especially among the finer-bred races and classes. The hapless pair in question are an Englishman, Sir Theodore Cannynge, and his wife, Dolores. They have been married eight years, are childless, and with both of them the desire for parenthood has reached the point of obsession. The woman dislikes all children because they are not her own, while the man devotes himself to the children of his friends, the Denzils. Francis Denzil is councillor of the British Embassy at Rome, where the action takes place, and Sir Theodore has really settled in Rome to be near his friend. The Denzils have children, and Sir Theodore's heart is gradually seduced by them. Eventually, he becomes so shameless as to prefer romping with the Denzil infants to his wife's tea-parties. Then Denzil dies, and Sir Theodore becomes guardian of the children and is finally lost to Dolores. Meanwhile from background to foreground steadily moves the figure of an Italian noble who has set himself to win the love of Lady Cannynge. He does not succeed, but wins her body, which she yields to him that she may become fruitful. She dies in child-birth, but the child lives to be demanded by the ruthless Italian, and Sir Theodore is left, doubly frustrated, alone upon the unhappy scene. Mr. Hichens, as usual, patiently labors to extract every drop of emotion from his theme—a process which betrays deficiency in humor. Yet his detail is often witty.

The Innocency of Father Brown. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Chesterton has conceived the cleverest variant of Sherlock Holmes we have yet seen. The miraculous analysist in these stories of mysterious crimes is a humble priest who has been made wise in the ways of wickedness through the confessions of criminals. For friend he has a superhuman virtuoso in crime from Paris, who, being converted and becoming a detective, seems suddenly to lose all his versatile faculties and so furnishes the necessary foil and confidant of Father Brown. The situations are in the highest degree original—to say that Mr. Chesterton is their author is to say as much. But we are not led through the steps of detection as skilfully as we were with Conan Doyle, and there is little or no excitement of the chase. Mr. Chesterton has succeeded, however, by his virtuosity in words in creating an enveloping air of evil and invisible forces working through the human brain, which grows darker as the book advances to a kind of gruesome and ghostly climax.

The Price. By Francis Lynde. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Like the exhorter who insisted that he had been "called" to preach, but was thought by his auditors to have heard some other noise, Mr. Lynde appears to have mistaken the nature of his inspiration. On the solemn pretext of proving that he errs who robs a bank, be his motives ne'er so lofty, Mr. Lynde has worked up a "rattling" story of a spectacular crime, a clean get-away, and the slow hunting down of the fugitive—the kind of story that is its own best excuse for being. Whether the *dramatis personæ* be fox and hound, or criminal and detective, a chase, full of the hazards of flight and the tactics of pursuit, in which hunter and hunted alternately baffle each other, is the most widely acceptable of all themes. If the actors be human, and there be included in the caste with the sleuth and the law-breaker a self-possessed, virtuous blonde and an inscrutable brunette adventuress, we shall not greatly care whether the motives and the costumes are those of darkest Russia or our own dear Middle West. A good working knowledge of localities, types, and manners from New Orleans to southern Minnesota, and a smattering of the psychology of crime, have helped in this case to subdue the native hue of melodrama. As to this gentlemanly hero *en mal* who was "one of the finest fellows in the world, gone a fraction morbid over the economic side of the social problem," we are inclined to regard him as merely very good bait for the serious-minded reader.

OLD TESTAMENT STUDIES.

The Old Testament in the Light of the Ancient East: Manual of Biblical Archæology. By Alfred Jeremias. English edition, translated by C. L. Beaumont, edited by C. H. W. Johns. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes. $7 net.

This English edition is translated from the second German edition, but with such revision and additions by the author that it may be regarded, he says, as a third edition; his general position, however, remains the same as in the former issues. The work has been much discussed by specialists; the translation will doubtless bring it to the notice of a wide circle of general readers. To estimate its value it is necessary to distinguish between its illustrative material and the author's theoretical explanations and constructions. There is a great wealth of citations from Babylonian and other sources bearing on the Pentateuch (particularly on the stories of creation and the flood) and on passages in the prophetical and historical books. Much of this material, of course, is not new—the ground has been gone over before—and not all of it is distinctly relevant; still, taken all together, the citations may be said to be useful. The chapter on the political history of the States of Israel and Judah is illumining; it brings out the relations between those little states and their neighbors clearly and fully. Unfortunately, the greater part of the citations and parallels are so mingled with

mythological fancies that the general reader may often be at a loss to know what is historical and what is fanciful. The author is under the dominion of the astral mythological theory—one might almost say that he is obsessed by it.

This theory, adopted by Jeremias from Winckler and by Winckler largely from Stucken, affirms that there existed in the ancient world as early as the third millennium B. C. a body of teaching concerning the origin and development of the world which, having its first home in Babylonia, or receiving there its best formulation, spread over Asia, Egypt, eastern Europe, and ancient America and was known to and used by historical writers in those lands. The "teaching," as expounded by Dr. Jeremias in the present volumes, is in brief as follows:

> There is a preëstablished harmony between the terrestrial and the celestial worlds, so that the former of these corresponds to the latter in its entirety and in all its parts; the divine will is recorded in the constellations, and it is from these that the organization of religion (as, for example, the sacred numbers) has been taken; the history of the world proceeds by Ages, and these are designated by the Zodiacal signs in which the equinoctial point is situated—the present Age is that of Pisces, it was preceded by that of Aries and that of Taurus (in this last the astral teaching was formulated), and they by the Gemini Age to which our earliest historical notices belong; the religious teaching of the stars is embodied in myths—all myths are astral in origin—and historical writing is shaped by this conception: such writing in ancient times is dominated by the employment of motifs which are derived from astral phenomena and are thus connected with the gods, who also are astral; the motifs are such as combat and victory over enemies (the dragon or Marduk motif), secret birth, twins or Dioscuri, deliverance, and certain facts connected with the moon; in Biblical and other narratives the events described may be historical, but their setting is mythical, shaped by astral motifs; the Teaching is identical with religion and shows signs of a latent monotheism, and its characteristic feature is the expectation of a Redeemer, proceeding from the Deity, who in course of the ages overcomes the Powers of Darkness.

It is along these lines that Dr. Jeremias conducts his exposition of the early Biblical narratives. The stories of the post-diluvian patriarchs he regards as historical in their general scope, mainly on the ground that the social customs therein described accord with those that appear in the code of Hammurabi and other ancient documents; but his argument is defective by reason of his not recognizing the persistence of popular customs. His chief purpose, however, is the application of his theory, the astralistic, which he holds to have been in the minds of the Biblical writers. Every great personage is accounted to be the representative of an astral divine figure, and every incident to represent an astral event. The exegetical method is simple—it requires no great ingenuity to discover in the tradition allusions to Babylonian and other myths, just as the early Christian writers found therein records of profound Christian doctrines. The citation of supposed astralistic hints is carried through the Old Testament with wearisome iteration, and it may suffice to give the treatment of Abraham as a specimen of the method pursued. The stories of the patriarchs, it must be premised, are regarded by Jeremias as historical, but in a modified sense—in their present form they are incomplete and idealized and must be filled out and interpreted from late Jewish and non-Jewish sources and by the insight of the critic. In ancient history the family is not an ethnological division; Abraham was father of the family not in an ethnological but in a spiritual sense. He was a warrior and a Mahdi (a man divinely guided), a reformer whose migration from Babylonia was connected with a protest against existing religious error, perhaps against degeneration in moon-worship, perhaps against the cult of Marduk introduced by the Hammurabi dynasty—in any case merely a protest against polytheism, not a rejection of the astral system, as is evident from the astral mythological motifs introduced into the narrative of his life. These are specially prominent because he (with Lot) is the founder of a new era. His earlier name, Abram ("the [divine] father is exalted"), points to the moon-god, Sin, who is often styled "father"; the other name also, Abraham, "father of tumult," would correspond to Sin's title, "warrior of the gods"; add that the name Sarai, "princess," agrees with the title of the moon-goddess of Harran, and the name Milka (Abram's sister-in-law) with an epithet of Ishtar; and "Laban" signifies "moon." In the stories of Abraham there are moon-motifs: the number 318 (Gen. xiv, 14) is not historic, but a mythological construction—it is the number of days in the lunar year when the moon is visible and its light wars against darkness—so Abram has 318 companions in his battle with enemies: further, in Gen. xiv, the Canaanite kings serve the King of Elam twelve years and in the thirteenth year rebel—now, twelve days must be added to equalize the lunar year with the solar, the thirteenth day begins the new year, and Abram begins a new age; and he, like the moon, is a wanderer.

If the astral theory were accepted it would add nothing to our knowledge of the real history of religion. It throws no light on the origin and nature of religious customs, the characters and functions of deities, and the course of religious progress, and it solves no historical problems. If the questions be asked whether Abram went down into Egypt, or Joseph ruled in that land, or the Hebrew tribes migrated thence to Canaan, we must look elsewhere for answers, as, in fact, Dr. Jeremias himself in certain points appeals to non-astralistic considerations. The "Teaching" gives merely the astrological and mythological setting of narratives—the details are regarded as inventions, though the tradition is assumed to be trustworthy. For the existence of the "Teaching" proof is not forthcoming. It is true that Babylonian astronomy and astrology passed beyond the bounds of Babylonia, and that there were in Western Asia, as in all the world, cosmogonic myths in which the gods and the heavenly bodies figured, and mythical stories of heroes in which the real and the imaginary were sometimes mingled. But for a system of historical writing in which persons and events were described after the norm of astral occurrences, there is no evidence in the Babylonian or the Hebrew or any other literature. Since the Babylonians made careful records of celestial phenomena and constructed an elaborate science of divination by the liver of sacrificed animals, it would be hardly too much to expect, if such a system existed, to find references to it in the inscriptions, or at least some hint or recognition of it; but nothing of the sort is known in Babylonian or Hebrew records. Cosmic myths there are in the Old Testament (the combat of Yahweh with Rahab, for example, as in Isa. li. 9, and elsewhere), and certain favorite numbers (7, 12, 40) may have been suggested by astral phenomena, though the origin of such numbers is obscure; but the existence of these conceptions is far from warranting the assumptions of the theory under consideration. So as to the alleged expectation of a divinely guided redeemer. All over the world saviours of society have arisen from time to time, natural products of their times, and naturally were thought to have been raised up by some deity, but there is no sign that the expectation of such deliverers was a dogma of an ancient universal creed. Here, as in other points, Dr. Jeremias has taken some simple facts of ordinary human terrestrial experience, invested them with celestial clothing, and forcibly made them into a symmetrical, all-embracing, all-explaining, and universally accepted system of the world. It is obvious that he thus does violence to the proper method of historical investigation and misrepresents the course of religious development.

Canon Johns in his introduction mingles warnings judiciously with praise. He goes as far as possible in the recognition of the merits of these volumes, sometimes, indeed, too far, but repeatedly cautions the reader against accepting the author's astral theory at present. He appears to think it possible that additional discoveries may favor the theory; he might have pointed out its fundamental vice, if such crit-

icism would have been proper in an introduction meant to commend the work. The proofreading of the volumes is not good: there are the spellings "sybil" (I, 119) and "sybilline" (I, 131), and "Götterherrin" (which is a correct translation of the Babylonian *belit ilani*) is rendered by "divine lady" instead of by "mistress of the gods" (I, 9).

The History and Problems of Organized Labor. By Frank Tracy Carlton, Ph.D., Professor of Economics and History in Albion College. New York: D. C. Heath & Co.

Professor Carlton has produced in compact and readable form a useful summary of a large amount of literature dealing with many important labor questions. The title of the volume will doubtless seem to many to be somewhat misleading. Four chapters, constituting about one-sixth of the book, do undertake to present the history of labor organizations, but in the United States only. Among the "problems of organized labor" discussed are the following, to each of which a separate chapter is devoted: Immigration, The Sweated Industries, Child Labor, Woman Labor, Protective Legislation for Employees, Industrial Remuneration, and Trade Education. These are topics not to be confined to a treatise on trade-unionism. They are, indeed, the chief social and economic questions which confront modern industrial society; they may be called labor problems, but they are not problems peculiar to organized labor. The volume is designed primarily to serve as a text-book for college classes and is similar in scope to Adams and Sumner's "Labor Problems," which has hitherto enjoyed the advantage of having no competitor.

It is to be frankly conceded that labor unions are not, and probably should not be, mere ethical culture societies. That militant unionism which is so odious to the employing class aims above everything else at improving the economic condition of the working class, and no apology need be demanded or offered on that account, for employers and organizations of employers are equally concerned with their own narrow interests. So much the opponent of unionism may grant, but still protest that it is the *methods*, not the aims, of the unions that are anti-social and wholly objectionable. Professor Carlton attempts to answer such charges by making counter-charges of like nature against employers. Restriction of output, for instance, is shown to be a practice common to both employers and employees. Both are actuated by selfish motives; both, of course, may be pursuing a shortsighted policy. The closed shop, also, is not exclusively a trade-union method. "The anti-union shop is closed to the union man. . . . Many bitter opponents of the other forms of the closed shop are ardent advocates of the anti-union form of the closed shop." The demand for a collective bargain in making the wage contract is not a demand for a privilege, but only for equality. "The refusal on the part of a superintendent of a large factory to bargain with representatives of his employees is as absurd and unreasonable as would be the demand on the part of the employees for direct negotiations with the stockholders of the company represented by the superintendent." And as to coercive methods, "it must not be forgotten . . . that employers are often as brutal as union 'sluggers'; but in a less conspicuous and more impersonal manner."

The question of the validity of law, upon which democracy itself must ultimately depend, is quite neglected in such a balancing of charges and counter-charges. Indeed, Professor Carlton simply assumes that democracy and trade-unionism are identical. Thus, his view of the significance of the labor movement is revealed by the following sentences from his closing chapter on Recent Tendencies:

> The industrial world is the last stronghold of the despotic principle. . . . The captains of industry are the industrial analogues of the enlightened despots in the political world of the eighteenth century. . . . Exactly as our forefathers sought to break down absolutism in government, the labor unions of to-day seek through governmental interference and organized strength to break down absolutism in the industrial sphere. The significance of the present struggles between labor and capital is only clearly seen when looked at from this point of view.

Henry II: His Life and Times. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

It was a real service thus to vulgarize the life and reign of this monarch whose personality seems thus far to have appealed but slightly to either French or English biographical historians. Studies on Henry II are rare. Mr. Williams devotes the opening chapters of his book to a careful review of the vicissitudinary career of Francis in Italy and Spain, with its consequent bearing upon his young son's future life, namely, the Madrilene captivity and the alliance with the great Florentine family. The long rivalry of Francis with Charles V is elaborately exposed, as is the treason of the Constable of Bourbon and the responsibility of Louise of Savoy for his desperate decision.

It may well be objected that Mr. Williams is wont to be lenient with the women he describes, perhaps too much so, and that other experts in the minutiæ of that epoch would show these women in darker tones than he. This is undoubtedly true. Yet he may be quite right in not accepting the dicta of all those who have written before him, and we probably do well in accepting his discrimination. Be this as it may, his women are shown as it were in a sort of composite historical photograph deduced from the works of those whose authority may be best accepted: in particular, the youthful Catherine de' Medici, the plain, unpopular, submissive Italian girl who was to out-think them all, and her famous rival, Diane de Poitiers, whose name forever is to be linked first with Henry's to the exclusion of her own, as we still see the H and D woven together on the escutcheons of many a Renaissance château in the valley of the Loire.

The great judicial duel of Jarnac and La Chataigneraie, with its famous "coup"—for all of which Henry and Diane were primarily responsible—illumined by full citations from contemporary documents, is here related in such fashion that we know much better who was infamous and who was not. The present rehabilitation of Jarnac—though by no means new—may go far toward correcting an opinion only too prevalent.

But Mr. Williams's reputation is so well established by his many earlier works that it is unnecessary to expatiate upon the present volume. The epoch treated is one in which he has previously shown himself thoroughly at home, but never has he borne himself with more self-control, yet with easy confidence, than in his "Henry II." One feels throughout a certain balance and moderation, a breadth of knowledge and a sympathy which perforce commend it.

John Dennis; His Life and Criticism. By H. G. Paul, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press, Lemcke & Buechner. $1.25.

Dennis is chiefly remembered in English literature—so far as he is remembered at all—as one of the enemies and victims of Pope; also in connection with the origin of a well-known phrase, as the man who invented a new kind of stage-thunder and then complained that it had been stolen from him. Perhaps Dennis's best claim to remembrance is that he was one of the first Englishmen to set up as a professional critic. In his "Philosophical Dictionary" Voltaire, after speaking with withering contempt of professional critics in general, says that there was "*un nommé* Dennis, who followed this trade for sixty years at London and got a living out of it, too." (A very thin living, indeed, toward the end.) In the "Tale of a Tub" Dennis appears as a type of the snarling critic descended in straight line from Zoilus. In short, as Dr. Paul admits, Dennis has been mainly cited as a horrible example of a tribe that, as a whole, was under suspicion. In the past twenty years, however, Dr. Paul adds, something of a reaction has begun in Den-

nis's favor. Let us hope that the reaction will not go too far. It should stop well short of the exaggerated and rather eccentric praise of Swinburne, who set Dennis as a critic above Addison, or of Landor, who set him above Dryden. On the very face of it, a man who allied himself with writers like Gildon and Blackmore, against writers like Pope and Swift and Steele, was lacking in critical tact and perceptiveness. The best thing about Dennis is a certain bluff English honesty and downrightness that contrast agreeably with the duplicities of Pope.

In the first half of his book, which is devoted to the life of Dennis, Dr. Paul is, as he says, breaking new ground. His careful investigation adds not only to our knowledge of Dennis, but throws light on the literary manners of the time. The account of the endless squabbles in which Dennis engaged confirms the impression one gets from other sources that these manners were uncommonly bad. In fact, if England has had a truly Augustan age, an age on which the imagination can dwell with some satisfaction, it is the age of Johnson and Reynolds and Goldsmith rather than that of Pope.

The second half of Dr. Paul's book is devoted to Dennis as a critic. In his analysis of the main critical currents of the time and of the general background, Dr. Paul has followed closely, too closely in the reviewer's opinion, Dr. Spingarn. For example, he has, like Dr. Spingarn, failed to distinguish between logic and common sense. An element of confusion is thus introduced into the whole subject, especially into the treatment of Rymer. Common sense, as Dr. Johnson says, is intuitive, whereas Rymer, though he lays claim on several occasions to common sense, is extraordinarily lacking in every kind of intuition. What Rymer really stands for is logical thoroughness; he is the one consistent Aristotelian formalist in English criticism. He applies unflinchingly to the English drama the Aristotelian ideas about the all-importance of the plot and the closely allied notions of rational probability and poetic justice. Next to Dryden, he is the most important figure in English criticism at the end of the seventeenth century, not only in himself but by his actual influence. Dr. Paul errs in assigning this superior position to Dennis.

Dennis is very far from being like Rymer, consistent with himself. His criticism shows many of the same contradictions as that of Dryden, from which, as Dr. Paul says, it is largely derived. The main points of view that conflict more or less with one another in Dryden are evidently three: first, an admiration for the older English writers —"the giant race before the flood"—and their unfettered imaginative activity; second, respect for the French formalists and literary casuists, for what one may term the school of rules; third, regard for the school of wit and taste and good sense (Molière, La Bruyère, Boileau, etc.) that had succeeded the school of rules in France and was attacking its surviving representatives (Chapelain, etc.) as pedants.

Now the same contradictory elements are found in the criticism of Dennis, except that as he grew older he became more of a formalist than Dryden had ever been. Dennis is really a survival of the age of Dryden into the age of Pope and the quarrels in which he became involved, so far as they have other than personal or political grounds, illustrate the divergent points of view of two literary generations. The Queen Anne wits, like the great French wits whom they imitated, waged war, above all, on pedantry (why, by the way, does Dr. Paul say "pedanticism"?). Like the French wits also they had a faith in the unaided tact and intuitions of the man of the world that was a menace to sound learning. And so in the crusade of the wits against the pedants and the "dunces" better men than Dennis had to suffer—Bentley, for example. Pope's attitude toward Dennis was similar to that of Molière toward Vadius. At least as good a case could be made out for the Abbé Ménage, the original of Vadius, as Dr. Paul has made out for Dennis.

Dryden could on occasion defend the somewhat romantic spontaneity of the English imagination against both the wits and the formalists, and Dennis at least aimed to follow him in this particular. For his contemporaries Dennis was, above all, the apostle of poetic rage. We may doubt, however, whether Dennis hearkens back very effectively to the "giant race," or, as Dr. Paul contends, anticipates the modern romanticists. The normal neo-classical attitude toward inspiration is well expressed in the passage that Dr. Paul quotes from Rapin: the poet's "mind must always be serene that he may discern when to *let his muse run mad* and when to govern his transports." This ridiculous neo-classical notion of madness with a string attached to it, of fury that is governed by rule, of raging in cold blood, is not sufficiently discountenanced by Dennis's theory, and is certainly illustrated in his practice:

> What divine Rapture shakes my Soul?
> What Fury rages in my Blood,
> And drives about the stormy Flood?
> What makes my sparkling Eyeballs rowl?
> See, see the Goddess of the Lyre
> Descending in Tempestuous fire;
> Hence ye Profane, be gone, retire.

The poet, according to Dennis, is to be enthusiastic, but under eight heads. The excess of talk about fire over fire itself was so evident in his writings that he was accused by one of his satirists of being "by Inspiration furiously dull." He is certainly less readable than Rymer, with whom one most naturally compares him. One of the sources of Dennis's ideas about the afflatus is indicated by his nickname—Sir Tremendous Longinus. However, the generous and appreciative temper that Longinus recommends in criticism is less conspicuous in Dennis than in Addison.

Dr. Paul's book, like nearly all books in English, is not sufficiently careful in its printing of French words (*e. g.*, "les bons sens," p. 119; "la quarrelle," p. 151; "Desmaretes" for Desmarets, p. 121). Dr. Paul also misquotes an important sentence of Milton: "What decorum is, what are the great masterpieces to observe," instead of "which is the grand masterpiece to observe." The book has an index and a careful chronological list of Dennis's writings, but no table of contents.

Notes

The Scribners have just begun the publication of the Viking edition of Ibsen in thirteen volumes. It is edited by William Archer and the translations are mostly by him also. The volumes will be bound in sateen cloth and printed on paper specially prepared. The first two appear this month, Volume I containing "Lady Inger of Ostrat," "The Feast at Solhoug," and "Love's Comedy"; Volume II containing the "Vikings at Helgeland" and "The Pretenders."

In early November the same house will have ready: "Arctic Prairies," by Ernest Thompson Seton; "Memories of Two Wars," by Brig.-Gen. Frederick Funston; a handsomely illustrated "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "The Common People of Ancient Rome," by Frank Abbott, and a new, enlarged edition of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's "Referendum in America," to be called "The Referendum, Initiative, and Recall in America."

Henry Holt expects to publish on November 4: "India Under Curzon and After," by Lovat Fraser; "The Empresses of Rome," by Joseph McCabe, and two new volumes for young folk, being a fourth book by Mrs. Carroll Watson Rankin, "The Castaways of Pete's Patch," and Marryat's "Children of the New Forest," illustrated by Boyd Smith.

Bishop Charles H. Brent's new book, "The Sixth Sense," the publication of which has been several times postponed, is now promised by Huebsch for this month.

Under the title, "Unemployment: A Social Study," Macmillan will shortly issue the results of an investigation carried on by B. Seebohm Rowntree and Bruno Lasker.

Longmans, Green & Co. are bringing out the autobiography of the widow of the Grand Shareef of Wazan.

George Macaulay Trevelyan intends soon to publish, through Longmans, Green & Co., "English Songs of Italian Freedom," for which he has written an introduction and notes.

"Obil, Keeper of Camels," by Lucia Chase Bell; "The Potato Child and Others," by Mrs. Charles J. Woodbury, and "The Tahquitch Maiden," by Phebe Estelle Spald-

ing, will be put forth by Paul Elder & Co. as small gift-books.

The Current Literature Publishing Company has in hand a reproduction of the German classics of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in twenty royal octavo volumes, with about a thousand illustrations. The firm will be assisted by a large advisory board of scholars.

"An American in Germany" is the title of a German conversation book, by E. E. Patton, which is about to be issued by D. C. Heath & Co.

The following books are published this week by Houghton Mifflin Company: "The Spell of the Rockies," by Enos A. Mills; "The Singing Man," by Josephine Preston Peabody; "Emerson's Journals," Volumes V and VI, edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo E. Forbes; "Social Value," by Benjamin M. Anderson, jr., and "Harvard Chapel Series," by Francis G. Peabody.

Arthur Lloyd is publishing, this week, through Smith & Elder, the first volume of his work, "The Creed of Half Japan: Historical Sketches of Japanese Buddhism."

"The Oxford Book of German Verse from the Twelfth to the Twentieth Century," edited by Prof. H. G. Fiedler, with notes and preface by Gerhart Hauptmann, both in German, is one of the announcements of the Clarendon Press.

Snowden Ward, one of the vice-presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, is coming to this country to form branches of the fellowship here. On February 7, the centenary of Dickens's birth, he will lecture in Boston on "Charles Dickens and America."

Nelson & Sons of London have in preparation a complete edition of Victor Hugo's works in fifty-one volumes, two volumes to appear every month; the edition will begin with "Les Misérables" in four volumes.

We have received "Webster's New Standard American Dictionary," encyclopedic edition, issued by Laird & Lee of Chicago. The volume, which of course has no connection with "Webster's International Dictionary," produced at Springfield, Mass., has several features which, according to its publishers, bring it strictly up to date. By excluding obsolete words they offer "a practically unabridged dictionary" in portable compass. So in place of *rathe* we have *rubbernecк* and for *ferly, fan* (a baseball enthusiast). Here, as might be expected, there is inconsistency. *Busk* (to prepare one's self and *buss* (to kiss) have retained their places, while certain slang almost as old as that cited is lacking. Mythological and geographical words are conveniently put in the general vocabulary.

"The Paracelsus of Robert Browning," by Christina Pollock Denison (Baker & Taylor), is designed to facilitate the initiation of students into the twin mysteries of poetry and alchemy. The book is composed of the following parts: pp. 3-34, a sketch of the life and character of Paracelsus; 37-57, a summary of the philosophy of Paracelsus; 61-64, a note on the composition and form of the poem; 67-190, the poem *in extenso;* 193-231, general review of the poem, consisting of excerpts united by prose shortcuts or paraphrases; 225-239, notes and glossary—inconsiderable.

The collection of Lecky's "Historical and Political Essays," first issued by his widow in 1908 (Longmans), has appeared in a new edition. The essays will all repay reading, though of a varying degree of interest and value. The book notices, on the whole, like those of Lady Blennerhassett's "Madame de Staël" and Leroy-Beaulieu's "Israel Among the Nations," appear perfunctory (some errors in the latter article ought not to have been retained), while the essays on "Thoughts on History" and "Ireland in the Light of History" were, perhaps, best worth preserving. But Lecky was not preëminently an essayist. His "Carlyle's Message to His Age" (Sunday afternoon lecture to working men) inevitably recalls Lowell's brilliant and acute pages on the same subject (in his review of "Frederick the Great"), greatly to the disadvantage of the English historian.

"Siberia: A Record of Travel, Climbing, and Exploration" (Scribner), by Samuel Turner, which originally appeared in 1905, has reached a second edition. As the record of a winter journey, mainly undertaken for business purposes, but resulting in a daring exploration of the Altai Mountains, and the ascent of the Belukha to the height of 14,000 feet, this volume is quite unique. Mr. Turner describes minutely Siberia's dairy industry, in which he is chiefly interested, and the development of which he holds to be of great importance alike to Siberia and to Great Britain. His modesty, fairmindedness, and keenness of observation are conspicuous throughout the book, which will retain its place in the literature of travel. It is, therefore, to be regretted that his statistics, which relate to the year 1903, were not brought up to date in the new edition.

The French alone, apparently, can write on mysterious subjects without adding to them a fog of their own. Una Birch, in her "Secret Societies and the French Revolution" (Lane), certainly shows that, as Lowell says, "to be misty is not to be mystic." It is impossible to get a coherent story or a clear picture from her pages, in spite of her learning, genuine or doubtful. Her touch-and-go method may not be out of place in dealing with such shadowy characters as Saint-Germain and Cagliostro, but it becomes irritating when substantial historical and literary celebrities appear upon the scene. Francis Bacon is gravely classed among the Rosicrucians, and "altar and throne" are held as fully responsible for the death of Cagliostro in the Inquisitor's prison as for the guillotining of the writer Cazotte and the persecution of the Pertectibilist Weishaupt. The author moves in a world of conjectures and surmises. The criminal procedure embodied in the Code Napoléon "seems" to her "to have been evolved out of the conclaves" of the lodge of the "Neuf Soeurs"; and "is it incredible," she asks (her questions are many and comprehensive), "that Madame de Staël, in her many interviews with men of letters, such as Goethe, Schiller, and Schlegel, . . . should have influenced foreign views of Napoleon?" She evidently takes the "many" interviews with Goethe and Schiller and their serious import for granted, just as she seems not to doubt that the Comte de Saint-Germain made a "judicious bestowal" to Louis XV of "pictures by Velasquez and Murillo." But, after all, what is true in history? Perhaps some day, the author hopes, we shall know whether Saint-Germain was, "as men have so often called him, a charlatan, or whether he was, as some believe him to have been, a political genius of unrivalled ambition and great accomplishment." When she descends to solid ground, we ought to add, as in the essay on "Religious Liberty and the French Revolution," she becomes clearer and more restrained.

The "American Political Ideas" of John Fiske are reprinted by Houghton Mifflin Co. The "Story of a New England Town" has been included, and the whole is prefaced by an introduction of seventy-five pages by John Spencer Clark. The three chapters which make up the "American Political Ideas" were originally delivered as lectures before the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1880. The introduction gives us some interesting letters written by Fiske to his wife in June of the preceding year, when he delivered six lectures at University College, London, on the subject of America's place in history. It was the success of these lectures that led Huxley to engage Fiske for the Royal Institution. Aside from these letters, the introduction is mainly devoted to a discussion of the lectures as "an embodiment of style in literary art." It is shown at somewhat too great length how they exemplify all the textbook rules of Economy, Simplicity, Sequence, Climax, and Variety. Mr. Clark yields to no one in admiration of Fiske, and clearly regards him as one of America's greatest historians, as well as a literary genius of the first water. Fiske was certainly a writer of excellent English, and he must have been a fascinating lecturer. Being something of a philosopher, he was partial to those "large general ideas" which it is now the fashion to cry down. He knew a good deal about all periods of history, and the title of the lectures here printed was exactly suited to him—"American Political Ideas Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History." Hence, he was suggestive rather than profound, striking rather than original or subtile in his thinking, apt at hitting upon analogies rather than penetrating in his insight. One suspects that Fiske was often guilty of the terrible crime of getting an idea first and then finding the facts to support it. He charged his subject without ever fully realizing its hidden difficulties, and had always the air of coming through at top speed, triumphant, with colors flying. Certainly, his work was immensely worth while. His books will be read when those of many more erudite historians are forgotten; and, after all, it is not easy to point out the value of histories that nobody reads. Fiske's faith in the ultimate federation of Europe gives his book an additional interest at the present time.

Wall Street has been put into a little volume of less than seventy pages by Garet Garrett, who has drawn upon material contributed by him to the columns of the *Evening Post*. In "Where the Money Grows" (Harpers), Wall Street types, manners, and superstitions are sketched with a rapid, incisive stroke by one who is evidently familiar with his subject and has learned the art of easy narrative. Wall Street is largely a tenebrous region, and not alone to the outsider. The men who have their life and being there are apparently the creatures of queer theories,

traditions, fears, and habits to which they subscribe without understanding, and so go on making or losing money without very well knowing how or why. As an antidote to popular conceptions of Wall Street routine based on the revelations of Thomas W. Lawson and Charles Klein, such a delightful bit as Mr. Garrett's sketch of a bank president at work is extremely effective. It would be interesting to see the writer's graceful wit applied to broader themes.

Miss Mary White Ovington's monograph on the negro in New York ("Half a Man"; Longmans) is marked by frankness and thorough knowledge. It was feared that, as one of the founders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and long a worker among the colored people of New York, she might let her sympathies override her judgment. This proves not to be the case. She in no wise glosses over the negro's weaknesses, but, after stating them, dwells on the conditions which make for immorality among the women, for laziness and inefficiency or crime among the men. The picture is the drama of a worthy race struggling upward under most difficult conditions. Economically so handicapped that comparatively few men can earn enough to support their families without aid from their wives, discriminated against at every turn by the labor unions, and barred from most places of resort for harmless amusement, those of slight moral stamina fall readily. When one considers also that there was virtually no marriage relation any one was bound to respect among the race until after emancipation, it is not surprising that the colored women as yet fall short of the standards of virtue of the white. The high percentage of improper guardianship among the negroes, and the grave number of depraved negro girls which Miss Ovington records, show where the work must be done in the immediate future if the race is to be helped. As for the labor question, Miss Ovington rightly points out that "North or South the negro gets an opportunity to work where he is imperatively needed." But just as soon as he can the white man pushes the black man toward jobs for which he himself does not care to compete. Hence many honest places are closed to the negro, but the avenues to vice and crime never. But despite this, Miss Ovington finds that the bulk of the negroes who struggle for life in the great city have procured regular work and a fairly steady, if poor, pay. To the majority of them the North, in Miss Ovington's words, "seems to have brought something of liberty and happiness." Particularly the colored musicians and entertainers seem to get on well, and the extraordinary success of actors of the high standard of Williams and Walker, and Cole and Johnson, is here set forth.

Where many despond about the future for the city-bred negro, Miss Ovington is optimistic. She records that his prospect "begins to be bright." Through the vast streams of Jewish and Latin immigrants she feels that New York may be helped beyond its provincialism that now spells bitter prejudice. "If New York really becomes a cosmopolitan city, let us believe," she writes, "the negro will bring to it his highest genius and will walk through it simply and quietly unnoticed, a man among men." To many this will seem the wish which is father to the thought; they will fear that the antipathy of race manifested lately in Coatesville and almost every section of the country will more readily affect the newcomers to New York than be changed by the views of foreigners. But democracy is on trial in New York city, as well as the country over, more than the colored man. The question is simply whether those of white skin who are rising in the social and industrial scale shall be permitted to thrust back those who are toiling up after them. That is the issue, and we fancy its solution will come even a little more slowly in our cities than in our rural districts. But that it will be solved no one ought to doubt. Such sane, wise, and sympathetic studies as Miss Ovington's contribute not a little thereto.

"Erinnerungen: von Ernst Freiherrn von Plener" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt) is the exceedingly interesting autobiography of a prominent Austrian politician, political economist, and diplomatist. He was born in 1841, the son of the distinguished Austrian statesman Ignaz von Plener, from whom he not only inherited excellent qualities, but also received a careful and in every respect commendable training. The first volume, just issued, contains reminiscences of his youth and early education and a record of his connection with the Austrian Embassies in Paris and London from 1865 to 1873. During this period he associated intimately with the most eminent persons in both countries, and his characterizations of these representatives of French and English literature, science, and national culture constitute the most attractive and instructive part of the memoirs.

Lady Elizabeth Herbert of Lea, biographer, author of many short stories, and of books of travel, is dead at her home in London. She was the mother of the late Sir Michael Herbert, who was ambassador to Washington, and widow of Sidney Herbert, war minister at the time of the Crimean war. Among her books we note: "Rambles Round the World," "Wayside Tales," and Lives of Monsignor Dupanloup, Garcia Moreno, St. John Baptist de Rossi, and Mother Teresa Dubouché.

Harper's Magazine for November has the opening chapters of a Life of Mark Twain by Albert Bigelow Paine, whom Mr. Clemens designated as his official biographer. Mr. Paine, like his predecessors in the same field, labors under the disadvantage of being forced to compete against the vast amount of biographical matter supplied by Mark Twain himself in his novels, travel volume and separate sketches, numberless public addresses, and the long series of uncoördinated reminiscences published in the *North American Review*. There is little left for the formal biographer except to systematize and elaborate. Mr. Paine gives a pleasing account of the boyhood of Mark Twain. It is the story of a lad of ordinary promise, with more than ordinary capacities for mischief, and a decided gift for leadership. The origins of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are traced. Two characteristic stories of Mark Twain are quoted. On page 492 of an edition of Suetonius, which Mr. Clemens was fond of reading, there is reference to a certain Flavius Clemens, who was notorious "for his want of energy." In the margin Mark Twain wrote: "I guess this is where our line starts." Speaking of the family's migrations, Mark Twain once said: "In 1843 my father caught me in a lie. It is not this fact that gives me the date, but the house we lived in. We were there only a year."

In the same number of *Harper's*, Professor Lounsbury announces his profound aversion and contempt for theme-writing as a means of instruction in English composition, and for the underlying theory that it is necessary to make every college man into a writer. He makes the classic argument that the sense of style is inborn and that it is developed, as far as it can be developed, by the study and contemplation of the great masters of literature. Setting undergraduates to write badly, and then having their errors corrected by incompetent instructors, strikes Professor Lounsbury as a very futile business. The writer begins with the statement that he expects nobody to agree with him. We hasten to be among the first to realize this expectation. The case is sadly overstated. There is no ground for assuming that it is the aim of the college to turn every undergraduate into a "writer" in the professional sense. "There is no more reason or necessity for it," says Professor Lounsbury, "than there is for every man to become a mathematician or a musician or an architect or an engineer or a painter." But as it happens, our letters to our wives, our children, and our business associates are not couched in simple equations or in water-colors, but in words; and that is true of our Ph.D. theses, our applications for a job, and our announcements of an intention to run for the Legislature. Writers of this kind the world needs and the colleges can help to make.

The *Century* has a one-act play by the late W. S. Gilbert, of a type we do not readily associate with the author of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado." It is entitled "The Hooligan," and deals with the last hours of a murderer condemned to be hanged. Aside from the emotional clutch inherent in the subject, we find no special qualities of observation, instruction, or dramatic impetus in this little piece.

Mary Austin's article in the *American Magazine*, on why the New Theatre failed, is the most thoughtful discussion we have seen on this vexed subject. Mrs. Austin contends that the management of the New Theatre made a fatal mistake when it tried to be practical. "The business of the New Theatre was to lose money." To realize the aims of its founders and the best aspirations to which it gave birth, it should have searched out and fostered the kind of art that the commercial manager was either too timid or too uneducated to encourage. "It should stand on its subsidy as on a watch-tower to catch from afar off intimations of dawning genius, of new appreciations, to serve as a mark for the perplexed and doubtful private manager." But instead of being a guide, the New Theatre became an imitator. It produced plays whose popularity had been proved in private theatres or new plays which promised to be popular because they were like the plays being produced by the private managers.

The sub-title chosen by Louise Collier Willcox for her paper on Nietzsche, in the *North American Review*, "A Doctor for Sick Souls," is not a happy description of

one who by the author's own account was a physician who failed to cure himself, and whose methods were those of Christian Science. To those of us who are not Christian Scientists, the implication is not as laudatory as the writer may imagine. We have here no attempt at a formal estimate of Nietzsche, but a chapter of casual comment, from which emerges the rather interesting point that in his asseveration of the triumph of life over death and joy over pain, Nietzsche was at one with the great religions that he attacked.

In this number of the *North American Review* Arthur Benington, vice-president of the New York branch of the Dante Alighieri Society announces the forthcoming publication of a book on Dante which promises to work a revolution in its field. The author is Professor Paolo Amaducci of Rovigo, and his theory is, in few words, that Dante's journey, "from its beginning in the dark wood to its end in the Empyrean," is an image of the journey of the children of Israel from Egypt to the Promised Land as allegorically interpreted in a work of St. Peter Damian, "De quadragesima et quadraginta duabus Hebræorum mansionibus." The "Divina Commedia" to be properly understood must be divided into forty-two marches and stopping places (mansions), "each march and resting place having the same allegorical meaning that St. Peter Damian assigns to those of the Israelites."

Science

"A Handbook of Health," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, and "The Teaching of High School Mathematics," by George W. Evans, are in the list of Houghton Mifflin Co.

The eighteenth session of the International Congress of Americanists will be held in London from May 27 to June 1.

Recent progress in agricultural research and its effect in increasing the wealth of this country through the introduction of new plant industries is admirably shown in the *National Geographic Magazine* for October, by David Fairchild, agricultural explorer of the Department of Agriculture. Our plant immigrants are 31,000, and those on which he lays the most stress are the mango, date, and bamboo. The various stages in the cultivation, harvesting, and preparation for market of coffee are described by Prof. R. DeC. Ward of Harvard, who visited the famous coffee district of São Paulo for the purpose of obtaining this information. Some interesting facts about old Württemberg are given by B. H. Buxton, and an account of excursions in the interior of Tahiti, by Prof. H. W. Smith of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"Animal Intelligence," experimental studies (Macmillan), by Edward L. Thorndike, is a reprint of material which has appeared before, with the exception of two essays, "Laws and Hypotheses of Behavior," and "The Evolution of the Human Instinct." In the former essay, Professor Thorndike enunciates laws governing response to a given situation. In themselves they are not novel, as they may be deduced from the law of association; his application of them, however, to genetic psychology is interesting. It is his belief that the child learns to speak rather by connecting certain sounds with pleasant results, than by direct imitation of a teacher. Certain sounds, such as "th," cannot be learned by imitation. From among the great number of responses with which the infant replies to a stimulus, it sooner or later hits upon the correct one by accident, and in the course of time selects it, being impelled to do so by no other force than its previous association with a pleasant result. The great majority of responses are instinctive or habitual, and are not caused by the ideas of them. The latter part of the argument requires no comment; as regards voluntary acts, psychologists have never held that the idea, apart from the particular volition, was capable of causing itself to be carried into effect, while with reactions which are more or less distinctly reflex the truth of the author's statement is beyond question. The second essay deals with accidental production and conscious selection of fit responses in the higher sphere of intellectual action, where habit has in a large degree replaced instinct.

Nearly five hundred years ago the Italian physician Mercurialis categorically affirmed that flies carried secretions from diseased bodies to food, and that persons were thus infected. Since that time it has often been suggested that contagion may be transmitted in this way, but it is only within the past decade that the theory has been seriously entertained by a large proportion of medical men. One of the most active among those who have accumulated data in recent years to prove the case against the house fly is our government entomologist, Dr. L. O. Howard. In "The House Fly—Disease Carrier" (Stokes), Dr. Howard has brought together, in a volume of above three hundred pages, not only the results of his own investigations and those of his colleagues, but also critical reviews of all the important work bearing upon his subject. The five chapters treat the zoölogical position, life history, and habits of the house fly, its natural enemies, its agency in the carriage of disease, remedies and preventive measures, and other flies frequenting houses. A bibliography of 136 titles includes the more important papers and is the more useful for not attempting to list the multitudinous popular compilations. Since the chief danger from the house fly is that it may develop in and feed on human excrement, and thus convey pathogenic organisms, an important feature of the book is the inclusion of two appendices summarizing the valuable recent papers of Dr. Stiles on disposal of night soil. The illustrations throughout are excellent, many of them being new. The author ranks high not only as an investigator but as a popularizer of scientific results, but unfortunately the present volume is not as readable and concise as, for instance, his "Mosquito Book," and the opening chapter will probably seem to the general reader appallingly technical. The medical man and the entomologist will overlook this feature, for the book is a veritable mine of authoritative information.

"The Lore of the Honey Bee" (Dutton), by Tickner Edwardes, unites the science and poetry of bee-keeping to an unusual degree. On the practical side there has been no want of treatises, such as Cook's "Manual of the Apiary" and A. I. Root's "A, B, C of Bee-Keeping," which set forth the facts of bee life as they bear upon the production of honey and the principles of scientific apiculture. Each generation has also its romance of the hive, such as Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," which is pleasing literature and delicately disguised advocacy of radical social theory, but which sins on almost every page against the facts known to every practical worker among bees. Mr. Edwardes, on the contrary, is both scientist and man of letters, and his little book is fitted to delight the lover of the simple, quiet things of gardens and small fields. His pages give no offence to the most thoroughly trained apiculturist, and, indeed, abound with suggestions which are not likely to be superfluous to many who know how to make an apiary profitable. The book is written for English bee-keepers, and many of the practical suggestions need modification for our American seasons, but apiculturists of any climate who have caught the real spirit of the calling will be grateful to one who knows alike the methods which have followed Huber's observation hives and the more subtle lessons which gentle Virgil caught when he sought "the ways of lowly quiet, while great Cæsar hurled war's lightnings by high Euphrates."

The "Aéro-Manuel" of Ch. Faroux and Et. Bernard (Paris: Dunod & Pinat) will appeal to every one interested in aviation. The first part is devoted to an aeronautic chronology from the fourth century B. C. to the present day, and contains cuts of dirigibles and aeroplanes. A record of the aviation year, from May, 1909, to April, 1910, follows, and after that comes a list of events, with prizes and winners, times, distances, and elevations for the same year. Records follow of airmen, who have stayed up longer than an hour, then a list of victims, of new inventions to 1910. Part ii will attract the general amateur, because it contains first, a dictionary (illustrated) of aviation terms, in reality a compact encyclopædia; and next a chapter of technical notes and tables. But these notes call for a very considerable equipment of mechanics for their proper digestion. Part iii is nothing more nor less than a sort of "Who's Who" of the world of aviation, giving as it does a general alphabetical list of all constructors, merchants, agents, professionals, amateurs, societies, publications, etc., from the earliest days of ballooning to our own times, with portraits of notabilities. The organic and social side is represented by a list of clubs, the names and addresses of the members of the French clubs being given in full.

Harvard College Observatory has just issued a pamphlet in memoriam of Williamina Paton Fleming, curator of astronomical photographs in the Observatory. At the time of her death last May, she had completed thirty years of service, constant and unwearying. Beginning with ordinary computing, she advanced by great patience and talent to one of the most important positions in the Observatory. One of her remarkable pieces of work was the great Draper Catalogue, which gave the class of spectra of above 10,000 brightest stars, with measures of their photographic light. From her examination of these plates, taken

at Cambridge and at the Harvard Southern station at Arequipa, Peru, she discovered ten of the seventeen new stars known to have appeared within the last quarter century, as well as above 300 variable stars. The list of her achievements would fill many pages, in addition to an immense amount of tedious administrative routine work, necessarily unrecorded, and proofreading of the *Annals* as they went through the press. Even the titles of the work she had nearly but not quite completed make an astonishing list.

John P. Waring, the author of many inventions, died on Monday in New York city. During the civil war, in which he saw much service, he discovered an improved method of spiking cannon. Later, he devised an economical system of separating silk from the cocoon, and invented a rock-drill and an air compressor. He was the holder of seventy-seven patents.

James Hoban Sands, rear-admiral United States navy, who died at his home in Washington on Friday of last week, distinguished himself in the civil war and in much service since that time. He was retired in 1907. From 1905 to 1907 he was superintendent of the Naval Academy.

Drama

The Plays and Poems of George Chapman. The Tragedies. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Thomas Marc Parrott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

This is the first volume of the three which Professor Parrott has planned; the second will have the comedies, and the third the poems, together with a general introduction, a glossary, and a bibliography. The plan, as outlined, has the compass and workings of a definitive edition; and, indeed, to produce at this day anything far short of that would merit reproach from all sides. For the past quarter of a century and more an army of scholars, fledged and fledgling, have grubbed to the very dregs of this famous period and have placed within an editor's reach materials for thoroughgoing generalizations. The grubbing will doubtless go on, but if Mr. Parrott's book may be taken to indicate that there is also to be an in-gathering and sifting of researches in the form of large but convenient and accurate studies, then the time has come to rejoice.

Few more stimulating figures of that age could have been chosen for a study of this sort than that of George Chapman. For, while falling behind the greatest of his day, he has considerably more than historic value. The point is: Chapman had ideas and a philosophy of life. His pages are encrusted with Bacon-like nuggets of his own thinking. He presents at the same time the tragedy of such other strongly individual men as Ben Jonson and John Donne; if all three had been less themselves and more Elizabethan, or even still less Elizabethan and more themselves, they would have achieved a larger success in literature. In none was there that balance of forces and sympathies which reflects and grasps the manysidedness of one's age; and yet, oddly, each had sufficient versatility to crave expression in a variety of forms. Whether, like Jonson especially, Chapman was too learned to adapt himself to immediate conditions is one aspect of the problem. The learning of Shakespeare, we may assume, was of the traditional sort which runs easily into the moulds of art; Jonson's and Chapman's excess may have pushed their personalities inartistically to the front. Whether, again like Jonson, literary fashions lured him into mediums for which he was not quite suited, is another important but doubtful point. At one moment it is hard not to feel that if Chapman had written "The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois." let us say, not as drama but as formal treatises in ethics and metaphysics, he might to-day be a monument in the history of philosophic thought. One can never be sure. In other instances, notably in the first of the Bussy plays, his grasp of dramatic situation, and his ability to present certain intangible ironies which only that form will express, are unmistakable. Or was his best talent epic? Chapman gives one constantly the impression of being bigger than his works and of being ruined by a cursed inarticulacy not so much of his own making as imposed by the genius of his age. Such a figure makes a strong human appeal and piques one's desire to gather up his true greatness securely from amid the ruin of his many half-successes.

The plan which Mr. Parrott has set before himself leaves little to be desired. He has wisely deferred the general introduction until he shall have gone over critically the entire body of Chapman's works. In so doing, he has not slighted the apparatus for the preceding volumes, if we may judge by the one volume which has appeared. In nearly two hundred finely-printed pages of notes are found, in connection with each play, an introduction, chiefly historical, but with a bit of more general appreciation, too; an elaborate commentary, and a special section giving the evidence for the editor's choice of numerous textual readings. The need of a trustworthy text is indicated by the fact that not since 1875 has a complete edition of Chapman appeared, and that upon this careless text was based the well-known Mermaid selections. Under the circumstances, the present editor may well regret, as he does, the large number of errata which have crept into his own text and have had to be corrected on a preliminary page. The commentaries reveal a vast amount of industry in running down the allusions of Chapman's widely-ranging mind, but to do this was far easier than to disentangle his often crabbed thought. The editor has frankly given up certain cases, and in many others, for all his ingenuity, has fallen short of the truth. In general, however, his explanations are helpful and precise. We note in the introductions a praiseworthy attempt to consider the material not only in its relation to Chapman, but to other European writers who have handled it. The following instance illustrates Professor Parrott's occasional tendency to be rigid in inference:

> Chapman, the reader of the play will have noticed, has departed in one material incident from the historic account of Bussy's death. Curiously enough, Dumas makes the same alteration of facts. Both the English poet and the French novelist make Monsieur, not the King, the direct informant of Monsoreau, and both attribute Monsieur's wrath against his old favorite to his discovery of the fact that Bussy had outstripped him in the race for the favors of Monsoreau's wife. It is most unlikely that this common departure from history should be a mere coincidence, and it is quite incredible that Dumas, or the collaborator who supplied him with the materials for *La Dame de Monsoreau,* should have been acquainted with Chapman's play. It seems probable, therefore, that there should have been some common source as yet unknown.

In point of fact, the advantage derived from making this slight change is obvious; and though it may, of course, have been made before Chapman's day, we fail to see the need of assuming that to Dumas it should not have occurred independently.

A sixth, revised and enlarged edition of Edward Everett Hale, jr.'s, "Dramatists of To-day" is announced by Holt.

"An Actor's Note-Books: being some Memoirs, Friendships, Criticisms, and Experiences of Frank Archer" contains, according to Stanley Paul, the publisher, who announces it, memories of Tennyson, Tom Taylor, Wilkie Collins, Salvini, Mary Anderson, Irving, and others.

Sir Herbert Tree has appointed Wednesday, November 8, for the production of Israel Zangwill's new play, "The God of War," which is understood to be an appeal for the application of Christian principles to international relations.

Cyril Maude has procured for the London Haymarket Theatre, the "Papa" of Messrs. de Flers and de Caillavet, a three-act comedy which has had a long run in Paris. The plot is founded on the rivalry between father and son for the hand of an heiress, and the success of the older man. The boy, however, is provided with a suitable sweetheart, and the ending is happy as usual. The piece will require some modification, it is said, for the English stage.

For the purposes of copyright, Justin Huntly McCarthy recently gave, in London, a performance of a play just finished by him, entitled "The Fair Irish Maid." It is founded upon his novel of the same name. The scene is laid first in Ireland, and then in London, in the years 1814-15. The hero-

ine, the last of an old and ruined family, suddenly finds herself the heiress to almost unlimited wealth. This unexpected good fortune makes her for a season the Queen of London, and brings her many experiences, humorous and pathetic. It is wholly a love-story, and the historical events of the year of Waterloo have no direct influence upon the characters.

Here is an indication of the magnitude of Professor Reinhardt's spectacle to be produced in the London Olympia at Christmas. The scene represents the interior of a huge Gothic cathedral. During the intermezzo the doors are opened and the spectator sees a band of huntsmen, with their horses and dogs, traversing a lofty mountain. But to give due effect to the picture it has become clear that the mountain must be in the middle of the arena. To accomplish this Reinhardt and the scenic designer have arranged to build up a huge mountain capable of supporting hundreds of persons, and larger in circumference than almost any stage in London. This is to be equipped with motor power, so that it may be easily moved from one end of the building to the other.

The death is announced of Ernst Hartmann, a leading member of the Burgtheater, at the age of sixty-seven. His death is a severe loss for Viennese theatregoers and for the Imperial House of Comedy, since he was, after the death of Sonnenthal, the only surviving representative of the classical traditions of the Austrian stage. Among the characters in which he excelled was that of Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew" and of Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Music

Family Letters of Richard Wagner. Translated by William Ashton Ellis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.35 net.

More Mastersingers. By Filson Young. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

In Germany there are many singers and other musicians whose specialty is the interpretation of Wagner's music. In England there is an author who seems to be devoting his whole life to writing an exhaustive biography of Wagner and translating his essays and the thousands of letters he wrote. Six volumes have already been published of William Ashton Ellis's "Life of Richard Wagner," and the work is still announced as being "in progress." Then there are eight volumes of prose works which Mr. Ellis has turned into English, with prefaces and annotations. Of the letters, he has translated those addressed by Wagner to his first wife, those to Mathilde Wesendonck, to her husband, and to Emil Heckel (this includes a brief history of the Bayreuth festivals). Doubtless he would have also Englished the letters to Liszt, Uhlig, and so on, had not others preceded him.

Two years ago, in the preface to his version of Wagner's letters to his first wife, Mr. Ellis expressed the hope that the demand for them would be sufficiently great to encourage him to supplement that volume by "an English rendering of the delightful 'Familienbriefe.'" Evidently this wish was gratified; and to make the family letters accessible to a still larger number he persuaded the publisher to issue this collection at a price within the means of all who crowd the cheaper sections of the house at performances of Wagner's works, or take the most modest of parts in their representation. It has been said that these family letters may be regarded as a supplement to the autobiography, but that is true of all the letters of Wagner, for he is always in them talking about himself and his works. Being written while the incidents were fresh and his nerves still vibrating, the letters present his experiences and his individuality more vividly than the reminiscences dictated in after years. In those to members of his family, in particular, as the translator justly remarks, "no possible suspicion of attitudinizing can arise in the mind of the most inveterate carper." Their writer appears in them true to life, and on the whole the picture they present will please those who love Wagner the man, with all his faults, as much as they love his music and his poems, with all their weaknesses.

Goethe's "himmelhoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt" might be put as a motto on the title-page of this volume of letters. Half the time the writer of them seems to be in a condition which he describes in these words: "My nerves are so terribly sensitive, they are always vibrating, either engendering the acme of pleasure or the deepest depression and pain." The pleasure is rare and fleeting; "the feeling of pain, anxiety, prostration, harassment, is the *constantly* abiding state." At times, as when he was writing his Nibelung poems, he could work only two hours a day, and even that, he writes, he could "only accomplish by lying down for another two after my work and trying to sleep a bit; if sleep doesn't come, that day is done for." "A whole night's sleep is the heavenliest blessing I know; I often take a deal of pains preparing it." But he is getting on in years, and consoles himself for all his troubles by reflecting that "the most passionate natures have often first learned comfort in old age." If the diagnosis of his troubles made by the eminent American oculist, Dr. George M. Gould, is correct a pair of spectacles would have ended his sufferings, for the mysterious affliction which he tried in so many different ways to cure was simply eye-strain.

That Mr. Ellis's translation is accurate and retains much of the individuality of the original it is hardly necessary to say. His index also is, as usual, a model. Under Wagner he classifies the allusions made to childhood and youth, to his regret at having no children (Siegfried was born later), to copyrights, dogs, exile, and amnesty, hack-work, health, marriage, pianoforte, politics, reading, women, etc., the largest number of entries being under abode, money-matters, and self-analysis. The appendix contains Glasenapp's notes on the recipients of the family letters—his mother, two brothers, four sisters, one half-sister, and several nieces. Glasenapp believes that a considerable number of family letters, written before Wagner had become famous, were not preserved. The first letter is dated 1832, the last 1874. The translator has added biographic notes where they help to elucidate the contents of the letters. Those who believe that Wagner was the son of his mother's second husband will find confirmation of their view in this sentence, on p. 279, written to his "half-sister," Cäcilie: "To me it seems as if our father Geyer believed he was atoning for a trespass by his sacrifice for the whole family," which is preceded by the sentence: "I believe I see perfectly clear now, even though I feel it extremely difficult to express my view of that relation."

The Old Age of Richard Wagner is the title of a chapter in Filson Young's latest collection of essays, "More Mastersingers." Mr. Young is familiar with this subject, having previously written a whole book on Wagner's operas. In the new chapter he does not discuss the composer's last years, but pleads for an improved staging of his works at Bayreuth and elsewhere, and for excisions. He holds that Wagner's music is for all time, that his influence on the world is still growing, but that the operas will age unless they are presented in new garb worthy of their beauty. In a chapter on The Art of the Conductor Mr. Young gives a vivid account of the revolution in orchestral and operatic interpretation effected by Wagner; but he forgets to add that this change was due quite as much to Liszt's example as to Wagner's. Some of the "new-style" conductors, including two Englishmen, Landon Ronald and Henry Wood, are considered in detail as to their methods. Other chapters, all of them worth reading, are entitled Debussy, The Two Westminsters, the Music of the Salon (an expression he uses in a much wider and more exalted sense than is customary), The Place of Music in Modern Life, which he thinks is not so much to be a child of the time—to stimulate the strenuousness and emotional fever of modern life—as to be a haven of refuge from it, into which we may escape in hours of heaviness or oppression.

Fritz Kreisler, all violin players will be

delighted to hear, has recently brought out an edition, edited by himself, of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin.

On the anniversary of the birthday of the late Edward MacDowell, December 18, there will be held at Carnegie Hall a MacDowell Festival Concert, in honor of America's greatest composer. E. S. Brown, who is managing the concert, has engaged the Volpe Symphony Orchestra, Arnold Volpe conducting, to assist, and among the soloists will be Augustus Cottlow, the eminent pianist, long recognized as MacDowell's most enthusiastic interpreter; Gardner Lamson, bass baritone, an American singer who has been for many years in opera in Germany; Rosa Linde, a well-known contralto; Nellie Wright, soprano, and Paul Dufault, tenor.

Wagner lowered his orchestra in Bayreuth, whereas in "Parsifal" he put his chorus up into the cupola for a celestial effect. Acting on this latter hint, they are preparing, in Berlin, for production at Christmas, a huge pantomime, with chorus and acting, for which Humperdinck is writing the music, and which is to be a sort of modern adaptation of the mediæval miracle plays or mysteries. There will be seven pictures, in presenting which several thousand persons will be employed. A unique feature will be the orchestra of two hundred players, who will be placed on a platform high above the stage to heighten the effect of mystery, while a group of bells will chime from a Gothic church which is to be built in the arena of the huge Olympia Theatre.

Charles-Théodore Malherbe, whose death, at the age of fifty-eight, has been reported from Cormeilles, France, became principal archivist of the Paris Opéra in 1899. Among his works may be mentioned "L'Œuvre dramatique de Richard Wagner," "Mélanges sur Richard Wagner," etc. He had a remarkable private collection of musical autographs.

Art

Canova. By Vittorio Malamani. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

This volume, published without date, is a noteworthy production of the year 1911. Though somewhat heavy to handle, it is by no means heavy in style, but is enlivened by graphic descriptions, by personal incidents, and a great abundance of photographic illustration. Signor Malamani has spared no pains in garnering his materials. Letters, published and unpublished, old engravings, newspapers, periodicals, and books have been carefully scanned, and he has travelled far and to many lands to see for himself works which have been concealed in private collections. The photographic reproductions alone are a source for Canova study to which scholars will turn for many years to come. Signor Malamani is not a critic of the modern school, but rather a genial and sympathetic biographer—in fact, a Vasari of the twentieth century. His descriptions of Canova's youth, of his emotional experiences, and, later, of his triumphant return to his native town are delightful bits of narrative.

Canova was an enthusiastic reviver of classic themes in sculpture, but his interest went further. When the opportunity offered, he promptly purchased from a French architect eighty Roman inscriptions, which formerly belonged to the Giustiniani family, and presented them to the Vatican, thus establishing a Museo Lapidario, which afterward developed into the Museo Chiaramonti. Nor did he hesitate to plead with Napoleon himself for the restoration of classic treasures to Italy. This enthusiasm was perhaps somewhat undiscriminating. When he went to London in 1815 and saw the sculptures from the Parthenon he wrote:

> The works of Pheidias, then, are true flesh and blood, that is to say, to be classed with the beauties of nature; flesh and blood is the armless Mercury of the Belvidere, also the Torso of Hercules; flesh and blood are the dying gladiator and the oft repeated Satyr of Praxiteles; flesh and blood the Cupid of which fragments are found everywhere; also the Venus of Praxiteles; and, furthermore, a Venus of the British Museum is altogether flesh and blood; as are also two small satyrs, etc.

Thus, works of quite varied styles from different periods appear to him equally beautiful, equally successful as reflections of nature. It seems strange to us as we survey the reproductions of his works—works for the most part characterized by excessive formality—that he should have been thus impressed by the realism of classic art. One of his earliest works, the Icarus and Dædalus, shows a touch of realism that he seldom even approximated in his later work. It has a vigor and a charm of naturalism that is missing even in his portrait sculptures. Could he have developed in this direction, could he have remained away from Rome and addressed himself to nature, rather than to archæology, he might have produced works more vigorous and more original. As it was, he became a master of outline and of form, and lost the very quality he most admired in the works of the classic sculptors.

Occasionally, we find him open to influences of post-classic art. Thus, the model for a relief for the tomb of the Marchese Berio, with its emotional expression of grief, recalls well-known compositions of Donatello, and a Pietà, the model for which is preserved at Possagno, seems to have been inspired by the works of Begarelli. And in his large sepulchral monuments we are sometimes reminded of Bernini. But none of these influences was permanent with him. It was the classic types which controlled his art. In spite of the great abundance of his works, the types he preferred—or rather those which appealed to his clientèle—were comparatively few, and we find frequent repetitions of the same theme with very slight variations of treatment. In all, there is the charm of refinement, and this may explain why his works were for the most part produced in response to aristocratic demand. His funerary stelæ, in spite of a certain formality, are beautiful embodiments of refined grief. But his Hebes and Dancing Girls and his Venuses are for the most part sentimental in conception and artificial in character, and hence do not make a strong appeal to the sculpture loving public of to-day.

A work embodying the results of Lord Carnarvon's long explorations at Thebes is announced by Henry Frowde, with the title "Four Years' Excavations at Thebes"; chapters in the volumes are contributed also by Howard Carter, F. L. Griffith, George Legrain, Dr. Moller, Professor Newberry, and Professor Spiegelburg.

In "Famous Castles and Palaces of Italy" (Scribner), Edmund B. d'Auvergne has had primarily to write a text for pictures—there are eight color-plates, after sketches by C. E. Dawson—but he has acquitted himself of the task with spirit and with sufficient learning. He carries the story down selectively from Castel Sant' Angelo to the ducal palace of Mantua, with which we reach the Renaissance. The survey runs from Apulia, with its Norman strongholds, to the sub-Alpine vale of Aosta. Bracciano, Poppi, Ferrara, Urbino, and the castles of Naples are included. In the embarrassment of choice offered by Italy, one cannot quarrel with Mr. d'Auvergne's selections. Possibly the Saracenic villa at Ravello should have been treated, in view of its exceptional architectural character and historic interest. This is an example of the better sort of professional bookmaking.

Prof. C. Baldwin Brown of the University of Edinburgh has recast his Rhind lectures of 1909 into a handsomely printed book, "The Arts and Crafts of Our Teutonic Forefathers" (McClurg). The book is a model of clear exposition, and except that the illustrations are of too small scale to be very useful, the work of author and printer may be warmly commended. The presentation is popular, and Professor Brown necessarily dispatches in a clause problems that have inspired volumes. He gives the facts clearly, with maps of the Teutonic migrations, and explains the nature of the finds. We have brooches and buckles in abundance, swords, dirks, axes; more rarely helmets and large vessels. It is a metal worker's art, and most of the objects in iron or more precious metals have plated or inlaid designs or are effectively set with stones. It has been maintained that all these so-called Teutonic objects were of Roman manufacture—export goods like the output of modern Birmingham or Tokio. Against this theory the idiomatic quality of Germanic ornamentation seems to speak conclusively.

Louis A. Ehrich, who died in London, October 23, at the age of sixty-one, had of late years made an enviable reputation as a connoisseur and dealer in old paintings. He was a graduate of Yale and began active life as a merchant. During a period

of invalidism he turned, on the one hand, to political reform, and on the other, to picture collecting. This avocation led to what was ultimately to be his calling. In scholarship he easily surpassed his colleagues in the trade, and he had in an unusual degree the confidence of museum officials and private collectors. For many years he was president of the Free Trade League. He was prominent also in the Gold Democratic and in the Anti-Imperialist movements. A man of vivid and varied intellectual interests, he will be greatly missed.

Among the works of Constant Moyaux, the French architect who died recently at the age of seventy-six, may be mentioned the tomb of Léon Cogniet at Père Lachaise, the monument to Laplace, the astronomer, at St. Martin-de-Mailloc, the Meudon observatory, and the restoration of the dome of the Institute in 1874. In 1890, he was made professor at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

The death is reported from Paris, in his fifty-seventh year, of Eugène-Henri Cauchois, who was noted for his pictures of still life, especially of flowers.

Finance

THE MARKET AND THE STEEL SUIT.

When the announcement was suddenly made, after the close of the Stock Exchange last Thursday, that the Government had entered suit to dissolve the Steel Corporation, it was received by individual readers or listeners in various ways. Stock Exchange people who were still lingering in Wall Street said at once that the market would have to go down. The Steel Trust's lawyers declared that it ought to be a relief to have the uncertainty about a suit removed. Other people insisted that the uncertainty was now worse than ever.

At the clubs and the various evening conferences, it was next rather generally concluded that the market's instinctive feeling that a suit was coming—especially after Attorney-General Wickersham's curious newspaper interview of last month—had been behind Steel common's break from 80 at the end of July to 51⅝ last month. But the average man-in-the-street merely wondered what sort of overwhelming crash would seize the Stock Exchange next day. He reasoned from his knowledge that the "billion-dollar Trust" has 120,000 shareholders, that all sorts of people among his own acquaintance "held a little Steel," and that here was potential liquidation on a startling scale.

Next morning, Steel common opened 3½ points down; that was the London selling. It fell 5 points further, then recovered 2 points or so of its earlier 8½-point loss. On Saturday, it opened a fraction lower and advanced a point; on Monday (when many people looked for a large supply of selling orders by mail from the outside public), the stock rose 1½ points further; on Tuesday, 1¾. Clearly, the 120,000 separate holders of the stock were keeping their heads.

So far as concerns the problem as to how the stock's market value would be affected pending the suit thus suddenly initiated, there is some interesting precedent. Northern Securities was the first great corporate combination ordered to be dissolved; its stock was selling around 102 when Attorney-General Knox, in February, 1902, began the Government's dissolution suit. From that price the shares declined to 81⅝ in 1903. When the final decision of the Supreme Court was handed down in March, 1904, Northern Securities was back at 90, and two weeks later the price again crossed par. Standard Oil was quoted at 630 on May 4, 1906, the day when President Roosevelt sent his special message to Congress announcing that the Department of Justice would take action. After the suit was actually started, the stock sold down to 390, but on the 31st of last August, the day when the company's books were closed, and the corporation, as it had been known, passed out of existence, the price was 630—exactly what it was in May, 1906.

The price of American Tobacco stock, just before the Government's suit was started in March, 1906, was 513. The price subsequently declined to 174½; but last May, two weeks after the Supreme Court had handed down its decision against the company, the price was back at 520. And even as regards the intervening break in the two industrial stocks, it must be remembered that the Oil and Tobacco suits were instituted in the boom year 1906, when all the market was on a very high level, and that the low prices mentioned came in the panic of 1907, and represented a relatively not more severe decline than occurred in many other stocks.

Such was the story in stocks of companies which the Supreme Court eventually ordered to be dissolved. They received their dividends regularly, until the final decree of dissolution. In the case of Northern Securities—the only combination where the longer history subsequent to its dissolution is as yet in evidence—the component companies, whose stock was allotted *pro rata* to the holders of Northern Securities shares, were more prosperous after the dissolution than before, and paid larger dividends.

It is impossible, however, not to feel regret that a position so full of possible anxieties and worries should have been forced upon this great body of investors—many of them people of small means. If the Steel suit is nothing but "playing politics" by an administration anxious for winning popular support for next year's election, then no denunciation of the attorney-general and the President could be too severe. A considerable part of the community is taking the major premise in that argument for granted.

But there are some other considerations which must also be kept in mind. The law being what it is, it was either right that the corporation should be brought into court, or it was wrong; and that question cannot be determined by the number of investors in the property. The statement issued by the Steel management, last week, washing its hands of responsibility and blaming the Government for whatever loss an investor may hereafter incur, was in somewhat questionable taste. If the Steel Corporation is hereafter adjudged by the court not to have violated the Anti-Trust law, and not to have broken down the conditions of equal competition and legitimate trade, then there is not the slightest reason why the investor in the shares will be any worse off hereafter than he is to-day. More than that, a harassing uncertainty, which must always have operated against the value of his stock, would be permanently removed.

And if the Government were to win the suit and the Trust were to be dissolved, it is quite as true as it was before that the property is there, and that the courts which dissolved the holding company would protect the investor in his rights to it. There is no question of confiscation in the matter, and there is infinitely less question of shattered market valuations than there would have been if the suit had been brought when Steel Common was at 94⅞, two years ago, or when it was squeezing its working capital to pay dividends, in the first years of its history.

But even this does not touch the core of the matter. What few people yet appear to realize is that the movement to break up such combinations as may be adjudged in restraint of trade, is a movement not to embark on untried and uncharted industrial seas, but to restore conditions with which the world had been familiar during many generations, and with which it achieved all its previous eras of prosperity. It is these immense trade combinations which are themselves the experiments, and some of them have been glaringly unsuccessful ones. Even in Germany, so often cited for our admonishment in the matter, there are signs of the similar experiment breaking down. Two arguments are constantly produced by people who contend that the whole attempt to restrain our huge trade combinations is senseless and malicious, and both of the arguments are unfounded. One is, that the so-called "Trust movement" of 1899 and 1901 was the only means of saving the various industrial enterprises from a hopeless situation. The other is, that the Anti-Trust law undertakes to forbid the conducting of any business on a large scale.

The first is wrong in its history, the second wrong in its facts. Instead of being in a state of ruin, the separate plants which were taken into the huge amalgamations of that period were highly prosperous—so much so that, in the Steel Trust's case, one reason for its paying the 4 per cent. dividend on its inflated common stock in 1901 was that half of the companies bought up by it had been paying 4 per cent. on similarly watered capital of their own. Some of them had come to grief in the money market, a few years before, and some of them, if left to themselves, would probably have done so a few years later, when the Steel Trust itself skated over some unpleasantly thin ice. But that was no novel discovery of that day.

Going concerns, with proper management and capitalization, were so flourishing that, except for the constitutional cripples already mentioned, the Steel Corporation had hard work to get them in. As for the notion that the proscribing of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts meant that no great business, and no reasonable combination, would be allowed again, that idea was doubtless encouraged by one unhappy *obiter dictum* of the Circuit Court; but the Supreme Court opinions of last spring made very short work of it.

It remains for the Department of Justice to prove that the Steel Trust violates the Anti-Trust law and threatens the free exchange of trade. It has not proved that yet; the Corporation's own side is still to be heard. Some allegations in the attorney-general's petition (notably its references to the motives and actions of the Trust in 1907) will be pretty hard to prove, and are believed to be quite unfounded by people who were on the spot at the time and who had reason to know what was being done and why. And even the prosecuting officers can hardly doubt that the Steel Corporation has a vastly better case, in the light of the recent opinions of the Supreme Court in the Anti-Trust law litigation, than was possessed by the Standard Oil or the American Tobacco.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Advanced Auction Bridge. By the Expert of the New York *Sun*. Stokes. $1 net.

Angeli, H. R. Shelley and His Friends in Italy. Brentano.

Bacon, Francis. Gardens and Friendship. Holt.

Banks, L. A. The Sunday-Night Evangel. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.30 net.

Barrie, J. M. Peter and Wendy. Scribner.

Bastian, H. C. The Origin of Life. Putnam.

Belasco, David. The Girl of the Golden West. Novelized from the Play. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

Bellows' French Dictionary. Revised and enlarged by W. Bellows. Holt.

Bendall, Gerard. The Progress of Mrs. Cripps—Middlemore. Lane. $1.25 net.

Bird, Robert. One Hundred Bible Stories for Children. Scribner.

Blackburn, E. M. A Study of Words. Longmans.

Bouvet, M. The Smile of the Sphinx. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

British Dominions: Their Present Commercial and Industrial Condition. Edited by W. J. Ashley. Longmans. $1.80 net.

Brown, E. C. The So-and-So Family. Dutton. $1.25.

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Cyclopedia of Education. Edited by Paul Monroe. Vol. II, Chu-Fus. Macmillan.

Dana, R. H., jr. Two Years Before the Mast. Intro. by W. Grenfell. Macmillan. $2 net.

Daudet's Neuf Contes Choisis. Edited for school use by V. E. François. Holt.

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Davis, R. H. The Family. Novelized from the play, by E. Marshall. Dillingham. $1.25 net.

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Du Bose, W. P. The Reason of Life. Longmans. $1.50 net.

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English Prose of the Eighteenth Century. Edited by R. M. Alden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

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Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. IX, Simple—Sleep. Frowde. $1.25.

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538. **Collodi, C. E.** Pinocchio, or The Story of a Puppet.
540. **Freeman, E. A.** Old English History for Children.
541. **True Annals of Fairy Land.** The Reign of King Herla. Edited by William Canton. Illust. by Charles Robinson.

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The Nation

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The Week

High-tariffites got but cold comfort in Tuesday's elections. Aside from their bitter disappointment in Massachusetts, they have to contemplate significant losses in the three Congressional districts where Representatives were elected to fill vacancies. One of these was the First District of New Jersey, where the late Congressman Loudenslager had in 1910 a plurality of 10,000. His successor, Browning, is a Republican, but the latter's majority was cut to very low figures. In the Second District of Kansas, which has been heavily Republican for years, a Democratic Representative was elected by about 1,000 majority. Even more notable was the result in the Third District of Nebraska. Here the Republicans made special efforts, sending in money and speakers from the outside. The district was won in 1910 by a Democrat, the late Representative Latta, but his majority of 2,000 was explained as largely due to personal popularity. However, another Democrat, Daniel Stephens, was elected on Tuesday by a majority of 5,000. There could be no clearer proof of general dissatisfaction with the Administration, especially in the matter of its tariff policy, nor a sharper rebuke to President Taft for his veto of the wool bill, with a warning that he must strike hard for tariff reductions, this winter, or give up next year's election in advance.

The triumph of Gov. Foss in Massachusetts, if nothing else, is a sound and merited rebuke to those who would inject the tariff issue into State politics. It would hardly have been thought possible a few weeks ago that in any State in the Union a campaign could be waged by men of intelligence in which the welfare of its great industries would be made to hinge upon the political label of its Governor. It was at least believed that we had progressed far beyond that familiar political condition of the eighties. But Mr. Taft, in his Beverly speech, injected national issues into the campaign, and Mr. Frothingham took the cue. Thereafter, to elect Foss was to cause all Bay State industries to go to wrack and ruin. The silliness of the argument ought to have defeated its object, and probably did. Moreover, Gov. Foss was charged with being a voluble demagogue in arrears in some of his work, notably in his appointments to office. But a majority of the people seem to have liked both the man and his industry in office, and have decided to retain him another year, while again choosing a Republican Lieutenant-Governor and Legislature. Thus Gov. Foss has the distinction of being the first Democrat since William E. Russell to govern Massachusetts two years in succession. Finally, it must not be forgotten that Gov. Foss ran on an extremely radical platform favoring the submission of the woman-suffrage issue to the people, the initiative and referendum, a Federal income tax amendment, direct election of United States Senators, the creation of a Public Utilities Commission, etc.

No one can read the returns from Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Cleveland, to say nothing of New York, without a feeling of rare satisfaction and of jubilation. The awakening of our American cities is coming on apace. Who would have thought a couple of years ago that, without any particular revelations of machine wrongdoing, or any specially sensational causes, Philadelphia and Cincinnati should rise up and drive out the boodlers and gangsters? "Corrupt and contented" was the phrase applied to Philadelphia a few years ago, which was made wholly out of date on Tuesday. Its discontent is plain enough, for the victory is a second one within a few weeks. First, Republican voters defeated the Vare brothers, contractors, in the primary election. Next they assayed at their full value Senator Penrose's assurances of repentance and reform and his sudden and hypocritical favoring of the commission form of government, and defeated his candidate, Mr. Earle, despite the fact that he was the ablest man ever put forward for the Mayoralty in Philadelphia.

It is a thousand pities that Champ Clark and William J. Bryan cannot be rolled into one and put up against Mr. Taft in the Presidential campaign next year. The President has barely had time to recover his equilibrium after being bowled over by Bryan's unanswerable challenge to publish the recommendations that gave Justice Hughes his job on the bench and got Chief Justice White his promotion, when along comes Speaker Clark and sends the poor man another challenge equally terrifying. "I am willing," says Champ, "to make this proposition: You let me run for President on a platform calling for annexation of Canada, in so far as this country can accomplish that end, and let President Taft run against me, opposing annexation, and I would carry every State in the nation." On the whole, seeing that we can't have a duumvirate, with both Bryan and Clark in the White House, the country should be grateful for the possibility of being governed by even one man of the Speaker's transcendent powers as a statesman. But the Democratic party has recently been showing such an unaccustomed and deplorable amount of mere plodding common sense that its national convention next year will in all probability not rise to the brilliant opportunity presented by Champ's candidacy.

The decision of the Secretary of War to install efficiency methods in the ordnance shops of the army shows administrative courage, for the scientific management at the Watertown, Mass., arsenal has aroused the anger of the labor unions. As will be remembered, a committee of Congress has been in session in Boston, New York, and other cities investigating this very matter because of a small strike at Watertown. Before this committee appeared many of the workmen at Watertown to testify their satisfaction with the new system. It commends itself to all unprejudiced observers because it has resulted in great economies, while actually bettering the condition and pay of the workmen. Yet both Mr. Stimson and President Taft deserve especial recognition for their pluck in taking so determined a stand on the eve of a Presidential campaign, for many labor leaders will roar—at least those who believe in limiting the number of workmen and in creating all the needless jobs possible.

Still other movements in the direction of economy in the army expenditures are foreshadowed by Gen. Wood's study of the stations of the army with a view to abandoning needless posts, and the Quartermaster-General's advocacy in his annual report of a consolidation of his own, the Subsistence, and the Paymaster-General's Departments. The latter plan was originally urged by Secretary Root. At that time these three supply departments were so hostile to the proposed amalgamation that it was impossible to obtain any legislation. Now all three heads of these departments have directly or indirectly approved the legislation now pending before Congress for this purpose. The estimated savings from this source alone will be two million dollars a year. But this is only a first estimate, and if better business methods can be installed after these three departments are unified, the saving should be far greater. As for the abandonment of unnecessary posts, the chief obstacles here will be political. Many of the existing barracks have no other reason for existence save that a Senator or Congressman wished to repair his political fences. Abandonment of one of the wasteful big posts could only take place in the face of a great deal of clamor on the part of those interested in the profits which come from selling supplies. But even if the unnecessary posts can be abandoned, economic management of the remainder would save large sums to the Government. The newest posts are far too luxurious for the housing of troops who are supposed to be preparing themselves for the hardships of campaigning.

It is certainly all up with Gov. Wilson now. He has been discovered, and the horrible truth is at last out that he is a free-trader. This damning announcement was made by ex-Gov. Stokes of New Jersey in a speech at Trenton. He had been reading Wilson's addresses and writings, and at more than one point in them had found traces of the free-trade poison. This will be final to every Jerseyman who forgets, as Mr. Stokes apparently does, that the same charge was made against Grover Cleveland, who nevertheless carried New Jersey three times for the Presidency. In 1892, for example, Democratic banners in Jersey openly flaunted the legend, "Protection is a Fraud," yet the State went for Cleveland. To suppose that New Jersey to-day, after the immense increase in the residents of her cities and towns in the northern part, so many of whom are independent in politics and nearly all of whom desire to see tariff duties reduced, will be frightened or anything but amused at this particular form of attack on Gov. Wilson, is too absurd for anybody except a former Republican Governor.

The inquest now going on at Austin, Pa., gives special point to the comprehensive article on the recent disaster at that place, by Graham Romeyn Taylor in the *Survey*. The contrast between the splendid helpfulness displayed by public and private agencies after the calamity and the lamentable failure to do anything to prevent it, in spite of abundant warning, is well brought out by the writer. This inertia, so far as the townspeople were concerned, is ascribed essentially to the fear of doing anything supposed to be contrary to the desires of the Bayless Company, on the continuance and extent of whose operations the prosperity of the place was dependent. But the State Government is not absolved from blame for inaction, and of course its failure to take cognizance of the menace to life and property cannot be accounted for in any such way. There is force in what Mr. Taylor says about the relation between the town and the industrial corporation; but it is always well to remember that a large factor in all our dangers from fire and flood and explosion is a certain laxity in the habitual American attitude of mind.

The detailed population bulletins for Ohio and Wisconsin repeat the familiar tale of contrast between urban and rural growth in numbers. In the case of Wisconsin, the rate of increase of the entire population, for the decade 1900-1910, is strikingly low, all things considered, being only 12.8, as against 21.0 per cent. for continental United States as a whole; whereas the three preceding decades gave 22.2, 28.7, and 24.7 per cent., respectively. Wisconsin's rural population —the population outside of cities and towns having 2,500 inhabitants or more in 1910—shows a growth of only 5.7 per cent., though the corresponding figure for the whole country is 11.2 per cent. In Ohio, the increase for the whole State has been more rapid, owing to the great increase in the cities, especially Cleveland; but at the same time the rural population makes a showing even less favorable than that of Wisconsin. Ohio's increase has been 14.7 per cent.—still far below that of the Union—but her rural territory has actually lost in number of inhabitants, the figures showing a decrease of 1.3 per cent. This result is made even more striking by the statement that out of the 88 counties of the State, no fewer than 39 show a falling off in numbers; and if we note that among the other 49 counties there are seven which show an increase of less than 3 per cent. for the decade, it may be said that a clear majority—46 as against 42—of the counties of Ohio present the phenomenon of either a declining or an almost stationary population. In several of the cases, too, the decline is by no means slight—Pike County, for example, went down from 18,172 to 15,723, and some did worse than that. The whole story is one very unlike anything we were accustomed to think of as possible in that section of the country a generation ago.

The cure for the evils of college athletics, according to the authorities of the University of Wisconsin, is more athletics. But this does not mean greater attention to the members of the varsity teams. The Wisconsin idea is that the entire student body should be trained in outdoor and indoor competitions, instead of being left to the dull routine of exercises in the gymnasium. Coaches are, accordingly, no longer mere specialists for the small groups of men who are able to "make" the big teams, but they are general instructors for the whole mass of undergraduates. By the end of his sophomore year, one must be able to swim a distance of fifty yards, and credits may be obtained for skating and dancing. Special courses have been established for those desiring to fit themselves to become teachers of physical training, for whom there is a growing demand. This widening of athletic activity is said to be having a good effect upon the teams which represent the university in its intercollegiate contests. This, if true, will be a sufficient justification for it in the mind of any one who has heretofore been doubtful.

Although the introduction of a Home Rule bill in Parliament is not to come

till next March, the main outlines of such a measure must be fairly clear in the minds of the Liberal Government, to judge from a recent speech by Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is settled that the Irish people is to have a Parliament consisting of two chambers with a responsible Cabinet. To this Parliament are to be conceded full representative powers and control over purely Irish affairs. In delimiting the powers of the Irish Parliament, the Liberal Government will be found to entertain "a wide view," the object being to satisfy the national demand for national responsibility consistent with the maintenance of the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster.

The financial aspects of Home Rule are bound to constitute one of the most complicated problems in the proposed bill. At present, it is the Unionist contention that Ireland costs the British Empire more than it contributes and that the institution of new and elaborate political machinery is bound to increase the drain upon the Imperial revenue. To this one answer is that there must be something intrinsically wrong with the system of Irish administration at present, in view of the fact that while the cost of civil government in England is less than five dollars per head of the population, and in Scotland about six dollars, the cost in Ireland is about eleven dollars, or just double the rate for the United Kingdom. When Ireland is ruled by its own representatives in Parliament instead of being ruled from London, the presumption is that a fuller knowledge of the nation's needs and resources can be made the basis of broad economies. Whatever the financial arguments against Home Rule may be, Mr. Birrell points out that they fail of their effect in the mouths of Unionists. If the latter are determined to resist Home Rule to the last, it is an anti-climax to argue that Home Rule is expensive.

The difficulties of combining politics and literature are brought out by the announcement of the postponement of the publication of Lord Charles Beresford's "The Betrayal." This industrious author, it is understood, has ready for the press an undoubted best-seller, full of pungent attacks upon men and measures of note, laments over continued losses of great opportunities by Cabinet Ministers, and patriotic and rhetorical appeals for a navy that will not go to pieces at the first sound of a hostile gun. And yet he cannot publish his book, owing to the circumstance that the new First Lord of the Admiralty agrees with what he says in it! One can understand the author's readiness to spoil his work, including a stunning title, rather than risk injury to the navy, which he loves above all books, but the puzzling feature of the incident is its disclosure of a sad lack of enterprise upon the part of the publishers. Winston Churchill's untimely appointment to the Admiralty ought to be turned into a means of advancing the sale of the book, instead of retarding its publication. What is there to prevent the insertion of a new preface and a new concluding chapter, the alteration of the title to, say, "The Halted Betrayal," and the advertisement of the volume as "The Book that Saved the Empire"? Evidently, what England needs is not more Dreadnoughts, but bolder advertising methods.

At the ninth annual meeting of the German Aeronautical Society no less than 250 delegates were present, representing 71 local associations or clubs. Representatives of the Imperial Government, the Departments of War and Public Works, were there, and the reports of the various committees were read by such distinguished men as Major von Parseval, whose military dirigibles are performing such excellent service; Capt. von Abercron, whose record in ballooning is well known, and Professor Stade, who discussed aviation from the purely scientific standpoint. As is usual in Germany, the theoretical scientists are called in to aid the practical men. The noteworthy enthusiasm and harmony of the meeting are reported by the German press as illustrations of the intense popular interest in the whole question. While in this country every one's attention is centred on aeroplane developments, in Germany the spectacle of a huge dirigible floating over a city no longer rouses any particular interest. The great Zeppelin airship, the Schwaben, which went into active commercial service last spring, completed on October 8 its one hundredth successful voyage with passengers. There were twelve of these on this "century run."

To the professional airman and the General Staffs of the European armies, the war in Tripoli has probably come as a welcome opportunity for trying out the military usefulness of the aeroplane. The two aeroplanes employed for scouting forces in Tripoli are said to have given such satisfaction that a larger number of machines are to be dispatched to the front. The test, to be sure, is not of the severest kind, even if conducted under conditions of actual warfare. The continental armies are already provided with guns for aerial defence, whereas the Turkish forces opposed to Italy are, of course, helpless against any assault from on high. Nor would a European trained army be driven into panic by a couple of hand grenades dropped from a flying machine, as is said to have occurred around Tripoli. That this new phase of warfare is seriously considered appears from the elaborate tests and manœuvres that have been carried on for weeks by the French military authorities at Rheims.

The political situation in Peking appears to be improving or not, according as one studies the reports from Northern China or from the revolutionary South. In the North, things undoubtedly have changed for the better. The National Assembly professes itself satisfied with the concessions wrested from the throne. Yuan Shih Kai has been appointed constitutional Prime Minister. The rebellious troops have accepted the promised reforms, and are now said to be ready to march against the revolutionists in the Yangtse provinces. The latter are supposed to be still unreconciled and to be holding to their original plan of expelling the Manchus and establishing a republic. But that is either pretence or self-delusion. The South by itself can do little. Even if the insurrectionary forces were to establish themselves in the South, they would have the modern-trained army from the North to reckon with. But, as a matter of fact, even now the tide is turning against the revolutionists. It seems probable that they will be driven from Hankow in the course of a few days, and while they may be able to carry on a sporadic warfare, they can expect little else. It is to be remembered that the surrender by the throne was brought about not by the revolutionists of the South, but by mutiny among the troops around Peking.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.

With the formal announcement of the principal terms in the settlement between France and Germany concerning Morocco and the Congo, a momentous chapter has been closed in the history of European international relations and colonial expansion. There can be very little doubt that the agreement will stand in its present form. The action of the German Government in the matter of foreign affairs is final. The French Parliament has still to speak, but France has so patently come out ahead in the negotiations that an upset of the treaty is unimaginable. The effects of the settlement are far-reaching. It makes radical changes in the map of Africa. Taken in conjunction with Italy's adventure in Tripoli, it indicates a notable step forward in the Latin reconquest of the southern shore of the Mediterranean. It puts a new face on the international situation in Europe. The relations between France and Germany, between France and Great Britain, between Great Britain and Germany, between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente that binds England, France, and Russia, are different to-day from what they were six months ago.

German public opinion loses no time in admitting that the Imperial Government emerges with little prestige from the long controversy. The Morocco question has always had two phases. Ever since William II's dramatic speech at Tangier half a dozen years ago, it has been pretty generally recognized that the German Government has been using Morocco either as a test of Anglo-French friendship or as a wedge for splitting up that friendship. On that count, Germany has been completely defeated. In 1911, as in 1905, the British Government has shown that it would back up France to the utmost. In 1905, France did not feel strong enough, even with the assurance of British aid, to face the test of war. That was why Théophile Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, who for years had been spinning a web of alliances and ententes with a view to an ultimate trial of strength with Germany, was forced to resign at the demand of the Kaiser. Time, which brings its revenges, has brought his to M. Delcassé. In the present French Cabinet he is Minister of the Navy, and not Minister of Foreign Affairs; but there is no reason for doubting that his hand has been felt in the late negotiations with Germany. What made this diplomatic victory possible was a significant change in the morale of the French nation. In some degree this was due to the feeling that the country was in a much better military position than it was six years ago. But the great reason for the remarkable stiffening of the French backbone consisted in the general recognition of the fact that if France yielded now, she might as well abdicate all pretensions to a place among the Powers, and accept a German hegemony.

On the purely colonial phase of the controversy, Germany has likewise been beaten. She receives 150,000 square miles of French territory in Central Africa adjoining her colony of the Cameroons, with an outlet on the Congo River. She consents in return to a French protectorate over Morocco, with its larger area, larger population, and much greater natural resources, and having the enormous advantage, above all, of giving France the solid north coast of Africa from beyond the Straits of Gibraltar to Tripoli. To France the question of proximity is an important factor in colonial policy. The French are a colonial but not a colonizing Power. The Frenchman will not emigrate too far over-seas. He will go to Algeria and Tunis, which are only across the Mediterranean, and he will go to Morocco. From this point of view, as well as from the administrative, military, and commercial point of view, it is evident that distance from the metropolis constitutes a highly important factor. It is true that France cedes absolute sovereignty in the Congo and consents to certain limitations upon her authority in Morocco, where a number of special rights are guaranteed to German subjects. The possibility of future controversy has not been totally eliminated. Nevertheless, this main source of contention having been removed, there is no reason to suppose that matters of detail will be allowed to bring up the problem in dangerous form again.

Diplomatic prestige in Europe is an exceedingly fluctuating quality, and frequently receives more attention than it deserves. But tracing out the problem in broader lines, we find to-day a serious decline in German prestige from what it was three years ago, when Austria took to herself Bosnia and Herzegovina, while the Kaiser stood by to repel intruders. Now the friendship between England and France is an alliance in fact, and Russian diplomacy is in close relations with the two. The Triple Alliance, on the other hand, is at the present moment put very roughly to the test. Italy is outraged by the attitude of her allies toward the raid upon Tripoli. Italian hatred for Austria has never disappeared, and what Rome regards as the provocative behavior of the Vienna Government might very well prove the deciding factor in Italy's long vacillation between the Triple Alliance and the advantages of an understanding with France. German prestige has suffered also at Constantinople, where the Kaiser has been regarded as a friend; this is the second occasion on which the Kaiser's friendship has failed to stand in the way of spoliation by one of his allies. The Triple Alliance may survive the present crisis as it has done before, but plainly it is not the picture of a happy family which it offers to-day.

In this peaceful end of a long and bitter controversy, the nations of Europe have reason to congratulate themselves on something more than their immediate escape from a devastating war. Every time that Governments avoid a resort to arms, we have a permanent gain for the growing habit of peace. It was not military hesitations or financial hesitations alone that kept Germany from going to war with France. In both countries, there was unmistakable evidence that the masses had no desire to take up arms over a question of colonies or diplomatic prestige. Even the splendid German army is not the absolute automaton it has been represented to be; it consists of men to whom it makes a difference whether they are fighting for a cause they have at heart, or are fighting only at the behest of their officers. Italy's raid upon Turkey prevents us from entertaining excessive illusions with regard to the present strength of the peace conscience among the peoples of Europe. But that the growth is there is undeniable. We need only recall that great mass meetings in protest against war have become a regular feature of international crises.

BIG-NAVY LOGIC.

Col. Roosevelt has made a distinguished convert to his doctrine that a powerful navy is the great guarantor of peace and righteousness. Mr. Oscar Straus, our former Ambassador to Turkey, confessed in a speech the other night that the seizure of Tripoli by Italy has led him sorrowfully to change his mind and to go over to Mr. Roosevelt's view. Ardent advocate as Mr. Straus is of all-inclusive arbitration treaties, he declared that the "high-handed buccaneering methods" of the Italian Government had shaken his faith. His words were, as reported:

> I decided that Mr. Roosevelt was right; that there are certain lines beyond which we should not go in our efforts to maintain peace, and that the surest means of guaranteeing peace is to have as strong a navy as possible to maintain it. Italy would never have dared to strike as she did if Turkey had had a navy worthy of the name.

This is wholly in line with what Mr. Roosevelt himself writes in the current *Outlook*. The "ethical justification" of the attack upon Turkey by Italy he does not undertake. There are, it appears, some matters in which even he hesitates to set himself against the moral consensus of the civilized world. The press and people of Europe, as of the United States, have been almost unanimous in condemning Italy's course, and Col. Roosevelt does not venture to defend it, though he thinks, "personally," that it will be for "the interest of humanity" if Tripoli falls under "European control." But it is not this "civilizade," as John Stuart Mill called what could not be justified, that at present concerns Mr. Roosevelt. He desires to point out the fact that the plight of Turkey proves how futile treaties are compared with guns. "If Turkey had had a fleet which, relatively to other fleets, was even approximately as strong as her army, no man of any sense believes that war would ever have occurred."

Such an argument has a very neat and compact look. It appears as clear as arithmetic. It is the favorite big-navy logic. But will it bear examination? "Relatively to other fleets," writes Mr. Roosevelt guardedly. Yes; but what other? Presumably the Italian, in this instance. Turkey has a fleet, but it is old and feeble and the Italian navy far outclasses it. But Italy was not Turkey's only possible enemy. She has been subject to age-long aggression from Russia. Her relations with Germany have been of a sort that might easily lead to rupture; a quarrel might any day arise over German concessions and ambitions in Asia Minor. According to the argument, then, Turkey ought to provide herself with a navy relatively as strong as Germany's. But that would at once give her a greater strength at sea than Italy, and it would then be the latter's turn to take alarm and to begin to build battleships like mad! We are thus in the same old vicious circle in which the big-navy logic has ever travelled. Make the Turkish fleet strong enough to resist Italy's and it instantly becomes strong enough to attack Italy's, and then *da capo* for Italy, and what becomes of your peace of the world as forever established by naval armaments?

There is more in Mr. Roosevelt's "relatively" than he seems to have intended. The truth is that, in all this matter of fighting strength, the question of margin of superiority is the vital thing. It was so between Prussia and Austria in 1866, and again between Germany and France in 1870. Bismarck simply put the question to Moltke and Von Roon: "Are you sure that our armies surpass theirs?" The possession of an army or a navy is not a national defence in itself. It may be merely an international provocation. It is known that Moltke watched with jealous eye the strengthening of the French army in 1874 and 1875, and actually declared it to be the true German policy, as a question of stark militarism, to strike again before France got too strong. This margin of strength which one nation may have over another is the constant study of military strategists. The idea is as old as the Bible. "What king going to make war against another king sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" The more closely we look at the problem, as one purely of military might, the more clearly we see that Mr. Roosevelt's "relatively" has all the uncertainties and difficulties covered up in it. Navies that have to be continuously "relative" must be continuously growing all round, and there is no logical end in sight except the whole world thinking of nothing but guns and armor and going bankrupt in the insane shipbuilding competition.

The time has come for a fuller recognition of international good faith and conscience; and when we are compelled to face such a wanton act as Italy's attack upon Turkey, the inference should not be the hasty one of saying that all nations must arm themselves to the teeth, but rather that everything possible should be done to strengthen the moral and peaceful forces in the modern world.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In two trials now conspicuous in the public eye, the question of the attitude of jurors on the subject of circumstantial evidence is destined to play an important part, and in the Beattie case in Virginia the prisoner was convicted of the murder of his wife upon circumstantial evidence. In the long process of obtaining a jury to try J. B. McNamara at Los Angeles, one of the tests of eligibility applied to talesmen by the prosecution refers to their having or not having conscientious objections to conviction on such evidence in cases in which the punishment is death. And whenever the young minister Richeson, charged with the murder of Miss Linnell, is brought to trial, he will, if convicted at all, be convicted upon circumstantial evidence; nor can there be any doubt that in this case and in the McNamara case alike the resources of able counsel will be directed, with all possible energy, to discrediting the authority of such evidence, and exploiting to the utmost every scruple or prejudice against it that may lurk in the mind of any juror.

That the great majority of intelligent persons are superior to such prejudice, we have little doubt; but there is a not inconsiderable minority over whom it has sway. And the great difficulty in clearing their minds lies in the fact that it is almost impossible to fasten on anything tangible at the basis of their error. The only clear reason they can offer is the mere truism that cases have occurred in which a conviction has been obtained upon circumstantial evidence and in which the innocence of the man convicted has afterwards been established. But precisely the same thing has happened, again and again, in cases where the evidence was not at all what is called circumstantial, but was

from direct witnesses. If the fact that circumstantial evidence has sometimes led to unjust convictions was accepted as proving its insufficiency, we should have to drop all attempts to convict of capital offences by any kind of evidence whatsoever. Alleged eye-witnesses have sworn, either through error or intentionally, to the commission of murder by persons whose innocence was afterwards absolutely demonstrated; are we, then, to conclude that no person should ever be convicted of murder upon the testimony of eye-witnesses? It would be precisely as logical to do this as to refuse to convict upon circumstantial evidence. Of course, the true test of conclusiveness is of a wholly different nature. The real question is not what kind of evidence has been adduced, but how strong the evidence is of its kind. And that is the test which the common sense of any competent jury, as well as the rule of law laid down by the courts, actually does apply. The question that the jury must answer is one, and only one—is there reasonable doubt of the guilt of the accused? If there is, he must be acquitted; if there is not, he must be convicted. Evidence that is called circumstantial may remove all reasonable doubt, and evidence that is called direct may fail to do so.

A large part of what takes the outward form of scruples concerning circumstantial evidence has, we are sure, in reality nothing to do with the question of circumstantial evidence at all. It is not based on any estimate, however crude, of the conclusiveness of one kind of evidence rather than another, but is merely an uncritical application of the doctrine that it is better for ninety and nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to suffer. With the spirit underlying that doctrine no one will quarrel; but if it were to be understood as demanding absolute certainty as the indispensable condition of conviction, society might as well throw overboard the whole machinery of criminal justice. There is no way known to man for avoiding possibility of error in any of the affairs of life. If society is to be protected against murder and arson and burglary and kidnapping, it must hold forth to those who think of committing these crimes a real and adequate peril. Were it to become an accepted doctrine that circumstantial evidence cannot establish their guilt, immunity would virtually be granted them on the mere condition of exercising a moderate amount of care in committing their crime. Once in a long, long time some innocent man might be saved from unintentional injustice at the hands of the courts; but every year hundreds of innocent persons would suffer death at the hands of criminals who are now held in check by terror of the law. The man who will not convict on circumstantial evidence simply fails—whether owing to mawkish sentiment or to a conscientious scruple based on a cloudiness of thought—to do a duty that is as clearly necessary as any of those upon the performance of which the maintenance of the fabric of practical justice rests.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

The rumor of a great library of the classics, to be published by the munificence of Mr. James Loeb, has now been authoritatively confirmed. The editors are Mr. T. E. Page of Charterhouse and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, headmaster of the Perse Grammar Echool, Cambridge, Eng., with whom is associated an advisory board composed of eminent American and European scholars. The following statement from a printed circular gives the main features of the plan:

> Mr. Heinemann and the Macmillan Company, New York, have pleasure in announcing the publication of a new series of Greek and Latin texts, with English translations upon the opposite page. Each volume will have a brief biographical and bibliographical preface and an index. The volumes will be issued at intervals—twenty in the first year—and will range from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople.

This we do not hesitate to pronounce a publication of magnificent promise for the higher things of the mind. Mr. Loeb will have raised to his name a monument more memorable than any pile of stone. The very importance of the project leads us to scan it narrowly.

Now, for use in the classroom such editions may not be of much service; the authors studied there are already printed in abundance and with every sort of editorial help. Nor is it clear that these books will appeal to a wide circle of readers who have no knowledge of the languages. For such readers the Greek or Latin text on alternate pages will simply be a bother, and most if not all of the authors they will care to look at are already available in translations. There remains a third class of readers—a dwindling class, it may be, and for that very reason to be tenderly considered. We mean those who, without being scholars, take some memory of the classics with them into the world and still at moments turn to a page of Horace or Cicero, and who would travel further in those realms of gold but for the difficulties of the way. They know that a translation can never give an equivalent joy for the original—can, for instance, any most cunning paraphrase carry the bitter and sweet savor of words so simple as these:

> Jam nec spes animi credula mutui?

But a translation on the opposite page will serve them for dictionary and grammar and tide them over dry and hard places. They need also brief and decisive notes. These ought to give the kind of simple information, biographical and other, for which the schoolboy is properly sent to books of reference. And they ought, imperatively, to be at the bottom of the page and not relegated to an appendix.

To strengthen and multiply such readers as these will in the end best promote the plan of Mr. Loeb's library "to revive interest in classical literature in an age when the humanities are being neglected more perhaps than at any time since the Middle Ages, and when men's minds are turning more than ever before to the practical and the material." Loug ago Philip Freneau in one of his satires vowed

> That Latin and Hebrew, Chaldaic and Greek,
> To the shades of oblivion must certainly sneak;
> Too much of our time is employed on such trash
> When we ought to be taught to accumulate cash.

We have been well taught in that lesson. It is said that the classics are a lost cause, that Greek is dead and Latin is dying. But they are not dead and will not die.

Attention may be asked to au aspect of the classics which is too often overlooked. They may rouse us from the baser forms of materialism and teach us, as Marcus Aurelius says, to look on beauty with a chaste eye; but they are needed also to protect us against the very excess of our own virtues, and in this office no modern literature can help us in anything like the same way. They may open our minds to the difference between humanism and humanitarian-

ism, between perception of the values of life in themselves and active sympathy for those who have missed these values. Without the former our sympathies are, after all, but treading in a blind circle, helping others to help others to we know not just what. And it is well to remember sometimes that the individual soul has its own claims. How much better shall we be if the nations are all at peace with one another, but there is no peace in our own hearts? How much happier shall we be if we settle all the grave questions of labor and capital, but ourselves lose the gracious art of living? There is a distinct danger in the harsh division within society, sometimes within the individual man, between a grasping materialism and a loose sympathy. And just because the classics are strong in humanism and relatively weak in humanitarianism they may bring us to a better balance and a surer purpose. We need the principle of sympathy, but we need also to learn once more the values of life and to be saved from unconscious hypocrisies. There lies before us a little volume, printed at the Elm Tree Press, in which Mr. Charles Loomis Dana and Mr. John Cotton Dana present "The Letters of Horace" to modern readers. The book is designed for the "gentleman" reader who knows even less Latin than Shakespeare knew, and by its form and spirit well fulfils its end. Turning the pages we have been stopped by this neat translation of the famous epistle to Horace's brother-poet:

> Tibullus, fair-minded critic of my Satires that you are, tell me what you are doing now at your country seat near Pedum? Are you writing things which will surpass the small works of Cassius? Or sauntering quietly among your peaceful groves, intent on whatever pleases a wise and upright man? You were never one who lacked a soul. The gods have given you beauty, wealth, and the skill to enjoy it. What more could a kind nurse ask for her dear child than that he have wisdom; that he be able to speak what he feels; that a good name and good health be his, together with a good table and no lack of money?
>
> Amid hopes and cares, amid fears and keen regrets, think that each new day which dawns will be your last; then the hour for which we do not hope will come as a glad surprise.

The letter finds its complement in the close of another in which Horace gives his own creed:

> Sed satis est orare Jovem quæ donat et aufert;
> Det vitam, det opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.

Whatever shape the volumes of the Loeb Library may take, we hope and believe they will perform a large service in spreading the "everlasting consolation of the classics" and in keeping alive through forgetful times the true humanism as Horace expressed it to his friends and to himself.

THE VANITY OF EDUCATION.

It is impossible not to admire the courage of Mr. R. T. Crane of Chicago in bringing a railing accusation against all our higher education. He makes thorough work of it. First he disposed of the universities. Next he exposed higher schooling in general. His "Demoralization of College Life" followed, but this was only a side-investigation, a by-product, as it were, of his factory. Now, he returns to the main line of his attack, and issues in pamphlet form an address on "The Futility of Technical Schools." This is plainly to assault higher education in its last bastion. Doubts about the value of high schools and colleges and universities have crept into the minds of many "practical" Americans, but most of them have been ready until now to swear by technical education. It is, indeed, the growing zeal for that which has made inroads into the old courses of study, brought in all the new ideas about "vocational" training of our boys and girls, and broken down the classical curriculum by the forcing in of so much science. In fact, the way of salvation for the modern world has been said by many authorities to lie in the development of technical education. German superiority in that line has affrighted England and led her to bestir herself. American efforts in the same direction have been notable in recent years. We have had many new foundations for technical education and seen old ones greatly enlarged. But now comes Mr. Crane to tell us that all this is vanity and vexation of spirit.

His specifications are advanced with great confidence and with what he admits to be "harshness." The popularity of technical schools is due to the fact that they "afford educators opportunity to humbug you and the public, . . . all of which is a part of the whole higher educational scheme to fleece you and the public." Boys in such schools are there "simply through the grossest deception." Mr. Crane challenges the "heads of these institutions" to show "any substantial results of such training." Indeed, he went to headquarters, and wrote to a dozen institutes of technology to demand the names and addresses of firms that employed their graduates. Most of them "either refused to give the information or dodged the question." Naturally, Mr. Crane's worst fears were confirmed. After that it was hardly necessary for him to press home the argument that "this country was immensely successful before the technical schools were established."

Let it not be thought that Mr. Crane is simply a destructive critic. He has his alternative to propose. It is "experience." Instead of wasting six or eight years in technical schools, let the bright boys of sixteen or seventeen be put at once into the shop. Shift them about from one machine to another, let the employers and foremen keep a sharp eye upon them and help and advance them as occasion offers, and then, with an attendance on night schools "as much as is necessary," and with the reading of useful books, you would turn out engineers "likely to make their mark." At most, they would need only about six months in a technical school to get "further information." Thus it appears that Mr. Crane would not entirely abolish institutes of technology. He would preserve them for the purpose of giving six-month courses to young fellows from the factories.

It would be easy to ridicule this address of the Chicago manufacturer, of which we have sought to give a fair summary, but to us it seems more pathetic than amusing. Seldom can the fallacy of "experience" have been exhibited more glaringly. Yet Mr. Crane argues with great sincerity straight from his own life. "For the past fifty-seven years," he says, "I have been engaged actively in the manufacturing business"; and if success such as his could be won without ever having seen the inside of a technical school, what possible need is there of that kind of training? He does not put it so baldly as that, but the inference runs all through his pamphlet. It is one long glorification of the rule of thumb. We have had great engineers who were largely self-educated, so why not insist that everybody shall educate himself in the dear school of experience?

Now, it is pretty obvious that Mr. Crane

has very little first-hand and accurate knowledge of the work of the technical schools upon whose "futility" he descants. He fails by his own test of "experience"; he would have scant patience with anybody who should submit a business proposal about which he knew as little directly as Mr. Crane knows about the institutions he so rudely assails. He cannot be aware how intensely practical is the discipline of these schools; how in their laboratories and shops they seek to give their students a vivid sense of scientific truth in actual application, thus affording them a controlled and concentrated "experience" certainly worth as much as anything to be gained in the routine of a factory. Nor can Mr. Crane be familiar with the fact that technical students are regularly and frequently sent to inspect the great engineering and manufacturing plants, so that their knowledge of modern processes may be kept up to date. Severe mathematical and mechanical studies are, of course, made compulsory, but the aim is throughout to show how they impinge on practice. At bottom, there is no such antithesis between experience and education as Mr. Crane imagines. A sound technical education gives the student the garnered experience of the whole world. It saves him from wasting time and strength in lines of inquiry or invention that have again and again been shown to lead nowhither. Futility for futility, what can be greater than that of the untrained man, even if of marked natural ability, blundering painfully along for lack of the special knowledge which the schools exist to give him?

THE ITALIAN POINT OF VIEW.

ROME, October 20, 1911.

Giuseppe Mazzini, the great apostle of liberty and the hater of oppression in every form, was the first Italian statesman to assert the natural rights of his country in Northern Africa. "Northern Africa," he said in 1838, "is Italy's business." The first to give effect to the doctrine of the theoretical statesman was the practical statesman, Francesco Crispi, who is chiefly noted in the superficial knowledge of the general public as the author of the Abyssinian disaster. It is very doubtful, however, if he can justly be held responsible for this, and it is certain that for many years he was almost alone in the assertion of the policy that has finally become national. He was, as is well known, the great promoter of the Triple Alliance, and, at a time when Italy was weak, France openly hostile, and Austria still smarting under the loss of her rich Italian provinces, saw clearly that the true line of policy for his country lay in a good understanding with Germany, for which Bismarck, apparently with more sincerity than he usually showed in his foreign negotiations, had declared himself quite ready. As early as 1877 Crispi, though at that time in the Home and not in the Foreign Office, strongly urged this policy upon the Prime Minister, Depretis, who, then as always, cowardly and temporizing, took no decisive action. Depretis was succeeded as Prime Minister by Cairoli, who was strongly opposed to the whole African policy. The result was that at the Congress of Berlin in 1878 Tripoli was not given to Italy outright, but she was to be allowed to "penetrate" it commercially and industrially. France, on the contrary, got a free hand in Tunis, which she was not slow to use. Not only for its intrinsic value, but also for strengthening France's position in Algeria, French statesmen, especially Ferry, Hanotaux, and Delcassé, realized the importance of acquiring that country, which in 1881 became a French protectorate. Italians were naturally preoccupied and discontented, but again Crispi was almost the only one of their statesmen to see what would be the enormous loss to Italy in commercial, political, and military prestige if more of the North African coast, especially that part of it directly opposite to Italy, should come into the possession of any other European Power. Even then it could be foreseen that it could not long remain under the control of Turkey.

In 1882 Italy had another chance. England offered her a share in the protectorate of Egypt, which Crispi again strongly urged the Government to accept, but again without success. In the same year the Triple Alliance was formed including Germany, Austria, and Italy; and Italy's object in forming a part of it was not only to secure herself on the Continent against the hostility of France, but also to safeguard her interests in the Mediterranean. Germany had already offered to support Italy in Tunis against France, of course with the object of embroiling the two countries, but when the Triple Alliance was first formed in 1882, and also when it was renewed in 1886, refused to give Italy a guarantee for Tripoli. Germany was not, to be sure, at that time a great naval power, and would have had some difficulty in making a demonstration of force in the Mediterranean. At any rate, from 1886 to 1896, Italy's policy toward France was one of steady and consistent hostility, which was due chiefly to conflict of interests in the Mediterranean, and was signalized by such incidents as the denunciation of the Franco-Italian commercial treaty in 1886, by the sending of an English fleet to Italian waters in 1888, caused by the rumor of a French attack upon Spezia, by the massacre of Aigues Mortes in 1893, and finally by French aid given to the Abyssinians in the African war.

It was because of the bitter disillusions of this African war, and because the Triple Alliance gave no support in the Mediterranean, that Italian policy turned squarely about and tended toward a reconciliation with France. The able diplomacy of the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, Minister for Foreign Affairs from 1896 to 1898, had already gone far in this direction, when the Fashoda affair between France and England, and Visconti-Venosta's unfortunate retirement from the Foreign Office, dealt another blow to Italy's ambitions in North Africa. The vast *hinterland* attributed to Tripoli, which was determined largely by the caravan-routes that give an outlet to her trade and extended far beyond Tibesti to the region determined in an indefinite way by Lake Chad, was for the most part shorn away by the French-English compacts of 1899 that grew out of the Fashoda incident. Turkey, of course, could offer no resistance, though she had publicly asserted her right to the whole territory involved. Italy was so badly served by her Foreign Minister, Admiral Canevaro, that he entered not even a protest, though the Italian consul at London had given him a plain intimation of what was going forward.

Visconti-Venosta, having returned to the Foreign Office in 1899, immediately set about saving what he could from the wreck, and the next year came to an agreement with France that recognized the paramount rights and interests of Italy in the Tripolitania and Cyrenaica and that afterwards was confirmed by England. Germany, though temporarily estranged by Italy's attitude at the Algeciras Conference, had no objections to offer. Thus there was left only one power to be feared, Austria namely, which, though Italy's ally, was notoriously not her friend. And this one remaining obstacle was ably removed by Tittoni, Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1908, at the time of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. He acquiesced in this annexation in return for a free hand in Tripoli. Since he could not publish this compact at the time, a great outcry was raised against him for weakly yielding to a hostile power two rich provinces that made her still stronger in the Mediterranean. In matter of fact, Bosnia and Herzegovina had been placed under an Austrian protectorate and administration by the Congress of Berlin, and Tittoni, merely by agreeing that a *de facto* should be changed to a *de jure* condition, procured a highly important concession from Italy's most dangerous and jealous neighbor.

All these negotiations, on the whole,

need no explanation or gloss, but they involve one implication that cannot be too strongly emphasized, that Turkey has never been consulted. The European doctrine in regard to Africa is the complete reverse of the Monroe Doctrine in regard to America: that is to say, Europe maintains that the African continent *is* still open to colonization. The Powers have pledged themselves to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but this applies only to Turkey in Europe and Asia.

During the whole of the period with which I have dealt, Turkey has treated Italy quite differently from the other nations with which she has had to do. The Porte knew, of course, that Italy was the weakest of them all, and that in the first years of the African negotiations France was openly her foe. And it is well known how, for a long time, Turkish diplomacy was ably directed to sowing dissension among the Powers that were waiting to profit by her dismemberment, and yet wished to keep her good will for the gaining of concessions in the Balkans and Asia Minor. But here enters another consideration to which enough importance has not been attributed: the large Italian population throughout the entire Turkish domain in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Italian industrial and commercial enterprise is no new thing in the eastern Mediterranean region. It began long before the union of the kingdom, in fact, much of it is left over from the commercial enterprise of Venice, Genoa, and other Italian republics in the East. Italian is the language of education and commerce in Albania, the Venetian dialect is still understood on the Armenian coast, while in cities like Constantinople and Smyrna the Italian population is numerous and wealthy. At Smyrna, the rug industry is almost entirely in their hands, and they have lately organized a rug Trust capitalized at $50,000,000.

Such being the historical and actual conditions, it is not hard to find reasons for a hostility of the Turks against the Italians such as they have against no other European nation. The Italians were their first enemies in the Mediterranean, and contributed largely to the arresting of their westward march. As the two peoples have so long lived locally together, but separated by race, language, and religion, there has naturally been much cause for attrition between them. Finally, since the Turk in the bottom of his heart hates all the Europeans who have invaded and dismembered his empire, but fears the other nations more and knows them less, he has naturally vented most of his spite against the Italians.

Since the Young Turks' revolution in 1908, which at first won the sympathy of the Italians as of most other Europeans, this anti-Italian feeling has become violent. In fact, under the old régime, it was no more than could be endured, and the Italian attitude toward Tripoli was one of expectancy. But in the very year 1908 occurred the murder of two Italian subjects for which no satisfaction was ever given, though it is well known who the assassins were. All kinds of injury, from slights to open outrage, have been inflicted on Italian authorities and subjects; Italian industries and commerce in the whole of Turkey, and especially in Tripoli, have been hindered in every possible way, until all Europe has regarded with amazement, and not without contempt, the weak-spirited endurance on the part of the nation, which is so little characteristic of individual Italians. The Turks came to believe that all protests and intimations of an almost exhausted patience could be passed by unheeded. They were fatally mistaken. The fact was that during almost the whole of the three years since 1908 the Italian Premier, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador to Turkey have been pusillanimous and cowardly. The indignation of the people grew until its ministers were forced to act. In this way is to be explained the abruptness of the Italian ultimatum, which the foreign press has so liberally criticised for its diplomatic incorrectness. A weak foreign minister, who should have assumed a firm tone long before, when he finally did act was pushed to extremes by the will of the nation; and the Turks were not ready to treat until they knew that the Italian warships were under way.

The Turkish government in Tripoli has been nothing but a military occupation and a levying of taxes. The effects of its incompetence and misrule politically, economically, and morally are simply a scandal and an affront to civilization. The right of the Turks to the country is a right of conquest that dates back only to 1835, and this they have long since forfeited by reducing a naturally rich territory to utter misery and degradation. Fortunately, on this subject it is not necessary to depend on the interested opinions of the Italians themselves. In 1894 Crispi commissioned the celebrated German explorer, Gerhard Rohlfs, the only European who had a thorough and competent knowledge of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, to submit an exhaustive report on their actual condition and possible resources. This document has recently come to light and has been printed in full by the *Ragione* of Milan. I cite a few eloquent figures.

In the years 1900-1903, in fourteen out of twenty administrative districts, the Arabs had cut down 15,651 palm, olive, and lemon trees to avoid the payment of the taxes which were almost always greater than the income from the crops. In twenty-seven districts, during the same period, 1,812 natives had been imprisoned and 127 sent into exile. From 1887 to 1893 there had been 14,656 confiscations of property, 11,252 cases of unpaid taxes had been tried in the administrative courts, and 7,927 similar cases were pending. The natives with property who were not despoiled by the government usually fell a prey to the usurers. From Rohlfs's investigation it appeared that in the decade from 1884 to 1893 two-thirds of the property acquired by Greeks, Maltese, and Jews came from the spoliation of the Arabs. The report further describes the almost incredible moral turpitude of the Turkish rulers, and the vices not only practised but encouraged by them, in terms that had better not be transcribed. For public instruction the Turkish Government is now spending $6,600 a year, for sanitation $55.60. The only good schools in the country have been founded and administered by Italians.

The commerce of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica put together now amounts to about $10,000,000 annually, a small showing as compared with $120,000,000 for Algeria and more than $50,000,000 for Tunis. But it must be borne in mind that Tunis before the French occupation was commercially in no better condition than Tripoli is now. France has moreover used every effort to attract the caravan traffic from the direction of Benghazi and Tripoli to the oasis of Gadames and from thence to Tunis. As to natural resources, the Italian consul Medana has affirmed that of the million square kilometres in Tripolitania, 388,620 are at present capable of cultivation, as against 287,000 square kilometres in Italy. And much more of the land that is now unproductive could be redeemed by irrigation. The deposits of sulphur and phosphates are very rich, and Rohlfs had no doubt that iron, argentiferous lead, and zinc would also be found. His opinion, in short, was that Tunis is not worth the tenth part of Tripoli.

An article by the Hon. Luigi Luzzatti, the eminent economist and late prime minister, in the Milan *Corriere della Sera* for October 16, should allay the fears that have been expressed, more or less sincerely, in the foreign press that Italy cannot find the money to conduct the war and exploit the country. This vast North African region will also serve as an outlet for Italian emigration. North and South America are not the paradise for Italian workmen that many Americans suppose. From the large sums sent back by Italian emigrants should be deducted the money borrowed and the property sold at a ruinous loss to pay the expenses of the journey. The emigrant who returns well-to-do has often permanently injured his health by hardship, privation, and vice, and in many communities that

have been improved by the money brought back from America diseases like syphilis and tuberculosis are rife, where they were unknown before. Add to this that so many strong sons of Italy are forever lost to their country, and it is not hard to see why many Italian publicists, among them Professor Villari of Florence, believe that Italy suffers more than she gains from emigration to America. With commerce, industry, and agriculture developing in Tripoli, at a distance of only thirty-six hours from Sicily, it is certain that much emigration will be diverted from the Americas to a more hospitable climate and country, to the great advantage of Italy and probably of the emigrants themselves. H. E.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Book collectors seem to be taking a new interest in the first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson, and the rarer items are bringing increasingly higher prices. Among little-known books to which he was a contributor is that amusing "Ouida-romance" of which mention is made in one or two of the Vailima letters: "An Object of Pity; or, The Man Haggard, a Romance, by Many Competent Hands," "Imprinted at Amsterdam."

It was in August, 1892, while Lady Jersey, the wife of the Governor of New South Wales, and her daughter were in Samoa, visiting Bazett Michael Haggard, the British land commissioner, that "a joint stock novel, in which each author was to introduce his or her own portrait, while all were to imitate the style of Ouida," was planned and carried out. Stevenson's own contribution consists, besides the Dedication, of chapter iv, "Late, Ever Late," containing his own description of himself, and an extract from "Tusitala's Samoid, Canto XII." The other contributors were the Countess of Jersey, her brother, Capt. Rupert Leigh, Mrs. Stevenson, her daughter, Isobel Strong, and Stevenson's cousin, Graham Balfour. On Lady Jersey's return to Sydney, the story was printed, a few copies only, with the bogus "Imprinted at Amsterdam."

In 1898 it was again printed, this time in Edinburgh, by T. & A. Constable, twenty-five copies only (of which Nos. 1 to 6 were on Japanese paper), for presentation "to the writers and a few of their personal friends." This edition, which is even rarer than the first, contains an interesting Introductory Note by Lady Jersey, and three illustrations, reproduced in color from drawings by Mrs. Strong. These illustrations are accompanied by descriptive verses from the pen of "Tusitala" (Stevenson's Samoan name), making this also a first edition of Stevenson. No copy of this second edition has, so far as we know, come upon the auction market.

In Col. W. F. Prideaux's admirable "Bibliography of Stevenson" he describes a single sheet, containing a sonnet by Stevenson, beginning:

> We found him first as in the Dells of May
> The Dreaming Damsel finds the Earliest Flower.

This, he explains, is one of a series of sonnets written by Stevenson in memory of Peter Brash, an Edinburgh tavern-keeper, whose place was a favorite resort in Stevenson's university days. These sonnets are referred to once or twice in the letters as "Brashiana," and it has been supposed that the one indicated above was the only one printed. Another impression of this was sold at Sotheby's last spring, and accompanying it, on the same sheet, was a second sonnet:

> We found him and we lost. The glorious Brash
> Fell like the cedar on the mountain side.

The sheet upon which these two sonnets were printed formed four quarto pages, of which pages 2 and 4 were blank. Several additional "Brashiana" sonnets exist in manuscript.

The Bibliophile had the great pleasure of seeing, in September, in Col. Prideaux's library, on the Isle of Thanet, two of the rarest Stevenson leaflets, the two poems written for "The Thompson Class Club," one in 1883 and the other in 1885. At the Edinburgh Academy, which Stevenson attended from 1861 to 1865, it was the custom for each class to have the same master during the four years in the school. The teacher of Stevenson's class was D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, the class being known as the "Thompson class," and the members dining together once a year afterwards. Stevenson is known to have written verses for these gatherings, and the two poems which were printed are, perhaps, the rarest of Stevenson items. In fact, we know of no copy of either in America. The first of these, printed in 1883, is an octavo of four pages, with heading, "To the Thompson Class Club from Their Stammering Laureate." There are fourteen stanzas, signed at end "R. L. S. For Christmas, 1883." This poem has not been reprinted. The second, written and printed in 1885, is a similar four-page leaflet, with heading, "The Laureat Ste'enson to the Thamson Class." This poem, of ten stanzas, in broad Scotch, was included in "Underwoods," in 1887, with the altered title, "Their Laureate to an Academy Class Dinner Club."

Correspondence

CRIMINAL APPEAL IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial in the *Nation* of October 19 it is stated that "the first capital case was recently passed upon" by the English Court of Criminal Appeal, and that this case revealed the "surprising" fact that "the court is not able, under the law, to order a new trial." The case referred to is evidently Rex v. Ellson, reported in the London *Times* of September 29. The judgment of the court was rendered by Mr. Justice Darling, who stated that this was "the first capital case in which the court has felt it necessary to set aside the conviction." The first appeal in a capital case was heard by the court on July 17, 1908, and since then twenty such cases have been decided.

It is difficult to see why the fact that the Court of Criminal Appeal has not the power to grant a new trial should be deemed surprising. The judgment of Mr. Justice Darling furnishes no ground for such surprise, for he said:

> The case before them made it obligatory upon them to repeat what the Lord Chief Justice had said before, that it appeared to the court, with the experience which it had had, that it was greatly to be regretted that they had no power in such a case to order a new trial.

At the third sitting of the court on May 25, 1908, Lord Chief Justice Alverstone said:

> It was much to be regretted that Parliament had not given the court power to order a new trial.

Section 20 of the Criminal Appeal act expressly abolishes the practice of granting new trials in criminal cases, and section 4 provides that "if an appeal against conviction is allowed the court shall quash the conviction and direct a verdict and judgment of acquittal to be entered."

Twenty-seven bills giving a right of appeal to defendants in criminal cases were introduced in Parliament from 1843 to 1906. Twenty-three of these bills provided that new trials should be allowed in certain cases. The Council of Judges, held in 1894, strongly opposed the granting of new trials, and urged that "if the first conviction is wrong the accused ought not to be put in jeopardy again." In 1906 Lord Chancellor Loreburn introduced in the House of Lords a bill providing for the establishment of a court of criminal appeal. The bill, as originally drawn, did not provide for the granting of a new trial, but this provision was later inserted by amendment. The House of Lords passed the amended bill, but before it came to a second reading in the House of Commons it was withdrawn because of opposition directed partially against the provision for the granting of new trials. A bill, introduced in 1907, denying to the court the right to grant a new trial was enacted into the present law. Thus it will be seen that Parliament did intend that a defendant who had been improperly convicted should not be subjected to a second trial.

E. R. K.

Chicago, October 30.

[We were obviously in error about "the first capital case." But the openly expressed "regret" of the court, with its hope that the law would be amended, bore out our general comment.—Ed. The Nation.]

ENGLISH RHYTHM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of October 12, discussing Professor Matthews's scansion of certain lines of Browning's, Professor Goodell objects to the indication of a pause after "Byng" in the verse,

> Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king—

asking, "Do our ears really report any period of silence?" Since such a question invites testimony, I beg to depose that my ears *do* report a period of silence in the line quoted, and still more emphatically do they report the pause after "troop" in—

> And pressing a troop unable to stoop.

This difference of judgment would be of small moment, so far as these two lines are concerned, if it did not raise important allied questions regarding the compromises or contradictions which are involved in any system of verse notation.

While I greatly prefer Mr. Matthews's notation to Mr. Goodell's, for such "equivalences" as have just been exemplified, I should be the last to admit that there is no compensatory lengthening of the syllables in question—that it is all a matter of a pause or silence. It seems clear to me that a little of each method of compensation is involved, here and in all such cases, and that no single practical system of notation can represent the complex facts involved in the actual reading of these metrical feet. I prefer the caret indicating the pause, even if the pause is not the whole story, because I believe it to be a very important and characteristic story, which the student should be trained to observe.

And this leads to a still more significant matter involved in Mr. Goodell's article—the divergent conceptions of the true boundaries of individual feet. We are here, also, I think, in the presence of two logically irreconcilable but actually co-existent phenomena: the feeling of the English reader that the foot is a fixed unit of time, and the feeling that it is (in iambic verse) made up of a pair of syllables. Why is it that the unsophisticated reader, and Mr. Saintsbury, and the present writer, all naturally look at the first foot of the line,

And never from this palace of dim night,

as consisting of the first two syllables thereof, although no one of us would, I suppose, fail to hurry over the first syllable of "never" as Mr. Goodell wishes us to do? It may, of course, be argued that it is only because we have been trained to a false system of nomenclature and notation. But the point I wish to make is that the fact that we constantly think of the feet of iambic blank verse in terms of two-syllable pairs, that we continue to think so even when presented with so unpromising a pair of "shorts" as "and nev—," and that we constantly make some effort to fit these pairs to the time of the rhythmical unit-foot, is as significant as the fact that our actual utterance of the verse is often inconsistent with that concept. And we have very important support in the practice of the poets, since they commonly keep to multiples of two syllables with extraordinary regularity, despite variations in the natural length of the syllables. To put the same matter more concretely, if Tennyson could couceive of a line of blank verse as divided into such feet as Mr. Goodell indicates for this one,—

Long | lines of | cliff | breaking have | left a | chasm,

why did he never introduce a monosyllabic foot into this metre without an accompanying trisyllabic? The answer seems to me to be certain: He did not think of any such monosyllabic foot; as with most writers and readers of English verse, the concept of the two-syllable foot was as real to him as that of the time-unit foot.

It is important, then, to recognize the fact that (especially in our blank verse, and to a somewhat slighter degree in the other forms of iambic pentameter) we may and do *think* dissyllabic feet while actually throwing them into inconsistent time-periods. This, after all, is, perhaps, no stranger than our ability to *think* an accent on the last syllable of "liberty," when it happens to rhyme with "free,"—an accent to which no one ever gives utterance—or, for that matter, to think, as some do, that "gray" and "grey" are quite different colors, and that a ghost which through the triumph of spelling reform had lost its "h" would also have lost its terrors.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

The University of Illinois, October 30.

OLD HYMNS AND NEW CREEDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is encouraging to read in an article on "Weeding Out the Hymn Books," the *Nation* of October 19, that "there is a movement in several churches to revise their hymn books."

The other day, while searching through the book shelves in the attic for a strayed copy of Jerome's "Editio Vulgata," I came across an old hymn book, which by its looks invited me to open. I am old enough to be familiar with many of these hymns, which I heard in my childhood, and which live in my memory still.

The prevailing note seemed to be "individualism," so to speak, and "otherworldliness," the desire to save one's own precious soul in another world, with no hint of the altruistic spirit that pervades our modern conceptions of religion. The burden of the hymns I looked over seems to be a longing for freedom from all activity except playing on a harp, an intense longing for rest, eternal rest.

In those easy-going days, as I recall them, there was nothing of

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

of modern life, and I am at a loss to account for that tired feeling which the hymns express. I think that most of us in this athletic age would decline a harp, and to many of us the idea of everlasting rest is as repugnant as to the ancients, who regarded it as one of the punishments of Hades.

The contrast between the religious sentiment expressed in these hymns and that of to-day is strikingly shown by a report, in a Sunday paper, of the Interchurch Conservation Congress which lately held a session in Decatur, Ill. According to press dispatches, the congress, "believing that the country church is failing in its purpose because it does not minister to the needs of its people in social and physical ways, as well as spiritual, adopted resolutions endorsing the idea of installing tennis courts, baseball diamonds, and providing gymnasium apparatus for its members. It was the consensus of opinion that the preacher who is unable to further the interests of his congregation by supervising their play, participating in their athletic contests, and entering into the work of improving their physical as well as mental being should be asked to quit."

This leaves no doubt that we are truly living in an athletic age. A part of the editorial comments on these resolutions is here quoted:

The letter of the future candidate will doubtless read somewhat as follows: "The Reverend Boanerges Biceps desires to present himself as a candidate for the pulpit of the Woody Dell Church in Pioneer Township. Weighs in at 176 pounds; batting record in the Interseminary Alliance, .326; tennis championship (singles) in his middle year; has a record on St. Andrew Carnegie's golf course of 93; fair fencer; excellent man on parallel bars and vaulting horse; sings comic songs well; some experience in amateur dramatics; plays the banjo and duplicate whist acceptably on week days except in Lent.

Here in the West the ranks of evangelists have been occasionally recruited from retired baseball and football players who have "lost out." In an Illinois town, so the papers report, one such evangelist, after a three weeks' exhibition, left with five thousand dollars in his pocket. Hence the rush.

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

Columbia, Mo., October 29.

NOT NEWS AND NEWS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent editorial of the *Nation* (September 28) I find quoted a saying of Charles A. Dana; "When a dog bites a man, that's not news; when a man bites a dog, that's news." It may interest some of your readers to be reminded that this is a variant of an apothegm which appears in the classical literatures in more than one form. Plutarch, in his "Apophthegmata Laconica" (p. 224E), says that Leotychides, son of Ariston, when certain diviners announced as a portent the fact that a snake had coiled itself around the bolt of a door, replied, "It doesn't seem so to me, but if the bolt had coiled itself around the snake that would be a portent." Clement of Alexandria ("Stromata," vii, 25) attributes this same remark to Diogenes, and Cicero ("De Divinatione," ii, 62) recounts it without naming its author. In the lines just before those cited from the "Stromata" (vii, 24) Clement says that Bion the Borysthenite remarked: "What wonder if the mouse, not finding anything to eat, has eaten the meal sack? For this would be the thing worthy of note, if the meal sack had eaten the mouse," and that Bion ascribed this saying to Arcesilaus. Finally, Augustine ("De Doctrina Christiana," ii, 20) quotes Cato, when consulted by a man whose boots had been eaten by mice, as replying that there might have been real reason for wonder if the reverse had been the case.

Is the similarity between the ancient and the modern in these stories fortuitous, is it due to a reminiscence on Mr. Dana's part of the classics, of which he was a careful student, or is his remark based upon some intermediate form perhaps better known to him than was any one of the originals? ARTHUR STANLEY PEASE.

Urbana, Ill., October 24.

TAXING SOUVENIRS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An almost pathetic side of the tariff question is seen in connection with the rule excluding trifling souvenirs from the $100 exemption of returning travellers. From our normal schools and teachers' colleges are sent out annually hundreds of young women to teach in public schools at salaries of $400 and up—and not very far up. Filled with interest in their history, art, etc., they start to save for a European trip. Wonderful as it may seem, they *do* save the five or six hundred dollars that will pay the necessary travelling expenses and allow a few dollars to "spend." They do not want to buy clothing. They do want, as gifts or as treasures in memory of the great event, a bit of Dresden china or Venetian glass, a Roman lamp, a Nuremberg

toy, and a few good photographs. No one article costs above two or three dollars.

There could be no protection in such cases, and the revenue is so slight as to suggest that Uncle Sam will soon tax the pennies in the babies' banks. M. B. P.

Ypsilanti, Mich., October 17.

Literature

THE MYSTIC LIFE.

Mysticism: A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. By Evelyn Underhill, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

With the modest title of An Introduction to Mysticism, we are here offered an unusually complete guide to the interior or hidden life, admirable alike for its restrained style and for its balanced treatment of a subject which has been so often associated with quite the opposite qualities. After the vagaries of the so-called New Thought one is relieved to find so sane a study of what has been the old thought upon the transcendental order.

The distinction between the sensible and the supersensible furnishes that valid double interpretation which is generally characteristic of this book. Any experience in the mystic way, we are told, may be looked at from two points of view: we may see it, with the psychologist, as a moment in the history of mental development, governed by the more or less mechanical laws which so conveniently explain to him the psychic life of man; or, with the mystic himself, we may see it as a step toward that goal of mystical activity where there is "everywhere one Being, one Life." Taking, then, as her point of departure the assumption that the supersensible is somehow important, and can be influenced by the activities of man, the author makes an ingenious approach to the heights of transcendentalism by an appeal to that half-way house inhabited by the Vitalists. Vitalism is called the first contribution of the twentieth century to the history of man's quest of "reality," and is rightly described as being in its theory of knowledge close to that of the mystics. It is, moreover, a brilliant stroke to describe Driesch and Bergson and Eucken as having turned materialism inside out in that they present to us the universe as an expression of life, not life as an expression and by-product of the universe.

It is true that the Vitalists in their theory of knowledge are close to the mystics, but it will not do to over-emphasize that fact. Driesch, indeed, revives the doctrine of the entelechy, or spiritual principle, but does not lose sight of the physical organism; Bergson employs intuition but bases it upon biology; and Eucken calls upon the life of the spirit but does not forget the lower of the two levels—the natural. In their theory of knowledge these men may be idealists, in their theory of being they are realists, and would scarcely agree with the statement that the only escape from skepticism is by recourse to man's innate but strictly irrational instinct for that "Real above all reason, beyond all thought." This is only one side, even of mysticism, for elsewhere the author herself acknowledges that there is a dual character to the spiritual consciousness: first, there is the union with Life, with the World of Becoming; and parallel with it the illumination by which the mystic "gazes upon a more veritable world." Here, as generally throughout the book, the writer uses a consistent parallelism: the transcendental is her quest, but the temperamental is that necessary instrument whereby the sensuous symbol is so traced as to make it known that all mystics come from the same country.

It is a safe road that has two straight sides, fixed lines that lie in strict parallelism. Hence in the succeeding chapter on mysticism and psychology it is unfortunate that the description of the former in the terms of the latter is so strongly disparaged. We may agree in deploring the tendency of popular psychology to personify and exalt the subconscious; Americans know too well how the subliminal self has been turned into a waste-basket for all sorts of rubbish. Yet it seems going too far to say, after using the works of Cutten and Starbuck and James, that, when science attempts to lift the veil of Isis, she leaves only her dirty finger-marks behind. But such disparagement is perhaps more strictly directed against the French school and the researches of Murisier, Janet, and Ribot, who strive to find a pathological taint in all mystic experiences. The sanity of true mysticism may be shown, as here, by the comparative method. If the French have had representatives of the feminine hysterical type, such as Madame Guyon, the Germans have had the more virile representatives, such as Suso and Tauler.

In the chapter on the characteristics of mysticism an interesting attempt is made to substitute for William James's celebrated four marks of the mystic state another set of four, less inclusive, but possibly more precise. True mysticism is declared to be active and practical, not passive and theoretical; its aims wholly transcendental and spiritual; its object one of love, not of exploration; its goal, not intellectual realization, but a form of enhanced life. In general, the mark of the real practitioner is not to *know about* but to *be*, and, it is illogically added, it is the art of establishing one's *conscious* relation with the Absolute. But how can one be in conscious relation and yet, as is said earlier, deny that possible knowledge is to be limited to any process of "intellectation"? As Benjamin Franklin would say—"This is a kind of light about which I am much in the dark." The denial of any intellectual element in the mystic process is a pitfall: besides causing a neglect of the historic stage of illumination it does not fully agree with what is offered as one of the best modern definitions of mysticism as "in essence the concentration of *all* the forces of the soul upon a supernatural object"; it also compels the author to push from the mystic ladder the Christian Platonists and mystical philosophers, who are described as being no more mystics than the milestones on the Dover road are travellers to Calais.

Pointing out the confusing fact of an initial similarity of expression between many of the proceedings of the mystic and of the occultist, the author passes from the spurious to the genuine phenomena of the movement. In this second part of the book on the Mystic Way, the main strength of this study is shown in its thorough familiarity with the literature of Western mysticism from the beginnings of the Christian era to the death of William Blake. The dry facts of that period are given in a valuable appendix and bibliography, a sympathetic interpretation in minute descriptions of the Awakening, the Purification, and the Illumination of the self as drawn from the classic sources. Here, besides previously untranslated fragments from Meister Eckhart and Mechtild of Magdeburg, there are copious extracts from such exquisite "tasters of supreme experience" as Julian of Norwich and St. John of the Cross. But these chapters as well as those on the Dark Night of the Soul and the Unitive Life might well have been supplemented by extracts from certain of the genuine American mystics—among the Puritans Jonathan Edwards, among the Pennsylvania Pietists Conrad Beissel, among the moderns Upham, author of "The Interior or Hidden Life." We have an unbroken strain of the mystic ichor in our veins; Miss Underhill discovers it in Professor Royce, she might be interested to know that it is to be found in other academic circles besides Harvard, and that even from Columbia University there has come a mystic manual worthy to be ranked among the classics of the contemplative way.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Outcry. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Did Mr. James first sketch this in dramatic form, and virtually "novelize" it as an afterthought? Or is it an experiment in the direction of a new composite medium? In effect and almost in substance, it is a social comedy in three acts. Its machinery is of the stage—and of a stage totally indifferent

to the new cry against coincidence. Each of the "Books" is an act in one scene; and the exits and entrances manago themselves as conveniently as in "Box and Cox." The persons are Lord Theign, heir to a very ancient title and to all that traditionally goes with it; Lady Sandgate, of mature and somewhat pronounced charms, with whom Lord Theign maintains a guardedly romantic relation; Lord John, well-mannered but quite unprincipled son of a rather disreputable old gaming duchess; Lady Grace, daughter to Lord Theign and ninety-nine other earls, inexperienced, but ardent and high-spirited; Hugh Crimble, a budding connoisseur; and Mr. Breckenridge Bender, American millionaire and collector.

The scene of the first act is laid in the hall of Dedborough Place, ancestral country estate of Lord Theign. The setting is minutely described in the opening paragraphs. The time is afternoon. Lady Sandgate is a guest. Lord John comes to propose marriage to Lady Grace, Crimble to see the Dedborough pictures for their own sake, and Mr. Bender because he is "after" a great Sir Joshua which is the most precious of all the Dedborough treasures. There is a Lady Kitty in the background, youngest and favorite daughter of Lord Theign, a fast young beauty who has lost immense sums at bridge to Lord John's mother. Consequently, Lord Theign, displaying that quaint sense of honor which (according to all traditions of fiction and drama) governs the British aristocracy, bargains to give Lady Grace to Lord John in payment of Lady Kitty's debt. The opportunity for an effective series of situations in this scene is obvious. In the course of it Lord John is discomfited and Crimble attains the foreground. Mr. Bender is unshaken in his expectation of bagging a prize; and both Lord Theign and Lady Sandgate (who has a great-grandmother by Lawrence to dispose of), though full of noble sentiments, are apparently at his mercy.

The second and third acts are set in the drawing-room of Lady Sandgate's London house, at intervals of a few weeks. Lady Grace has fled there from the anger of her father; and either her presence or the intimacy between her hostess and Lord Theign, or the natural activities of Crimble and Bender afford sufficient theatrical excuse for the assembling of the entire cast, first of a morning and later for a conclusive afternoon. It is all excessively "well-built"; in fact, we suspect (without too narrow examination) that with scenery substituted for description, and commentary cut out, the thing actually is a play—the lines complete in themselves. The "outcry" is the sound made by the British public upon the rumor that Lord Theign is likely to let one of his masterpieces go to America. For the public believes with Crimble that the treasures of art are a national possession. Lord Theign and Lady Sandgate affect contempt for this theory, but in the end it prevails, and the great Bender retires frustrate. Bender, like the other persons, is in outline a conventional stage figure, but Mr. James has breathed the breath of life into him as into no other of these still sufficiently amusing figures.

Victor Olnee's Discipline. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Not long ago, it will be recalled, in a series of papers grouped under the title "The Shadow World," Mr. Garland showed himself a close and interested student of the history of psychic phenomena. Here he reduces some of his experiences and speculations in this field to the form of fiction—or shall we say that he dresses them in the garb of fiction? His Victor Olnee and the other human figures in the book do not strongly take hold of the reader's imagination. The "love-interest" is labored, the plot as a whole is of little importance, and the whole performance is a bit of commentary rather than of creation. Victor Olnee is supposed to be the son of a "medium," who (not quite credibly) brings him up without knowledge of her professional life. He knows that she has a "ghost-room," and dislikes its atmosphere and that of the persons who frequent it. But when the opening scene of the story shows him a popular athlete and fraternity man at "Winona University," he is still unaware that the ghost-room pays for his pleasant college years. Then comes a newspaper exposure of Mrs. Olnee. Victor hastens to her, determined to cut her off from her way of life. He does not believe that she is deliberately a fakir, but he wishes to wrest her roughly from her self-delusions. As she sincerely believes in her "guides," this is impossible. He is somewhat consoled by the discovery that, though living in a shabby neighborhood, she numbers persons of wealth and fashion among her clients. Among other things, she tells these people how to invest their money. Presently there is a crash, the investments have gone wrong, and Mrs. Olnee is arrested for fraud. Her only defence is that certain "lying devils" must have taken the places of her guides. The question of her criminality turns upon her possession of unusual powers. Her defence is undertaken by a great lawyer, who is absolutely a disbeliever in psychic phenomena. With the aid of a skilful electrician he devises a series of tests which unmistakably prove Mrs. Olnee's power of moving bodies from which she is physically separated, and of producing apparitions which can be photographed. But the strain of the test results in the death of the medium. In the opinion of the electrician, these phenomena all attest the exertion of a force not understood by science. In some way the medium's mind or spirit causes the physical manipulation of tables, slates, and musical instruments. As for the "spirit pictures," they are "mental images" or "etheric selves" "transferred by some unknown mental power to the plates." This would seem to be Mr. Garland's own door of solution: we do not see that any better has been found.

Track's End. By Hayden Carruth. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is a boys' book of adventure, compounded after the most familiar and well-tried recipe. Left alone through a Dakota winter in a brand-new town at the "track's end," the hero has a series of experiences which should satisfy the most exacting reader of the *Youth's Companion*. He endures hunger, blizzards, and wounds; single-handed he meets and repels timber-wolves, marauding bands of Sioux, and a gang of desperate outlaws. He saves from fire and pillage the town, including a bank with a safe containing $20,000, and is rewarded by the benevolent old banker with a gold watch and chain. It is a pleasure to add that though the hero sheds a good deal of blood—his own and others'—he takes no lives except those of rabbits, wolves, and buffaloes. Like many others of its class, the story is told in a manner singularly business-like and unimaginative.

The Indiscretions of Maister Redhorn. By J. J. Bell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Here the author of "Wee Macgreegor" has provided a diverting series of experiences centring upon the person of as shrewd and kindly a being as one could easily imagine. The sort of quandary Maister Redhorn gets into may be illustrated by his adventure with the cat. Miss Waldie, for whom he is making an estimate for a most desirable job of papering and painting, gives him a commission to end the earthly career of an animal which she foolishly took to oblige a friend, and which has rewarded her kindness by killing and eating two of her canaries. The painter is sadly torn between his desire to please a prospective patron and his aversion to even a humane method of putting an animal to death. In the end he has recourse to an ingenious device which, while somewhat perilous for his reputation as a man of his word, enables him to avoid both Scylla and Charybdis.

A Weaver of Dreams. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is rather pathetic to find in this novel, which follows so closely upon the tragic death of its popular author, more than her usual amount of fun and

humor. Its gentle sentiment is familiar; the tender young love affairs, the even more tender middle-aged love affairs, the twittering of birds, the scent of flowers, the glow of sunsets. In and out among the young things move the figures of Aunt Belinda and Uncle Henry in rustic oddity; Miss Cynthia, of Dresden china exquisiteness, dealing out alternately unabashed sentiment and wise cynicism; Martin Chandler, cripple and dream-weaver, with counsels of patience and aspiration for all. Judith, the self-renunciating heroine, stands between the old and the young in a mellow light of serene generosity. And, as noted, over all troubled waters blows a fun-spiced air with salutary grace. It is charming to hear Aunt Belinda's dictum: "Fishin' ain't catchin'—it's just settin' in a boat and holdin' the pole and hopin'."

ITALY TO-DAY.

The New Italy: A Discussion of its Present Political and Social Conditions. Translated from "La Terza Italia: Lettere di un Yankee" of Federico Garlanda by M. E. Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

This work, by Professor Garlanda of the University of Rome, made a stir in Italy, when first published about ten years ago, and it has run into several editions. The reason is obvious: it presents in readable form a criticism of contemporary Italy. The author is a man of weight, and though he can hardly be held competent to speak on all the topics he takes up, still, he always means to tell the truth, and, in matters of opinion, he may claim to be as well equipped as most of his critics.

The book is written in letters from an imaginary "Yankee" to friends in America—an old device, which allows more scope to the writer and enables him to assume an air of greater impartiality by drawing comparisons between the foreign country and his own. In fact, however, no "Yankee" would for a moment imagine that Professor Garlanda's comments on America were written by an American, and they might all be taken away without impairing the value of his survey of Italian conditions.

Like most Italians he is pessimistic. One of the traits which well-wishers of the New Italy most deplore is the habitual cynicism with which the New Italians have been running themselves down for the past forty years. Unquestionably, they have had cause enough for anxiety if not for gloom. Since Cavour died in 1861, they have had no statesman to guide them, and only one strong man, Crispi, who brought upon them the disastrous rupture with France and the final calamity in Abyssinia. Like ourselves, since the civil war, they have been living through a prosaic period which has seemed disenchanting in comparison with the years of patriotic exaltation which preceded it. They have had much political corruption, much graft, much downright peculation. On them, as on us, rapacious favored interests have fastened a high tariff. They have had also to bear the burden of militarism, which has been matched here by an enormous pension roll, the destroyer of patriotism. They, like us, disbelieve in the integrity of public men and in the honesty of any one who becomes rich. They see deputies go to Rome poor and return home after two or three terms with a fortune; so we are puzzled to understand how scores and scores of Congressmen grow into millionaires after a few years in Washington.

After all, however, it is not these parallels, which could be matched in other countries, which give Professor Garlanda's book its chief interest; it is, on the contrary, the customs and experiences peculiar to Italy. His account of the Mafia, for instance, or his analysis of the various political parties, conveys information of which the ordinary American knows little.

Even more important is the chapter on Church and State—a subject over which, for obvious reasons, Americans who have not been in Italy are perplexed. Since Italy is listed as a Roman Catholic country, they suppose that all Italians are rigid Papalists; but Professor Garlanda shows, and he is indubitably correct, that only a small minority of educated Italians would tolerate Papal interference in affairs that belong to the state, and that not one in ten, whether educated or not, dreams of the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. As the enlightened classes fall away, Professor Garlanda shows that the Clericals' last resort is to promote superstition and ignorance among the nobles' sons who attend the Jesuit seminaries, and among the peasants. He gives as an example of their desperation, a priest, professor at an episcopal school, who told his young pupils that "whilst the world is raising lying monuments to his [Cavour's] memory, his soul lies burning in the eternal flames of hell!" (p. 285). Compare with this, the author says, the enthusiasm with which in the United States the youngest school-children are taught to reverence Washington, Lincoln, and other national patriots.

Professor Garlanda wrote his diagnosis of ecclesiastical conditions several years before the Modernist upheaval, which fully corroborated him. To-day the Vatican has fewer supporters in Italy than it had ten years ago. The Modernist revolt was hidden under the cloak of the Syllabus; the Modernists no longer speak out, but their numbers increase day by day. Even a cursory reading of these letters will acquaint Americans with the fact that to the ordinary Italian the Roman Question is as dead as the pretensions of the Stuarts in England.

We have no space for referring to the "Yankee's" exhibit of contemporary art and literature, of university instruction, of the influence of the press, and of family life. His remarks on marriage are especially interesting; but even more so is his view that centralization is a great curse—if not the greatest—of modern Italy. Here he starts fundamental problems without solving them.

We regret that so lively a book should have been so badly translated. When we read of a heifer that cast sheep's eyes, and find many similar absurdities, we are reminded of the Portuguese Grammar, and pity Professor Garlanda. *Traduttore, traditore.*

Socialism: A Critical Analysis. By O. D. Skelton, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This work is a product of the effort begun several years ago by Hart, Schaffner & Marx of Chicago to encourage, by a series of prize economic essays, "the best thinking of the country to investigate the problems which vitally affect the business world of to-day." A first prize of one thousand dollars has been awarded to Professor Skelton of Queen's University, Kingston, by a committee consisting of Profs. J. Laurence Laughlin, J. B. Clark, Henry C. Adams, and Mr. Horace C. White and Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

Mr. Skelton has certainly produced a highly meritorious work. He has not enlarged the horizon of advanced students of socialism, but he has accomplished what is perhaps an even more serviceable task: he has read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the best that has been written and said for and against socialism, and has embodied his reflections in a book for which all must be grateful who are conscientiously striving to discover what socialism is all about. By eliminating the wheat from the chaff, by discarding all that is ephemeral and inconclusive, and by bringing a large fund of common sense to the discussion of that residuum of ugly fact that constitutes the starting point of socialism as a science, he has measurably lightened the burden of that constantly increasing number who think it a part of their political duty to familiarize themselves with this subject.

This is an exceptionally readable book of its class. If the chapters devoted to the Marxian analysis are not enlivening, the fault is not Mr. Skelton's. Even Professor Böhm Bawerk, who has no superior among moderns in making light the dark places in economics, does not find it altogether easy to picture Marx's self-contradictions in pellucid terms. "Das Kapital," the so-called

biblo of scientific socialism, occupies the most curious position in economic literature. The system built upon it cannot be debated without careful consideration of its precepts, and yet the more its precepts are studied the greater the difficulty of rendering them into the ordinary speech of mankind. Marx may have known exactly what he thought, but neither he nor his disciples nor his critics have ever been able to make the rest of us quite clear on that point. Where so many had failed, Mr. Skelton could hardly hope to achieve unqualified success.

Mr. Skelton's treatment of his subject is logical throughout. Socialism is in the first place, he says, an indictment of any and all industrial systems based on private property and competition. In a second aspect it presents an analysis of capitalism. Its origin is accounted for, and its present working described. From a third point of view, socialism presents a substitute for capitalism. Fourthly, socialism involves a campaign against capitalism. In each of these aspects—indictment, analysis, panacea, campaign—socialism is intelligible only as the antithesis of the competitive system. It has followed private property like its shadow. Since it is within the past century or two, the period since what is called preëminently the Industrial Revolution, that the economic motive has most widely dominated men's activities the world over, and that within the economic field the spirit of individualism has had freest play, it is within this same period that socialism has reached fullest and clearest development. It is with post-eighteenth-century systems, therefore, that Professor Skelton chiefly deals, though he gives us a succinct and satisfactory survey of earlier developments.

Lectures on Literature. New York: The Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner. $2 net.

A preliminary note states that these eighteen lectures by Columbia professors were, with one exception, delivered in a series during the academic year 1909-1910. They differ from the collections of essays by various scholars with which the public has grown familiar, that is, memorial volumes, in the fact that none of them is a discussion of a minute subject. Each undertakes to set forth the main traits of a large period, sometimes of a whole literature. So the literatures of ancient Greece, Rome, Spain, Germany, Russia, France, of India and Persia are each handled in a single paper. English literature naturally receives the most attention. Professor Thorndike tries to grasp it in its entirety; Professor Lawrence touches on the Middle Ages; Professor Fletcher on the period of the Renaissance, though he reaches beyond to Italy and France; Professors Erskine and Page take, respectively, the impulses of neo-classicism and romanticism in England. In the large compass of their subjects all of these essays are somewhat new in the domain of scholarly endeavor in America. It has often been felt that some of our most notable scholars would not, because they could not, manipulate ideas and tendencies of any considerable size. While foreign professors continued to hold their "open courses," it was the fashion among scholars here to contend that a discussion broad enough to be popular and generally intelligible was pretty sure to stamp the speaker as a "lightweight." We welcome heartily any sign of a change of front.

Looked at critically, one of the first things that will strike the reader of these essays is their lack of antagonisms. Here is no battle of the books. The classics of Greece and Rome receive their meed without the impression given that with them the best literary work of the world was completed. Classicism and romanticism lie down together, and the expounder of the Renaissance finds some good in the Middle Ages. A single rebellious cry is heard when Professor Trent urges any who have quoted glibly the catch-phrase, "the renascence of wonder," to reflect that the eighteenth century, which just preceded the great reaction thus described, was the one in which the most effective literary vehicle for us to-day—English prose—was first truly fashioned. We should have been glad to have more of such protests, which would have sounded the note of perfect sincerity. For it is inevitable that a scholar who is preoccupied with a given epoch should discover in it greater worth than in any other, and, when duly controlled, the "overbeliefs" of literary judgments are suggestive.

Yet, with but a few exceptions the contributions are real essays, each having some single idea with which to organize the material viewed; this keeps the work from deteriorating into a futile sort of literary history. Professor Thorndike's paper nicely illustrates the method. Starting with the undoubted fact that in English literature "there has been no control by a class, or caste, or profession, no control by one city, not even by London," and "no central authority, but a steady growth from national precedent and tradition, and a distrust of theory or system," he sketches the virtues and shortcomings of our individualism. He finds that it has "carried us farther than any other literature of modern Europe in divergence from classical guides and instruction," with the result that the English people have "tended to regard Literature, as a practical art" in its "revelation and criticism of life and conduct." If they have not excelled in music, painting, or sculpture, "it is, perhaps, because these arts have seemed to them too abstracted from life, too unpractical." Other literatures, he admits, may have achieved a finer art and a nicer precision than English, but "none has equalled it in the abundance, variety, and comprehensiveness of the life which it attempts to interpret."

Professor Brander Matthews's "Approaches to Literature," with which the book opens, gives the impression for a few pages of being criticism in the best French mould—profound, urbane, and lucid—but shortly becomes mechanical. Unmethodically, we will enumerate a few of the more interesting ideas of succeeding writers. A suggestive distinction is made by Professor Fletcher: "In this complete Humanism, this whole-souled absorption in humanity, Shakespeare gives the pure color, marks the precise centre of that band in the historical spectrum of European civilization which we call the Renaissance; as his contemporary Edmund Spenser, on the other hand, illustrates the pervasive tendency away from Humanism, gospel of humanity, toward a new 'divinity,' a new asceticism." Although "The Classical Rule," by Professor Erskine, seems to us an inadequate definition, he makes a real point in stating that the delight of eighteenth century writers in the classics was "almost a Romantic pleasure." As might be expected Professor Trent's paper on "The Cosmopolitan Outlook" contains by the way touches of jocose twitting. For the large utterance which his topic compels he feels himself unfitted. "It is our presidents who fill our sails of thought with the winds of generalizations," quite contrary to the former way: "When Ulysses carried the bags of Æolus, it was his crew that let loose, while he slept, the angry and adverse blasts." There is more than a grain of truth in his paradox that though modern life has grown to be largely objective, the future of literature may lie in the realms of the subjective. He believes that while the peoples of the world are becoming more and more alike, strongly individual minds will continue to exist and will be forced back upon themselves to find comfort and stimulation within. As literature in actual life always precedes criticism, so the paper on criticism itself brings this volume to a pretty close.

The Book of Knowledge: The Children's Encyclopædia. Edited by Arthur Mee and Holland Thompson. Introduction by J. H. Finley. 24 vols. New York: The Grolier Society.

If one were to recast an encyclopædia so as to adapt it to tender minds, and add an anthology of verse suited to them, stories and paraphrases of stories of all grades of seriousness and of all times, sets of directions for making all things that are makable by youthful

hands, and a course of instruction in reading, writing, elementary arithmetic, music, and French; if one were then to distribute all this material among two dozen volumes, in such a way that each volume should have its share of every class of the entire subject-matter; and if, finally, one peppered the whole with pictures, one might not unreasonably claim to have produced something new, nothing less, indeed, than a What's What for Children. Such is the character of the imposing array of books Arthur Mee of London and Holland Thompson of New York, together with more than a dozen collaborators, have written, edited, and arranged, and which has taken all knowledge for its province, to be subdued and made inviting for little feet.

The variety of the contents is bewildering, even within the covers of a single volume. In the first volume, for instance, there are fourteen divisions. "The Book of the Earth" contains "The Big Ball We Live On," "The Earth Is Always Moving," and "The Sun and His Family." "The Book of the United States" tells of "The Land Before the White Men Came." In "The Book of Familiar Things" are "Footpaths in the Air." "Peary's Route to the North Pole," and half a dozen other titles. "The Book of Wonder" enables even an older person to answer with confidence the questions "Does the Moon Pull the Sea?" "Can a Train Run on One Rail?" and "Why Can't We See in the Dark?" Then there are "The Book of Nature"; "The Book of Men and Women"; "The Book of Our Own Life," handling such matters as "Living Things Around Us"; "The Book of Golden Deeds," containing such accounts as "The Sacrifice of Father Damien"; "The Story of Famous Books," including "The War for a Stolen Queen," from the Iliad, "The Victory of the Wooden Horse," from the Æneid, etc.; "The Book of Stories," with "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and others; "The Book of Poetry," from "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" to "The Wreck of the Hesperus"; "The Book of All Countries"; "Things to Make and Do"; "The Book of School Lessons"; and "Colored Plates." The contents of each of these divisions are scattered through the volume, instead of appearing together—an arrangement that gives the maximum of variety to one turning the leaves in order.

Only experiment can tell certainly whether boys and girls will agree with the projectors of "The Book of Knowledge" in their idea of it as "The Children's Encyclopædia." But it is apparently well planned to win their favor. The pictures alone will commend it in the first instance to the youngest readers, and the large type will add to this recommendation. The topics are treated with inviting brevity and the style of the text is carefully colloquial. The pages have a somewhat crowded appearance, due in part to the double columns, and, in part, to lack of spacing below titles and around pictures; and the volumes, with their thick paper, are heavy. To a child who cares for what is on the pages, however, these will be negligible defects.

Notes

Miss Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe are preparing for publication the "Letters and Journals of Charles Eliot Norton." Much material is already in their hands, but they will be grateful to any correspondent of Professor Norton who will permit the consideration of significant letters by him. These may be sent to Mr. Howe at No. 26 Brimmer Street, Boston. Letters which the senders wish to preserve will be copied and carefully returned.

The Harpers bring out immediately: "Bashful Ballads," by Burges Johnson, and "The Ancient Egyptians and Their Influence Upon the Civilization of Europe," by G. Elliot Smith.

Mr. De Morgan's "A Likely Story," which Holt announces for this week, concludes with "An Apology in Confidence"—one of Mr. De Morgan's talks with his readers.

Macmillan's publications for the next few weeks are distributed in several fields of thought. In general literature three volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare.—Biography: "The Life of Ruskin," by Edward Tyas Cook, and the second volume of "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli."—History: "Democratic England," by Percy Alden, and the first volume of the Cambridge Mediæval History, entitled "The Christian Roman Empire and the Foundation of the Teutonic Kingdom"; the history will be complete in eight volumes and has for editors H. M. Gwatkin of the University of Cambridge, and J. P. Whitney of Kings College.—Economics and politics: "The Law of the Employment of Labor," by L. D. Clark of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington; "Commission Government in American Cities," by Ernest Bradford; "Increasing Human Efficiency," by Walter Dill Scott, and "The Lowell Social Survey," a description of a New England town in progress, by George Kenngott.—Religion: "The Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times," by Henry Churchill King, and "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus," by Henry C. Vedder.

A number of the tales of the Mahâbhârata and of other epics have been translated by W. D. Munro and will be brought out by Crowell with the title "Stories of India's Gods and Heroes."

Other books announced by this house are an elaborate edition of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," embellished with color plates and full-page drawings in black and white by Pogány, and Dr. Amory H. Bradford's essays and sermonettes, entitled "Preludes and Interludes."

G. Waldo Browne will publish in December, through Dana Estes & Co., "China, the Country and Its People," with above three hundred illustrations.

"Selections from Cæsar for Sight Reading," by Harry F. Towle and Paul R. Jenks, and "Cuentos Modernos," a collection of easy Spanish stories, edited with notes and vocabulary by Prof. F. DeHaan and F. W. Morrison, are in the list of D. C. Heath & Co.

A few additional volumes of Longmans French Texts are nearly ready: "La Montre du Doyen," by Erckmann-Chatrian: "La Bruyère d'Yvonne," by Pierre Maël, and Balzac's "Ursule Mirouet."

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston's new book, "Travellers Five Along Life's Highway," which is promised by L. C. Page & Co. for Friday, has an introduction by Bliss Carman.

The Cambridge University Press will publish the twenty-ninth, or index volume, of the Encyclopædia Britannica on thick paper and in special binding, to meet the requirements of a large number of readers. Those, however, who wish the index volume to be bound in the form which exactly corresponds with the set in their possession will not be denied. There is no difference in price, whichever form is preferred.

A third edition, revised and enlarged, of Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" (Putnam) testifies to continued public interest in the propaganda against war. The substantive changes comprise a new chapter, Conqueror or Policeman? in which further use is made of the example of Germany in Alsace and elsewhere; and a recasting of the final chapter on methods and means.

"Clásicos Castellanos" is the title of a large series which is under way in Madrid, and is being imported by Lemcke & Buechner. The enterprise aims to put at the disposal of the general reader in convenient form all the celebrated works of Spanish literature, and a few foreign works in translation. Volumes which have already appeared are "Las Moradas," by Santa Teresa, Vol. I; "Teatro," by Tirso De Molina, Vol. I; the works of Garcilaso, and the first volume of "Don Quijote." In the press are Vol. I of the works of Quevedo; "Vida de Torres Villarroel," and the second volume of "Don Quijote." Less far advanced are the works of Lope de Vega; the remainder of "Don Quijote"; "Novelas ejemplares," by Cervantes; the works of Fray Luis de León; Antonio de Guevara's "Menosprecio de corte y alabanza de aldea"; Santa Teresa, "Vida," Vol. II.; "El Corbacho," by Arcipreste de Talavera; "Guerra de Granada," by Hurtado de Mendoza; Marqués de Santillana, works, Vol. I; "Cantar de Mio Cid," edited by D. Ramón Menéndez Pidal, and the complete works of Shakespeare.

The two volumes of "Miscellaneous Papers," first published in the National Edition of Dickens, are now added to Scribners' Centenary Edition. The contents include the most diversified assortment of letters, articles, sketches, criticisms, etc., printed in various newspapers and magazines; also, poems and plays. As in the other volumes of this edition, the original illustrations are retained, together with reproductions of contemporary prints. Sufficient bibliographical information is given, and, in the case of the poems, the notes of F. G. Kitton are reprinted from his original collection, published in 1903. We have more than once commended the utility, good form, and cheapness of this edition.

There is no doubt about the tasteful printing and binding of the latest Riverside Press Edition of Houghton Mifflin Co., which brings us "Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist" and other essays of Lafcadio Hearn. But we confess that the publisher's circular and Ferris Greenslet's otherwise admirable introduction leave us in doubt as to how much of the little book is from literally unpublished MSS. and how much of it is gathered from the columns of the *Times-Democrat*, into which Hearn poured so much of his strange and aromatic writing in his New Orleans days. The question is, however, of little significance, for the essays to virtually all readers of the book will be entirely new material. The title is taken from a collection of papers which Hearn himself began to prepare for the press, but never finished. These papers now printed by Mr. Greenslet present the author in his most impressionistic period, as we know him in his New Orleans letters to Mr. Krehbiel. They tell the story of a strange river journey in Florida, with "A Tropical Intermezzo" on a theme as old as legend, and in a style which superficially bears all the marks of the stalest romantic convention, yet is in effect surprisingly fresh and beautiful—that is, indeed, the mystery of Hearn's style. Other papers are: "Quaint New Orleans and Its Inhabitants," "Creole Women in the French West Indies," "Arabian Women," and "Rabyah's Last Ride." We can recommend the little volume as something rare and precious in its kind.

The "Expert of the New York *Sun*" has published, through Frederick A. Stokes Co., a compendious volume on "Advanced Auction Bridge," with the analysis of a large number of hands and games. In the matter of bidding the Expert holds a middle ground between the system of bidding absolutely on the value of the hand held and of bidding so as to seek information. He believes in combining the two: "Once let an adversary feel sure that he knows what you are bidding from, and you are lost." To which the reply might be: Once deceive your partner as to your method of bidding, and you are lost.

An affectionate tribute to the memory of two noble souls is paid by Gertrude Toynbee in her "Reminiscences and Letters of Joseph and Arnold Toynbee" (London: Henry J. Glaisher). Dr. Toynbee, the father, an eminent aurist, possessed a deeply religious, sunny nature, which shed its radiance over a singularly attractive household. His letters to his family and Miss Toynbee's brief memoir of him are touching in their artless simplicity. Dr. Toynbee impressed himself on many famous contemporaries, as is evidenced by the letters to him of such men as Faraday, Ruskin, and Landseer. Equally interesting are the letters from and about his more distinguished son, who, dying at the age of thirty, bequeathed to the world a permanent legacy of high ideals and wise philanthropy. Miss Toynbee's reminiscences of her brother are a welcome supplement to the memoirs of Jowett and Lord Milner. They reveal his fondness for art, which he shared with all the members of the Toynbee family. He did beautiful pencil work, but in his artistic attempts, as in everything else, he was hampered by constant ill health. In spite of his sufferings, however, he preserved, almost to the hour of his death, his serenity and active benevolence. As Arthur Sidgwick, who knew him at Oxford, wrote to Miss Toynbee, "He was a rare combination of a man who was an absolute master in his own special work, and yet found time not only for a great variety of interests, intellectual and artistic, but for practical sympathy and help in all manner of good causes."

"Uganda to Khartoum" (Scribner), by Albert B. Lloyd, is a pleasantly written record of travel, adventure, and work in the northern part of the Uganda Protectorate. The author describes first his life in Bunyoro, and gives much interesting information about the people and their peculiarities, as well as about the methods, chiefly in caring for the sick, by which the barriers between the white and the black man are broken down. The simple way in which the natives regard their frequent drinking bouts is shown by the answer of a chief when asked by Mr. Lloyd to attend a service on the following day: "I cannot come. I shall be drunk to-morrow." He was much surprised at the displeasure shown, for it had never occurred to him that there was any harm in the practice. Mr. Lloyd found recreation principally in hunting, in which many exciting adventures occurred while in pursuit of big game. Then follows a long, tedious account of work in Acholi, a comparatively little-known country, lying north of the Victoria Nile. When his five years' term of service was ended, he returned to England by tramping through the vast trackless forest to the Nile at Gondokoro. Here he took a steamer, and after six days' imprisonment in the sudd, reached Khartoum. His narrative would have been easier to follow had he furnished his readers with a map.

The translation of Johann David Schoepf's "Travels in the Confederation, 1783-1784," made by Alfred J. Morrison and published by William J. Campbell of Philadelphia, renders available for English readers an important book of travel, of which American historians have thus far made little use. Schoepf, who, though educated for a physician, found his chief interest in geology, mineralogy, and botany, came to America in 1777 as chief surgeon to the Ansbach troops, and served on the British side through the Revolutionary war. The journey he recounts extended from New York to St. Augustine and the Bahamas; but the greater part of his first volume is devoted to Pennsylvania, which State he traversed as far as Pittsburgh. His main purpose was scientific investigation, and in the line of his special studies he was one of the first Europeans whose formal observations still have value. The time, however, was peculiarly favorable for noting the effects of the war in different parts of the country, the state of industry, the tone of society, and the prospects for the immediate future; on all of these points of more general interest, what he has to say is in the highest degree informing. For example, he notes already, before the definitive treaty of peace had been signed, a distinct revival of trade, especially in the Middle States; a revival which was to go far toward insuring the adoption and success of the new Constitution a few years later. There was a growing demand for protection to manufactures, the force of which was presently felt in the tariff debate of 1789. Some fortunes had been made during the war, and although the disordered currency was everywhere a serious hindrance to business, the country was by no means economically prostrate. Particularly interesting are the numerous references to mining and milling, in both of which directions the colonial development had been considerable. The least favorable picture is that of Virginia, where Schoepf found industry stagnant, manufactures disfavored, a low standard of domestic comfort, and negro slavery a blight. The barbarous dialect spoken by most of the Germans whom he met was a source of irritation, and he notes, curiously, a pronounced nasal twang in the speech of the Virginians. The translation, though in a few places awkwardly literal, is in the main as readable as the original. A small part of the preface to Volume II, a paper on the climate of North America, and the descriptive matter of the original appendices, have been omitted. The editorial notes, chiefly bibliographical, show commendable research.

Dr. Henry Christopher McCook, pastor emeritus of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, died a week ago, aged seventy-four. He was born in New Lisbon, O., and graduated from Jefferson (now Washington and Jefferson) College in 1859. He served in the civil war as lieutenant of the Forty-first Illinois Volunteers and was chaplain of the Second Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the Spanish-American war. He was an authority on spiders and ants. Besides a number of scientific books of special and popular interest, he wrote treatises on religious subjects, "The Latimers," a Scotch-Irish historical romance of the Western insurrection; "Martial Graves of our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba," and "The Senator," a threnody in verse and prose, as a memorial of the late Mark Hanna. Dr. McCook was a contributor to the *Nation*.

The death is reported from Washington of William Caliyhan Robinson, dean of the Law School of the Catholic University of America, at the age of seventy-seven. For a time he was professor of law at Yale. He was the author of several works on legal subjects, among them "Law of Patents," in three volumes, and "Elements of American Jurisprudence."

Lady Colin Campbell, author and journalist, died in London the first of last week. She adopted several pen names, among them "G. E. Brunfille" and "Q. E. D." She wrote "Darell Blake," "A Book of the Running Brook," "A Miracle in Rabbits," and was the art critic of *A Woman's Walks in the World*, a journal which she created. Always fond of sports, she was expert in fencing.

Urbain Guérin, who is dead at the age of sixty-two, had written and lectured on many subjects, but was chiefly interested in sociology, on which subject he wrote a valuable book, "L'Evolution sociale."

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Mary Antin continues her recollections of child life in a small town of the Jewish Pale in Russia. The story is minute and exhaustive. The author has apparently grasped the secret of successful autobiography, which consists in assuming that nothing in one's experiences is unimportant and that nothing

should be passed over in a spirit of mistaken reticence. Miss Antin's picture is veracious if occasionally overcrowded. Only one pauses now and then to wonder how long is a reader's memory in this country or how fast do the generations of readers among us succeed each other. A great deal of what Miss Antin has to tell has been told so often before, and so much of the life in the Russian Pale has been transferred to the ghettoes of our own cities and there studied by the novelist, the short-story writer, and the reporter, that one wonders to find this latest narrative spoken of as though it dealt with an absolutely virgin field. To those, for instance, who have read Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," a great deal in Miss Antin's recollections will not be very new. But then Zangwill's book must be at least fifteen years old, and in that time one may forget a great deal.

Do you prefer Oscar Wilde to Shakespeare? In the same number of the *Atlantic* Elizabeth Woodbridge has a charming paper on one phase of modern individualism in art, which she happily describes as "the cult of the second-best." The modern spirit in its revolt against authority and against standards refuses to bow before the accepted Great because they are accepted, and picks out its own particular bloomin' idol to worship and exalt. It is so wretchedly commonplace to say one loves Shakespeare or the Sistine Chapel that the temptation is severe to concentrate one's affections on some object less popular or not at all popular. This is intellectual snobbery, but there is something to be said for it. "The Great of the world do get a good deal of handling. They show it a little. The grass is trodden down all around them; their toes are worn blunt by being kissed, and they are be-starred and be-photographed out of all whooping. . . . We cannot approach them without feeling ourselves one of a rabble. Come along over to my Little-Great-One, that nobody else is paying attention to." The little demi-gods, the little cults and coteries, the Little Theatres and Secessions and Musics of the Future arise in revolt against the obviously Great. But, asks Elizabeth Woodbridge plaintively and wisely, would it not be better, instead of rebelling against the Obvious, to endeavor to reconquer the Obvious?

Science

The Life of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society. With some notices of his friends and contemporaries. By Edward Smith, F. R. H. S. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

If the title were so transposed as to place the name of Sir Joseph after that of the Friends and Contemporaries, it would more nearly describe the character of the volume. It is a treasury of innocent gossip. The author, in his own words, set himself "the task of making out a case for fuller study of the undercurrents of life during the despised eighteenth century. Besides and beyond the witches' cauldron of frivolity and dishonor which is so often presented to us, there is evidently an unknown background of sterling virtues, of greatness, virility, moral rectitude, and the love of wisdom for its own sake."

Mr. Smith appears to be much impressed by the spirit of scoffing and lampooning toward serious work in every department of activity. He has brought together and finely reproduced a few of the most striking of the caricatures of Banks and others, and he admits that the game was pretty fair. For instance, Banks was an aristocrat, and yet delighted, in an innocent way, in associating with his inferiors. He was the president of the Royal Society at a time when the mathematicians counted it a grievance that a naturalist should rule over them. He was a man of large fortune who could easily have passed his time in the exciting sports of pugilism and the like, but who preferred to give his wealth freely for the support of any enterprise which could advance science or help his nation. Furthermore, he was the personal friend of the King, and this, as Mr. Smith says, "was a circumstance fatal in its relation to the discontented spirits of the day." In short, he was a good mark for all the fair and unfair shots. It is in this part of the volume that the author is at his best. He makes a few curious slips, but they are not very misleading, and they do not at all interrupt the flow of the narrative.

Banks was born in London in 1743 and died there in 1820. From the very first, he had his own way and carried out his own plans. Even in Oxford, where there was no satisfactory instruction in botany, his favorite branch of natural history, he succeeded in obtaining a teacher, almost on his own account, and pursued the science with him. As soon as he came of age and was the manager of the paternal estate, he entered upon London life as a gentleman of fortune. But his tastes led him to seek chiefly the companionship of scientific men who were members of the Royal Society, and he impressed them so favorably that he was admitted to fellowship at the age of twenty-three. At this date, the ship Niger was ordered to the Labrador and Newfoundland coast to investigate the fisheries. One of the officers, who was an Oxford friend of Banks, induced him to accompany the expedition.

Two features characteristic of the whole of Banks's career marked this voyage of exploration, namely, his judicious prodigality in expenditure of funds and strength, and his shyness in publishing results. In 1768, when he was twenty-five years old, he sailed with Capt. James Cook in his first memorable journey around the world. His preparations are said to have been made on an extravagant scale, and his scientific staff was formed without regard to expense. The record of the scientific results obtained by Banks on this first voyage of Capt. Cook were not properly edited until 1896, when the manuscript was published by Sir Joseph Hooker. In other words, with his great modesty, Banks preferred to have the scanty mention in Cook's "Journal" represent the record of his unceasing activity during a long, perilous, and fruitful adventure. It is just at this point that Hooker's edition of Banks's "Journal," a volume of 450 pages, is needed to supplement every biography of Banks. Its pages show that he was patient to the last degree, strong in all work, sharing all hardships without complaint, and anxious to turn everything to good account for the advancement of science and the growth of his country.

On his return, he continued his systematic endeavors in both of these directions. As president of the Royal Society, he favored with tongue and purse all enterprises which seemed worth while, but had no hesitation in turning down wild schemes. He sent natural history collectors to every land to which they could be induced to go, and provided all needed funds for subsequent research and illustration. His principal interest centred, however, in Australia, where he and his explorers had found a new world of plants. And when a committee of the House of Commons, in 1779, consulted him about a fit place for founding a colony, he recommended this southern land as suitable, for he regarded its climate good and its soil fertile. From the first, Banks was a sturdy optimist and saw "the future prospect of empire and dominion which now cannot be disappointed." "Who knows," he asks, "but England may revive in New South Wales when it has sunk in Europe?"

It is surprising that as yet no comprehensive biography of Sir Joseph has been written. Some of the sketches, like the present volume, give prominence to his forty years as president of the Royal Society, and other outlines dwell upon his extraordinary benefactions to scientific men, and his successful work as an explorer in many lands, and as the founder of a colony; but a complete memoir should present these phases of his life symmetrically, and this is still lacking. The present volume is further unsatisfactory on account of its geographical blunders. As a chronicle of the times of King George the Third, it is interesting. And as such we gladly commend it.

D. C. Heath & Co. have in preparation "Introduction to the Lie Theory of One-Parameter Groups," by Dr. Abraham Cohen.

"Chemical Phenomena in Life," by Frederick Czapek, is an announcement of Harpers.

Liberty H. Bailey has entirely rewritten his book, "The Horticulturist's Rule Book," which was published nearly twenty years

age; the new book, announced by Macmillan, will be called "The Farm and Garden Rule Book."

We learn from the Rockefeller Institute that Dr. Simon Flexner has received from the German government an appointment as honorary member of the Institute for Experimental Therapy at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The portraits and busts in the possession of the Faculté de Médecine at Paris are described in a catalogue to be published by the librarian, Noë Legrand.

Dr. George C. Freeborn, for many years a teacher in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, died on Monday of last week, at the age of sixty-one. As a writer in his special line, normal histology, he was widely known both in this country and abroad, and he also published a history of the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was a member of many scientific organizations.

Norman Jay Colman, first secretary of agriculture of the United States, died last Friday on a train which was bringing him to his home in St. Louis. Born in 1827, he succeeded in 1885 Dr. George B. Loring as commissioner of agriculture in the days when the incumbent of that position was not a full Cabinet officer. He was editor of the *Rural World* of St. Louis, and on his farm in the suburbs carried on scientific experiments in stock-breeding.

George William Jones, professor emeritus at Cornell University and for thirty-one years an active member of the department of mathematics, died the first of last week, aged seventy-four. He is remembered as the author of several books on logarithms and trigonometry.

News has reached us of the death at Copenhagen of Dr. George Budde Lund, a zoologist of note.

Drama

The Dramatic Museum of Columbia University—the first to be established in this country and the only one in the world except that in the library of the Paris Opéra—contains already a collection of views of theatres, interior and exterior, of masques and carrousels, and of outdoor performances of various kinds. It also has portraits of distinguished actors of various periods in the costumes they wore on the stage and models of a few of the theatres typical of the more important epochs in the development of the drama. Among the other models which it ought to have, according to a statement just issued by the department of English and comparative literature, are (1) the Theatre of Dionysus, at Athens, as investigated by Professor Dörpfeld; (2) the Roman Theatre at Orange, as restored by M. Caristie; (3) a Madrid theatre of the time of Lope de Vega and Calderon; (4) the so-called Antique Theatre, built by Palladio at Vicenza; (5) the stage set used by the performers of the Italian comedy-of-masks, and (6) Drury Lane Theatre in 1775, when Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was produced. Friends of Columbia are urged to contribute toward a sum of $5,000 which is required.

The stock company organized in Chicago by Donald Robertson, for the purpose of producing superior plays of all kinds, made its first appearance in this city in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening in Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea." Why independent theatrical organizations should be so apt to waste time and energy in revivals of this kind is a mystery. The selection can scarcely be justified on the score of novelty, for this piece has been abundantly discussed, although very rarely played. It might well be left to oblivion or the library. On the stage its prolixity, its lack of action, its morbidity, and its incomprehensibility make it inexpressibly tedious. Moreover, it is a very poor specimen of Ibsen's technical craft as a playwright, being constructed in loose and arbitrary fashion, differing widely from his usual compact workmanship. But—except in the case of the monomaniacal Ellida—his studies of suburban life are as photographically accurate as ever. And these Chicago players exhibit their artistic sense by representing them in exactly the right method of precise, unconscious naturalism. They furnish a picture without much light or shade, but of well-balanced proportions and much delicacy of finish. A better performance of intimate domestic drama it would be unreasonable to ask for. Particularly good was the fussy Ballested of Edward Emery, the Wangel of Donald Robertson, and the Arnholm of Lionel Bilmore. Hedwig Reicher, an actress of rare capacity, partly failed as Ellida, simply because she put so much more into the part than properly belongs to it. Such a woman as her Ellida could never have acted like Ibsen's. But her performance was highly picturesque and interesting. The representation was successful, but the great majority of Ibsen's characters present no difficulty to the ordinary actor, being essentially commonplace in their composition and calling for no great histrionic capacity. It will not be possible to judge of the true quality of the new company until it has been tried in plays of wider scope.

"The Price," which seems likely to prove a popular success in the Hudson Theatre, marks a decided advance in the art of technical construction on the part of its author, George Broadhurst, one of the most active of American playwrights. In complexity of plot, quick succession of theatrical situations, and compactness of form it is equalled by few modern social melodramas. That it is effective in its extravagant and artificial climaxes and its manifold opportunities for convulsive emotion need not be disputed, and it is superior to many other plays of its class in its employment of the heroine's guilty conscience as a means of precipitating the final catastrophe. But it is too tricky and mechanical to be of much account as serious drama. The character of the heroine is illogical, her conduct being wholly irreconcilable with her supposed attributes, and unsympathetic since she deliberately deceives an honorable man. But the part has the merit of giving wide scope to the abilities of Helen Ware as an emotional actress. The art of this young performer is crude as yet, and is not likely to acquire restraint or finish in such violent exercise, but her natural powers of emotional suggestion and utterance are of a rare kind. She is capable of both passion and pathos, and in the closing scenes of the play she holds her audience in a secure grip. Her besetting danger now is that of falling into mere rant, but if she avoids that peril she may be expected to go very far in her profession.

In her second essay as an English-speaking actress in Daly's Theatre, in a close translation of "The Whirlwind" of Henri Bernstein, Madame Simone to a large extent justified her high French reputation. There can no longer be any doubt either of her polished skill or of her rare powers of emotional expression. Her failure to create a great impression in "The Thief" may be ascribed partly to nervousness arising from new and difficult conditions, partly to the unsympathetic nature of the heroine, and partly to a subtlety of execution which the American audience of to-day, accustomed to the coarser strokes of more strident performers, does not fully appreciate. In her Madame Voysin there was an apparent lack of emotional sincerity, which may have been due to a nice comprehension of the essential selfishness and immorality of the character itself. At all events, it is only fair that she should have the benefit of that possibility. The character of Hélène in "The Whirlwind," although in no way inspiring, is not complicated with any fundamental baseness. She is a foolish, passionate creature, wedded by parental authority to a repellent husband, who is willing to sacrifice anything for the sake of an unworthy lover. She descends to incredible depths—that is due to the morbid conception of her dramatic creator—but the one motive impelling her is that of blind, reckless sexual devotion. And Madame Simone interprets this consuming passion with indisputable eloquence and consistency. Her performance exhibits a remarkable control of varied technical resource. The manifold phases of her emotion, marking her progress through shattered hopes to reckless defiance and final despair, are portrayed in all their gradations, with a variety of utterance and expressive gesture indicative not only of thorough training, but keen dramatic intuition. Her command of simple and significant gesture, in which most of our modern actors are so lamentably deficient, was particularly noteworthy. But the play itself, notwithstanding the cleverness of its theatrical construction and its sensational effectiveness, has no substantial value, and offers no opportunity for really great acting—Madame Simone's true artistic status cannot be determined until it has been established by some more exacting test.

The French Society of Authors keeps a jealous watch on all matters interesting literary men. A rather important law case is in preparation in connection with the recent South American tour of the famous French actor Guitry. It appears that before the company set sail an agreement to pay authors' royalties was arrived at. Plays by various well-known authors, including Paul Bourget, Henri Bernstein, Henri Bataille, Jules Lemaitre, and Alfred Capus, were produced in the Argentine Republic, with which France has recently concluded a convention safeguarding the rights of authors; but M. Guitry's manager has now refused to pay the royalties, and so an action is likely to take place in the South Ameri-

can Republic. An offer has been made to pay 7 per cent. instead of the 10 per cent. claimed by the authors, and some of them were willing to settle the matter on these terms. One or two, however, headed by M. Bourget, are standing out against this compromise.

Another theatrical case of a different kind will come before the French courts before very long. The question at issue is the right of an author to put upon the stage characters representing famous people no longer living, when their descendants take objection to this course. M. Le Lasseur has written a piece in verse called "L'Enfant du siècle," which has for its heroine the romantic novelist George Sand. The granddaughter of the author takes strong objection to the proposal that an actress should represent her on the stage, particularly in view of her relations with the poet De Musset. The plaintiff apparently intends this to be something of a test case, for she is not asking for damages except in the event of the piece being actually put upon the stage. The dramatist, however, contends that by this time George Sand has become an historical figure just as much as Napoleon the Great.

Kyrle Bellew died of pneumonia on Thursday of last week at Salt Lake City, where he was playing in "The Mollusc." In his death the English-speaking stage suffers a distinctly heavy loss. He was not one of the great actors—he was not, for instance, a man possessing the intellectual and creative faculty of Charles Coghlan—but he was finely intelligent and thoroughly well-trained, and was versed in all the technical resources of his profession. He belonged to a race which is now, unfortunately, very nearly extinct. In many respects he was a miniature edition of his once famous father, the Rev. J. C. M. H. Bellew, who was for many years one of the most popular preachers and reciters in Great Britain. Kyrle Bellew was born at Prescott, in Lincolnshire, England, somewhere between fifty-five and sixty years ago. About his early youth not very much is known, but some of it was passed in India and Australia, and he had some experience in the British navy. He early exhibited a predilection for the stage, and made a success in England in the character of Romeo as long ago as 1870, and he was one of the best Romeos known to the modern stage, even up to the end of his career. In this country he first engaged public attention as leading man in Lester Wallack's company, with which he was associated for several years. His best performance in those days was Charles Surface, a characterization which had abundance of spirit, true elegance, and especially fine diction. He afterwards played as Belvawney in "Engaged," Raphael in "Moths," and a variety of characters in romance and comedy. In 1879 he played Orlando with considerable success, and in England he acted in "The Corsican Brothers" with great public approbation. During his long association with Mrs. Potter he created the character of Marat in "Charlotte Corday," in which he displayed great ability in eccentric acting of a very vivid and powerful kind. During the latter part of his career Mr. Bellew devoted a large part of his time to such plays as "Raffles," which were altogether unworthy of his abilities.

Music

The Musical Amateur. By Robert Haven Schauffler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Opera Synopses. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 75 cents net.

Harmonic Part Writing. By William Alfred White. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.

It is perhaps fortunate for Mr. Schauffler that his Defence of Amateur Whistling is the last chapter in his book instead of the first, as it might in that case repel many a possible reader of the rest of it. Whistling, in the opinion of most music-lovers, is indefensible under any circumstances. Almost all whistlers are entirely unmusical, and the sounds they make surely contribute to what Mr. Schauffler himself, on another page, calls "the common agonies that ordinary musical ears have to endure without respite." Wagner repeatedly referred to the fact that all kinds of things gave him "pain of which people of lesser sensibility are not even conscious"; and Paderewski went so far as to say that any man ought to have the right to shoot a whistler at sight. He meant it, too—at certain moments.

While we thus feel called upon in the interest of universal peace to reprimand Mr. Schauffler for that essay, we admit that he makes amends in the other chapters of his book. The best of these is entitled The Creative Listener, in which he demonstrates that in the making of music an appreciative listener is quite as important as the performer. Svengali did not really hypnotize Trilby. He simply was such a master of the art of listening that "whenever he was in the audience Trilby could not help singing better than she knew how." Theodore Thomas once remarked that few people have any idea how discriminating listeners react on the performers. "A stupid audience kills the orchestra dead in five minutes, as water kills fire, whereas an intelligent and responsive audience will stimulate the musicians at once to their best efforts." The author discourses interestingly of two kinds of listeners, the creative and the destructive, offering valuable hints as to how the one kind may be multiplied, the other made harmless.

Throughout his book, Mr. Schauffler pleads the cause of musical enthusiasm. He stands up particularly for chamber music, giving some striking examples of the almost fanatic devotion it often begets. Liszt, to be sure, said "Kammermusik—Jammermusik," and it cannot be denied that, as a rule, it is more fun to play chamber music than to listen to others playing it. Concerning musical indigestion, we find some suggestive remarks; the author commiserates the critics for having to follow a system which, if adopted by wholesale liquor houses, would compel their tasters to consume at least a gallon of each variety before pronouncing judgment upon it. He might have added, however, that most critics deserve the pangs of musical indigestion inflicted on them because few of them are "creative listeners."

Mr. Schauffler's volume is written in the old-fashioned, rambling essay style which one does not often come across these days, personal reminiscences and confessions being mixed with anecdotes and naïve moral reflections. Among the many amusing anecdotes, there is one which is incorrectly given. Chopin was not so clumsy as to say to the hostess who asked him to play, "Ah, madame, I have just dined. Your hospitality, I see, demands payment." What he did say was: "Madame, I have eaten so little."

Mr. McSpadden thinks that a knowledge of the standard operas is as essential in these days as acquaintance with the classics of literature. However that may be, the abundant supply of books telling the plots of popular operas indicates a surprisingly large demand for them. The latest-comer always has the advantage of reflecting the present taste of opera-goers and of including the most recent successes. In Mr. McSpadden's "Opera Synopses" are included not only novelties of the last season, like "The Girl of the Golden West," "Königskinder," and "Natoma," but even "Mona," which is first to be heard this winter. "Germania" and "Elektra" are here, but not the "Rosenkavalier." "Light" operas are not entirely excluded, "The Chimes of Normandy" and "The Mikado" being in the list. The stories are told very briefly and yet with exceptional clearness, even in the case of so mysterious a tale as that of "Il Trovatore."

Students of harmony cannot be nearly as numerous as readers of librettos, yet there must be a larger number than one would suppose judging by the steady procession of books which publishers seem to find it profitable to print. The latest, by William Alfred White, has a single aim, to give a mastery of the foundation of all composition—four-part writing. Composition for four parts, vocal or instrumental, is its theme. The author gives a substitute for the figured bass, which helps to overcome faults and uncertainties of the older system. In eight chapters, with many illustrations, he considers chords, from common major triads in close harmony to chords of the eleventh and thirteenth, which play so great a rôle in contemporary music. In this book they are disposed of as being "always a result of suspensions, anticipations, etc."

"Vocal Expression," by Katherine Jewell Everts, is in the hands of Harpers.

While the New York Symphony Society opened its season with two Liszt concerts, which attracted crowded audiences, the Philharmonic Society, which has just begun its seventieth season, will not celebrate the Liszt centenary until next month, in order to gain time for rehearsing the difficult "Dante" symphony. Its opening concerts were made notable by the first appearances of its new conductor, Josef Stransky, and the young Russian violinist, Efrem Zimbalist. In engaging Mr. Stransky, the directors of the Philharmonic departed from their traditional policy of procuring one of the most famous of European conductors. Not that Mr. Stransky, who is a countryman and disciple of the great Bohemian, Anton Dvorák, is unknown or inexperienced. He conducted both operas and concerts in Prague for five years and in Hamburg for seven years. During the last two years he built up the Blüthner orchestra in Berlin in a way to arouse the admiration of the leading critics. He is cosmopolitan in taste, and is likely to give Philharmonic audiences more varied and interesting programmes than they have always had in the past. He will be called upon to conduct a number of concerts in other cities besides New York. After his interpretation of Liszt's "Tasso," last Thursday, there was a demonstration of enthusiasm seldom witnessed in a concert hall. It showed that he is a master of climax building. His conducting of the "Euryanthe" overture on Sunday revealed his equal ability to make a pianissimo climax. He obtains from his players precision, careful attention to coloring, and such dynamic variety and subtle modifications of pace as he may desire from bar to bar. He has the true Slavic temperament which is necessary for the interpretation of modern German music in a way to satisfy modern audiences. Mr. Zimbalist, who is, like Kathleen Parlow and Franz Vecsey, a pupil of Auer, also won a pronounced success. He played, on the two occasions, concertos by Glazounoff and Tchaikovsky with astonishing purity of tone, perfect technique, and a thorough understanding of the music.

Miss Maggie Teyte, who has been specially engaged by Andreas Dippel of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company for the first performance of Massenet's new opera "Cinderella" and for Cherubino in the "Marriage of Figaro," is to make her début here in a recital programme in Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of November 16. Miss Teyte's recitals in London and Paris have been among the most popular given each year. Born in England, she is one of the few English singers who have made a success in Paris, both in opera and in recitals.

"There is no good Indian but a dead Indian" is a motto prevalent in our Western States. In Germany there prevails a universal belief, at least among professional musicians, that "there is no real genius except a dead genius." The latest illustration of this attitude is the case of the Gustav Mahler. While he was living, very little attention was paid to his compositions. His eighth symphony, for instance, was ignored, in spite of its sensational production in Munich two years ago. For the present season, more than a dozen performances of it are already announced in as many German cities. In Vienna, two of his symphonies are to be played at one concert.

Art

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

The opening of the new department of Egyptian art, Monday evening, marked an achievement in the management and direction of the Metropolitan Museum. Five years ago or less the collection, as then constituted, was housed in the corridor along the right of the main staircase, and though many of the objects were important, they had not been systematically gathered, were to some extent unrelated, and represented a few only of the periods of Egyptian civilization. In 1906 the trustees organized a department of Egyptian art and appointed as its curator Albert M. Lythgoe, who, in addition to his knowledge of the subject, had the further qualification of seven years' experience in active field work in Egypt.

In its present state the collection, by no means yet completed, illustrates the whole history of Egyptian art from its earliest beginnings in pre-dynastic times to the Coptic period and the Mohammedan conquest in the seventh century A. D. This span of some forty-five centuries is represented almost exclusively with original material, much of it not yet published and virtually unknown.

In order to bring together a collection of this sort it was necessary to dig it up and to study the objects in place as discovered. For this purpose, the curator obtained concessions from the Egyptian Government to excavate at three sites. The pyramid field of Lisht, thirty miles south of Cairo, has yielded important sculptural and other material of the XII dynasty (about 2000 B. C.). The Oasis of Kharga, one hundred miles west of the Nile in the Lybian desert, the site of the great temple of Hibis built by Darius, has provided the Museum with a beautiful polychrome capital and a quantity of Coptic sculptural monuments. The palace of Amenhotep III. where excavations were begun by the Museum in the past season, affords one of the few known examples of the complete plan of a royal dwelling when the power of Thebes was at its height. This field work, for which the institution has no funds which can properly be made available, has been made possible by a friend of the Museum who withholds his name.

In addition to the material obtained by the Museum's own expedition, the presence of its representatives in the field has enabled it to make fortunate purchases from local dealers and to obtain other valuable matter directly from the Egyptian Government, largely through the kind offices of Mr. Maspero, director-general of antiquities in Egypt. All this is over and above the accessions by gift, including the annual gifts from the Egypt Exploration Fund, which began in 1885, and the many gifts from individuals. The long list is reviewed in the current *Bulletin* of the Museum.

The outstanding significance, from the point of view of the administration, in the opening of the collection this week, lies in the fact that now for the first time the public is to enjoy an opportunity of keeping abreast with the advances currently made by special scholarship, and of rounding out that fragmentary notion and correcting those assiduously inculcated false impressions or falsely emphasized half-truths which have too generally been its portion heretofore.

The material now assembled has been systematically arranged by the curator on a plan of chronological progression, so that the visitor, passing through the rooms in order and reviewing in one summary ramble the successive characteristics of the so-called predynastic times, of the old, middle, and new empires, of the Saitic, Græco-Roman, and Coptic periods, should carry away a vivid sense of the continuous flux and unceasing modification, which, despite the long reaches of time and the consequent leisurely character of the graduation, have marked the artistic expression of the Nile region.

To the student, on the other hand, the evidence here displayed as to the conduct and aim of the architecture, the mastery of difficulties in a voluntarily defined range of sculptural expression, and the divergent significance of decoration, will demonstrate afresh that the old conception of the art of the Nile as a quaint, tremendous but hopelessly arrested approximation to the ideal of the Ægean is a fantastic fruit of misinformation.

The vitality of the error may probably be explained in recalling that though the mind of Greece was reopened to Europe in the fifteenth century, the mind of Egypt remained sealed until the nineteenth. When Mr. Maspero, to whose friendly interest today the Museum gladly acknowledges its indebtedness, first began to publish the results of his study, Egyptology was not yet forty years old. The opening of the collection takes on an added significance when we reflect that, as to Egypt, we are still in the midst of the Renaissance and Revival of Learning.

One circumstance which has shaped our view too much is the unavoidable predominance of mortuary relics and monuments. The notion that the Egyptians were a funereally-minded people is hardly to be sustained by a candid examination of such evidence as we have in this representative collection. Even in the decoration of tombs, it is remarkable how little the sense of the tragedy of death asserts itself. When we turn to the temples in which the

carefully sustained effect of serious grandeur and unfailing stability have suggested to many the thought of sombreness and gloom, we are again reminded by several excellent examples of polychrome decoration that these buildings in their prime presented a very harlequinade of color. And the coffins! When our own habits are considered in the presence of these gorgeous cases, it is simply amazing that the idea of a gloomy cast of mind ever came to be applied to a people who found such chromatic gayety consonant with the decorum of burial.

A barrier more fundamental than this mistaken prejudice stands between us and a sympathetic comprehension of Egyptian civilization—the sense of discipline. So much a part of us has our individualism become that when we contemplate a people spending lives and generations and centuries, vigorously and industriously, in the service of church and state, we hasten to supply an explanation of compulsion. We can hardly conceive of an art which, of its own free will, could follow a tradition for any length of time. The fallacy in this assumption, that because some characteristic traits were persistent they must have been involuntarily accepted, is challenged by the abounding creative vitality of this panoramic display of Egyptian art and its manifest freedom from inherent elements of rapid decay.

A new edition is announced by the Bruno Hessling Co. of New York of "The Mansions of England in the Olden Time," by Joseph Nash.

Volume XLIV of the *International Studio*, comprising the numbers from July to October, inclusive, offers, amid a variety of shorter articles, appreciation of the work of William Nicholson, accounts of recent Italian, Austrian, Hungarian, and Russian art, and, in the American field, studies of the work of Birge Harrison, Gifford Beal, Edwin A. Abbey, and Mielatz, the etcher. The present volume brings no striking novelty, but maintains the excellent standard of its predecessors in faithfully recording all current movements in the field of art.

An important fresco attributed to Orcagna has been brought to light in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, through the removal of Andrea del Minga's big canvas, Christ in Gethsemene. The Orcagna fragment represents a group of blind and crippled folk with outstretched arms appealing to death to relieve them. The same motive occurs in the famous Triumph of Death at Pisa, which thus appears to be a repetition of Orcagna's original at Florence. It may then have been with a certain reasonableness that Vasari ascribed the Sienese work at Pisa to Orcagna himself. It is hoped that through the removal of whitewash other portions of the Santa Croce fresco may be recovered.

While investigating the ruins of the Domus Flavia on the Palatine, in Rome, Professor Boni has discovered the pavement of the dining-hall of the Emperor Domitian. It is in Oriental granite with a border of Numidian marble and other African stones, the ancient quarries of which may yet be discovered in Tripoli or Cyrenaica. The pavement, which is almost intact and of extensive area, is the richest yet found in the Imperial palaces of the first century. Of special interest are the pillars, which are so arranged as to raise the pavement from the earth for the introduction of hot air from a heating furnace.

The following telegram, dated Alexandretta, October 19, received by the London *Times* from Professor Garstang, will be of interest to all who are eager for news of Hittite discoveries:

Our expedition is working at a large mound at Salije Geuzi, near Marash, air-driven machinery having been erected. Below a building of Roman date, two periods of Hittite fortifications are traceable at a depth of six and ten metres. Important material in relation to Egypt of the eighteenth dynasty has been discovered. Work will continue for a month.

A polychrome terra-cotta Nativity by Antonio Rossellino and a Giottesque Adoration of the Kings are important new purchases by the Metropolitan Museum. The Rossellino, with its kneeling girlish Virgin and somnolent Joseph, has in a high degree the ingenuous charm of early Florentine sculpture. It is a minor work, but of delicious quality. The little panel depicting the annunciation to the shepherds and the adoration of the magi has a beauty and importance hardly suggested by the modest designation "school of Giotto." The execution is broad, like that of a master accustomed to working in fresco. The massive figures show a combined gravity and sweetness uncommon in Giotto's followers. Moreover, the dimensions of the panel, the types, and the peculiar blonde colors with complimentary iridescences, associate this picture with Mrs. John L. Gardner's Presentation in the Temple. The museum panel undoubtedly belongs to a series of the Life of the Virgin. The Dormition of the Virgin at Chantilly, ascribed to Giotto, is of the same size, and may well be a third member of the series. Mrs. Gardner's panel has been ascribed to Giotto himself by as good critics as Richter, Berenson, and Sirén. In short, this new acquisition falls clearly in a *milieu* where we find the invention and in part the hand of the greatest of Christian painters. It is said that the museum got this rare and beautiful picture for a trifle. If so, double congratulations are in order.

Due to the recent thefts at the Louvre, the French Ministry of Fine Arts has decided upon a new set of regulations for the public. The picture and antique galleries will be open on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. On Tuesdays and Saturdays the public may visit: drawings and pastels, furniture and bronzes, Dieulafoy collection, pottery and stoneware, and antique ceramics. The following galleries will be open on Wednesdays and Fridays: Egyptian antiquities, Renaissance sculpture, modern sculpture, Mastaba Egyptian collection, Pelliot collection of Turkestan antiquities, and the Grandidier and Morgan collections. On the afternoons of Sunday and Thursday the public may see the Thomy-Thierry collection, the Assyrian gallery, and the Musée de la Marine.

Finance

A PARADOXICAL MARKET.

In many respects, the unexpectedly violent recovery in the Steel Trust's shares, after their 8½-point break on the day which followed the news of the Government suit, bids fair to mark an interesting turning-point in the season's finance. Steel common itself, which got down to 50 on that day, has risen so rapidly since then that last Monday it touched 60⅝. But "Steel" was not the only stock to move. Two of the most active speculative shares, Union Pacific and Reading, have risen 10 to 12 points since the break on the Steel prosecution news, and not only so, but the prices touched by them this week were actually the highest since the early days of August, when the mysterious "inside liquidation" began under which the whole market went to pieces. This has excited on the Stock Exchange much discussion of the question whether the Steel suit did not denote the end of the long decline. The "worst news was out." If the market would not stay down on that, then what could put it down?

All this may turn out hereafter to be hasty judgment. But it at least calls for inquiry as to why the market should have risen as it has done in the past twelve days. And that necessitates explanation of the action of "Steel" itself, on which stock the whole market manifestly pivoted.

Why did the "outside public" refuse to sell? Partly, no doubt, for the reason set forth in this column a week ago —that stock of the other prosecuted Trusts, even when it broke on the news of prosecution, got back to its old price in the very face of a court decision against them. Partly because, the stock market having been heavily oversold before the news came in, by Stock Exchange speculators, there was a mass of professional "covering purchases," ready for execution at Friday's lower prices. But largely also for other reasons.

On the evening after the Steel prosecution news, President Taft said in his speech to the Hamilton Club at Chicago that "mere bigness of plant does not constitute a violation of the law," that "I would rather cut off my right hand than disturb business from political motives," that "I am hopeful this period of strain will soon end," and that "I believe a majority of business is already square with the law." On the same evening, at New York, the chairman of the Steel Trust declared:

I believe a disclosure of all the facts applicable to the allegations contained in the Government's bill of complaint as a ground for relief will show that the suit ought to be decided in favor of the corporation on the merits.

And he added that this was "a time for every one to keep cool, with a disposition to patiently await results, knowing that in the end justice will be done to all interests."

Nor was this all that happened. When last week opened, the Circuit Court was hearing counsel at New York on the plan for dissolving the Tobacco Trust. The Trust itself had proposed disintegration into fourteen companies, whose stock should be allotted *pro rata* to shareholders of the Trust. The independent tobacco interests, through their able counsel, had urged that the Trust should be split up into far more numerous units; that no corporation thus left in the field should be better equipped than any independent concern, and that to no present holder of Tobacco Trust stock should be allotted, in the distribution, shares in more than one of the new corporations.

This proposal had seemed to many fair-minded men to foreshadow chaos. It suggested that the unlucky investor might be put off with stock which he did not want, or whose particular value had been spoiled in the disintegrating process. No one has had great sympathy for the Tobacco Trust and its owners; even the smaller shareholder knew very well with what sort of high financial thimble-riggers he was associating himself. But as a precedent for all future Trust dissolutions, the thing was most disturbing. Nowhere would its alarming possibilities have had wider scope than in the Steel Trust.

But Attorney-General Wickersham, whose concurrence was necessary to place this outside opposition plan formally before the court, rejected its main proposals. He based his action on the same broad grounds as those which Attorney-General Knox had used, in 1904, in rejecting Harriman's opposition plan for compelling Northern Securities to give back to every shareholder precisely the stock—whether Northern Pacific or Great Northern—which he had originally sold to it.

The Government, in the present case, did indeed ask for strict provisions to prevent the new companies from buying up one another, and to prevent large "insiders" from increasing their control. But it upheld the *pro rata* distribution plan, refused to favor the plan for extreme disintegration, and cited from one of the Standard Oil opinions the remark that "magnitude of business does not alone constitute monopoly, nor effort at magnitude an attempt at monopoly." The citation of this important dictum of the court, its acceptance by the Attorney-General, and its clear endorsement in the speech of President Taft, quoted above, provide an impressive answer to the familiar complaint that the Anti-Trust Law means to throttle large business enterprise.

Taking all these occurrences of the past eight days together, it is possible to say that in a sense the events which have followed last week's news of the Steel Trust prosecution have distinctly cleared the air. If, then, the sequel to the announcement of Thursday, October 26, has in a wholly unexpected way been reassuring, perhaps it is not strange that the Steel shares, and with them all other important corporation stocks, should this week have returned to a higher figure than their price before the Government prosecution had been begun.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, A. H. A Touch of Fantasy. Lane. $1.25 net.
Addison, A. C. The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims. Boston: Page. $2 net.
Allalo, F. G. Our Agreeable Friends. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Alden, Ruth. Corona Cook Book. Chicago: Abbey Co.
Andersen, H. Stories. Illustrations in color by Edmund Dulac. Doran. $5 net.
Arnold, Edwin. Passages from the Song Celestial. Holiday edition. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Banks, L. A. The Great Themes of the Bible. Eaton & Mains. $1.30 net.
Barbour, R. H. Joyce of the Jasmines. Illustrated and decorated. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.
Barclay, F. L. The Mistress of Shenstone. Illustrated and decorated. Putnam.
Barnes-Grundy, Mabel. The Third Miss Wenderby. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Barrie, J. M. George Meredith. Holiday edition. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1911.

The Week

"Talk of Roosevelt next year reviving." Of course it is. Republicans who believe that they have an invincible hero cannot help looking his way as they anxiously contemplate 1912. But some of the misapprehensions on the subject are both amusing and pathetic. Thus a Washington dispatch informs us that the friends of the ex-President are confirmed in the hope that he may come forward as a candidate again, by the news they get from New York that he is about to sally forth and attack Boss Barnes, with the purpose of wresting the State leadership from him. If this is true, however, it is the most conclusive evidence that the Colonel has not the slightest idea of allowing his name te go before the National Convention. Last year, it is true, he fought Barnes in the name of decency and righteousness; but now that the latter is in undisputed control of the State organization, and able to name the majority of the New York delegates, he becomes by that very fact decent and righteous. No practical man like Harriman would now dream of attacking him.

The unanimous decision of the Federal Circuit Court as to the manner of dissolving the Tobacco Trust is, we believe, in line with law, precedent, and common sense. It sustains emphatically the lawfulness of the plan of distributing shares in the newly-formed companies *pro rata* to existing shareholders in the Trust. It rejects the contention of the independent tobacco interests that the Trust ought to be broken into a much greater number of separate units, that no single company be left with a more complete equipment than any of the independents now possess, and that no present shareholder in the Trust be allotted shares in more than one of the separate corporations. We have hitherto set forth our own reasons for believing that none of these three proposals is called for by the Anti-Trust Law, and that all of them were contrary to precedent fixed by the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities and Standard Oil reorganizations. That the second of them was economically unwarranted, and that the third was wholly impracticable, has also been our opinion. The court dismisses even the Attorney-General's suggestion that the new corporations be held under special legal surveillance during the next five years, with a view to reopening, if desired, the question whether conditions created by the reorganization were honestly in harmony with the law. The leading opinion sets forth that "it is not apparent that this court has the power to do so," or that the Supreme Court's mandate authorized the Circuit Court "to prescribe the temporary terms of a *modus vivendi*," with the power for the present court, or its successors, to modify the terms of reorganization five years hence, when new investors might have come into the property on the basis of the present plan.

In Maryland, the election of a Republican Governor, for the first time since the civil war with the single exception of the election of 1895, is not the only interesting result of the recent voting. In addition to that, the disfranchising amendment has been snowed under, the vote in Baltimore being 43,671 against it and only 23,120 in its favor. It is to be hoped that common sense exists in sufficient quantity among Maryland Democrats to make this latest verdict on a perennial nuisance suffice for good and all. The negrophobia, real or pretended, which underlies these ever-repeated attempts to get round the Constitution of the United States, is peculiarly indefensible in a State in which the colored population is not much more than one-sixth of the total; but be that as it may, the way in which the attempts have been defeated, time after time, in spite of the most desperate endeavors of legal lights to devise some plan that would go down, ought to suffice to make any sane Anglo-Saxon drop the thing at last, in sheer disgust if for no other reason.

After two years of commission government, Chelsea, Mass., has voted to return to the old system of Mayor and Aldermen. As in the case of Galveston, it was a disaster that led to the adoption of the new form of government, Chelsea having been almost destroyed by fire two years ago. As a result of this, presumably, the census returns for 1910 showed a falling off of 2,000 from the population of 34,000 in 1900. The majority in favor of the old system was not large, but that it should not have been overwhelmingly on the other side will be the wonder to the ardent advocates of the commission form. Chelsea is of the size to which that system is supposed to be well adapted. Whatever the local reasons for its abandonment there, the result, while settling nothing as to the inherent merits or defects of the system, is a reminder that it is not a panacea. Whatever may be its ultimate fate, it is well for its supporters to recognize this in the beginning.

By his inflexible refusal to treat with striking and lawless employees of the city government, Mayor Gaynor has rendered an inestimable service to the community of New York, and to the cause of law and order everywhere. That he has been thoroughly sustained by public sentiment is manifest. Indeed, were it otherwise, there would be reason for grave anxiety in regard to our future; but the hearty support which the city has given to its executive head in this matter is rendered peculiarly significant by the circumstance that a good many persons desire, from the standpoint of their own personal comfort, the change which the mutinous street-cleaners demand. All such considerations drop out of sight when the choice between law and anarchy is presented; in such a situation nothing but unconditional surrender can be considered for a moment. To the Street Cleaning Commissioner and to the police, in their decisive grappling with the difficulties, the hearty thanks of the community are also due.

The granite temple encasing the log cabin at Hodgensville, Kentucky, in which Abraham Lincoln was born, is really a happy piece of symbolism. How better could one commemorate the rise from humblest beginnings to the highest destiny? It is appropriate, too, that the memorial should stand in an out-of-the-way corner of that pioneer West whose qualities and energies and rôle in our history Lincoln so thoroughly

embodied. We are not over-rich in national shrines. Mount Vernon alone has that character. Jefferson's Monticello and Jackson's Hermitage carry with them something of a party flavor: we think of them in a somewhat narrow sense as pilgrimage-places of Democracy. That may be the fault of party orators who have shown a tendency to claim the two men for their own. No such attitude is conceivable with regard to Abraham Lincoln. His memorial, because of its geographical situation, will probably never attract the crowds which flock to Mount Vernon, but, on the other hand, the visitor to Hodgensville will be drawn there by something more than tourist curiosity.

It is significant of the steady awakening to the architectural possibilities of our cities that the first important event in Bangor, Me., after its destructive fire of last April, was a mass-meeting which directed the Mayor to appoint a Civic Commission to study the burned district, and to report suggestions for improvement in connection with its rebuilding. Most permits to rebuild were withheld awaiting the report. This was presented within thirty days, but its provisions have received little notice outside of the city affected. As noted in the last number of *Landscape Architecture*, Bangor has certain natural advantages that are unusual in relation to a city plan. That these have not heretofore been utilized to their full extent is shown by the statement that, for four hundred feet up the Kenduskeag stream, the original beauty of the bank has been smothered under thirty feet of trash, the accumulations of many years. Another feature is the number of buildings that form street terminals, visually if not actually. No one will be surprised to learn that this was usually the effect of chance rather than design. Not less important is the progress, again unconscious, that has been made toward a civic centre. Before the fire the buildings were arranged in a haphazard fashion, but the land owned by the public now lends itself easily to interesting treatment. Bangor thus affords one illustration more of the consolation for our lack of harmonious city planning to be found in the opportunity opened by our fire losses.

The award to Mme. Curie of the Nobel prize for chemistry is a signal distinction. Indeed, the assignment of this great honor and emolument to a person who had already been—though jointly with two others, M. Becquerel and M. Curie—the winner of a Nobel prize seemed so extraordinary that one felt a momentary hesitation in accepting it as a fact. That Mme. Curie's work, however, has been of the highest merit and importance in the years that have passed since the discovery of radium by herself and her husband is well known; and the estimate placed upon her researches and upon her ability by fellow-workers in the domain of physics and chemistry has had more than one recent demonstration. In the early part of this year, she missed by only one vote the honor of election as a member of the Paris Academy of Sciences; and at the International Congress of Radiology, held a year ago at Brussels, it was to Mme. Curie that the task was committed of preparing a standard specimen of a pure radium salt, to serve as a basis of reference for all workers in radiology. The discoveries she has made since the death of her husband have been such as to dispose completely of the notion, entertained by some, that in their joint work in the discovery of radium her part was subordinate to that of M. Curie—who himself, of course, always asserted her claim to a full and equal share in the discovery.

Mr. Carnegie's latest magnificent gift of $25,000,000 is proof positive that his numerous benefactions for general and educational purposes are to be continued permanently. He has, as it were, incorporated himself for philanthropic purposes, chiefly of an educational character, and under a charter which leaves abundant discretion to his trustees and does not tie them up in a way to hamper them or their successors years hence, in the carrying out of Mr. Carnegie's purposes. Primarily, it is the "business of founding and aiding libraries" which is to be turned over to them. When before in the world was there ever a *business* of philanthropy conducted on so vast a scale by a single individual? Also it is to be an enterprise to further the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among the people of the United States by aiding universities and technical schools, scientific research, etc. Mr. Carnegie incorporated will, we are confident, continue to give as wisely as Mr. Carnegie *in propria persona*.

In the current number of the *Survey* there appears a letter from Joseph A. Hill, Chief Statistician of the Census Bureau, which gives facts and figures of great importance. Whenever the subject of the wages of saleswomen comes up, the question must arise in every one's mind, how many of them live at home; for their situation, both economically and otherwise, is radically different from that of those who live among strangers. An inquiry by the Census Bureau, covering 27 of the principal cities of the United States, and embracing 65,186 saleswomen "sixteen years of age and over," showed that 60,062 of these were single women, and that of the single women 86 per cent. lived at home. It also appears that of these single women living at home less than 5 per cent. were in families in which there was no other breadwinner, while in 26 per cent. of the cases the family contained one, in 30 per cent. two, and in 39 per cent. of the cases three or more breadwinners besides the girl or woman herself. These circumstances are, of course, in no way conclusive as to the question of what wages should be, or what results from their being what they are, but they are of primary importance, and cannot be ignored in any intelligent discussion.

Moreover, the significance of facts like these does not end with the particular phase of the wage question immediately concerned. We are constantly confronted with statistical announcements to the effect that, on the one hand, x dollars a year are absolutely essential to the maintenance of the average workingman's family, above starvation, and that on the other hand the annual income of the average workingman is only y dollars—a much smaller sum—and we are left to reconcile this with patent facts as best we can. This would, perhaps, do no particular harm but for the circumstance that there are thousands of persons of strong sympathies and weak reasoning powers, to whom such statements suffice as conclusive proof of the utter failure and wickedness of the existing economic system. That a large proportion of the workingmen are single men, that these single men either live with their own family or contribute, as boarders, to the revenue of some other family, that the grown-up girls or single

women add to the family income, etc.—these things are lost sight of.

The situation in Canada once more exemplifies how party labels in British politics, both at home and in the colonies, are by no means an infallible guide to party programmes. The frequency with which the British Conservatives have stolen the Liberal thunder is one of the principal things that have kept the Conservative party alive. In Canada we have seen the Laurier Ministry borrow from its opponents the policy of preferential trade with England. We have also seen the same Liberal Ministry go in for the idea of a Canadian navy, a measure so strongly impregnated with British Imperialism that the French element in Quebec took alarm. Thus the late campaign presented the paradox of the Liberals defending and the Conservatives attacking an imperialistic policy. Nor is that all. In the Cabinet organized by Premier Borden, a place has been found for Mr. Monk, the chief lieutenant of Mr. Henri Bourassa. Mr. Monk's appointment is now denounced by the Liberal press as a "fatal concession to Quebec nationalism." Of Mr. Borden himself it is stated that he is a reformer rather than a Tory, and that possibly, "if his whole mind could be revealed, he has much sympathy with the social programme of the British Liberals." Thus party government tends more and more toward denoting a difference in mere methods, rather than in fundamental policy.

Winston Churchill's first speech as First Lord of the Admiralty ought to produce a fairly good impression in Germany, for he went out of his way to pay a tribute to the truthfulness of the German Government in its statements about the German naval programme. When it is remembered how, only two or three years ago, British Ministers were outdoing one another in raucous assertions that Germany had a secret battleship or two up her sleeve, it is apparent that Mr. Churchill finds frank confession good for the soul. As for the rest, Mr. Churchill speaks, as all First Lords must, of the necessity of having a big, strong fleet ready for instant action and far superior to any possible rival. This sop to the big-navy boomers was, of course, inevitable. He also frankly admitted, as others have before him, that the growth of the navy was determined by Germany's attitude and fleet. After expressing a desire for a cessation of this mad competition, Mr. Churchill stated that the navy estimates will be decreased slightly, "provided that the national security is not in the slightest degree compromised by such reduction." This is vague enough, Heaven knows, to please all hands and offend nobody.

The German Chancellor's assertion in the Reichstag that he neither "expects praise nor fears blame," evidences a philosophical turn of mind which he will much need in the next few months. For no one in all Germany seems satisfied with his achievements in the Morocco negotiations. There is a universal belief that, after carrying the country to the verge of war, he backed down completely. Members of every party have openly criticised him, from the Socialists to the Centre, and in addition colonial ministers have resigned in protest, and the Crown Prince openly signified his disapproval in the royal box in the Reichstag. Both of the latter happenings are unheard of demonstrations. Childish though the Crown Prince's behavior seems to have been, it may yet compel the Chancellor to tender his resignation; it has already earned for the Crown Prince a week's arrest and a sound scolding at the hands of his royal father. The very nature of the official statement to the effect that the Crown Prince and his brothers are not conspiring for the overthrow of Von Bethmann-Hollweg, is unprecedented in German politics, while the whole incident smacks of something pretty close to mutiny among the Hohenzollerns. Certainly, the Crown Prince's début in politics, if this be it, does not argue that he possesses either wisdom or self-restraint.

On the whole question of the effect on public opinion of the reported atrocities of Italian soldiers in Tripoli, no one is better fitted to speak than Mr. G. M. Trevelyan. A proved lover of Italy and a most sympathetic historian of her struggles for freedom and unity, two letters of his in the London *Times* show into what doubt and pain he has been plunged by the acts performed in the name of "military exigency." He declares that he has received too much kindness from Italians, and has "seen too much of Italian officers, to believe that cruelty will be allowed to become systematic in their army." Yet the evidence, in the face of all the denials made, compels him to believe that a "spirit of savage reprisals" entered into the Italian troops, and that they committed deeds shocking to humanity. Mr. Trevelyan does not deny that the same thing has happened with soldiers of other countries, "not excluding the British," but his point is that Italy cannot afford to let her war against the Turks get the reputation of being cruel. To apply to Arabs the devastating treatment that the Austrians applied in Brescia is, affirms Mr. Trevelyan, simply to bring out the fact that "the Arabs have much more *legal* right to resist them than the Italians had to resist the Austrians."

The revolution in China harks directly back to the struggle of 1894-95 with Japan. In that war the prestige of the old Manchu army, which for two hundred and fifty years had sufficed to keep the Chinese in subjection, was completely destroyed. The Throne faced the alternative of a revolution or the creation of a modern army capable of defending the national honor abroad. The first task was to procure a body of trained officers, and within a few years no less than nineteen military schools were established. These schools were manned by Japanese army officers, and later by Chinese graduates from the military schools of Japan. To officer an army of a size commensurate with China's needs, it was not enough to draw upon the Manchu clans. The door had perforce to be thrown open to the Chinese. The latter embraced the new profession with an ardor that seems to belie the traditional aversion of the Chinese for war. But, as one authority has explained, the Chinese hated military service so long as it was the exclusive privilege of their Manchu conquerors. To-day it is estimated that there are five thousand students enrolled in the officers' schools in China and Japan. As events have shown, it was, with the Manchus, only a postponement of the evil day. In fear of a popular uprising, they allowed the Chinese to acquire gradual control of the army, and the latter have lost little time in making use of their opportunities.

A MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS.

The Interstate Commerce Committee of the United States Senate begins this week its hearings on the general subject of anti-Trust laws. But the country has already begun hearings, on an enormous scale. Everybody has his complaint; everybody his remedy. No lawyer so insignificant, no business man so humble, but he can tell you all about the mischiefs of the Sherman law; and no citizen is deterred by previous lack of acquaintance with the matter from offering drafts of new statutes which would at once undo the evils of the old one and make us all rich and happy. As every resident of Boston used to be said to carry a complete new system of the universe under his hat, so every American to-day is ready to stand and deliver, when called upon (too often, alas, before anybody calls upon him), the plan of a perfect anti-Trust law. The authors of these plans do indeed confess frequently that their outline is "crude" or merely "tentative," but that does not prevent them from urging their relief-measures with the greatest confidence. Never was the nation's multitude of counsellors so great, whether wisdom resides in them or not.

Byron woke up to find himself famous, but the Sherman law woke up from its long sleep to find itself infamous. Abuse and dread of it when in effect are far greater than the contempt which was expressed for it while it was "dormant." From being a thing to point to with pride as the work of great lawyer-Senators like Edmunds and Hoar, and as evidence of party good faith, it has come to be spoken of as something not merely imbecile but well-nigh criminal. It was "prompted by something of a revengeful spirit," "terror is its keynote," it "seeks to imprison people for keeping out of debt," it "belongs to the period of blood-letting in medicine" —such are a few of the phrases about it to be culled from a single address recently given on the Sherman law. That statute is certainly no longer in danger of the curse of being spoken of well by all men. It is the most belabored of acts of Congress, and its speedy repeal or radical amendment is confidently predicted. Congress, it is hopefully said, will not deny the petition of the suffering millions of business men.

For our part, we would not say one word against all this agitation. If it means the active entrance of business men into politics, for public ends and in the use of honorable methods, we can but hail it. But the real business intellect must deal with facts, not wild imaginings, and the fact that bulks largest before the business world to-day, in connection with this whole affair, is that any Congressional action looking to the amendment of the Sherman law, except possibly to render it more drastic, is entirely out of the question for at least a year to come. There will be hearings, and we presume that a flood of bills will be introduced. It is possible that the President may recommend some measure to supplement the Sherman law —not to shear it of power—in the way of Federal incorporation or a Federal license for large corporations doing an interstate business. But no one who knows the state of mind whether of Congress or of the country, no one who considers the party deadlock and jealousy between the two houses, no one who duly weighs the imminence and significance of the Presidential election, can give to the most despairing business men—"too quick despairers," we are tempted to call them—the slightest hope that any legislation of the kind they desire can possibly be enacted in the coming session.

Let the agitation for repeal or amendment go on by all means, but let it be clear-sighted enough to see how long and difficult is the path to actual legislative accomplishment. Against such a mental condition of the nation as now exists on the subject of anti-Trust laws, it is idle to rail, except for the purpose of affording relief to those who are suffering from retained expletives. We may set out to convert the people, but that takes a lot of time, and meanwhile what is there to do but to conform to the will of the people as already expressed in existing law? Business men are supposed to be nothing if not matter of fact; lawyers are our great realists, looking at the thing as it is; but neither class will live up to its reputation if it does not conclude that, for the present, there is nothing for the Federal authorities to do but to enforce the Sherman law, and nothing for captains of industry and chiefs of great business to do except to adjust themselves to the judicial interpretations of that law as best they can.

We do not deny that there is some ground for the lingering complaint of big corporations and their counsel that they do not yet know clearly what they can do under the Sherman law. But the debatable territory has been greatly narrowed by the recent decisions. It was of them that President Taft said in Iowa: "The business community now knows, or ought to know, where it stands." A citizen of Indiana has written a pamphlet in which he says that if the high-priced lawyers of New York cannot tell corporations what powers they have left, they had better consult a country lawyer who for a fee of $100 would give them all the advice they need—which is simply to obey the law. This is Indiana humor. But there can be no suspicion of jesting in the circular letter which the Civic Federation is sending out to 20,000 representative men in business and the professions. This starts off with the blunt assertion that the Sherman law, as now interpreted by the Supreme Court, means that "any combination in restraint of trade with the purpose of controlling prices and stifling competition is unlawful." Such a lay statement shows at least what combinations can *not* do. This negative part of the anti-Trust law, at any rate, is now understood; and it is beyond all the wits of all the differing doctors of that law to change those prohibitions into permissions.

CITY GOVERNMENT AND SOCIALISM.

The municipal victories of the Socialist party in New York, Ohio, Wisconsin, and other States have been universally regarded as striking. While estimates may vary widely in attempting an appraisal, no open-minded person can doubt that these Socialist votes indicate a rapid growth both in Socialistic sentiment proper and in that feeling of profound dissatisfaction with our existing municipal régimes which has nothing in it that can in any permissible sense be designated as Socialism. In Schenectady, in Milwaukee, in the Ohio towns carried by the Socialists, thousands of votes were cast for their ticket by men who have no idea of attempting to overthrow the existing economic system. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the absence of such intention insures the sterilization of these votes as part of that general socialistic ferment with which, in this country, we shall probably have to reckon more

and more seriously year after year. To all the other heavy penalties, therefore, that we have been paying for our notorious failure to master the problem of municipal government there must now be added the strengthening, in a purely adventitious and unnecessary way, of the forces making toward economic revolution.

What those penalties have been everybody realizes in detail; but we do not see the forest for the trees. Every great American city has been familiar, year after year for generations, with the particular evils which the system of government either by alternating or continuous party machines brings with it. At almost every municipal election the question in which "the better element" is concerned is how to cut down peculation and incompetence and favoritism and neglect. Everybody knows what it means to have a public-building theft, or padded registrations, or a horde of needless henchmen paid out of the city treasury, or venal and ruffianly police magistrates, or stolen franchises; and, indeed, it may be said with entire truth that during the past three decades great and most gratifying progress has been made in regard to all such abuses. But few people comprehend the terrible price we have been paying for the necessity of devoting to the fight against these evils that energy which would otherwise have been free for the procuring of great positive benefits. In the face of tremendous difficulties, a comparatively small number of voters determined on reform have compelled a gradual but steady advance in our municipal standards; nevertheless to any detached observer, to any person not hardened by use to the spectacle, the public history of our municipalities would make the impression of something very like a nightmare. Instead of turning on large and substantial questions of city policy or city advantage, our municipal campaigns have been in the main fights between opposing party organizations for the possession of the spoils of office; and the highest ambition of the independent voter has been to reduce the evils of this situation to a minimum.

The time seems at last to have come when the number of those American citizens who are tired of "marking time" in this way has reached formidable dimensions. They are helping the Socialists to elect their Mayors and Councilmen because the Socialists, whatever else they may be after, do look upon the possession of the city government as an opportunity for doing things of real importance to the community. Whether they will make good use of their opportunity may be doubtful; but certainly this is what the voters expect who, without being Socialists, have put Socialists in power. They vote John Smith, Socialist, into the Mayoralty not because they want him to get the salary or the patronage, but because they want to get better streets, more economical government, more equitable expenditure of the taxes. It may be that some of the things that they are after have in them a certain suggestion of Socialistic feeling. But, principally, they are tired of seeing the poorer parts of the city dirty or ill-paved or insufficiently lighted, or the health laws not properly enforced, and simply demand a fair, honest, and enlightened government.

A single illustration of the way in which our absorption in fighting abuses has blocked the larger possibilities of municipal life may suffice instead of many. Amendment Number Four, which was voted on by the people of New York last week, proposes to give the municipalities of the State larger powers than they now possess in making condemnations for public improvements. Nearly a hundred years ago, when the government of New York city attempted in a small way to exercise such powers, it was barred by a court decision, declaring the proposed action to be unconstitutional. In the century that has passed since then there has grown up on this island and its adjacent territory, in place of a small provincial town, a vast city, of dazzling wealth and far outstripping in population every city in the world except London. In the course of this stupendous development many things have been done upon which we can look with pride and satisfaction, but many more things have been done, and left undone, the thought of which must fill any reflecting person with profound regret. But in the whole course of that hundred years the question whether it was or was not best for the city to obtain by Constitutional amendment the power which was denied it by that one court decision of long, long ago did not so much as make its appearance.

Men were too busy thinking about Fernando Wood, or Tweed, or Platt, or Croker, or Murphy, to take a moment's thought for so "academic" a question as whether it would be well to strengthen the hands of the city government in dealing with the problems presented in the opening of streets, the creation and enlargement of parks, the clearing up of slums, and the like. The principle of "excess condemnation" may be good or bad; we think it is good, many respectable people think it is bad. That is not now the point. The point is that this policy, whose importance has long been recognized in European cities, and whose application is obviously of peculiar range and significance in a city of such rapid growth and swift change as New York, has hardly had a moment's attention at the hands of the community. And what is true of this question is almost equally true of nearly every other of the great questions that ought to be issues in municipal politics. Through men and women in private life, many great public benefits have been pressed to accomplishment; but who can point to a single one of them—tenement-house reform, modern pavements, improved fire and factory inspection, et cetera—that has formed the centre of interest in our governmental contests? In the diversion of civic energy from the real interests of the community our monstrous bi-partisan system of city government has inflicted upon American municipalities its deepest wounds.

MR. BALFOUR'S RETIREMENT.

"I wonder," wrote Arthur Balfour to the Duke of Devonshire, a dozen years ago, "whether if I should live to the age of seventy-two I should still care for a Cabinet office. I like it so little at fifty-two that I don't think I should." Something of that spirit of detachment, and of doing a work against the greater inclination, has marked Mr. Balfour's leadership of the Conservative party, which he on Wednesday of last week laid down. In his very speech announcing his determination to retire, there appears the attitude of an introspective philosopher, analyzing his own consciousness and his own powers as well as the political situation, and making his decision on grounds of pure reason fully as much as for the good of the party. One seems to detect in his remarks a certain zest as of a born student and metaphysician at last permitted to

escape from the crushing routine of political life and to return to his books and brooding studies. In the last number of the *Hibbert Journal* Mr. Balfour had an acute critique of some of M. Bergson's philosophical positions, in which he expressed the regret that he had been unable to keep up with the progress of metaphysical speculation in America and in Germany as he had wished. Now one can fancy him happy again, far from the madding crowd and in the still air of delightful studies. Mr. Balfour has the air of a man shaking off the garb of the politician, which he has been forced to wear for so many years, and going back joyfully to the philosopher's robe and academe.

His resignation we take to be sincere, and not a matter of tactics. His instincts are those of the high-bred gentleman, not of a political manœuvrer. He bases his retirement, moreover, partly upon uncertain health, from which it is known he has suffered in recent years, and which has compelled him to frequent absences from the House of Commons. There has been, of course, a noisy movement to depose him from the Conservative leadership. But by this it is improbable that he has been greatly moved. Even his bitterest enemies admitted that he could not be forced out. The writer of an article in the last *Fortnightly*, which was strongly averse to Balfour's continuing as leader, concluded that his retirement must be voluntary. Possibly, the clamor which has been raised against him may have had the effect of making him feel more irked by the duties of his position, but he had no reason to be afraid of his antagonists within the party. They could annoy him, doubtless, but they could not intimidate him and certainly could not oust him. The resulting party situation would have been awkward, but it could not have been nearly so critical or cruel as that which Mr. Balfour had to face in 1903 and 1904, after Chamberlain had left the Cabinet and was keeping up his galling fire from the outside. Yet in those difficult and even humiliating circumstances Balfour preserved his equanimity and his courage, and kept up a losing fight with extraordinary spirit and an unfailing dialectical resource.

Upon his political career, this is not the time to pass a formal verdict. His record is very long, for a man of his years, and has been distinguished in the important sense that great intellectual distinction has always marked him. As a figure in Parliament, he has won the respect and often the affection of even his opponents. Lloyd George is at the antipodes of Balfour, both in spirit and methods, and the two have had many rude encounters in the Commons; but when Mr. George introduced Balfour to a great meeting of Welshmen, some months ago, he paid a warm tribute to his abilities and his character, and said that in the House of Commons "we are all proud of him." Too much, in fact, cannot be said for the grace and magnanimity of Mr. Balfour's manner, or for the intellectual quality which he has displayed in debate. With a mind so subtle as his and a temperament not easily kindled, he has been unable to rise to the highest and most inspiring kind of political leadership; but he has built up a personal tradition which will not soon be forgotten, and we get a fair measure of the place he has made for himself in the public life of England when we see how hard it is to find anybody to take up his work.

In selecting Mr. Bonar Law as leader in his place, the English Conservatives have, in fact, made public confession of the low estate into which their party has fallen. Mr. Law is, no doubt, a man of parts, who has made a specialty of finance, but he has not even been in the Cabinet, and his accession now to the vacant leadership can be thought of as only a makeshift, until he or somebody else develops undisputed ability to head the party. What makes this Conservative dearth of talent the more notable is that the party has long claimed to be, and has been in large degree, the party of "the intellectuals." With the Parliamentary representatives of most of the universities in its ranks, and with an undoubted majority of highly cultivated Englishmen on its side, it yet seems to have gone stale. By contrast the position of the despised Liberals appears markedly advantageous. If Mr. Asquith were to retire next week, he could be succeeded by Lloyd George or Mr. Birrell or Sir Edward Grey or Winston Churchill. If the last, by the way, had not crossed the floor of the House of Commons, he would probably by this time have made such a place for himself in the Conservative party, by his dash and popular qualities, that he would have first been turned to when Balfour resigned.

"WHAT TO EXPECT OF SHAKESPEARE."

It was a happy choice when the British Academy asked M. Jusserand to deliver its first annual Shakespeare lecture, the printed form of which has just reached us. This is, of course, not the first time that the French Ambassador to Washington has expressed his view of the English dramatist. But the special occasion seems to have sharpened his ideas to what we would gladly believe is something like prophetic utterance. If it were not that his lecture shows the profound understanding to be expected of him, one would be tempted to call it a *tour de force*. The fate of Shakespeare at the hands of other distinguished French critics has too often been disastrous. While recognizing his superb poetry, men steeped in the tradition of Corneille and Racine have naturally found Shakespeare's art sadly lacking. M. Jusserand, by a supreme act of sympathy, avoids such comparisons as futile, and enters directly into the conditions from which the plays freshly sprang, grasping at the same time the perennial urgency of Shakespeare's appeal.

In M. Jusserand are combined and tempered the two tendencies which comprise the main body of Shakespearean criticism to-day. One forces critics into the attitude of inarticulate wonder. Swinburne was affected in this way, though Mr. Watts-Dunton is perhaps the most notable example. It is not strange that by reaction unscholarly minds have pronounced Shakespeare archaic and remote from actual life. The other tendency has the greater number of thoughtful followers. Busied with stage technique in Elizabethan days, with the sources of material, with social and political gossip, and with all the other odds and ends which form the background of a period, they find it easy to explain their master as a natural product of his time. They concede, of course, that he was a genius, but urge little or nothing save the verdict of continued performances to prove that his work is bound to last. Considering the upheaval with which literary standards are threatened, we welcome M. Jusserand's more penetrating method. He does not accept every line of Shakespeare as inspired. He deprecates his indecencies, haste, and certain scandalous inaccuracies of fact, but discovers in this very

method of composition a token of human interest. In addition, he nicely appraises the quality of Shakespeare's genius and predicts that popular regard for Shakespeare is almost sure to increase with the years.

The question of Shakespeare's moral intent has given even his stanch admirers a deal of bother. The fate of Desdemona, of Cordelia, and of Ophelia has seemed to them to transgress a principle essential in drama—that virtue shall be rewarded. One helpless critic professes to believe that Desdemona was not spared because of her lie about the handkerchief. Emerson also had his misgivings. Yet M. Jusserand places Shakespeare in this matter much nearer Aristotle than many of Aristotle's learned followers. "The great philosopher did nothing but sum up the teachings of good sense and adapt them to Greek manners. The great poet did nothing but follow the same teachings, as given him by his own sound nature, and adapt them to English wants. As both were men of genius and both were excellent observers, the one taught and the other acted in similar fashion." Aristotle had insisted that the rational end of dramatic poetry was not to moralize, but to give pleasure; and Shakespeare's attitude was precisely that. The story of innocent victims in the plays is written, says M. Jusserand, without any moral purpose, but not without moral effect. "It obliges human hearts to melt, it teaches them pity." "For breaking the crust of inborn egoism, Shakespeare has, among playwrights, no equal." The fact that his moral effect is got by the way and without conscious striving, places him in that respect with the believers in "art for art's sake," yet his almost constant regard for his audience has kept his productions rooted in realities.

For convincing skeptics that reality in the plays is thoroughgoing, M. Jusserand is well equipped. It is not merely the fooling which seems real to him, but the vivid portraits as well. The point is worth dwelling on in these days when the principle of artistic emphasis is generally so little understood. Sticklers for realism fail to discern that their own works do not entirely square with their creed. A play, for all its modern stage devices, can never be a literal transcript of what it represents. Time flies, but not so fast as it is made to fly on the stage; entrances and exits jump with the proper occasion; and in many other ways it could be shown that a playwright can never escape from the need of illusion. Dialogue itself is never starkly natural: the clever sally within a person's capability he would often not make at just the given juncture. Hence the proper rule for a writer becomes a question of degree. M. Jusserand brings out the truth, not by stating, as many have done, that Shakespeare creates characters not as they are, but as they ought to be; but by insisting that he catches them at their most distinctive moments, and, like the artist at the psychological instant, says, "Look!" "There are moments when we do not look like ourselves: such moments are often selected by photographers." The true artist knows how to bring out that which makes individuals distinct.

Because Shakespeare saw deeper into men and women than most writers, his language must be far removed from what constitutes ordinary conversation. It strives to report and sustain the scattered instances in a man's life when he would admit that he had done himself justice before others. Now, this is not saying that young dramatists should at once begin to practise exalted utterance. At times Shakespeare's influence on mediocrity has produced unmeaning bombast, from which he himself was not wholly free. But there is room for a better understanding of the artistic principle for which he stood. The serious drama of to-day lacks spiritual values, without which life can never appear complete or true. It is reassuring to get from a man like M. Jusserand the prediction that these higher beauties in Shakespeare will be more and more appreciated, even by the masses.

PROFESSORIAL WRATH.

There is one indictment against our colleges which Mr. Crane of Chicago might have brought forward with real effect: our college professors have forgotten, or never learned, how to quarrel. Outside of politics and baseball we have no art of controversy. We speak glibly enough of the battlefield of ideas, but how often does an abstract idea or a theoretical proposition make an American college professor lose his temper and his manners? And yet, if we look abroad, and back into time, we find that scholarship has never been able to dispense with a certain amount of vituperation. There is a story of a German professor who prayed: "Oh, thou Jehovah, whom that blockhead at Leipzig insists upon calling Jahveh." He was a true descendant of the age when John Milton and Salmasius showed what extraordinary effects may be obtained by mixing equal portions of Ciceronian Latin and billingsgate. The joy with which the men of the Renaissance seized upon the rediscovered classic literature must have been due in part to the large number of new words that were rendered available for defamatory purposes. Ideas were very real to men at that time, and were therefore worth fighting for. The scholar and gentleman is a modern development.

We speak with satisfaction of the growing amenities of life. But it is always necessary to distinguish between true self-restraint and mere indifference. In the days when theology was concerned with the awful problems of salvation, quarrelling theologians found it quite natural to consign each other to perdition. But it would be absurd to-day for two ministers who differ in their views on boys' clubs and model employment bureaus to devote each other to a hell in which neither one believes. The parents of the little boy in Heine's Göttingen, who was forbidden to play with the other little boy who did not know the genitive of *mensa*, were not snobs, because they thought an elementary knowledge of Latin as important as the proper way of using one's knife and fork. In the final scheme of things it is as important that men should quarrel over the use of "It is me" as that they should over the gold standard or the commission form of government. And it is also more justifiable, to the extent that no material interests enter into the problem. When truth itself is at stake, violence ceases to be ignoble. Then it becomes evident that a man who holds erroneous views on the wing structure of the Coleoptera is capable of embezzling other people's money and probably beats his wife. After all, it is one way of honoring truth to refuse to sit down at table with the man who differs from you on the use of the subjunctive in Horace.

The college professor is not alone in his sin. He is only the one most conspicuously identified with the business

of ideas and the one who seems to have sunk deepest into the slough of indifference. Literature, drama, art, and criticism show the same lack of the combative spirit. We have humor, of course, and it may be argued that we do hit out and kill with ridicule. But again the question arises, how much of our good-humored way of hitting out is due to good-nature and how much to sheer indifference. Let some one of authority announce that Shakespeare was a second-rate poet. The newspaper paragraphers will have a merry time of it for a day or two, and there the matter will end. But in Germany the professors would rise up against the iconoclast and call him coarse names. And when a lecturer in Paris declared that Racine's "Iphigénie" was poor stuff, the audience stormed the platform and knocked off the lecturer's spectacles with his own silk-hat. And good old Dr. Furnivall believed that any man who differed with him regarding the date of "Titus Andronicus" was a liar and a creature of the devil. Mr. Carnegie propounds a new form of the English tongue; Dr. Eliot publishes his views on the religion of the future; a Chicago professor announces that woman lacks the moral sense; and we have to look hard to find a man who loses his temper in consequence.

If the college professor is sometimes moved to reflect sadly upon the charm that football, compared with ideas, holds for the average undergraduate, he need only think for a moment of what happens in football. Eleven men face eleven other men and knock one another about. But when the men have ceased leaping on one another's prostrate form and reciprocally injecting their elbows into their thoraxes, they part good friends after impressing the spectator with a sense of the tremendous importance of the issue fought out. The injection of a certain amount of controversial venom into the scholastic arena might have the same popularizing effect. If two prominent professors were to call each other names about the use of "were" after "none," the effect on the undergraduate attention would be remarkable. And the headline writers would seize upon the offensive epithets with a joy that could not but redound to the best interests of scholarship.

THE WESTERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY.

Chicago, November 13.

The second conference of the society, held in this city, November 11, was devoted to the subject of Currency and Banking Reform. At two general sessions, bankers and economists discussed the outline of monetary legislation submitted to the National Monetary Commission by ex-Senator Aldrich. After a banquet in the evening prominent advocates of the plan were heard. Secretary MacVeagh spoke in warm approval. A. C. Bartlett of Chicago made a brief address in his capacity of president of the organization of business men, which, under the name of the National Citizens' League, is endeavoring to procure the enactment of the proposed legislation. Mr. Aldrich himself, the special guest of the evening, touched upon the work of the Currency Commission, and replied with engaging directness and spirit to the criticisms which had been offered during the day.

The participants in the discussions at this conference for the most part fixed their attention either upon the special services which the projected National Reserve Association could render to the banks and to the public they accommodate, or upon the menace of selfish control, by scheming special interests, which so many persons see lurking in the provisions of the Aldrich measure. The former of these two aspects of the subject was prominent in the first paper of the day, in which John Perrin of Indianapolis set forth lucidly the superior efficacy, during times of financial strain, of larger issues of bank notes, which are but a transmutation of deposit-credits, in place of an outflow of actual gold, coming from bank reserves, and sapping the foundations on which all bank credits rest. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, sketching the system of credit devices employed in moving the cotton crop in the South, showed the heavy financial burden that is annually laid on Southern bankers through lack of ready facilities for rediscount of bills. Prof. O. M. W. Sprague of Harvard pointed out how easily and appropriately the Reserve Association might afford a simple mechanism for making payments between banks by transfer of credits, and how thus demands for gold would be not only much reduced, but also made more regular.

But if the functions of the Reserve Association are so manifold and so important, assurance that it is to be ably and honestly managed becomes all the more urgently necessary. The association ceases to be merely a "bankers' bank"; it assumes the character of a great trusteeship created for the public good. Such was the position taken by Prof. E. W. Kemmerer of Cornell in one of the most interesting papers of the day. Professor Kemmerer, in particular, questioned whether, as Mr. Aldrich's proposal stands, there is not danger that the board of forty-five directors of the National Reserve Association would be elected almost wholly among the members of the banking fraternity, to the exclusion of that fair representation of "the industrial, commercial, agricultural, and other interests of the country," which is stipulated though hardly assured. A far more radical position was taken by ex-Gov. Folk of Missouri, who insisted that control of finances should remain in the hands of the Government, and that the organization to be worked out should take the form of a Federal Department of Finance. But Mr. Folk seemed to many of his hearers to fall into the error of contrasting private enterprise as it unfortunately sometimes has been, with the unrealized ideal government which might be: abstract government, as some will see it, quite incapable of stupidity or wrong. Other speakers found the prospect of a privately managed reserve association less disquieting. Prof. W. A. Scott of the University of Wisconsin showed reasons for believing that the difficulties in the way of "Wall Street" control of the association would be virtually insurmountable. Professor David Kinley of the University of Illinois declared his confidence in the ability and integrity of the banking profession. Secretary MacVeagh took occasion to remark that the Aldrich plan was much more likely to prevent than to promote the power of special interests over the credit of the nation. In many of the discussions there was observable an inclination to recognize in banking problems the principle of nothing venture, nothing have; to concede that restrictive regulation can never of itself create an efficient banking system; and to look hopefully to the example of such an institution as the Bank of England, privately owned and managed by persons who have accepted a moral responsibility to their great constituency and have acquitted themselves with ability and honor.

A few more pronounced critics of the Aldrich plan were numbered among the speakers. Alexander Wall of Milwaukee was of opinion that a more promising reform of past banking evils could be achieved by a slight adaptation of our established local clearing-house system. E. D. Hulbert of Chicago and A. J. Frame of Waukesha, Wisconsin, opposed the reserve association plan in many details. Yet on the whole the criticism elicited during the conference was essentially constructive criticism, offered, in the spirit in which Mr. Aldrich has asked it, by men almost without exception to be reckoned among the supporters of his general proposal. Indeed, if the opinions expressed at these sessions were representative, the prevailing attitude of bankers and

of the students of banking is little in doubt. JAMES A. FIELD.

Correspondence

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY REPLIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I break for once my resolution of never replying to hostile criticism, in this instance partly because it does not seek the shelter of the anonymous, but mainly because it gives me an opportunity of correcting a misconception of my meaning, into which careless readers, careless critics, and, as it now appears, careless professors have frequently fallen. In the *Nation* of November 2 is an attack by Prof. Arlo Bates on my article in *Harper's Magazine* for this month, on the subject of Compulsory Composition in Colleges. It starts out with the assertion and with it the added implication that in the eagerness for notoriety on my part I have for years been advocating "that any possible error in grammar or diction is defensible if it can be proved that the same mistake has crept into the work of a writer of standing." To any careful reader of what I have said upon the subject it is hardly necessary to remark that I have never uttered or even implied any view of the kind. The furthest I have gone is to assert that while a great writer may and doubtless does at times commit errors, the burden of proving them to be such rests upon the critic and not the burden of defending them upon the one criticised; and furthermore, that in at least nine cases out of ten, it is the former who will turn out to have been in fault and not the latter. But the main point upon which I have steadily insisted is that the agreement of the great body of classic authors in our speech establishes what is correct usage, and not the dicta of grammarians; for it is this very agreement of theirs which constitutes good usage. Were it otherwise one man's opinion would be as good as another's. There is nothing novel in this view, though it is a natural inference that Professor Bates has never heard of it. It is precisely the view taken by Horace and Quintilian nearly two thousand years ago.

If arguments based upon such misapprehensions can be used by instructors, what can be hoped for from the men they instruct? Professor Bates's comments justify the charges I have brought against the present system—that it leads men to write without ascertaining the facts and to criticise the views of others without knowing what they are. He asserts under the existing system students learn something. But what is the benefit to be derived from learning what is not so? Still, any man's views are fair game both for those who comprehend them and, as in this case, for those who do not. What I feel called upon to protest mildly against is the discourtesy, not to call it rudeness, of Professor Bates's personal imputation upon my motives. It seems that in expressing views which have not the good fortune to meet with his approbation I am making "one more effort to attract attention." Professor Bates, we all know, does not need efforts of his own of any sort to attract attention. It hastens to wait upon him of itself. Accordingly, as a dweller upon the heights, he is necessarily out of sympathy with the feelings and aspirations of the humbler denizens of the valleys. Hence this unkind comment. Circumstances beyond my control have regrettably deprived me of the pleasure and profit to be gained from perusing the numerous effusions in prose and verse with which Professor Bates has enriched American literature—grief for that calamity being but slightly alleviated by finding it to be one of general prevalence. I am accordingly in no position to form an opinion as to how far his own doubtless pure and perfect diction has left behind that of his noted predecessors who had not the good fortune to share in the training in composition which he himself received and which he in turn imparts to those under his instruction. It must be imputed to prejudice and the infirmities of age that to the views which Professor Bates honors by holding, I prefer those of Bacon and Milton, as well as of several others whom the limited space of a magazine prevented me from citing.

T. R. LOUNSBURY.

New Haven, September 4.

VICIOUS IMMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the general industrial community of Pittsburgh, we have met with another of those murderous attacks on eminent and efficient citizens in the discharge of their duty, to which it is time to put a stop. The shooting of operator David Steen, while on the way with his father to pay the laborers at their mine in Woodville, Pa., was one of the most dastardly crimes ever committed by a foreign immigrant. We are stirred to plead that every citizen of the nation stand with us and see that this thing shall come to an end. I express the common feeling of the community when I plead for a more careful inspection on the part of our Government of the immigrants admitted to the fellowship of our land—notably to this industrial community.

Last year, when in the Balkan States and the South of Italy, where I spent some time endeavoring to examine minutely the environment out of which we receive so vast a population into Allegheny County and the community of Pittsburgh in particular, I was astonished to hear directly from Italians themselves that the very refuse of the population of that region was from time to time swept off the streets of such cities as Salerno, Naples, Perugia, and Sienna (some of them having served in penal institutions, many of them utterly vicious), and embarked for the United States. "We don't want that kind of man here in Italy; we are glad to see him go to America," well-to-do Italians frequently said to me. As I went into the smaller towns and villages of southern Italy and saw the vicious men and women preparing to go to America, I felt the shame of it, the downright shame of exposing our best and most efficient men to the bullet of the assassin, and our homes to the disintegration of the degenerate.

Now it is one of our most capable young business men; four years ago, Ferguson, the coal company paymaster, blown up by a charge of dynamite connected with a battery in the thicket of a Washington County roadside. To-morrow who shall it be?

The worst feature of the affair, next to the inexpressible sorrow of the friends and family, is the fact that the assassins have not been apprehended. Seen by the aged father, who drove half a mile with his dead son in his arms, they have escaped the arm of the law, and probably from their retreat witnessed the sad funeral procession that filed down our beautiful valley.

It is but natural to ask that such a sacrifice be not in vain. When men like Major Steen can be shot on our highways at high noon, and the assassins go off scot free, I submit that the time has come for decisive action.

GEORGE MORGAN DUFF.

Pittsburgh, Pa., October 27.

NATURAL SELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 19 (p. 376) I notice some remarks on natural selection which seem possibly misleading without further amplification. It is true, indeed, that naturalists differ greatly in the importance they assign to the Darwinian factor; and just at present biological fashion emphasizes other aspects of evolution. What the public may take for the mature judgment of science is perhaps often no more than a temporary psychological phenomenon, arising from the fact that when the attention is concentrated in one place, it becomes lax in others.

There are nevertheless some well-ascertained facts, not known to Darwin, which necessarily modify the Darwinian idea. We know more to-day than formerly about the different kinds of variation and the manner of inheritance. We know that very much of the commonly observed variation is due to the immediate influence of the environment, and is not inherited. When only this sort of variation is present, neither natural nor artificial selection will bring about any evolution, unless perchance the environment has affected the germ-plasm itself. On the other hand, we know that original variations may occur in the germ-plasm, and are heritable, often furnishing from the start material for selection. We know further that new heritable characters are not necessarily lost by crossing, but may preserve their integrity, and through various combinations give rise to several effectively distinct types. If a species presents no heritable variations, natural selection is not needed to keep it true to type, nor effective in changing its characters. While probably no species for any great length of time literally conforms to this definition, many must nearly do so, as shown by the extraordinary persistence of specific types of protozoa, cryptogamic plants, etc., under different conditions and for enormous periods of time. Nevertheless, even these have to walk in the strait and narrow path; for, as Jennings has shown, though many different forms may live happily in the same medium, if any begin to fail in certain respects, the incidence of selection is terrific. Virtually the same thing has been observed by Tower among his beetles.

Natural selection always acts as a *conservator* of some type; if this type is the prevalent one no evolution results; if it is a new or rare variation that is favored, we speak of evolution. This is all that Darwin asserted, essentially, but he did not know how frequent new variations were,

nor did he appreciate how many of those commonly observed were without selective value. It seems to me that the new discoveries actually strengthen the natural selection hypothesis; for they show us, on the one hand, why many types have remained almost stationary or evolved very slowly; and on the other, how effective variations can remain available in a strain for ages, ready at any moment, under new conditions, to be favored by selection. If *all* variations were heritable, natural selection would defeat its own ends, so to speak, by throwing organisms out of gear through too rapid adjustment to transient conditions. Natural selection itself, in the long run, would eliminate such unstable creatures, just as it eliminates others which are highly adjusted to particular conditions and cannot change to meet new ones. Thus natural selection would preserve in different groups the optimum amount and character of germinal plasticity, and in so doing would hide many of her operations from our too impatient gaze. This question regarding the efficiency of natural selection reminds one of the popular controversy over "heredity" and "environment" in regard to human beings. One hears this person boldly say he "does not believe" in heredity; the other that "environment counts for nothing." It is as though two people looking at a stained window should argue, one that the picture was wholly due to the light from without, the other that it was exclusively the effect of the stained glass. Literally, *every* character is developed in response to environmental conditions, *every* one also, excepting mutilations, is a testimony to the character of the germ plasm. T. D. A. COCKERELL.

University of Colorado, October 29.

"PATINES OF BRIGHT GOLD."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Moorfield Story and Dr. Edward W. Emerson, in their delightful biography of the late Judge Hoar, just published, cite a letter from him addressed to James Russell Lowell, in which occur these words:

What I wish to call your attention to is the derivation of *chores*—or preferably and before modern corruption *chars*—from the Latin *quid facere, i. e.*, things to do. It came into English at about the time of many Spanish words, and by the same route with *punctilio, bravado*, and the like. The Spanish is *que hacer*, and the Spaniard habitually makes a noun of the phrase, and says that he must go and do, or attend to, his *que-haceres*, which he rapidly pronounces very much like *char-es*. My brother Edward (who, like a cat, knows more than he usually tells) says the Spanish Californians constantly and habitually use the phrase, and that it was scarcely distinguishable by the ear from *char-es*—that he recognized the word *chores* as soon as he heard it.

Judge Hoar was evidently a better judge of legal matters than of philology, for a glance at Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary" shows that *char* (*chore*, "a modern Americanism"), is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *cierr, cyrr*, a turn, space of time, period, allied to the German *kehren*. It would, of course, be etymologically impossible for the Spanish words *que haceres*, pronounced *kay athayress*, to change into *chores*. It is an interesting example, however, of popular etymology, and having criticised it, I am going to expose myself to similar criticism by suggesting that the much-discussed word *patines* (in the line from "The Merchant of Venice"—"The floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold") is derived from the Spanish word *pateña*, which means spangle. Many Spanish words were introduced into England, as Judge Hoar suggested, and by Spanish prisoners, about Shakespeare's time, and what more natural than that the word meaning spangles, so appropriately applied to the glitteriug stars of the first magnitude seen on a bright moonlight night of a Venetian summer, should have been adopted by him from that source? On the other hand, how farfetched is the derivation from the word *paten*, meaning "the plate on which is placed the consecrated wafer" in the Catholic service. Such patens would be too large and would be of silver and not of "bright gold." They would be too large to represent stars, and they would be too small if, as some think, Shakespeare referred to the fleecy clouds which drift over the sky, mottling it as with silver.

I once suggested this explanation in a Shakespearean monthly, but I have never seen it discussed.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Boston, November 8.

THE RIPENING OF PINEAPPLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on "Governmental Gastronomy" in the *Nation* of September 7 has suggested to me that you might be interested in a recent discovery by Mr. W. P. Kelley, chemist of the United States Experiment Station at Honolulu, which would seem to explain, at least in part, the well-known superiority of the canned Hawaiian pineapple, commented on by you, over the fresh pineapples commonly found in the markets. Mr. Kelley's investigations are briefly summed up in the annual report of the Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station for 1910 as follows:

A study of the ripening of pineapples has disclosed the fact that the sugar content of the fruit is derived exclusively from the leaves of the plant and does not increase after the fruit has been removed from the plant. If pineapples are picked green and allowed to ripen, the sugar content at complete ripeness is the same as it was when the fruit was removed from the plants. An analysis of the fruit shows that they contain no substance which can be changed into sugar during the ripening process.

Fruits picked too green and allowed to ripen, therefore, lack greatly in sugar content and in flavor. The sugar content of green fruits, or fruits ripened after being picked too green, is about 2 or 3 per cent., while that of fruits ripened on the plants ranges from 9 to 15 per cent. The ripening process in fruits picked green appears to consist largely in a softening of the tissues. A microscopic examination of sections of green pineapples shows that the cell walls in the parenchyma of the fruit are greatly thickened, but become extremely thin in ripening. It is obvious from these facts that, in order to obtain a good flavor in fresh fruit, the fruit should not be picked until the sugar content has become fairly high and the fruits have turned yellow to the extent of about one-fourth their length at the base.

The main point thus brought out is that the pineapple contains no starch or other material that can be converted into sugar during the ripening process, but procures its sweetness by circulation from the leaves or possibly from the starchy plant stalk, and that when once it is picked, it cannot become any sweeter. This is in contrast to the banana, which in its unripe state is composed largely of starch, much of which during the ripening process is converted into sugar; and with the banana, the ripening process seems to proceed almost as satisfactorily after the banana has been cut from the plant as when left to ripen naturally. JAMES D. DOLE.

Honolulu, Hawaii, October 13.

Literature

A BRITISH STATESMAN.

The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire. By Bernard Holland. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9.

This biography is successful at least in putting the reader in a position to understand why its subject came to be regarded as *the* Duke in England, as no man had been since Wellington's day. His was a strongly marked personality. Perhaps his root quality was that "dogged veracity" which Dr. Johnson noted in one of his Cavendish ancestors. His intellect was more plodding than brilliant, but in his slow though sure-footed way he sought truth and duty and when he had, as he believed, found them, he clung to them with a determination that nothing could shake. Never passionately admired, incapable of awakening intense antagonisms, he was yet a political leader worthy to be named alongside Palmerston for so perfectly embodying "the normal English temperament." People of all classes looked to him, in his later years, at times of crisis, confident that his sturdy common sense would show them the right thing to do. In 1903, when he was hesitating about resigning from the Cabinet as a protest against Mr. Balfour's abandonment of free trade, Winston Churchill wrote the Duke that "two workingmen at different clubs informed me that they would wait to see what you decided"; and Lord Goschen at about the same time told him how some of the greatest in the land were hanging upon "your decision." It was the possession by the Duke of this sort of steadfastness and moral weight which led to his being spoken of by Mr. Balfour as "one of the assets of public life in this country," and by Lord Rosebery as "one of the great reserve forces" of the nation. That Spencer Compton, Lord Hartington, Duke of Devonshire, was entitled to such high regard, the material which Mr. Holland has brought together in these volumes enables us to see.

He was born (in 1833) a creature of hearty out-of-door tastes, whom it might seem like torturing nature to turn into a public official slaving at departmental work, or a political leader forced against the grain to do a great deal of public

speaking and to be at the beck and call of countless devastators of his day. His early education gave little promise of literary or oratorical distinction; and in this respect the child was true father of the man. At seventeen we find him with a "mortal hate" of English composition. At Cambridge, he "belonged to the Union Society, by his father's desire, but never spoke in the debates." To the end he loathed making speeches, and groaned at the length and dulness of his own. Said Rosebery: "I do not know any man who spoke with so much previous anguish or so much misery at the time." His course at the university was undistinguished. He was not a reading man, nor ever became one. In all his speeches, he is known but once to have quoted a line of poetry. Unlike his father, who was a recluse and devoured books on science and history, he seldom—except on official compulsion—read anything but newspapers and novels, and for recreation preferred cards to reading. It was said: "Gladstone reads every new book that comes out, Hartington not one." He scarcely knew his way about his great inherited library at Chatsworth. To a gushing American lady who exclaimed to him about his wonderful literary treasures, he merely said: "Yes, it's a rummy old place." But this may have been only his air of "passionless indifference."

In 1862, as Lord Hartington, he made a short visit to the United States and to Canada. He met Seward and Lincoln in Washington. Of the President, he wrote to his father: "I never saw such a specimen of a Yankee in my life. I should think he was a very well-meaning sort of a man, but, almost every one says, about as fit for his position now as a fire-shovel." He reported that Lincoln was "very civil and also told us stories." Apparently there was no reference to Hartington's having worn a secession badge at a party in New York—pinned to his coat by a lady, he all unknowing, according to his biographer. We know what Lowell made of the incident: "One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humor was his treatment of this gentleman. Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Hartington. Surely the refinement of good breeding could go no further. Giving the young man his real name would have made his visit almost an insult. Had Henri IV done this it would have been famous." Lord Hartington got to Richmond, having with a party adventurously ridden through the lines without passes. He talked with Davis and his Ministers and "liked them all very well." They "talked in a very moderate and sensible way." Lord Hartington, in fact, was at that time, as he himself wrote, "decidedly very Southern in the main." He even wondered how Englishmen could be "so idiotic as to admire Lincoln," and could not understand "how they can talk such nonsense as they do about emancipation." His own sight of slavery near at hand seemingly made no deep impression upon him. He wrote that "the negroes," on the plantations he visited, "hardly look as well off as I expected to see them, but they are not dirtier or more uncomfortable-looking than Irish laborers." The latter remark came from one who was to be a great Irish landlord and an opponent of Home Rule.

Hartington's going into Parliament and later taking office under Gladstone signified neither ambition nor liking, but rather a sense of public duty. In his family had long been established, as in many another great Whig house, the tradition that large property and high social position constituted an obligation to serve the state. When the Irish Secretaryship was offered him, he at first declined it, and accepted it under pressure from Gladstone most reluctantly. Similarly, the War Office had no attractions for him, though he buckled down to its routine work like a martyr. Little by little, however, his labors in the Administration and in Parliament began to win him respect for his judgment and confidence in his stable character; so that, by the time Gladstone retired in 1874 as Liberal leader, Hartington became the general choice of the party for the succession. But the leadership had fairly to be forced upon him. He doubted his own fitness for the position, and he was positive of his dislike for it. Yet again the feudal doctrine of service compelled this modern man to yield. "How I shall get on, Heaven only knows," he wrote to his father.

What Hartington actually did was to drive the Liberals with a rather loose rein during the first years of their exclusion from power, and then when 1880 rolled round and brought victory, to give way to Gladstone. The Queen sent for Hartington, and many in the party thought that he should try to form a Government, but it was clear to him that the real leader was Gladstone, and he said so to Victoria. Nor does he appear to have cherished the slightest ill-will because of his having been over-slaughed after having borne the heat and burden of the day. He is said to be the only man who three times refused to become Prime Minister of England. But probably he would have said that on no one of the occasions when it was offered him could he discover a sound reason for believing that he could successfully carry on the Government for any length of time. And as there was no overwhelming appeal of duty, he put the matter by without a regret. The honors of public life meant nothing to him; its duties everything. All of the correspondence which is published respecting his surrender of the leadership to Gladstone in 1880 is infinitely to his credit. Through the whole of it we see his large and simple nature, his transparent honesty, and that sort of mental structure which, as it was said of the head of a certain diplomat, "can take in very little of what is not perfectly clear." As a member of the Cabinet, Lord Hartington had sometimes to defend in Parliament measures of which he did not wholly approve, though they were no resigning matter, and on such occasions it was remarked that he made his speeches "so honest" as to allow his opponents to see that he was not heartily for the policy which it was his official duty to advocate. When in 1903 he had a painful doubt that he might have dealt unfairly with Lord George Hamilton, that former colleague wrote to him, "dismiss me from your mind; you have treated me, as you do everybody else, with absolute good faith."

It was this high repute for stanchness and honor, as well as for sagacity and safety, which made Hartington's course in reference to Home Rule in 1886, and in regard to the fiscal question in 1903, of so much consequence. Men looked to him for a steadying policy and for scrupulous conduct. Those two political crises are too near us yet to be treated historically, and we need only remark that the letters referring to them in these volumes give little new light, though they do bring out the massive patience of this political guide in finding which way for himself the path of duty lay. On October 6, 1903, the Duke wrote to Lord James of Hereford, in reference to his final leaving of the Cabinet: "I have made a mess of this business and have come out with severe damage." But the only "mess" was that of an honest, but somewhat floundering man, at first misinformed, but finally seeing the light and pressing toward it at all hazards. There are printed some letters which passed between the Duke and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It is instructive to compare the dart and thrust of the latter with the other's slow but ponderous movement. The Duke told the students at Cambridge: "All through life, I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I did, and I have found this a great disadvantage." This kind of sluggish but weighty intellect helps one to understand why Lord Hartington complained that he "could not get on with Gladstone in conversation," and how he was mystified by Mr. Balfour's economic legerdemain. Indeed, the Duke observed late in life that it had been his fate to serve under two Scottish Prime Ministers, and he made it evident that he did not find their type of mind congenial. One could as easily imagine Dr. Johnson getting on well with David Hume.

Mr. Holland's editing is, on the whole, praiseworthy, though not ideal. Several misprints have escaped him, he has let

in too many letters which only lumber the page, while his comments on world affairs and home politics are needlessly long and too often inept. But he has achieved the main object of giving us a full picture of an extraordinary *caractère uni*. The volumes should not be read for anecdotes though several good stories and sayings are recorded. The Duke once said: "I don't know why it is, but whenever a man is caught cheating at cards, the case is referred to me." This was a recognition of the frequency with which he was called upon to arbitrate in social, as well as political affairs. He was fonder of shooting and fishing than of balls or dinners, and would probably have found a keener joy in winning the Derby than in being Prime Minister. He did not, however, have to give up racing for politics, as Bentinck did, or hear the awful news that a horse he had sold had won the Derby. That shock came to Bentinck, and brought from him, as Disraeli wrote, "a superb groan." The Duke of Devonshire was reasonably fond of society, though he seems to have been a little overpowered by the social gayeties into which he was plunged by his Duchess, whom he married late in life. He once said at a great house-party at Chatsworth: "This is all very well, but I should like to know who my guests are. Do you know the name of that red-faced man over there?" To literature the Duke made no pretensions, and in the theological controversies which raged during his life, he took no interest. It seems almost incredible, but on an occasion when ecclesiastical disputes were invading politics, he said to a private secretary: "Can you explain to me what 'transubstantiation' means that they are talking about?" He was once sent to break the news gently to the Vice-President of the Council that the Cabinet had decided to drop his pet educational bill. The Duke went to Sir John's room, and after standing some time with his back to the fire, said, "Well, Gorst, your d——d bill's dead." Surely, a great character, if not a great man, he was full of what was individual, but also full of what is typical: a bluff, impassive, downright English nobleman of whom it seems perfectly natural to read that he murmured as he lay dying: "Well, the game is over and I am not sorry."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Healer. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Herrick has two "problems" to deal with here, one of them a fresh one, so far as he is concerned. This is the problem of the modern physician—what sort of skill he shall strive for, and how he shall employ it. Mr. Herrick does not take a rosy view of the present estate of the medical profession. Indeed, if we are right in fancying that we hear him speaking through the lips of his own authentic healer, he leaves it but one precarious leg to stand on. Almost all professed healers of the day, from the lowest dispenser of patent remedies to the loftiest fashionable specialist, are at least part quack and hypocrite. Virtually all make a trade of what should be a mission. The young Doctor Holden of the story is born and bred in Northern Canada. The instinct of the healer is born in him, and fortune gives him the chance of an education in America and Germany. He shows the greatest promise, but suddenly throws up the game—so it must look to his colleagues—and returns to his wilderness, to a casual clientèle of half-breeds and lumber-jacks. His local fame spreads, he is known as "The Healer"; but there is something mysterious in the man and his ways. In fact, he has deserted "civilization," given up a distinguished career, because he had become convinced that such a career must be based on rotten foundations.

"Didn't I see enough of that when I was in the medical school, and in the hospital? The big men using their reputation to bleed their patients who were rich enough to pay, and turning the poor over to boys! . . . And that's what Elport wants me to do here—run what he calls a 'hydropathic establishment'—gull the public with spring water, wheedle the rich out of their money, and coddle a lot of old men and women who ought to die anyway—or get out and work for a living!"

So cries Holden to his bride. Elport is her uncle, and president of a railway which he is pushing into the wilderness. Helen Goodnow is a conventional child of the city, who, straying out into the open, has been captured by the "Wild One." Here appears Mr. Herrick's second and more familiar problem—the problem of "Together." How shall fare the two who are unequally yoked together? It is impossible for Helen to comprehend her Wild One: she can only subdue him. The result is presently a hydropathic establishment and an income of fifty thousand a year; a Helen restored to her world, and a Holden relapsed into slavery to the drug he has conquered for her sake. His final salvation is due to another woman. The episode involved is sure to provoke talk, if not discussion, like a certain memorable episode in "Together," which it rather too closely parallels.

Mr. Herrick's solution of the physician's problem lies in organization and control—an "institutional" system involving the elimination of personal fees, and therefore of personal motive for insincerity. As for the marriage problem, he cannot be said to offer anything beyond a cheerless compromise. We are beyond the squaw era, he admits with a sigh, and must "accord more and ever more rights to these bearers of the sacred seed, however unfitted they may be at present for their liberty and self-direction. Tradition has taught them for generations to work by fraud and wile, and their instinct warns them against the ideal. All prolonged contest with them will end in the deterioration of the man. He must either cut the knot or submit as gracefully as he can to their notion of civilization." The Wild One understands this, and after experimenting with submission, cuts the knot. It is comforting to reflect that even if this Helen of Mr. Herrick's is conceded to be Woman, she is not the woman most of us are enslaved to.

The Song of Renny. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

After the Senhouse interlude, Mr. Hewlett appears to have returned with gusto to his old theme and manner. No doubt he felt his mediævalism cramped in its modern dress. The famous "Senhusian" sweater was after all an inadequate substitute for doublet and coat of mail. And Mr. Hewlett is happiest when he speaks the tongue of nobody now living. Not that he really speaks the tongue of anybody now dead, for that matter. Examine any one of his pages, and you find his style a medley of current and obsolete idioms. But it is not a hopeless medley—the general effect of quaintness for which he strives is gained without sacrificing the ease of the modern reader. In short, the chief distinction of this writer's somewhat over-lauded style is that it does very cleverly what most historical romances do more or less clumsily.

The scene is the southern land of the troubadours, and the hero is one of those decorative persons. The Song of Renny is his masterpiece—an elaborate celebration of the fortunes of a great and ill-fated house. "Rascally" would be a fairer epithet, since for generations the Rennys have ravaged and murdered not only their neighbors, but one another. At the moment when the tale properly begins, the last male Renny has been slain by the Count of Pikpoyntz, a robber baron; and one surviving daughter, a child of twelve, carried off by that enterprising gentleman. He causes her to be gently reared in his own household, meaning to marry her and her great lands when the time comes. But she runs off with a page, and so ends that chapter. Or, rather, it ends a little later, when Pikpoyntz has her murdered, the Renny next in line being also female and marriageable. This lady, whom he abjectly adores, marries him out of ambition; but she loves the young troubadour, and in the end runs away with him, to be happy ever after. Pikpoyntz is duly hanged, at last, for his sins, and for the novelist's convenience. To tell the

truth, the story is as flimsy and absurd in substance as the usual story of its not uncommon kind. Even the blind villain and the black villain of Treasure Islandism are not lacking. It is only Mr. Hewlett's picturesque style—and perhaps a little his pretty bravado in handling the affair of sex—that carries it off.

The Following of the Star. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here is a slough of sentimentality where none but a web-footed reader may safely venture. Skim lightly if you would avoid the tedium of repeated "good things" and escape being smothered in gush. First, gush pertaining to a pulpit-and-pew romance. Oh, attentive and inspiring "Lady of Mystery" amid a slumbrous and thick-pated congregation! Secondly, gush exuding from the situation of manly-poverty-wooed-by-wealth-and-beauty. Oh, the luxurious motor! Oh, the Parma violets! Oh, the banished chaperon! Thirdly, gush inherent in the plight of the heiress-who-must-marry-within-a-year-or-lose-her-inheritance. Oh, proud Diana (and so felicitously named, too)—"Master of the Hounds; patron of four livings; notorious for her advanced views and fearless independence; a power and a terror in the whole neighborhood," virgin of no illusions and most averse to matrimony! Oh, cruel uncle's will! Fourthly, gush extracted by a too, too fond insistence upon the wording of the marriage service. Oh, forward and strong-minded woman, thinkest thou lightly to forego the meek raptures of obedience? Fie, thus to flout thy natural lord! Must she obey? She must! She will! And, lastly and most abundantly, all the unquenchable gush sacred to the sad case of those fatuous pairs who marry first and love afterward. Oh, deep and secret pangs! Such is the morass to be traversed before these lovers are landed safe in wedded bliss. We have waded, and we know.

The Yellow Letter. By William Johnston. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Johnston has hit upon a novel method of blackmail, and in both the development and the detection of the crime has shown no little ingenuity. The climax, particularly, in which most detective stories fail, is well conceived and executed. Only one false note is sounded, but that is a note which goes far toward destroying the emotional efficiency of the whole book. Mr. Johnston has created a villain of the true type, and his baiting in the lonely country house is a bit of real detective invention. But the interest with which we follow the discovery and thwarting of such criminal machinations as are here described depends mainly on the intensity of our feeling of a maleficent and responsible power in the human brain. Mr. Chesterton relied largely on this feeling to create the proper atmosphere about the adventures of his "Father Brown." Mr. Johnston feels it artistically, but deliberately mars the effect by an irrelevant preachment on the relation of crime to disease, and on the desirability of substituting curative measures for punishment. The result is an ingenious story, which fails to absorb the reader's mind as it should.

Off the Main Road. By Victor L. Whitechurch. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

This "village comedy" plays itself in a parish lying comatose somewhere in the interior of England. The old rector, the new rector with his pretty daughter, the young architect who comes to restore the dilapidated church, the solitary mysterious stranger who twenty years before had taken up his abode in Little Marpleton, supply enough of the outside world to satisfy the reader that the story lies within earshot of present-day civilization; not enough to spoil the quality of rustic benightedness which is the feature of the tale. Beside these villagers Dogberry was a citizen of the world. The writer has had the skill to show in an amusing light their clownishnesses without giving pictures of brutality. Their very original ways are made entertaining, and their language is thick-studded with gems of utterance. They revolve around a little story of loves, requited or not, that adequately keeps the whole together.

METHODS OF LEGAL REFORM.

Social Reform and the Constitution. By Frank J. Goodnow. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The problem of Professor Goodnow in this thoughtful book is concerned with the constitutionality, actual or probable, of various social reforms. Such an inquiry of necessity includes political reforms as well; and while no complete enumeration is attempted, the survey covers most of the projects of social betterment which as yet, in this country, have received any considerable attention. Since, in Professor Goodnow's opinion, the amendment of the Federal Constitution is virtually out of the question, the only guide to a conclusion as to what may be held constitutional in the future is to be found in a study of what has been held constitutional in the past. His method, accordingly, is that of a careful examination of the decisions of the Supreme Court, with a view to discovering what light, if any, they throw on current problems.

It is impossible, within the limits of this review, to do more than summarize the author's main conclusions, since the evidence which sustains them is necessarily elaborate and detailed. In one or two directions in which judicial exposition and delimitation have been abundant, the problem of constitutional forecast is relatively simple. For example, a study of Federal regulation of navigation as interpreted by the Supreme Court, with reference to its bearing on the important subject of uniform commercial regulation, seems to show that there is no longer any distinction to be observed between interstate and intrastate navigation (p. 46); that the Supreme Court has always aimed at "uniform regulation of all commerce, whether by water or by land" (p. 74); and that Congress may even, "through the exercise of its power to prohibit the interstate or foreign transportation of articles made contrary to the provisions of its legislation, exercise an enormous influence in securing uniform regulation of all the conditions of manufacturing in this country" (p. 92). This would mean, of course, a vast extension of Federal power at the expense of the powers hitherto regarded as reserved to the States; but it would also go far toward "making our political system conform to existing economic conditions" (p. 99).

Similarly, a study of decisions regarding Federal control of manufactures points to the conclusion that while the variable intent of the producer, as to the channels through which he will market his product, "is a bar to Federal control and a justification of State control" (p. 128), there are no judicial precedents adverse to the right of the Federal Government to confer upon corporations engaged in interstate commerce the power to manufacture articles for such commerce; and such commerce, if carried on by corporations, may be restricted to Federal corporations or to those which the Federal Government permits to engage in it, and may, of course, be protected from State interference. Radical as such an exercise of power may seem, Professor Goodnow urges that it not only does not imperil private rights, but that it is "absolutely necessary for their protection" (p. 145).

We cannot follow Professor Goodnow in detail in his interesting discussion of the constitutional aspects of labor regulations, the use of private property in urban districts, the control of property "affected with a public interest," taxation, monopoly, and government aid in the form of pensions or the housing of urban workers. Suffice it to say that while the boundary which separates the Federal and State spheres, in such divergent interests, is naturally irregular, the course of judicial decision seems to show in most respects an unmistakable trend toward an enlargement of Federal power, on the one hand, and on

the other of support by the State courts of social rather than personal considerations. Even in the domain of the private law of the States, every insistence by the Federal courts upon uniformity of interpretation or practice strengthens the movement, "already in full swing" (p. 193), for the centralization and unification of State law.

In an interesting introductory chapter Professor Goodnow points out that the Supreme Court, in its effort to uphold legislation which a progressive society demands, has gone far toward transforming our constitutional law into a system of political science. In other words, the court has become a political body of supreme importance, since "upon its determination depends the ability of the national legislature to exercise powers whose exercise is believed by many to be absolutely necessary to our existence as a democratic republic" (p. 16). Repeatedly, in his discussion of particular issues, he calls attention to the widening departure from earlier conceptions of State rights and delegated powers, and to the resulting contrariety of decision which, though natural in a time of transition, seems at times to reflect personal opinion or prejudice rather than assured juristic conviction. In a notable final chapter he examines more fully the attitude of the courts toward the new political and social problems that press for solution, defends the propriety of public criticism of judicial decisions, and warns the judiciary that they must take heed to the changes in public opinion if they are themselves to retain their essential powers:

> Those who assert that by criticism of the Supreme Court we are attacking the foundations of our political system, forget that we are living under a practically unamendable Constitution, and that unless it is proper to bring popular opinion to bear upon a governmental authority which has the power absolutely to prevent political change, we may easily be tied up so tight in the bonds of constitutional limitation that either development will cease and political death ensue, or those bonds will be broken by a shock that may at the same time threaten the foundations not merely of our political but even of our social system (p. 358).

These are the weighty words of one of our highest professorial authorities on American law. Doubtless Professor Goodnow will be held by many a special pleader, and his arguments will be used by political partisans to uphold policies both extreme and dangerous. Needless to say, his book has no such purpose and invites no such distortion. While much of what he has to say is, in the nature of the case, prophecy rather than law, his conclusions are constructive. It is, indeed, not to our credit that in a period of fundamental social change we should be making headway so largely by drifting; but the drift seems clearly to be in the direction of a constitutional law under which, in spite of the rigidities of a written Constitution, the reforms which enlightened public opinion demands can somehow be accomplished. We commend Professor Goodnow's volume as the most thoughtful and penetrating discussion of constitutional tendencies in this country that has appeared in many a day.

The Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism. By Franz Cumont. With an Introductory Essay by Grant Showerman. Authorized translation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $2 net.

Franz Cumont, professor in the University of Ghent for nearly twenty years past, has been known to the few as one of the most capable of living investigators in his chosen field, the ancient religions of the Orient. In 1896 and 1899, he published an imposing collection of "Textes et monuments figurés relatifs aux mystères de Mithra," in two volumes, a portion of the first of which, his interpretation of the evidence gathered in the remainder of the work, was presented separately in 1902, as "Les Mystères de Mithra." This was translated and published in this country a year later by the Open Court Publishing Company.

In the autumn of 1905, the author delivered the opening series of lectures on the Michonis foundation before the Collège de France, and a few months later served as Hibbert Lecturer at Oxford. The substance of these two courses appeared in Paris in 1906, under the title, "Les Religions orientales dans le paganisme romain." A second edition, 1909, appeared a year ago in German dress, from the Teubner press, and is now presented to the English reader in the volume before us, timed to coincide with the author's presence in this country on a lecture tour, which includes the Lowell Institute and a number of universities and learned societies.

These lectures are intended for the general reader, and outline in a lucid and entertaining manner the successive penetration into Roman life and thought of one Oriental faith after another, there to influence and be influenced, until a fairly unified syncresis of Pagan belief took form, "more unlike the worship that Augustus had attempted to restore than the Christianity that fought it." The traditional Roman religion had not the inherent vigor to resist this inroad. It was too cold and formal, too destitute of any effective relation to man's higher nature and aspirations. Its loss of any genuine hold on the hearts of men had gone too far to be reversed by the extensive rebuilding of temples and other reform measures undertaken by Augustus. Of course this movement brought back many to the pious practice of the ancient rites, but its real intent was to strengthen the chains of the new political order; and "making religion an auxiliary to moral policing is not a means of establishing its empire over souls," in Cumont's opinion. There was a vague longing for something higher, and in spite of the fact that the Eastern faiths were all more or less sullied by vile and atrocious rites, coarse and immodest fables, they did possess something higher. They attached more importance to the inner life and to the value of the individual. They claimed by mysterious rites to cleanse the soul of its impurities, and gave it the assurance that a pious life would be rewarded by a blessed immortality. The acts of self-denial and suffering which they introduced as a means of soul-cleansing took a deeper hold on the imagination than the expiations of the older Roman custom, which consisted merely in the exact performance of certain ceremonies pleasing to the gods and required by a formal code. And the new faiths, too, proved themselves adaptable enough to slough off, during the period of their conquests in Roman territory, a large share of the earlier grossness which constituted their most serious defect.

That these Oriental religions were finally superseded by Christianity, Cumont attributes in no small degree to their very likeness to it. "The two opposed creeds moved in the same intellectual and moral sphere, and one could actually pass from one to the other without shock or interruption." As we turn the pages of the late Latin writers, we may sometimes feel uncertain whether the author is to be classed as pagan or Christian. A few years ago M. Pichon published in Paris a study in which it was shown that the eloquence of the late panegyrists unconsciously changed from paganism to monotheism in its tone. In the days of Symmachus we do not find in those Roman aristocrats who remained faithful to their inherited religion a mental or moral character radically other than that of the Christians who sat beside them in the Senate. "The religious and mystical spirit of the Orient had slowly overcome the whole social organism and had prepared all nations to unite in the bosom of a universal church."

For the reader who would pursue further the lines of thought taken up in these lectures, the eighty pages of notes by which they are followed will form an invaluable guide. The lectures themselves stand virtually as they were originally written, six years ago, but the bibliographies and references in the notes have been extended to cover the more recent literature of the subject. We welcome the work in its English dress, and expect from it, together with the author's presence in our universities as a lecturer, a distinctly stimulating effect on American classical scholarship.

Poetry and Prose. By Adolphus Alfred Jack. London: Constable & Co.

Mr. Jack is a thoughtful and interesting representative of a distinct tradition in English criticism. His present critical attitude he attributes mainly to the influence of A. C. Bradley's Oxford lectures on poetry. He has also constantly in mind the method and purpose of Matthew Arnold. The title of the present book, however, harks back to certain famous distinctions of Coleridge—perhaps to the following passage in the "Biographia Literaria": "I have endeavored to discover what the qualities in a poem are, which may be deemed promises and specific symptoms of poetic power, as distinguished from general talent determined to poetic composition by accidental motives, by an act of the will, rather than by the inspiration of a genial and productive nature." To make clear the essential difference between prose and poetry, to distinguish in a particular author, the varying intensity of the "esemplastic" power by constant comparison of passages and an ultimate appeal to the cultivated taste of the reader—such are the aim and the procedure of the work. The chapter divisions are these: Poetry: A Note; Gray (Social or Prose Poetry); Burns (Natural or Spontaneous Poetry); Wordsworth (Basic or Elemental Poetry); Byron (Oratorical Poetry); Emerson—The Poet as Teacher; Arnold—Critical Poetry; Meredith—Intellectual Poetry; Emerson's Doctrine of the Infinite.

Perhaps the characteristic defect of this school of criticism is a too exclusive attention to masterpieces somewhat arbitrarily selected—an indifference to the variety and detail of general literary history. Thus the impeccable Arnold, "taking the roll of our chief poetical names" from Spenser to Keats, includes Campbell and Moore, but omits Donne and Marlowe; and one is inclined to question rather the extent of his reading than the soundness of his judgment. Mr. Jack's treatment of Gray is unsympathetic, and the unsatisfactory character of his essay is not a mere matter of taste. His choice of the profound and curious scholar, the slender poet with his little bundle of ardent odes and elegies, the melancholy, shy, life-long recluse—his choice of Gray as the best representative of social and prose poetry of the eighteenth century seems to indicate but a sluggish and superficial acquaintance with the men and movements of the age. Gray is entirely of the eighteenth century, says Mr. Jack; he sees the world "from the point of view of his century, the sober, intensely English eighteenth century, from the point of view of a writer of prose." The unsoundness of this statement is increased by the emphasis of its delivery. It would apply fairly well to Pope and admirably to Johnson, but Gray it does not fit at all. Gray comes to us, indeed, trailing shreds of pseudo-classical diction; born in 1716, his feet rested on the age of Anne. But Gray developed; he is one of the most unmistakably "transitional" of poets. He had an open, wide-ranging, forward-looking mind; and before he died in 1771, he had anticipated many of the characteristic interests of the nineteenth century. He had sought to bring into English poetry sublimity and passion, and he had turned for quickening power to primitive and barbaric literatures—to mediæval romance, to whatever was available of Welsh, Gaelic, and Scandinavian poetry. Philologist, antiquary, member of the "black-letter kennel," he had all the isolating and unsocial enthusiasms of modern romantic scholarship; and he could spend an entire evening in an eighteenth century drawing-room without uttering a word.

After all that has been written on this subject in recent years, there is no excuse for the indifference to the origins of nineteenth-century poetry betrayed in the essay on Gray. Mr. Jack's only recognition of the eighteenth-century romantic current is a note referring to Arnold's comparison of Gray's feeling for nature with Obermann's, and to Mr. Hudson's enumeration of Spenserian imitations. Equally dilettanteish is his citation of a passage from Morley's "Rousseau" by way of establishing the novelty of Wordsworth's attitude to nature. We do not object to his availing himself of Lord Morley's translations from the "Confessions," but we should like to feel sure that his acquaintance extends beyond these elegant excerpts, and unhappily we do not. Wordsworth, argues Mr. Jack, was the pioneer lover of solitude and grandeur. Rousseau, on the other hand, was only the pioneer "week-ender": "He loves Nature because she is free, quiet, and full of variety; because, at Les Charmettes or The Hermitage, he can escape from the city. . . . In short, as Lord Morley has pointed out, he is a virtuoso in landscape who likes the confusion, the mixture, a soft smiling foreground with trees leading to a background occupied by hills." Lord Morley is a very able writer, but on this subject Rousseau is a higher authority than Lord Morley. Why not allow Rousseau himself to tell us what he likes in landscape? Why not let this French "week-ender" show himself in a few lines of the "Confessions" (Part I, Book iv) in an ecstasy of dizziness leaning for hours over a parapet near Chambéri, drunk with the foam and bellowing of blue water heard athwart the cry of crows and birds of prey flying from rock to rock hundreds of feet below him?

> Au reste, on sait déjà ce que j'entends par un beau pays. Jamais pays de plaine, quelque beau qu'il fût, ne parut tel à mes yeux. Il me faut des torrents, des rochers, des sapins, des bois noirs, des montagnes, des chemins raboteux à monter et à descendre, des précipices à mes côtés qui me fassent bien peur.

But Mr. Jack's strength does not lie in historical perspective or breadth of sympathy. The virtue of his criticism resides in his intuitions, in his immediate sense of poetical values, in his spiritual tact and discrimination. For him as for Emerson—to whom, by the way, he pays continual tribute—divine ideas are not of an age but for all time; and it is a comparatively insignificant matter whether Chaucer preceded Caxton or Caxton, Chaucer. From point to point through the poetry under consideration he listens for the sound of the "eternal melodies," and summons the reader to participate in the mystical exercise of separating that which was "given" to the poet from that which he has excogitated. It is an exercise which, rightly conducted, directly disciplines the emotions and the judgment, and, perhaps more effectively than any other critical method, resuscitates a flagging interest in poetry. Mr. Jack, like the critics and poets whom he most admires, believes that poetry at its best is truth at its best. This dark saying can probably never be made plain to those whom, in his essay on Meredith, he happily characterizes as "the pedants of perspicuousness." It has commanded the assent, nevertheless, of those who have done most to maintain in poetry the high seriousness of philosophy and religion. It is the central idea throughout this book, and it is illustrated with especial success in the essays on Arnold and Meredith, and in the first essay on Emerson. Amid the spiritual dryness of current historical criticism it is strangely refreshing to come upon interpretation that penetrates to the heart of things like Mr. Jack's comment on Arnold's exquisite lines describing the chastened serenity of Iseult of Brittany in her later life with her children by the northern sea:

> This note of patience is heard in all Arnold's poetry, and it is heard because his poetry is devout. It has more of the cloister in it than is to be found in any other poetry of our time, so much more that there is even some initial difficulty of appreciation; a greater depth of Christian feeling and a fuller understanding of the doctrine of self-surrender than we have capacity properly to realize. If we were to compare it with the finest attitude of a Pagan age or temper, we should see that what we have to deal with here is not the beautiful superiority to life which we find in Marcus Aurelius . . . but submission to life. And so real is this temper that other poets, in their efforts to represent it, seem like boys playing with half-apprehended ideas. Put Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve" beside the passage just quoted, and how frail and external becomes that exquisite picture of the emotion of another. Compared with Arnold, Tennyson, the Broad Churchman, is a man who has heard of Christianity, and Browning, the optimist, with his Abt Vogler melodies, a brave citi-

zen, with a Sunday mood. . . . But in the inner sanctuary of Arnold we are admitted to a place removed. . . . There is an abnegation of the private will, and this without any parade. "I yielded myself to the perfect whole," says Emerson, but in so saying, he seems merely to be politely waiving resistance to the claims of the universe to absorb the most persistent individuality in literature. It was a voluntary act, and Emerson is the gracious victor in that as in every contest. The tone of Arnold is altogether different. . . . His still music comes from him in response to ideas which shake the forest of men like a reed, to which they owe their life, and which make them distinguishably human. To Arnold, the one thought that through the years comes permanently sweet is that of the life of Jesus, and the one idea that consoles, in permanent opposition to the hurry of the world, the idea of the Everlasting.

Studies in Honor of A. Marshall Elliott. In two volumes. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $7.50.

A few months ago we reviewed a volume of "Studies in Language and Literature" in celebration of the seventieth birthday of a distinguished professor (emeritus) of English in Cornell University. We have now to notice a similar volume intended to celebrate the completion of another scholar's thirty-fifth year of service in Johns Hopkins University, as professor of the Romance languages. Alas! the one in whose honor these volumes were prepared did not live to see their completion or quite to round out his thirty-fifth year of service, and so this *Festschrift* became a monument to the memory of a singularly engaging personality, a ripe scholar, and, above all, a devoted and enthusiastic teacher. There is no need to dwell here upon Professor Elliott's scholarly interests or the great debt which the study of the Romance languages in this country owes to him. The volumes before us testify sufficiently to both, and so profusely that we find it difficult to characterize them or to specify the various streams of influence which they represent.

We may begin, however, with a remark or two of a negative nature. The university to which is due the inception of these studies has always been supposed to represent in this country the methods of German study and scholarship. It is pleasant to find in these volumes that the narrow conception of "philology" usually ascribed to Germany has been broadened by the French interest in literature, both comparative and critical. There are, out of twenty-seven contributions, only three relating to Romance philology in the narrowest sense, and one of these is by a foreign lecturer. The other two are: "Notes on the Etymology of 'Bachelier'," by W. O Stowell, and "Etymological Notes" (*cadastre, cerdo, cerda*), by D. S. Blondheim. Even the wider and more neglected field of grammar has but two articles: "The French Shifts in Adjective Position and their English Equivalents," by E. C. Armstrong, and "The Italian Historical Infinitive," by O. M. Johnston, and of these the first is not narrowly grammatical. With the above may be classed the three bibliographical articles: "Problems in Mediæval Fable Literature," by G. C. Keidel; "Notes for a Bibliography of American Spanish," by C. C. Marden; and "The 1527 Philopono," by E. H. Wilkins.

The remaining contributions may be divided roughly into texts and comment, French mediæval literature, and literature, historical, critical, and comparative (storiology). Two of the texts deal with mediæval fable literature, Old-French and Italian, and, with the bibliographical article cited above and some to be mentioned later, represent the work done in the Romance Seminary on a prospective edition of the fables of Marie de France. The Spanish translation (incomplete) of the "Decameron" published in volume II, pp. 1-235, is out of all proportion to its value or interest and to the rest of the work.

Among the articles on French mediæval literature are: "The Roman du Châtelain de Couci and Fauchet's Chronique," by the late Professor Matzke, and "La Légende des 'Enfances' de Charlemagne et l'Histoire de Charles Martel," by Professor Bédier of Paris, another of the foreign lecturers. There are two papers on the French classical drama, one by Professor Lancaster, "A Classic French Tragedy based on an anecdote told of Charles the Bold," in which the writer shows that the use of modern subjects in the French classical tragedy was not so rare as is usually stated; in the other, "French Classical Drama and the Comédie Larmoyante," Professor Warren endeavors to show that the latter is derived from the former, rather than from the French moralists of the late seventeenth century, or the English stage of that period. The two literary articles of a critical nature are: "The Place of Châteaubriand as a Critic of Italian Literature," by B. L. Bowen, and "The Poetry of Sully-Prudhomme," by E. P. Dargan.

Finally, the class of articles relating to comparative literature or storiology is represented by contributions to the sources of two well-known fables, an Irish analogue to the Castle of the Grail, and an article by the third foreign lecturer, Professor Menendez Pidal, on some relations between Moorish and Christian legends.

The above superficial review of the contents of these volumes will at least give some idea of their varied interest and wide range of scholarship. Happy the teacher who has perpetuated his influence by inspiring so large a band of youth with devotion to his own intellectual pursuits!

Notes

"Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, and Plants, in All Ages and All Climes" (Lippincott) have been gathered in a forthcoming book by Charles M. Skinner.

"Saints and Heroes," in which Dean Hodges has taken examples from the time of Cyprian to the close of the Middle Ages, is announced by Holt for publication this week.

The series of eight lectures which Sir Frederick Pollock delivered recently at Columbia University, on "The Genius of the Common Law," will be brought out late in December by the Columbia University Press.

Little, Brown & Co., the publishers of Francis Parkman's works, announce a pocket edition of the twelve volumes bound in limp morocco and illustrated with photogravure frontispieces and maps.

The life of Thackeray's grandfather is sketched by F. B. Bradley-Birt in a book promised by Smith & Elder—"'Sylhet' Thackeray."

The extension department of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., is offering two prizes, the first of $500, the second of $250, for the best epic poem on the civil war; one of the conditions is that the poem shall show no sectional bias.

Funds are raising for the founding of a Jewish University at Jerusalem, a project of which Israel Abrahams of Cambridge, Eng., the well-known author, is one of the principal promoters There is also to be a liberal endowment of scholarships to be held by students of existing universities, who are to pursue literary or archæological research during a portion of each year at Jerusalem. They are to be elected by an international board of Jewish professors and university teachers.

We have received two more volumes in the edition of Scott's novels which the Oxford University Press (Frowde) is publishing in neat cloth binding with gilt letters: "Redgauntlet" and "The Pirate," the first having thirty-six illustrations, the second forty-five.

Included in "Universities of the World" (Macmillan), by Charles Franklin Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, are sketches of twenty institutions: the universities of Oxford, London, Paris, Leiden, Upsala, Madrid, Geneva, Rome, Athens, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, St. Petersburg, Bucharest, Cairo, Calcutta, Melbourne, Peking, Tokio, and Robert College on the Bosphorus. Dr. Thwing has visited each of the universities, with the single exception of Melbourne; some of the sketches are reprinted from various magazines.

We recommend R. M. Alden's "English Prose of the Eighteenth Century" (Houghton Mifflin) as an unusually judicious and valuable anthology. One reader, if he had his way, would have differed somewhat from Professor Alden in the matter of choice. Even at the expense, if necessary, of some of the selections from the novelists and critics, he would have included a sermon (from Blair's first volume, perhaps, which Dr. Johnson lauded as "more golden than gold") and extracts from Butler and Wollaston.

This to give more backbone to the anthology. To show the lady of that age at her best, he would have added a few letters, say from the gracious and ever lovable Lady Hervey (Molly Lepel). Other readers would have other selections, no doubt; but all will agree that the volume as it stands is wisely, if not completely, representative and furnishes a considerable body of sprightly and noble reading. We like the way in which Dr. Johnson is made the central figure of the book. And as we have turned from author to author we have been peculiarly impressed by the lasting attractiveness of the prose of that century. It may well be that after the shoutings and tramplings of a noisier age have died away we shall go back to those authors with a deepened sense of their wise philosophy and decent charm. Professor Alden's volume gives one much to think about. There is room for an anthology of similar bulk and character to present the poetical work of the eighteenth century; Professor Alden has proved himself the needed editor.

Arnold Bennett republishes, through George H. Doran Company, a little autobiographical book which he first brought out in 1900, when he was successful but far from famous. The book is entitled "The Truth about an Author," and bears all the evidence of being indeed a truthful story of the author's push and good luck in rising to the top as journalist, editor, and miscellaneous hack. Of the good taste displayed in the narrative there may be question. Two things the self-portrayal clearly shows—besides a genius for *réclame*—the enormous and cultivated cleverness of the author, and that lack of deep feeling in literature which deprives his own writing, notwithstanding its knowledge of human nature and its craftsmanship, of the classical qualities of endurance.

In "Business: The Heart of the Nation" (Lane), Charles Edward Russell leaves us the impression that there is none that doeth good, no, not one! If we are not all conscious rascals, we are unconscious; if we are not all actual corruptionists, we are potential. To be sure, he is writing scientifically about those who conduct the business of this land, and of course there is always the implication that a great gulf yawns between the Interests and the People (the capitals are his); yet somehow we get the impression that it is only by a special act of grace that any of us remain honest. He tells us, for example, that it is impossible to conduct a bank of discount within the law:

> The character of the men that conduct banks has nothing to do with the matter. All bankers, of all shades of character, stand here in the same category. Let a man be as pure as the Chevalier Bayard and as disinterested as Washington, and if he conduct a bank he, too, will conduct it upon these lines.

We have here a chapter of horrors—indeed, ten chapters. We are told how the Interests, who appear to include all who are commercially successful, have bought national and municipal government, the courts, the press, the pulpit, have put up the cost of living, created the slums, and taken from the young man in America almost every prospect except that of spending his life as somebody's hired man. But something will be settled in an election not far off, we are told. "Before the next national campaign, the Power will have become too great, the Wealth too menacing, the results too apparent, the failure of the pills and plasters too evident. Then out of the assailed moral sense of the country there will come a movement that will be political, ethical, and economic." Meanwhile, it could be wished that Mr. Russell had been governed a little more by the scientific sense in compiling this book. He might not have been so readable, but he would certainly have been more convincing.

The double section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" *Team-Tezkere* (Frowde) remarkably illustrates the expansion of the language within the last hundred years. Under *Te-* the Anglo-Saxon lexicons list 100 words; Johnson records but 247; Murray, 3,304. The modern increment here is due in large measure to scientific discovery and invention. Since the end of the eighteenth century electrical progress, for example, has called for nearly 130 words in *tele-*. The young person who wishes to tread with impunity among the sesquipedalian newcomers—*telemeteorography, telephotography, testaceology, tetrapodology, tetrakisdodecahedron,* and other geometrical monsters—had better give his days and nights to the study of Greek. Among the more popular late arrivals may be mentioned *terrorism, terrorist,* and *terrorize,* which came in shortly after the French Revolution and have been useful ever since. In the same era of reform, in the early years of the nineteenth century, *temperance,* which for five hundred years had meant moderation in all things, began to mean abstinence from drink. According to the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the first temperance society was organized at Saratoga, N. Y., in 1808, and by 1833 there were 6,000 local societies in the several States. This statement seems to justify Abraham Lincoln's declaration (in his address of 1842 before the Springfield Washingtonian Temperance Society) that America was "the birthplace and the cradle" of the "temperance revolution." It is surprising therefore that the first adjectival use of the word in this sense recorded in the "Oxford Dictionary" is from an English report of 1836. Opening the New York *Observer* of July 6, 1833, we find a column report of the "*temperance* meeting in London," beginning as follows: "Yesterday [May 21, 1833] was the anniversary of the British and Foreign *Temperance* Society at Exeter Hall." This article refers also to the "*temperance* cause" and the "*temperance* movement"; to the reluctance with which Londoners banish the "black decanters" from the dinner-table; and to the great headway made by the "*Temperance* Reformation" in America. These facts are of interest in connection with the rival claims of England and America for the primacy in the use of *teetotal*—"pertaining to total abstinence." The Oxford authorities decidedly favor the claim of Dicky Turner, a workingman of Preston, who is said to have coined the word "about September, 1833"—a deed commemorated on his tombstone. The American claim, set forth in the "Century Dictionary" without contemporary evidence, is that "the word arose in Lansing, N. Y., in January, 1827, from the use on pledge cards of T. to indicate 'total,' and the consequent collocation 'T.—total.'" Against this claim it is urged, on evidence in the Life of Joseph Livesey, "that the total-abstinence movement in the United States, and with it the use of *teetotal,* followed and was greatly influenced by the Preston movement." If such was indeed the case, *teetotalism* must have made giant strides in New England in the three years following 1833; for in a curious tract on "The Influence of Tobacco," printed in Boston in 1836, we find Dr. Mussey of Dartmouth College inquiring, "How can a *temperance* man use tobacco?"—such was the inexorable logic of moral idealism in the northern wilds of New Hampshire!

Concerning three other interesting new words fortunately there is no dispute as to birthplace: *tenderloin* belongs to New York, *tenderfoot* to the Western frontier, and the *teddy-bear* to Mr. Roosevelt. While the origin and history of *tenderloin* in the slang sense lie in the memory of man, some further elucidation of that curious term might well be forthcoming from old residents in the district. The earliest appearance here recorded is in the "Standard Dictionary," 1895. The note, evidently supplied by a New Yorker, runs thus: "Understood to have reference to the large amount of 'graft' said to be got by the police for protecting illegitimate houses in this district, which rendered it the 'juicy part' of the service." Possibly the following passage from O. Henry's "Innocents of Broadway" sheds some light on the problem: "All you have to do anywhere between the North and East Rivers is to stand in the street with an open bag marked 'Drop packages of money here. No checks or loose bills taken.' You have a cop handy to club pikers who try to chip in post-office orders and Canadian money; and that's all there is to New York for a hunter who loves his profession." A native of New York, however, informs the present writer that the word is rapidly going out of use—the old order changeth. One other American contribution of recent years almost as interesting as *teddy-bear* seems to have escaped the Oxford editors: the philosophical term *tender-minded,* apparently coined by William James and described by him in "Pragmatism," 1907, as the temperamental inclination to be rationalistic, intellectualistic, idealistic, optimistic, religious, free-willist, monistic, and dogmatical.

It is interesting to note that two thus far unexploited fields in palæographic science bid fair to owe their first adequate exploration to American scholars. Professor Burnam's "Palæographia Iberica," the publication of which is just beginning, has already been mentioned in these columns. Dr. E. A. Loew of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome has recently issued the first fruits of his long and patient investigations in "Studia Palæographica: A contribution to the history of early Latin minuscule and to the dating of Visigothic MSS." (Munich: König. Bayer. Akademie d. Wissenschaften). He has also in press his monumental "Scriptura Beneventana" (a collection of facsimiles, with accompanying text; Rome: D. Anderson), together with a companion treatise, "The Beneventan Script: A Manual of the South Italian Minuscule," and a wonderfully excellent and cheap series of fifty facsimile plates of early Latin minuscule from the seventh to the ninth century, under the title "Scriptura Latina Minuscula Antiquior" (20 francs; ibid.).

The sketches in "Summer Days at Val-

lombrosa" (A. S. Barnes Co.), by Virginia W. Johnson, suggests wide reading and a curious culture. Many are of the rather obsolete order of the "proso pastel" and seem too slight for publication. The author has caught much that is characteristic of this paradise in the Apennines, but your reviewer finds the restless vivacity and deliberate fancifulness of the style difficult at the outset and rasping in the sequel. Surely there should be some serenity in the treatment of the serenest beauty Italy affords.

"Early Spanish Voyages to the Strait of Magellan," Series II, Vol. XXVIII (Hakluyt Society), translated and edited by Sir Clements Markham, contains an interesting narrative of the Loaysa expedition, written by Andres de Urdaneta; detailed sailing directions by the pilot Uriarte; and accounts of the disastrous voyage undertaken by Sayavedra to ascertain the fate of Loaysa's people, and of the voyage of the little pinnace Santiago to the coast of Mexico. With the instructions issued to the Comendador Loaysa, these documents complete the story of the second voyage through the passage discovered by Magellan. Another chapter describes the fate of Alcazaba and his company, and there is a brief record of the expedition of Alonso de Camargo, in 1540, which apparently resulted in the discovery of Staten Island and the Strait of Le Maire by one of his captains. Only fragments of the vessel's log have been preserved. The last narrative concerns the brothers Nodal, distinguished naval officers, and the first to circumnavigate Tierra del Fuego. It was a remarkable expedition, inasmuch as the brothers never parted company, even in the worst weather, and their caravels never lost sight of each other. Moreover, the expedition did not lose a man, either through illness or through accident. The book contains three maps and several illustrations.

"Timothy Flint, Pioneer, Missionary, Author, Editor, 1780-1840," by J. E. Kirkpatrick, is published by the Arthur H. Clark Co. Dr. Kirkpatrick has been at great pains in collecting material, but we cannot think that the subject deserves a book of above 300 pages. Timothy Flint was an estimable man, and of some local importance in his day, the writer of many books, some of which, such as the novel "Francis Berrian," were once popular, and some, such as his "Recollections of the Last Ten Years," published in 1826, are still valuable as historical sources. But the author has fallen into the common error of measuring the importance of his subject by his own interest in it; and he has labored to relate the life of Flint as something worthy to be remembered for its own sake. But even the most complacent reader must protest when he is invited to see in Flint's tribute to Massachusetts "the same sustained eloquence" that is to be found in Webster's famous eulogy in his Reply to Hayne. The passage quoted is pure fustian, and, in fact, none of Flint's work rises much above mediocrity. The world has forgotten both the man and his writings, and it has done well. A careful edition of the Recollections, or a collection of the letters of Flint, would have been useful for the historian of the Middle West. Besides, the man himself would have been revealed much more clearly in his writings than he is in the present biography, which, indeed, is at best little more than a paraphrase of those writings.

Among the works of permanent value called forth by Italy's semi-centennial of national existence is "Mezzo Secolo di Vita Italiana, 1861-1911" (Milan: Antonio Vallardi), a folio volume of above 200 pages, containing 26 articles on all phases of development. Each department is described by a specialist. Thus Dr. A. Comandini gives the best résumé of political history to be found anywhere in the same space; ex-Minister Rava writes on legislation, Professor Tajani on railway expansion, and Professor De Johannis on that scabrous topic, finance. Science, art, literature, are treated in a dozen articles. Don Romolo Murri, the Modernist deputy, outlines in a clear, fair-minded essay the relations of Church and State. In general, the papers, although "popular," are accurate, and contain a great deal of reliable information. Those which deal with the theatre, the opera, and journalism have many entertaining personal details. The survey as a whole leaves on one the impression of an alert people, feeling the exhilaration of renascence, but hampered on one side by the clogging habits of its past, and on the other by material and financial needs that cannot be supplied in a generation. Nevertheless, the gains already achieved are amazing. This book has nearly 400 illustrations, including portraits of almost all the celebrities and demi-celebrities, besides maps, views, and statistical diagrams. It is published at only five lire.

John Meigs, who, as its principal, made the Hill School at Pottstown, Pa., one of the best known preparatory schools in this country, died last week, aged fifty-nine; he was a graduate of Lafayette College in the class of 1870.

Martin Ignatius Joseph Griffin, secretary of the American Catholic Historical Society, died in Philadelphia on Friday of last week, aged sixty-nine. Numbered among his works are: "History of Commodore John Barry," "General Stephen Moylan," "Bishop Egan," "Thomas Lloyd," "Thomas Fitz-Simons," and "Catholics and the American Revolution," in two volumes.

William Clark Russell, the popular writer of sea stories, died last week in London, at the age of sixty-seven. Though born in America, he was the son of English parents. His father was Henry Russell, the well-known composer of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Cheer, Boys Cheer," and other popular melodies. His mother was a connection of the Wordsworths, and was associated in her childhood with Coleridge, the Lambs, and Southey. As a lad Clark Russell showed a restless and adventurous disposition. When at school in Boulogne he conspired with one of Charles Dickens's sons to run away and make a fortune by shooting elder ducks in Norway; the scheme was frustrated. At thirteen he entered Dunbar's service as a midshipman, and on many long voyages acquired a first-hand knowledge of the sea, of which he later made literary use. After attempting a blank-verse tragedy in five acts, called "Fra Angelo"—which, by the way, was the last play produced by Walter Montgomery—he wrote a three-volume novel, which was not successful. Meanwhile he contributed to the London *Review* and other papers, and for some time was associated with Joseph Cowen, M.P., on the Newcastle *Chronicle*. This accounts for his knowledge of Newcastle and the neighborhood, which are picturesquely caught in the "Sea Queen" and other books. One secret of Mr. Russell's success was his sincerity in trying to expose sailors' secret grievances, and to enlist public sympathy on their behalf. The names of Mr. Russell's other stories would make a long list. We may mention: "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "John Holdsworth," "The Frozen Pirate," "The Convict Ship," "Rose Island," "The Tale of the Ten," "The Two Captains," "Overdue," and biographies of Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, and other naval worthies.

From Berlin comes the report of the death of the Orientalist and Celtic scholar, Dr. Ludwig Stern, at the age of sixty-five. He was connected with the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in Berlin, and later was made keeper of the department of manuscripts in the Royal Library. With Prof. Kuno Meyer he founded in 1895 the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*. Among his works are a grammar of Coptic, studies in "Ossian," and contributions on Celtic literature in "Die Kultur der Gegenwart."

In the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* a writer makes a plea for a more general study of biography, and especially of autobiographies, and takes for illustration the accounts of their lives by Cellini, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Gibbon, Goethe, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer. His point that to the discerning the philosophy of human conduct is nowhere better revealed, is so well taken that we regret to see a bit of rough-and-ready reasoning in one large section of the article. Finding that "not one of these writers stood in absolutely normal relations with their women," he concludes that a man of intellectual attainments had best choose for a life partner a woman in whom impulse is stronger than reason and whose mind is not above the elementary. Another article sets forth, in an account of Fogazzaro's relation to modernism, the impenetrable logic, its premises being admitted, of which the Roman church stands possessed to disarm and humble Catholics with advanced ideas. There is also a comprehensive review of the circumstances which have created the great political crisis in which the Republican party, and particularly President Taft, now find themselves. The writer adopts the view that the President made a colossal blunder in using the coming report of the Tariff Board as a buffer against popular discontent with the wool schedule.

The recent strikes in Great Britain have been studied by a writer in the *Quarterly Review* in the light of the several discussions of socialism and industrial problems which have appeared in the past three years. "Social history shows that under this system [the existing organization of society], itself the outcome of natural forces, the conditions of labor have steadily and continuously improved; and it is reasonable to believe that, given social stability, the same process will continue, and the economical problem of a fair distribution of wealth will in time be solved." If

labor would submit to "collective bargaining," the danger of a great upheaval would be comparatively small; but the impatience of the rank and file over the terms extracted by their leaders from capital furnishes a huge menace to the social order. The most imperative duty for the public to-day, the writer believes, is to work for gradual evolution by insisting upon good faith in the dealings of both parties.

In this number of the *Quarterly Review* is a sketch, by Salomon Reinach, the eminent French scholar, of the growth of mythological study from before Christ to the present day. The two fundamental fallacies with one or the other of which students of mythology are forever suffering entanglement are illustrated by Professor Reinach in connection with the myth of Danaé and the shower of gold. Using the allegorical system, one might say that by the golden rain of Jupiter is typified the sun's rays, with all their fertilizing power; or that the unconquerable might of gold is intended. But, as the writer points out, "drawing a lesson from a myth and explaining a myth are two quite different things." The other method is the historical, or euhemeristic; it would discover in the story an outgrowth of a real adventure, in which "a hero of old had entered the dwelling of Princess Danaé by dint of munificence." To do this, says Mr. Reinach, is to suppress the myth, and not to create history in its stead. His own explanation rests upon a certain amount of historical fact, and yet leaves the story still in the realm of the mythical:

> In many parts of the Balkan Peninsula, and also in Germany, where peasants are afflicted by a long period of drought, they take a girl, strip her naked, and pour water upon her head. It is a ceremony of sympathetic magic, wherewith they hope to obtain good rain by giving a forcible example to the reluctant sky.

The fact that Danaé, in Greek, means dry helps to prove the ancient existence of this custom. But, as it stands, the story has evidently fused with one or another of the many myths, which have long existed, of supernatural births. In short, myths, whatever their historical foundation, are begotten of myths.

Science

Pure Foods. By John C. Olsen. Boston: Ginn & Co. 80 cents.

Paper-Bag Cookery: By Nicholas Soyer. New York: Sturgis & Walton. 60 cents net.

The national outburst of indignation at the recent cabal in Washington against Dr. Wiley showed how thoroughly the American people have become aroused on the question of pure food. Dr. Wiley's own book, "Foods and Their Adulterations," is the most comprehensive treatise on the subject, but there is room for others, and Dr. Olsen's must be welcomed as giving within 210 pages a great deal of accurate information of vital importance. He is professor of analytical chemistry at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and editor of the *Chemical Annual.* As such, he is naturally interested in the analytical side of the food question, and every chapter is followed by directions for experiments to determine the composition of different articles of food. These directions are, however, not intended for chemists so much as for teachers and students of domestic science and also for housewives. In many cases the ordinary kitchen utensils are the only apparatus required, together with a few simple chemicals that can be purchased at the nearest apothecary's. Suspected meats, bread, candies, milk, butter, oils, etc., may thus be readily tested for traces of borax, alum, copper sulphate, aniline dyes, and other injurious chemicals.

As regards benzoate of soda, Dr. Olsen refers to the decision of the Referee Board of the United States Department of Agriculture, that four grains of it a day may be consumed without harm. The Prussian Government's experts have, however, recently sided with Dr. Wiley in this matter, and Dr. Olsen also adds that, even though the chemical substance itself may be entirely harmless, "foods prepared with it may be unwholesome and inferior to foods prepared without it, so that it might be desirable to prohibit its use." The principal indictment against chemical preservatives is that while they prevent the growth of bacteria which produce the foul odors and taste, they allow other bacteria to grow at a rapid rate, the consequence being that the preserved food can contain about four times as many bacteria as the unpreserved before seeming to be spoiled. It has been shown, too—particularly in the cases of milk and public water supplies—that even in the absence of any specific disease germs, the consumption of foods containing a large number of bacteria increases the death rate.

Dr. Olsen aims not only to make every housewife her own detective, but to provide hints for those who prepare and sell foods, to whom he preaches the good old doctrine that in the long run honesty is the best and most profitable policy. There is also much miscellaneous information, accompanied by pictures, about things good to eat and drink, which will interest the general reader. That bananas have the greatest food value among fruits is a thing well to know, for example; and girls will feel proud to learn that their liking for chocolate creams—the most largely sold of all candies in this country—has a physiological reason, inasmuch as these contain all the elements of a complete diet. The author regrets that in New York and other cities it is illegal to sell skim milk, because skim milk is an excellent food which can be sold at a fairly low price. It is forbidden because the public may be deceived. How easy it is to deceive the public is illustrated by the fact that large quantities of artificial jellies (usually harmless) are sold as currant, raspberry, strawberry jellies, etc., the only difference between them being in the labels!

On the whole, the author admits, no generation has been so well fed as the people of to-day. At the same time it is becoming more difficult every year to find good cooks; wherefore every one who devises a way of making kitchen work less laborious and therefore more attractive must be hailed as a public benefactor. Such a benefactor is Nicolas Soyer, whose system of Paper-Bag Cookery has conquered the world with surprising rapidity. While most families are in culinary matters as conservative as in their religious beliefs, this innovation offers such surprising advantages with such insignificant expense to begin with that thousands have promptly adopted it. Cooking food in paper is by no means a new thing; the classical French cuisine has long had its *en papillote*, but little use was made of it, probably because the food so cooked tasted of paper. Mr. Soyer relates in his little book how this defect frustrated for years his attempts to use paper-bag cookery on a large scale; but finally he found a paper which did not taint the flavor of the dishes, but even improved the flavor by preventing the escape of any gases, and thus also did away with kitchen odors. Further advantages claimed for it are that it prevents shrinkage of food, does away with the necessity of basting roasts, retains all the nutritive qualities, eliminates greasy pans and pots from the task of dish-washing, saves fuel, and prevents contamination of the food. These claims can be substantiated. We have tried various dishes cooked in the paper bags and found them juicy and of excellent flavor. Mr. Soyer's invention is a supplement to, rather than a substitute for, the fireless cookery.

A committee chosen from the teachers of biology in the high schools of Chicago has prepared a "Guide to the Study of Animals"; the book will be issued by D. C. Heath & Co.

"The King's Evil," by Dr. Raymond Crawfurd (Clarendon Press), is an amplification of the author's recent lectures on the subject at the Royal College of Physicians—lectures in which the endeavor was to produce "a living part of the general history of England" rather than a medical treatise. Beginning with a discussion of the origin of the custom, in which contemporary writers are quoted at ample length, Dr. Crawfurd proceeds through an account of its growth, popularity, and lapses from popularity, to its last manifestations (in France) in the early nineteenth century. Although the purely medical discussion occupies but a few pages, the old accounts of cures are subjected to strict and skeptical analysis. All of the extant Offices of Healing of the English sovereigns are printed in full. Dr. Crawfurd writes in an easy style, and shows an appreciation of the quaint and humorous

incidents connected with the long history of the custom. The book is illustrated with plates of many of the touch pieces (coins given to the sufferers, for talismans) and with reproductions of contemporary prints of the healing ceremonies. The one hundred and fifty-odd pages of text lack chapter division and index; it is unfortunate the results of so thorough research as this were not presented in such a manner as to have made it readily available for reference. A copious but unclassified bibliography, and an appendix containing a number of royal proclamations concerning audiences for touching complete the book.

Capt. E. Caslant's "Passé et avenir de la navigation aérienne" (Paris, Chapelot), is a treatise on the art, not too elaborate for the general reader if acquainted with mechanics. The author proceeds in an orderly fashion. He first treats of ballooning proper, past and present, and concludes in respect of the future that the spherical balloon will never go out of fashion, because it is cheap, safe, and, in a sporting point of view, enjoyable. Naturally, however, modern attention fixes itself upon aviation proper, and this part of the subject accordingly receives great extension. It is astonishing to read that the multiplane may not unreasonably be expected to serve in the transport of merchandise, a weight of fifteen tons being mentioned as a possibility without unduly exaggerating the machine. But to carry passengers on long journeys, under trustworthy conditions of safety, the helicoplane is marked as the machine of the future. It is interesting to note that the experiments of the Wright brothers, now in hand, are probably looking to the development of this sort of machine. If they succeed, aviation may be less a French art than it unquestionably is at the present day.

Edouard-François André, whose death is reported at the age of seventy-one, was for several years editor-in-chief of *La Revue Horticole*. Besides designing several notable parks, he wrote: "Le Mouvement horticole," three volumes, "Traité des plantes à feuillage ornemental," "Les Fougères," and "Traité général des parcs et jardins."

Prof. Bernhard Fränkel, the throat specialist, died in Berlin on Monday, in his seventy-fifth year. For many years he had been prominent in the crusade against tuberculosis. He was for a long period professor of diseases of the throat and nose in the University of Berlin. He wrote much on his subject.

Drama

The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

This is a book notable for the labor bestowed upon the making of it, for the mass and general accuracy of its details, and for its convenience as a volume of ready reference. As an explanatory catalogue of all the native writers who have contributed plays to the stage in America since the middle of the eighteenth century to the present time, it has a positive value. The conscientious stage student, of course, will prefer to consult the original sources from which much of the matter has been obtained, rather than content himself with summaries, fortified by extracted opinions of all kinds, though Mr. Moses, already well-known as a frequent writter on theatrical subjects, displays a wide acquaintance with accepted authorities. His facts are much more trustworthy than his theatrical philosophy is sound, or deep. The book lacks chiefly breadth of judgment and catholicity of taste, it is wanting in the sense of proportion—being especially reckless in its estimates and comparisons—and, in its very glibness, betrays frequent signs of undue haste, especially in the inconsequence of many of its arguments. It is weak also on the side of prolonged personal experience, which is indispensable in any attempt to compare the acting of the past with that of the present.

Having conceded the skill and the industry of Mr. Moses as a compiler of recorded facts, it is only necessary here to refer to his individual theories and opinions. These, as a rule, are conceived from the point of view of the modern realist. He believes the day of the poetic and romantic drama to be over, arguing that the public has outgrown it and that the genius of poets is not dramatic. He cites especially the cases of Browning and Tennyson, whereas what they lacked was not the dramatic, but the theatrical sense. Moreover, Irving made a great financial success of "Becket." It is true that "Ulysses" and "Sapho and Phaon" were distressing failures here in spite of their poetic merit, but this was largely if not wholly due to their abominably incapable performance. Only Shakespeare can survive treatment of that kind. Mr. Moses says that every poet who has written a play intended it for the stage—which is surely a pretty rash statement. In discussing this question he seems to put Edwin Forrest in the same category with Macready and Irving, which no competent critic ever did before.

As to Henry Arthur Jones's dictum —which he quotes approvingly—that a play which is truly alive must be literature, that is only true, if it is true at all, in the narrowest literal sense. Elsewhere Mr. Moses declares that real drama must comply with the practical demands of the playhouse. But who is to decide what those "practical demands" are? Shakespeare, or Sir Herbert Tree? Speaking of the pernicious influences of European traditions he complains that American playwrights are still trying to explain American conditions by a technique which is not native. The question immediately suggests itself whether such a thing as a native technique is conceivable. All dramatic technique is founded upon the same elemental laws. The climax must always come before the catastrophe. In his admiration of stark realism, Mr. Moses, like so many other young writers, is apt to mistake the merely bald and obvious for great and universal truth. Thus he vastly overrates the indisputable talent of the late James C. Herne. No exact reproduction of the particular can be the reflection of life as a whole. The broad, not the narrow, vision marks the great dramatist. Therein lies the weakness of Ibsen.

There is an interesting chapter on the stage methods of Mr. Belasco, one of the most gifted of modern producers. As a manager he has rarely had a failure. But his triumphs have always been due to the merit of the stagecraft rather than of the play. Actually, by the subordination of the dramatic to the pictorial, he, like Sir Herbert Tree, is setting up false standards in dramatic art. Nothing that he has yet written has permanent value. Yet Mr. Moses ranks him high as a dramatist. And he puts Clyde Fitch in the same class as Pinero. Fitch was extraordinarily clever and facile, an expert photographer and carpenter, but not an inventor, while his work exhibited neither high purpose and definite plan nor conviction. In a chapter on the poetic drama he rehearses all the familiar arguments of the modern realists and impressionists, without perceiving, apparently, that these, instead of being in favor of growth and progress as they profess to be, really propose to keep the theatre within narrow bounds and shut it off altogether from the wider fields of beauty, thought, and imagination. Realism has its place in the theatre, of course, as romance has. Nobody ever pretended that the theatre ought to be devoted wholly to the poetic and ideal. Its scope should be that of universal art. But the imaginative theatre demands special training and capacity, while the realistic stage does not. Mr. Moses says that Americans do not care for tragedy. Where is the proof? They used to care in the days of Booth. They flock now to Marlowe and Sothern.

In a long article upon the Theatrical Trusts he states the facts clearly enough, but apparently does not realize the enormous, perhaps irreparable, harm they have done by killing all wholesome competition and the art of acting. Only those old enough to have lived under another theatrical system can appreciate this fact fully. Mr. Moses appears to think the so-called "stock companies" of to-day useful. On this, as on many other points, it is difficult to agree with him, but his book is so full of biographical and other facts that it will find a place in most theatrical libraries as a ready aid to memory.

Sardou's clever comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouches," is about to be published by D. C. Heath & Co., with notes and vocabulary by W. O. Farnsworth.

For their second performance in the Lyric Theatre the Drama Players of Chicago, under the direction of Donald Robertson, selected "Les Femmes savantes" of Molière, using the English version of Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, entitled somewhat ambiguously "The Learned Ladies." In this, as might have been expected, they won much more popular approval than rewarded their really excellent interpretation of Ibsen's lugubrious and insignificant "Lady from the Sea," simply because of the vital humor and still pregnant satire of the French comedy; but their own executive part of the work left much to be desired. Beyond question the company contains good raw histrionic material, but it needs much intelligent training before it can hope to reach that condition of general proficiency to which it aspires—which, indeed, it virtually now assumes to possess. The scheme of an independent theatrical organization for the performance of the best drama of all kinds is so admirable in itself that its failure for lack of a little foresight would be deplorable. Mr. Robertson and his associates have avoided some of the most conspicuous errors of the New Theatre, but seem to be in danger of adopting others equally perilous. With the whole body of American actors to pick from, it would be impossible at this time to form at a moment's notice a really good stock company, capable of playing tragedy, high comedy, or modern drama in satisfactory fashion. To-day only veteran players, survivors of an earlier generation, have had any training in the older poetic or literary drama. Without such training, which has been made almost impossible by the existing theatrical system, romantic and literary plays, including the comedy of artificial manners, cannot be produced properly. And unless they can be produced properly, nobody who can appreciate their peculiar excellences wishes to see them upon the stage. Nothing is more fatal to the best interests of the theatre than the gross abuse of masterpieces by incompetent performers. Ibsen, Bernstein, Fitch, and their contemporaries demand no such interpretative skill as Shakespeare or Molière.

This is a fact that should be borne in mind by the directors of the Drama Players. In Ibsen Mr. Robertson and his companions acquitted themselves admirably. All of them were experienced in what is known as the modern school of acting, the art of doing commonplace things in a perfectly natural way. But in Molière they were confronted with a problem of a totally different kind—the character types, the situations, and the fundamental humor, indeed, are common to all the ages of civilization, but the manners depicted are those of a special period, while the dialogue is of a highly artificial kind, for all its essential verities, and demands a special nicety of emphasis and diction. Professor Page's English, inevitably, differs widely in form, quality, and rhythm from the French, but is more or less patterned upon it, and is designedly literary and artificial. Plainly, therefore, the representation, to be of any particular artistic value, ought to have reflected Molièresque methods in speech and action. But it was precisely in these respects—formal, graceful, artificial action and smooth, rhythmical, emphatic utterance—that it conspicuously failed. It was a brisk and tolerably effective performance of an ancient farcical comedy according to contemporaneous theatrical methods, but, apart from the costumes and furniture, it offered little that was characteristic of the seventeenth century. This was because the actors, with only one or two exceptions, had never been trained in the school of old-English comedy which is closely akin to the French. In short, the Drama Players committed a similar mistake to that of the New Theatre in trying to improve "The School for Scandal" by giving it a more modern atmosphere. It is no small proof of Molière's genius that he suffered less from the experiment than did Sheridan. It is pretty safe to say that Mr. Robertson's company, whatever distinction it may achieve in the modern drama, will do nothing worth while in the classics of the stage, until it has been well drilled in the rudiments of elocution and gesture. The comparative success won by "The Learned Ladies" was due to its own intrinsic theatrical merits, which were only partly obscured by inadequate interpetation. The capacity of the Drama Players in good modern drama will be tested more effectually in "The Thunderbolt" of Pinero, which they are to play next.

Cyril Maude's experiment with "Rip Van Winkle" at the London Playhouse proved vain, as might have been expected. His stage version of the legend did not differ much—if printed reports can be trusted—from that with which Jefferson made the English-speaking world familiar, and a worse play it would be difficult to find anywhere. The glamour which the genius of a single actor has thrown about this piece is extraordinary. In the popular eye it has long been regarded as a dramatic masterpiece, while confiding pastors of many denominations used to recommend it to their flocks as one of the few entertainments provided by the theatre which could not justly be accounted pernicious. As a matter of fact, it is not only one of the flimsiest, but one of the most immoral plays that have ever flourished behind the footlights. It demands sympathy with a lazy, drunken vagabond, who reduces himself and his family to beggary and in the end regains prosperity by using a lawyer's trick to evade the claims of his creditors. But Jefferson so glorified the shabby theatrical fabric with his humor and pathos that few playgoers ever thought of its true character or cared about it if they did. The play, in this case, was not the thing at all. Rip died with Joseph Jefferson, and it is not at all likely that any future actor will succeed in resuscitating him. Such a miracle could be wrought only by a comedian of the rarest artistic insight and capacity, and he could put his gifts to much better purpose. Mr. Maude has now returned to his legitimate sphere in "Dad," an English adaptation by Capt. John Kendall from the "Papa" of Robert de Flers and G. A. de Caillavet. This is an essentially Gallic tale of a gay father who enters against his son in the lists of love, and proves the successful suitor.

A new play which Frederick Lonsdale has written for Cyril Maude tells the story of a trial engagement, in which the principals agree to a formal betrothal with the understanding that either is at liberty to renounce it at any time before a certain date, after which, if there has been no breach, matrimony shall follow.

The Viennese actor, Max Pallenberg, who is credited with the possession of both tragic and comic power, has been engaged, after much negotiation, to play the part of the Troubadour in Professor Reinhardt's forthcoming spectacle at the London Olympia. The part seems to offer great opportunities to a versatile actor, as it is supposed to symbolize all the trials and temptations to which a nun might be exposed upon leaving the cloister for the outer world.

For the first production of its thirteenth season the Incorporated Stage Society of London has selected a dramatization of George Moore's novel, "Esther Waters," made by the author himself. It is many years since a play from his pen has been seen in a West End theatre.

Music

Thirty Songs by Franz Liszt. Edited by Carl Armbruster. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

A Century of Russian Song. Collected and Edited by Kurt Schindler. New York: G. Schirmer. $2 net.

Jewish Folk Songs. Collected, Harmonized and Arranged by Platon Brounoff. New York: Chas. K. Harris. $2.

The assertion of an eminent Frenchman that "musicians do not love masterworks" is borne out particularly by the average song recital programme. Robert Franz, in a letter to Mr. Apthorp, referred to "the boundless vanity of professional singers," adding that "these gentry never care for the thing itself, but only for their own personal success." The historian Ambros commented on the custom of concert singers of searching the volumes of songs for those ending with loud high notes, which, like the old Roman *vos plaudite*, are an appeal for applause. Adding to these traits the natural indolence of most vocalists, which made Liszt remark sarcastically that it would be too much to ask them to enlarge their repertory by learning new songs, we can understand why so many mastersongs are neglected in our concert halls. Liszt himself was one of those who suffered most from such neglect. In his case there was a further impediment in the difficulty and expressiveness of his piano parts, which made it necessary, in order to obtain the best results, to have a player of the same rank as the singer. And thus it has come about that of his sixty or more *lieder* only half a dozen have been adopted by professional singers.

In this centenary year it may perhaps be hoped that some, at any rate, of the singers will take the trouble to bring forward a few of his neglected mastersongs. They will find a good selection of them in the volume just issued by the Ditson Co. The editor, Mr. Armbruster, may be commended for the

choice he has made; also for the footnotes to many of the songs, which will aid both singer and pianist in matters of expression. The introductory pages are concerned mostly with a sketch of Liszt's career. Of eleven columns, only two are concerned with the songs themselves and those two are not particularly valuable or discriminating. We read that Liszt's "Hungarian descent and French education prevented him from quite becoming a German." As a matter of fact, it is in his songs that the cosmopolitan Liszt is peculiarly German. Goethe, Heine, and Schiller are the poets most favored by him, and in his settings of their songs, he is like the best Teuton composers in depth of feeling, spontaneity, tenderness, and dreamy pathos. Mr. Armbruster is particularly impressed in these songs with their composer's "Titan-like command of musical expression." Liszt, he adds, "has produced gems, the charm of which is absolutely irresistible to an unprejudiced hearer." The bibliography is far from complete. In particular, it is surprising that under the head of Essays and Sketches, the only two volumes in the English language that have special chapters on Liszt's songs are not mentioned. One is "Songs and Song Writers"; the other, Hueffer's "Wagner and the Music of the Future."

Until recently, the public and the singers who entertain it at recitals knew little of Russian songs, excepting those of Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky. A few months ago, Breitkopf & Härtel issued a collection of nineteen, seven of which are by Moussorgsky, the others by Rachmaninov. To this the Schirmers have now added a clearly printed and beautifully bound collection of fifty, by a dozen Russians. The list includes, besides the two just mentioned, Glinka, Dargomijsky, Rubinstein, Borodine, Cui, Balakirev, Rimsky-Korsakov, Arensky, Glazunov, Tchaikovsky. In making his selections, Mr. Schindler was guided, as he admits, not so much by the beauty of the songs or by his personal preferences, as by the desire to place before the English-speaking public those songs that are "the most direct expression of the Russian national character."

Years ago we expressed the opinion that Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky differed from other Russian composers, in having real creative genius, especially from the melodic point of view. A perusal of this volume of songs does not modify that verdict. The best twelve songs in it are the six by Rubinstein and the six by Tchaikovsky, although they are not the best written by those composers. How Mr. Schindler can call Moussorgsky "Russia's greatest musician" is incomprehensible. His opera "Boris Godounov" we have not yet heard (it is to be produced this season at the Metropolitan), but in his songs he certainly does not reveal the divine faculty of creating new melodic ideas. Rosa Newmarch, whose articles on the Russian composers in the new edition of Grove are the best by far ever written on them, says that, "had the realistic schools of painting and fiction never come into being, we might still reconstruct from Moussorgsky's songs the whole psychology of Russian life." That may be true; Mr. Schindler in his preface gives some very interesting details corroborating that assertion, and from this point of view, in particular, the songs of all these Russians are worthy of attention. But, after all, psychology, poetic realism, sympathy with peasants, and national melancholy are not in themselves music, and from the purely musical point of view Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky remain, even if they are not "nationalists," Russia's greatest composers. Melodically the songs of the other ten Russians in this collection are of interest when they copy or recall the folk music of their country.

Not a few Russian songs, notably Rubinstein's, are colored by quaintly fascinating Oriental melodic intervals. This, as a matter of course, is true also of the "Jewish Folk Songs" issued by Platon Brounoff. Mr. Brounoff is musically a descendant of Rubinstein, whom he also strikingly resembles in appearance. He has composed works that are superior to most of the novelties produced in our concert halls and which some day will be produced there. His collection of Jewish songs appeals not only to those of his race but to all lovers of good music. They are the best of about 250 he has written down after hearing them sung by Hebrews who have preserved the traditions. Possibly some were borrowed by them—it is as impossible to tell as it is difficult to make a distinction between Semitic traits in music and Oriental coloring in general; but the main thing is that these Jewish songs have melodic charm and that Mr. Brounoff has set them to piano parts that are not only musicianly, but preserve and emphasize their spirit.

A new biography of Richard Strauss will soon be published in Berlin by Schuster & Loeffler. It will have sixty portraits of the composer, and analyses of his compositions, including eighty that have never been published.

The lately discovered Beethoven symphony will shortly be published by Breitkopf & Härtel. That it is a juvenile work by the great symphonist Prof. Fritz Stein of Jena gives good reasons to believe in a forty-six-page brochure, entitled "Eine Jugendsymphonie Beethovens?"

New operas, in the days of Grau and Conried, were usually produced near the end of the season, as it was taken for granted that they would not be given more than two or three times. The lesson taught by Oscar Hammerstein, and recent experiences at the Metropolitan, where two of last season's novelties, Humperdinck's "Königskinder" and Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," led in the number of performances, have changed all that. This year not only are these two operas in the first week's repertory, but an actual novelty, Thuille's "Lobetanz," is to be produced on Saturday afternoon. The $10,000 prize-opera "Mona," by Professor Parker, has been postponed until January, owing to the temporary absence of the prima donna who is to create the principal rôle. In the meantime we are to hear one or more of several other novelties promised, probably Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose." Whether Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," and Nevin's "Twilight" also will be staged remains to be seen. Among the revivals promised it is pleasant to see Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Boïto's "Mefistofele," and Rossini's "William Tell." The list of singers is as strong as ever in the past so far as sopranos, tenors, and baritones are concerned. Why great contraltos and basses are so scarce no one can explain. Among this year's newcomers the most noted are Luisa Tetrazzini (not heretofore a regular member of the company), the famous Munich contralto, Margarete Matzenauer, who won a great success as Amneris in "Aïda" on Monday, and two other Germans, both of them Wagner specialists, the tenor Heinrich Hensel and the baritone Herman Weil.

Lillian Nordica's appearances with the Philharmonic Orchestra will be on November 27, 28, 29. Her Western tour, which began on September 28, has been a series of triumphs. From February 5 to 17 she will sing at the Boston Opera House with the Symphony Orchestra in German rôles. It was due to her that the noted conductor, Felix Weingartner, consented to come to this country and take charge of the ten performances. After that, until she again goes upon a short road tour with Mr. Shipman, the diva will be heard in New York at several charitable entertainments. She expects to give some attention to the singing class she organized last winter in connection with the Political Equality Association.

No opera holds its own better than Gounod's "Faust." Recently it had its 1,400th performance in Paris. Yet, when it was first produced, in 1859, it was not a success. The critics condemned it almost unreservedly, and nobody seemed to believe in the opera's future. The composer actually experienced difficulty in finding a publisher. One, however, more discriminating than the rest, by name Choudens, bought the opera for 8,000 francs, and in so doing laid the foundations of a great business. When Frederick Gye heard "Faust" in Paris he confidently asserted that it contained only two really good numbers, the "Soldiers' Chorus" being one of them. Nor did Tom Chappell form a much higher opinion of the music, but, as a speculation, undertook to pay £160 for the English performing rights. The 300th performance of the work at Covent Garden occurred two years ago. Lately it was given for the 800th time at the Brussels Monnaie, where, in the last half-century, there have been 78 representatives of Marguerite.

Edmund Schuecker, the harpist, known both in this country and Europe, died a week ago in Kreuznach, Germany. He was

the harpist for the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1910, and in 1888 he received the title of "court harpist" from the Grand Duke Ernest of Saxony.

Art

G. Griffin Lewis has prepared a "Practical Book of Oriental Rugs," which will soon be brought out by J. B. Lippincott.

"Architecture and Environment" is the promising title of a book by L. March Phillips, which Holt announces.

In his book, "History of English Ironwork of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," announced by B. T. Batsford, J. Starkie Gardner describes such features as gates, balconies, fanlights, vanes, and signs.

Botticelli's Miracles of St. Zenobius, which has been bought by the Metropolitan Museum, is the fourth of a series of *cassone* panels of which the Dresden Gallery owns one, and the Mond Collection two. In the panel acquired by the Metropolitan Museum three scenes are represented. Possibly it is a shade less fine than the other three, the architecture being less fine and less ingeniously disposed. But a Botticelli is now so difficult to come by that the museum is to be congratulated warmly on this acquisition. Curator Bryson Burroughs, in the *Bulletin* of the Museum, describes and discusses the panel and suggests a date near the Calumny (1490-95). This is a compromise between the views of Dr. Richter, who dates it early, and Mr. Horne, who sets it very late. We incline strongly to Mr. Horne's view. The considerable difference between these four St. Zenobius panels and the mystical Nativity (dated 1500) in the National Gallery is due to the fact that the Nativity is painted on canvas and is a nocturne. Such minor but desirable accessions as a Mars and Venus by Sodoma and a *cassone* front by Matteo da Siena attest an intelligent activity with which the press endeavors in vain to cope. J. P. Morgan has lent to the Museum a very fine Annunciation by that rare master, Rogier de la Pasture. It was formerly one of the show pieces, first of the Ashburnham, then of the Kann collection.

In connection with the loan exhibition of early American silver now open at the Metropolitan Museum, there has been issued a "Catalogue of an Exhibition of Silver used in New York, New Jersey, and the South." Somewhat less elaborate than the catalogue published some years ago at Boston, covering New England silver, the present pamphlet is beautiful in its typographical clarity and simplicity—a worthy product of the Gilliss press. There are many half-tone illustrations, and R. T. Haines Halsey, the well-known authority on Colonial antiquities, has contributed valuable notes on the early New York silversmiths. Apart from their immediate purpose, these notes have interesting and varied historical and personal bearings. Thus the catalogue is a model of its kind, being not merely a guide, but also a permanent contribution to the study of the subject. We may add that the plate of the Middle States has not the uniformly English quality of New England silver; Dutch and even Swedish makers have to be reckoned with.

William Rothenstein's show of lithographs, drawings, and paintings at the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company is of quite exceptional interest and significance. In every class of design this young English artist shows an unflinching energy of draughtsmanship. We cannot dwell upon his famous sketch portraits, in lithographic transfers, of British and Continental celebrities. Obscure folk of taste might well be glad to be portrayed in a fashion at once so convenient, unpretentious, and characterful. In this brief notice it is impossible to praise aright Mr. Rothenstein's recent pencil sketches of Indian types. The expression is of amazing terseness. Only a great draughtsman can imply so much as to mass and character with means so sparse. Often a generation or two passes without producing work of such tonic excellence. These Hindu subjects are so exemplary that it is a pity they should be dispersed. A museum is the place for them.

A collection of old Chinese paintings, bronzes, and potteries at the Montross Galleries is well worth a visit. The finest type of Sung painting is unrepresented, but there are many admirable panels and scrolls of Yuan and Ming periods. Generally speaking, the smaller paintings are of the finer quality. The bronzes include some magnificent archaic examples, and the Sung stone ware with its delicate blue glaze is as fascinating as it is rare.

Howard Pyle died in Florence a week ago of heart failure. He was born in Wilmington, Del., in 1853, and after leaving preparatory school turned to the study of art, three years being spent in Philadelphia. Partially discouraged, he went into business, but was soon reclaimed for the career of his choice by the success attending his early drawings in the magazines. He has described in an amusing fashion how his first assignment in illustration, a picture called Wreck in the Offing, brought him steady employment and set him shortly afterward in the way of making friends of such men, then working in New York, as the late Edwin Abbey, Reinhart, A. B. Frost, Chase, Dielman, and Duveneck, the latter members of the group having lately returned from Europe. He declined an opportunity which came to him at this time for visiting Europe; and throughout his career held pronounced views as to the disadvantages of foreign training and associations. In this respect his ideas approached those of the late Frederic Remington. Howard Pyle did his most important work in periodical illustration. He had no patience with the attitude of distaste which illustrators of the higher rank too often assume toward their work designed for reproduction. He liked to draw for the accompaniment of text, and did much to dignify the practice. He felt that modern reproductive processes had freed the illustrator from former hindrances by allowing him the widest latitude in his manner of work. No doubt the results he has given us bear him out in this point so far as work in line or in black and white is concerned. But as yet reproduction in colors has left some qualities to be desired. It is worth while to recall this, because he must have recognized it himself. His plates, rich and often gorgeous in color as they were, pictorial in intent and spirited in movement, showed the hand that was acquainted with the shortcomings as well as the successes of the reproductive process. His children's books, with his own text, have taken a place of their own. And the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main rise to thought at the mention of his name. It is a pity that we have not more of his mural work, such as the recent decorations in the Essex County Court House and elsewhere. In the work of younger painters he took an unusually gracious interest, and at Wilmington gathered about him a little band of associates and pupils without ever maintaining an outright school. He threw his influence against dependence on earlier schools of art in the wider sense of the term. He was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and became a full member of the National Academy in 1907. His principal publications are: "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," "Pepper and Salt," "Within the Capes," "The Wonder Clock," "The Rose of Paradise," "Otto of the Silver Hand," "A Modern Aladdin," "Men of Iron," "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Twilight Land," "The Garden Behind the Moon," "Semper Idem," "Rejected of Men," "The Story of King Arthur and His Knights," "The Story of the Champions of the Round Table," "The Story of Launcelot and His Companions," and "Stolen Treasure."

The death is reported from Italy of Madame Marie Collart, in her sixty-ninth year. She was well known for her landscape and animal pictures, examples of which are to be found especially in Brussels (her native town) and Antwerp.

Charles A. Reed of the firm of Reed & Stem, executive head of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company architects, and designer of the new Grand Central Terminal in New York, died Sunday evening, at the age of fifty-four. With his partner, he had built no less than one hundred railway stations.

Félix Ziem, one of the last of the romantic school of painters, died in Paris on Friday of last week, at the age of ninety. The Venetian scenes on which his reputation rested are to be found chiefly in the Petit Palais at Paris and in the United States.

Finance

LOOKING AHEAD.

When the prolonged decline on the Stock Exchange occurred last year, and again when prices were swept down in the ten weeks' break which began last July and was hardly checked until the last days of September, it was commonly taken for granted that the investment market's action foreshadowed bad times in trade. And business has certainly been unsatisfactory enough to conform to such a forecast. But the events on the Stock Exchange since the last week of October—the market's action, not only in refusing to get demoralized, for more than two or three hours, over the Steel Corporation suit, but in actually rushing into a rapid 10 or 15-point advance—has naturally invit-

ed prediction of another sort. Turn about is fair play, even in prophecy; and if the Wall Street break of August and September meant increasing trade reaction, then why should not the November recovery in stocks mean trade revival?

There were voices in plenty to interpret it so. Indeed, nothing is more characteristic in American finance than the promptness with which a sharp rise in stocks will brush away arguments for discouragement and disaster which were lately on every one's lips. Even the conclusive reasoning that nothing good could happen in business while the Government was pursuing Trusts and a Presidential election was impending, was thrown hastily overboard when "Steel common" had risen 15 points from the price of October 27. We were to have prosperity at once.

Prosperity will doubtless return at no very distant period, and it is better in any case that the community should have been induced to shake off its recent mood of sullen pessimism. There is nothing unreasonable in assuming that the stock market action, during the past three weeks, has foreshadowed better things in trade. But people who do not want to incur disappointment will be wise in not expecting too much overnight.

The whole Stock Exchange episode, since the announcement of the Government suit against the Steel Trust has a singular resemblance to another incident on the Stock Exchange, in connection with a Government suit against another Trust. It was a good while ago. In March of 1904, the stock market had been declining almost uninterruptedly for nine months. Alarming announcements had crowded on one another. Prices in the great metal industries had been swept into seemingly endless demoralization. The $100,000,000 Lake Superior combination had gone bankrupt, the Shipbuilding Trust had collapsed, three or four other trade amalgamations had assessed their shareholders to maintain solvency. The Steel Trust had stopped dividends on its common stock.

The country's cotton crop had fallen disastrously short of trade requirements. Stock market values had been breaking almost uninterruptedly for the nine preceding months, and the price of Steel common had got down nearly to 8 cents on the dollar. Japan had declared war against Russia; there had been a panic on the Paris Bourse. On top of all this, and in rapid sequence to it, came the Supreme Court's decision against the Northern Securities combination, and the order for dissolution. In the eyes of Wall Street and its outside clients, there was absolutely nothing in the outlook of that day to encourage hope. The entire financial world watched the Stock Exchange on Monday, March 14, when the Northern Securities announcement came, to see what sort of financial catastrophe would ensue.

But there was no catastrophe. Bulls and bears, speculators and investors, stared dumbly in one another's faces, waiting for somebody to begin the selling. Nothing happened, until at length some alert financial leaders jumped to the conclusion that, since nobody would sell on the culmination of bad news, it must be because there were no more stocks for sale. The market was "sold out"; the event was not only discounted, but overdiscounted; and in early sequence to the news from Washington, the New York stock market began to rise. It was up 5 to 10 points within a week, Northern Securities stock rising with it, and the reputed largest buyer on the rise was no less a personage than Harriman—one of the most conspicuous defendants in the very law suit just decided against the railways.

Now the rather close points of resemblance between March, 1904, and November, 1911, hardly need to be pointed out. But possibly the longer results in 1904 are worth recalling. The pace of recovery soon turned out to have been altogether too fast. The trade revival, which people began to say was foreshadowed by the advance in stocks, was very much more deliberate. Things grew considerably worse in the domain of industry before they grew any better; it was some months later before even the derangement of prices in the steel trade was arrested. A week or two after the March advance in stocks had reached its climax, the Stock Exchange itself was confronted with a severe and discouraging reaction. Judged by the longer future, the prophecy of the March market of 1904, in regard to trade revival, was correct; the late autumn witnessed signs of genuine recovery, and 1905 was a year of great industrial prosperity. But the process took enough time to dishearten the most enthusiastic believers. If the sequel on the present occasion were to be the same, it would not be mere coincidence, but a repetition of events, under the working-out of the same normal economic law.

Politics we shall have with us, of course—though stock markets and business conditions have been known to "discount" even Presidential elections months in advance. We shall have the "trust problem" also, and whatever actually happens in that field, controversy will rage and the timid business man be frightened by the violence of the argument. But it does not often occur, either to the denouncers of the law or to the frightened investors who listen to them, that the firm yet judicious hand with which the Government has called before the courts these huge trade combinations—even the greatest of them—is the surest guarantee that both the wilder opponents of the court and the wilder opponents of the trusts will be disarmed, if not silenced. Beyond that certainty stands the other important fact that long strides have been made, these past eight months, in the sound and sane application of a national policy which every intelligent man is aware has come to stay.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1911.

The Week

All the talk about the forthcoming report of the Tariff Board, and the lowering of duties which the President will recommend on the strength of it, serves to point one moral. This is the misfortune and political mistake of Mr. Taft's tariff vetoes, particularly of the wool bill. He may now have to urge a measure very nearly the same as the one he disapproved. Such a step would be awkward in itself, and would be doubly embarrassing from the fact of the small likelihood that Congress can be got to do now what it had already done last summer. That was the great risk which the President ran. In seeking to avoid the possibility that a slight injustice might be done in seeking to relieve the tax-burdens of the public, he made it highly probable that a gross injustice would long be continued. As was pointed out at the time, the President would have been on much stronger ground if he had signed the wool bill and then prepared to make an urgent plea for its correction, if needed in some details, on the strength of the sifted facts gathered by the Tariff Board. But he preferred to take chances, and, as is now apparent, took them on the side of tariff favoritism.

We require no subsidies. These could not be fairly distributed any more than other special favors. All that is needed is to give American enterprise a fair chance by changing our antiquated navigation laws, which have driven our commerce from the seas.

In these words Gov. Harmon has just reiterated the historic plea of Grover Cleveland, whose Attorney-General he was. This sound position cannot be controverted. Subsidies are nothing more or less than governmental graft to the favored few—taxing all the people that a comparative handful of persons may profit thereby; that an industry may be artificially stimulated, often for sentimental reasons. Our fleets have disappeared from the seas because we have crippled and throttled American enterprise, as Gov. Harmon points out. Grover Cleveland's words were: "The ancient provision of our law denying American registry to ships built abroad and owned by Americans, appears, in the light of present conditions, not only to be a failure for good at every point, but to be nearer a relic of barbarism than anything that exists under the permission of a statute of the United States." But year after year the Republicans have refused to alter this law—it has not even interested Mr. Taft.

What the Philippines have cost the United States has been a much-mooted question. When Gen. Wood, the Chief of Staff, was testifying before the House Committee on Military Affairs last spring as to the military cost of the occupation, he dodged the issue on the ground that it was difficult to furnish the required statement because of the accounting methods of the War Department. The bureau chiefs were then directed to show the cost on the assumption that if the army had not been in the Philippines, an equal number of American troops would have been maintained in the United States proper. According to press dispatches, the computation is now complete, and the cost of our military occupation since December 8, 1898, the date of the signing of the peace treaty with Spain, has reached the enormous figure of $167,486,403. This is the price we have paid for Mr. McKinley's fearful error of judgment in taking over the islands—to say nothing of the waste of American and Filipino lives. What sensible man will dare to assert that, putting it on the lowest ground, this country has obtained $167,486,403 worth of advantage out of our subjugation of the islands?

The recent report of the Commissioner of Pensions brings out the startling fact that within thirteen years of the close of the war with Spain, and eleven after the subsidence of the Philippine insurrection, there are no less than 23,383 invalid soldiers of these wars on the pension rolls, in addition to 3,032 dependent mothers, 522 fathers, 9 brothers and sisters, 1,217 widows, and 327 children. In all, there are 28,490 pensioners as a result of these wars—actually a larger number than there were soldiers in the regular army at the outbreak of the war with Spain, and probably 10,000 more than there were troops before Santiago. In addition, there were 8,386 Spanish war claims pending on June 30, 1911. Already we have paid out $34,142,976.37 in pensions for services against the Spanish and Filipinos, as against a total of $45,853,024.19 paid for pensions to the warriors of 1812, and $45,279,686.83 expended in the support of veterans of the Mexican war during a period of sixty-five years. To-day there are still 1,639 pensioned survivors of the Mexican War. As there were perhaps ten times as many soldiers enlisted in 1898-1900 as during the war with Mexico, and they were mostly very young men, we may confidently look forward to paying pensions to at least 15,000 persons fifty-two years hence for services in Cuba and the Philippines. And then people wonder why the United States must tax them so heavily, directly and indirectly.

The spectacle of Gov. Blease violating his oath of office and counselling the sheriffs of his State to violate theirs, has produced a profound impression throughout South Carolina. Men who have hitherto passed over a lynching with the comment that it removed a worthless person, have come to see what such unchecked barbarism leads to. The ministers have spoken out with vigor, only to be vilified in return by the Governor. Best of all, the influential press has roused itself to a vigorous campaign against lawlessness. First and foremost is the Columbia, S. C., *State*, the candor and vigor of whose utterances put most of the Northern press in a poor light by comparison. It has been particularly indignant over the acquittal of a white man who killed a negro "by mistake" while lying in wait for a white offender against his home. Undeterred by Gov. Blease's threats, it has spoken its mind freely about him and the Honea Path lynching of which he approved. In two towns, Union and Dillon, citizens' meetings have been called to repress lawlessness. And in the face of all this the Governor of the State glorifies the lynchers and promises them a pardon in advance!

How deeply the spirit of defiance of authority has seized upon Pennsylvania

is shown by the refusal of the Catlin Committee to give up its Philadelphia investigation at Senator Penrose's request. Just why the Senator wants to halt his promised housecleaning is not wholly clear. He argues that the election of Blankenburg makes it unnecessary, and that, in addition, "the well" from which funds were obtained to carry on the work is now dry. But Senator Catlin seems to feel that an attempt has been made to use the commission as a political tool, the taxpayers' committee declares that it has important evidence to present, and, as for the money needed, the committee offers to pay its own expenses. Attorney-General Bell, however, adds his dissent to those of the man whom he still evidently regards as his real chief—Senator Penrose. The committee, nevertheless, is issuing subpœnas for councilmen and prominent corporation officers as if it really had been created to accomplish something more than the temporary awing of Penrose's political foes.

The one man tentatively accepted for the McNamara jury, on Wednesday of last week, is described as a farmer of English birth who expressed great respect for institutions and laws. His examination was of the briefest. Whether he is later to be dismissed by a peremptory challenge or not, the incident is the bright spot in the case. One can imagine the relief with which judge, counsel, prisoner, court officers, and spectators alike must have heard his avowal. Scores of talesmen have professed admiration for labor unions or capitalistic enterprise, or doubt concerning the desirability of the death penalty or circumstantial evidence, but it has been left for an English-born farmer to confess esteem for the whole system of law under which capital and labor exist.

The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* declares that football injuries this season "have been more serious than in any other year since the rules were revised; this statement applies not only to Cambridge, but also to New Haven and other places where football is played." There is, it insists, no satisfactory explanation for the increase in the hospital list. "It may be merely luck." But the ill-luck was very plain in the Princeton game, where the Harvard team was literally smashed up. Its best player, probably the best tackle in the country, had his arm broken near the shoulder. Two quarterbacks were disabled, one by a kick in the head which temporarily deranged him. As another quarterback had previously had his leg broken, the fourth quarterback in order of merit finished the game. Naturally, people ask what kind of game this is in which physical injuries in one contest can wreck a team's chances. The Harvard eleven has not played together since the Princeton game two weeks ago. All of this recalls President Eliot's parting fling at the game, as he sailed for Europe, that it is "worse than pugilism." At West Point there is a growing belief that the game injures seriously too many valuable men. Among the spectators there is a very common feeling that the matches are less interesting than ever, despite the forward pass and the increased kicking.

Yale has proved that indifference to the higher intellectual values can no longer be charged against the American undergraduate. When college men riot in the theatre, it means that the drama among us has ceased to be mere entertainment, and has become a part of life. At one stroke, Yale has undone the mischief built up by generations of tired business men, and given notice to the world that the playgoer will no longer meekly accept what the managers have decided is good for him. Like the first night of "Hernani," Saturday night in New Haven marked an epoch. The extraordinary popular appeal exercised by the theatre was never completely demonstrated until two lines of fire hose had to be trained upon an audience to persuade it to go home after the final curtain.

A writer in the *Southern Workman* reports that the total number of reindeer in Arctic Alaska is now nearly 23,000, a remarkable showing when one remembers how short a time has elapsed since the Government established the first herds in that territory. Not only is the reindeer of enormous value for transportation purposes—the superintendent of the service travelled last winter more than 2,500 miles with a reindeer sled over the frozen tundra and ice-bound rivers of the lower Bering Sea region—but the natives are beginning to obtain a handsome revenue from traffic in reindeer products. This amounted to more than $18,000 for the last fiscal year, a figure which does not, of course, include the value of the skins used for clothing or the meat used as food. The reindeer are distributed among twenty-eight stations, eighteen owned by the Government and ten by church missions, and the Government's herders are compelled to serve as apprentices for five years before they can qualify to take care of the herds or to set up for themselves. The Government does not sell any of its animals, but loans one hundred at a time for the same period of five years, when the one hundred must be returned and the mission or native borrower keeps the surplus.

The arrest of Gen. Bernardo Reyes on the charge of conspiring against the Madero Government will work both for and against the maintenance of peace in Mexico. To the extent that it advertises to the world the existence of serious danger on the northern frontier of the republic, the action of our Government will be seized upon with satisfaction by the enemies of Madero. On the other hand, the enforced removal of Reyes from the scene of possible conflict should go far toward giving a quietus to the insurrectionary movement in the north. To attempt a parallel between the rôle Reyes has endeavored to play and the rôle Madero played not very long ago, is ridiculous. Madero's uprising was unmistakably a national movement against a system that had been on trial for almost fifty years and had been found wanting. The new régime has manifestly had no opportunity to show what it can do, and any uprising against it must be regarded as factious. For a "man on horseback" and the supposed idol of the masses, Gen. Reyes has cut an extremely sorry figure throughout the disturbed conditions of the last two years. Looked upon at one time as the man to make headway against Diaz, he showed neither courage nor resolution, and as a result, as events proved, missed a great prize. When another man had demonstrated that the nation was tired of Diaz and stood designated as his successor, Gen. Reyes returned from Europe to lead the opposition. And now that peaceful means have failed, this man, who was once regarded as the "moderate"

man whom Mexico needed, does not hesitate to plot insurrection and civil war.

From Washington it is reported that the arrival of a new Russian Ambassador at the capital will be followed by the active resumption of negotiations concerning the treaty of 1832 between the two countries, with special reference to the passport question. Russia's discrimination against American citizens of the Jewish faith has long ceased to be a matter that affects the interests of only one section of our population. From President Taft down, it has been generally recognized that the refusal of the Czar's Government to honor an American passport in the hands of a Jewish-born American citizen bears directly against the dignity and prestige of our Government and against the spirit of our treaty relations. For years the State Department has been engaged in *pourparlers* with the Russian authorities without any visible result. Hence it is to be hoped that the reported renewal of negotiations will show something less of the professional diplomat's concern for conventionalities and more of an earnest desire to bring the matter to an issue. The State Department's regard for Russian susceptibilities would be justified only by evidence of a desire on the part of the Russian Government to deal manfully with the problem.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on the succession of Mr. Bonar Law to the leadership of the Conservative party by a speech which he made at a party gathering in York, only two days before Mr. Balfour's sudden announcement of his own retirement. Mr. Law's speech was a striking personal tribute to the distinguished leader against whom so much criticism and complaint had recently been directed, and a reminder of the remarkable qualities which Mr. Balfour has exhibited during a long and difficult political career. Attention was called to his double achievement as Secretary for Ireland, which certainly deserves Mr. Law's encomium:

> With a courage which never faltered, with a steadiness which never flagged, he put down anarchy and asserted the supremacy of the law. But that was not all. Even then, when he carried his life in his hands, he had the sagacity to see that force, as John Bright said, is no remedy, and he had the statesmanship to begin that course of improvement in her social conditions which has made a new Ireland.

But, far from permitting this to have the character of an apology for defects in Mr. Balfour's later record, Mr. Law protested that his admiration of the strength and courage of his leader was never so great as "in the hour when his fortunes and those of his party were at their lowest ebb." Whether or not Mr. Law had any inkling of the coming withdrawal of Mr. Balfour, this ardent expression of admiration and loyalty indicates that his succession to the leadership was calculated to promote good feeling among those by whom the murmurings against Mr. Balfour were most resented.

Britain's comic excitement at realizing how near she was to war with Germany two months ago is another illustration of how people will awaken with a tremendous shock to something they have known all the time. It is like Wall Street's habit of getting panic-stricken over a court decision that has been anticipated by every one in Wall Street. Several British M.P.'s have been discussing the momentous fact that last September the Admiralty was awaiting an attack by the German fleet, and that it was quite unprepared for such an attack. Of this revelation the really interesting part, relating to England's unpreparedness, is generally declared to be quite untrue. So there remains the startling disclosure that the British Admiralty took into consideration the possibility of a conflict with Germany. But inasmuch as the Admiralty's business is precisely to give its attention to such a possibility, this latest bit of news is almost as astonishing as if we were told that the French General Staff had all its plans worked out for an offensive or defensive campaign against Germany. When the British Government delegated Mr. Lloyd George to address a solemn warning to Germany, it is reasonable to suppose that the heavy guns on the Dreadnoughts were not dismantled and that the crews were not all sent away on shore leave.

Scarcely had France's differences with Germany about Morocco been put in the way of final settlement when the French press began a campaign against Spain in reference to the same subject. The alleged Spanish "pretensions" to Larache have been angrily commented upon, and are said to have really caused the whole trouble. This is rather coolly and absurdly to ignore the evidence that what suddenly roused Germany to activity was the march of French troops to Fez. Irrespectively of that, it can hardly be denied that Spain has good warrant under the Algeciras agreement for all that she has thus far done or attempted in Morocco. What the French newspapers apparently fear is that the Spanish Government is entering into negotiations with Germany for the alienation of Spain's territorial holdings in Africa. This has been specifically denied by Prime Minister Canalejas. All this will tend to confirm the opinion that another international conference on Morocco will be necessary.

Within a short time Parliamentary government in Germany has made two important strides toward what can no longer be described as a far-off event—the acceptance of the responsibility of the Emperor's Ministers to the Reichstag. As a result of the widespread indignation aroused by the Kaiser's famous "calculated indiscretion" of two years ago, the principle has been conceded that henceforth the Emperor, in pronouncing on grave matters of public policy, must speak only through the mouth of his Chancellor. Recently the Imperial Government expressed its adhesion to a bill brought forward in the Reichstag, providing that treaties involving a change in the boundaries of a German colony must receive the assent of the Reichstag and the Bundesrath. The late agreement with France concerning Morocco and the Congo is excepted specifically on the *ex post facto* principle. It is not quite correct to speak of the new statute as involving a curtailment of the Kaiser's power. The Imperial Constitution declares that the consent of the Reichstag is necessary in the case of treaties involving alterations in the territory of the Empire. To have argued that a colony was not a part of the Empire would have been a quibble. Furthermore, the German Constitution provides that treaties dependent for their execution upon measures within the competency of the Reichstag must receive the assent of that body. That the Government could take over 150,000 square miles of territory without going to the Reichstag for appropriations to cover the cost of administration seems most irregular.

CONSERVATIVE RADICALS.

In the midst of all the alarums and excursions connected with Government suits and with the outgivings of Mr. Roosevelt, one notes a certain embarrassment on the point of those who insist upon having all public men accurately labelled and carefully pigeon-holed. A is "dangerous," B is "safe," C is a radical, D a conservative, E is an anarchist. This sort of ready-made and hard-and-fast classification has been so high in favor that it is not surprising to find some confusion among those who are suddenly obliged to give up their conveniently fixed definitions. They had, for example, rightly set down President Taft as a conservative. He is such by inheritance, temperament, and choice. Yet he has been doing what most people look upon as very radical things. On the other hand, Wall Street woke up on Friday to the discovery that the alarmingly radical Col. Roosevelt had turned conservative over-night. That at least was the first hurried inference which the stock market drew when it saw him standing arm in arm with Mr. Morgan or snugly ensconced in bed alongside Judge Gary. We fancy that further study of the *Outlook* article has shown interested financiers that advancing years are not as yet making a crusted Tory of the Colonel. But the whole incident suggests the need of more discrimination in all such judgments of men and their attitude.

In the purely personal aspect, it seems to be easier for a conservative to get the reputation of a radical than the reverse process. It is probably true that nothing which Mr. Roosevelt could now do or say would suffice to change the popular conviction respecting his essential radicalism. His wonderful feat of 1904 in driving Wall Street and the Western extremists tandem, it is not to be presumed that he could repeat. On the other hand, thousands of people are ready to believe that Mr. Taft has in the Presidency completely changed his character. The Government prosecutions which he has ordered, the speeches which he has made, are said to have disillusioned many. They sorrowfully shake their heads and say: "Of course, if it had been Roosevelt! But we never could have dreamed it of Taft." That is, however, no real reason for thinking that the President has changed his point of view in any important particular. At bottom, he is just as conservative as he ever was. He has merely ceased to appear so to some, and they hastily read realities in appearances.

On the political side, it is doubtless easier to get radical things done quietly by a conservative, but let him not hope to reap the advantage from it that would fall to a successful radical. The former may awaken a certain amount of enthusiasm among the lukewarm, but this will not be so noteworthy or so politically important as the disquietude which he will cause his grieving friends. The great difference lies in the fact that a conservative President cannot advertise and glory in his temporary radicalism. He cannot use the hot words of popular passion; cannot pose and gesticulate in public; cannot inspire the newspaper correspondents to write thrilling accounts of his heroic attitude in private; cannot give out lurid stories of gigantic conspiracies to crush the people's champion. All those things have to be reserved for a radical leader who feels the impulse of the masses behind him, and who thinks of himself as at the head of a flaming movement. The conservative may do the same things, or similar, but he cannot carry them off in the same explosive manner, and must not expect to fire the popular heart in any such degree. Lord Salisbury, as Conservative leader, permitted an extension of the suffrage in England, and also land legislation in Ireland, which made many members of his own party aghast at his radicalism, yet he never deceived himself into thinking that his course would cause the working classes to warm to him or to desire to give him their votes.

Turning from leaders to political organizations, it surely does seem at times as if the best way to procure radical measures were to obtain them from conservative parties. It is this feeling which has led so many Irishmen, like Sir Charles Russell, to say that Home Rule will really be given to Ireland in the end by the Tories who have fought it, rather than by the Liberals who have favored it. Under Liberal auspices Home Rule will always be pictured as the disruption of the British Empire; but if the Conservatives were finally forced to grant it, they could be depended upon to argue that it was a healing measure designed to consolidate and strengthen true Imperial sentiment. In the same way, there are still free-traders among Republicans who insist that it is to their party that the country must look for a rational and permanent settlement of the tariff question. This may look like believing a thing because it is impossible, yet there is a truth underlying it—namely, that a nation will submit to radical action by a conservative Administration, which it would angrily resist if undertaken by radical authorities. It often appears as if the true function of a radical party were to stir up mighty agitations and generate political forces that would lead to the doing by its opponents of what it had itself vainly striven to do.

The principle of human nature involved in classifying and judging men as either entirely conservative or wholly radical, was hinted at by Pascal. When a statement by M. Arnauld was quoted to his Monsieur Distinguo, that astute theologian replied: "This proposition would be orthodox in another mouth; it is only in M. Arnauld that the Sorbonne has condemned it." Thus it is that what was radical in Bryan became conservative in "another mouth."

GENERAL LAWS.

It is evident that a deluge of bills amending or repealing the Sherman law will mark the opening of Congress. Any Congressman who does not introduce one or two will be thought a lazy fellow. Indeed, some Representatives have not been able to restrain their impatience to get to work and have given to the newspapers copies of the bills which they are straining at the leash to present on December 4. There will be all sorts of measures, radical, conservative, and wishy-washy; but we are very confident that, after all of them have been printed and referred to committees, not one will be found to be the equal of the Sherman law in one vital particular. We mean its wide scope and careful use of legal terms. Senator Edmunds, who was the author of the final form of the Anti-Trust act, wrote of it only last year: "The act was not intended to be an administrative act in any sense, but it was intended to provide, in broad and all-embracing language, for the prevention and punishment of restraint of trade."

This quality of breadth in application is one of the highest recommendations of any statute. We do not question the value of precise definition in legislation;

and it may well be that the Sherman law could now be amended to advantage by more sharply defining some of the abuses aimed at; but we can never escape from the truth that the best general laws are those which are truly *general*. It will not do to proceed upon the theory of a recent New Zealand bill aimed at Chinese laundrymen, whom it sought to bring under a previous statute by declaring that "for the purpose of this act a Chinaman shall be defined to be a girl under eighteen." Yet it is precisely that kind of strained interpretation, and wresting of general language so as either to exempt or include particular offences, that a great many of the proposed new enactments against Trusts unconsciously illustrate. Their framers seem to desire to draft a law so that it will miss a cow, but kill a bear. If we could, for example, look into the minds of some of the extremists from the South who are particularly busy devising amendments of the Sherman law, or substitutes for it, we should find their real wish would be to make the act read something like this: "Every combination in restraint of trade is hereby defined to mean J. P. Morgan, Thomas Ryan, Philip Armour, and John D. Rockefeller, and it shall never be held to apply to Governors of Southern States meeting to devise ways of raising the price of cotton."

Even when there is no such attempt to put private glosses upon a public law, the mischief of introducing terms which are not well settled in law is often met with. Thus the president of the University of Wisconsin, in an address at Cambridge last week, proposed as the test of lawlessness in great combinations that they do "not result in economic advantage." In a formal way, as if framing a law, President Van Hise set forth that "when a combination . . . is found to have marked economic advantage, it should not be broken up." One can but dimly imagine the confusion and endless law-suits which would result if any such phrase were actually written into a statute. The conception of "economic advantage" is one that is not only hedged about with great difficultics in itself, but is not a legal conception at all. To introduce anything of the kind into an act of Congress would only mix things up. Aiming at precision, it would really launch us into new vagueness, and would seek to establish by law a distinction which there would be no legal way of maintaining.

Another error into which the proposers of novel Trust statutes fall is that of supposing that they can be drafted in such clear and certain form that no suits at law will follow. "Law-suits" are just now under a sudden condemnation. Nevertheless, by means of the judicial decisions in cases some of which were begun by President Roosevelt, we have come to a much clearer notion of what the Sherman law means and can accomplish, and we have come to it through despised law-suits. Indeed, we shall never entirely avoid them. If the proposal is to give up criminal statutes and their enforcement, and to go over to "regulation" by an administrative body, the act creating sueh a body will itself be thrown into the courts. Let one recall the immense mass of litigation respecting the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is impossible to throw all these things out of court. Under our system, the courts exist not only to vindicate the rights of the citizen, but to be the strong arm of the Government in making the law a terror to evil-doers. And when we have an anti-Trust law, "broad and all-embracing," as Senator Edmunds said, and interpreted and enforced in a series of judicial decisions, it would be the acme of folly to throw it all away and resort to happy-thought statutes, under which we should have to begin all over again. Fortunately there is no prospect that anything of the kind will be done.

MR. BRYCE'S OPTIMISM.

Words of satisfaction and confidence, coming from the lips of an observer like Mr. Bryce, are always pleasant to hear. The man who, of all Europeans since De Tocqueville, has been recognized by common consent as the most intelligent and comprehensive student of American institutions, bids us be of good cheer, because our overeoming of great difficulties in the past gives ample assurance of successful grappling with the troubles and trials now looming big before our vision. And in his speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce, as is his custom, Mr. Bryce did not content himself with a mere oracular dictum, but gave reasons for his faith. Of two evils which looked portentous when he first visited our shores two-score years ago, one, he reminds us, has completely disappeared and the other has passed into a far less acute stage. Sectional antagonism between North and South, which, for a number of years after 1870, was a most serious source of national anxiety, has now long been a thing of the past; and while only too much still survives of corruption and spoliation in city governments—witness the Philadelphia of yesterday and the San Francisco of the day before—no one can doubt that, as Mr. Bryce said, "in the large majority of cities, and especially and most conspicuously in the City of New York, there has been steady progress."

Both of these instances of progress were cited by Mr. Bryce as encouraging evidence of the capacity of the American people to overcome grave national difficulties. But it is well to observe that the two belong to quite different types. Nobody regarded the friction between North and South after the war as distinctively American; everybody counted on the healing effect of time upon such a situation. It was another thing with the problem of municipal corruption and misgovernment. Many persons of high intelligence sincerely believed that the dominance of the Tweed ring in New York was only the most abominable excrescence of a system which was an inevitable accompaniment of democratic institutions in a nation like ours. Nobody, probably, was so hopelessly given over to this view as to believe that no good was accomplished by an uprising like that which destroyed Tweed and Sweeny and Connolly and put an end to the infamies of the Barnard and Cardozo régime in the courts; but many felt that we could not look beyond tempering a normal régime of municipal rascality through occasional abnormal excesses of virtue. And, indeed, a view not very different from this has been widely current until within a very recent period. The most conclusive proof, perhaps, that we have really made signal progress in the practice of municipal government is afforded by the disappearance, within the past ten or fifteen years, of the notion that our country must be content with a standard which no other of the foremost civilized nations would think of tolerating.

Two other struggles with deep-seated evils have run their course in similarly successful fashion in the period covered by Mr. Bryce's reminiscences. From the

time when the spoils system began its lusty growth, in the days of Andrew Jackson, until after the close of the Civil War, hardly a voice was raised to stay its advance. And far more universally than our peculiarity in municipal government, it was regarded as an inseparable part of the American system. It is needless now to recall the growth of civil service reform from small and despised beginnings to an almost complete conquest in the domain of the national government. What the present generation is more apt to forget is the long and wearing fight against debasement of the currency. The silver craze, which, through a combination of circumstances, became a more formidable menace than any preceding phase of the cheap-money agitation, was but the last manifestation of a danger which had from time to time been serious throughout the thirty years preceding the sound money victory of 1896. And in truth it must be acknowledged that, whatever its excesses, the free silver movement was intrinsically vastly more respectable than the greenbackism which it supplanted, and with which the Democratic party at one time became seriously entangled. That we came out safe and sound through this long-threatening danger must ever be a strengthener of faith in democracy and in the saving power of public discussion.

But to infer from these things, as the British Ambassador did, in his graceful way, both for his nation and our own, that we English-speaking peoples are over-modest in the estimate of our own powers, is to draw a dangerous conclusion. Because forebodings that we have entertained from time to time have not been realized in actual disaster, it does not follow that the fears were baseless. If in some sense there has been among us on both sides of the water this over-modesty that Mr. Bryce speaks of, it has gone hand in hand with a complacent confidence that we shall "muddle through" in the end, which in England at least has become proverbial. And if we have muddled through, who shall say to what extent this more or less satisfactory outcome has been due to the very fact that the nation has contained an adequate minority of persons possessed with a sober fear that the process may not always avail to save us? It is by no means certain for example—on the contrary, it is in the highest degree improbable—that any part of the effort expended upon the fighting of the fiat money peril could have been spared. The danger was not only real, but so extensive and so deeply imbedded in the habits of thought of a large portion of our people that nothing short of extreme vigor and vigilance could have availed for its extinction. Dangers no less real confront us to-day, and a spirit no less sober and determined is necessary to meet them. But, of course, Mr. Bryce, while appropriately presenting in an after-dinner speech the sunny side of the case, would be the last to deny the need of constant and aggressive vigilance to protect a vast and complex democracy like ours from the dangers, near and remote, by which, in the nature of things, it is perennially menaced.

JOHN BRIGHT.

In contemplating the career of John Bright, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated last week, perhaps our first thought is of the remarkable influence exerted by a few great personalities in the memorable events in which he was a leader. There is nothing in our own time which quite corresponds to the part played either by Bright or by his two illustrious compeers, Cobden and Gladstone, in those decades of political and social progress which were ushered in by the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832. But especially is this true of Bright himself. For it was not through any expectation of his future rôle in shaping governmental policies that John Bright exercised over the people of England an influence rarely matched in the history of politics. His hold was due solely to the fervor of his convictions and the capacity to present them in oratory, impassioned and restrained, whose sincerity was as unmistakable as its eloquence. "He was the greatest master of English oratory," said Lord Salisbury, "that this generation—I may say, several generations—has seen. . . . At a time when much speaking has depressed, has almost exterminated eloquence, he maintained that robust, powerful, and vigorous style in which he gave fitting expression to the burning and noble thoughts he desired to utter."

The causes in which these noble powers were enlisted from the beginning, and to which, with a rare and perfect constancy, they were devoted to the end, are easily named. Freedom of trade, freedom and equality in religion, the extension of democracy and of popular education, and, last but not least, peace among the nations—these were the objects which he served without variation or shadow of turning. That he was an ardent foe of human slavery, and consequently one of that small but illustrious group of great Englishmen who stood out as friends of the Union in the days of its trial by fire, no American need be reminded. But indeed, instead of speaking of three or four causes, it would be quite as correct to say that one cause furnished the motive and the inspiration of all his efforts. In his mind the fight for free trade, the spread of democracy and education, the pursuit of peace, were all but parts of one and the same endeavor to procure the benefits of civilization for the struggling masses of mankind. The Corn Laws were to him not chiefly offences against economic doctrine, but violations of the rights of the poor workingman for the benefit of the landholding aristocracy. And thus it was that, without artificiality or bathos, he was able to give to a speech on the abolition of protectionist duties something of the same moving quality that marked his wonderful speech of February 23, 1855, appealing to Lord Palmerston to bring the Crimean War to a close.

The course of events since the days of Bright and Cobden has brought out in a signal manner that connection between the struggle for free trade and the aspiration for international peace which was pointed to in the Cobden Club's motto—"Free Trade, Peace, Good Will among Nations." Whatever benefits may be claimed by protectionists for that reaction against free trade, on the Continent and especially in Germany, which has so disappointed the sanguine hopes of half a century ago, there is one thing that stands out conspicuous and undeniable on the adverse side of the account. That tension between the modern European nations of which the suspicious jealousy and armed rivalry between England and Germany mark the culminating point could not possibly have arisen had the principles of free trade accomplished the triumphal march through the civilized world which Cobden and his followers so confidently expected. Whatever other factors may have helped to foster Anglo-German un-

friendliness, no one can doubt that the fears and hostilities connected with that view of trade which regards the gain of one nation as the loss of another have been the preponderating element. And among the injuries that have been wrought by the surrendering of our own country to the spirit of protectionism, over and above the economic burdens and the political corruptions for which it is responsible here at home, must be set down the mighty reinforcement it has supplied to the protectionist spirit in Europe, with its consequences in the shape of multiplied Dreadnoughts and of international ill-will.

One of the cheap defences of latter-day protectionism has consisted in the application to the Victorian free-traders of opprobrious epithets, suggesting their domination by a narrow and calculating commercialism. The name "Manchester School" has become, in the mouths of many, a convenient term of reproach and contempt, connoting littleness of soul, a sordid absorption in the immediate profits of the factory or the counting-house. No better corrective of such a notion could be found than a reference to the life of John Bright. Sturdy practical Englishman that he was, never losing sight of the concrete realities of his time and country, he was at bottom animated in his championship of free trade by a profound and even tender sentiment. The story of his ideal friendship with Cobden might show this sufficiently, even if we did not have the record of the touching incident that marked a crucial moment in its history and in Bright's public career. In the fall of 1841, when he was in the depths of grief and despair upon the death of his young wife, Cobden came to see him, and after speaking some words of condolence, looked up and said, "There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me and we will never rest till the Corn Laws are repealed." "And from that time," adds Bright, who tells the story himself, "we never ceased to labor hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made." Perhaps there was, in the spirit that animated these two crusaders for free trade, quite as much breadth, and quite as much humanity, as in that of the most ambitious dreamer of empire founded on force and of commercial aggrandizement built up by tariff restrictions.

THE EGOTISM OF AUTHORS.

Macaulay in his essay on Lord Byron declared that he "never could clearly understand how it is that egotism, so unpopular in conversation, should be so popular in writing." But in such matters a good deal depends upon the definition of egotism. Montaigne, for example, is always talking about himself, and we enjoy it; should we have enjoyed it less if we could have met him at table and heard the same matter pour from his lips? Rousseau was one of the great egotists of literature. He did the sort of thing which Carlyle asserted to be always acceptable to the public, "going off in self-conflagration, for the amusement of the parish." It may be doubted, however, if his confessions by word of mouth would have seemed a bore. There is, of course, a kind of personal vanity which is offensive whether met with in conversation or in a book. It has been said of Charles Sumner that his egotism, in his later years, was so insufferable as to be an affront to every person he met. Yet if a man is an interesting character and his experience of life has been varied and entertaining, the unlocking of his heart whether in sonnet or in speech would seem to be all one. Everything hangs upon the manner.

A particular form of egotism of authors has to do with their feeling about their own works. Recently in England there has been a great deal of gossip concerning Thomas Hardy, and his alleged pains to place his original manuscripts where posterity might gaze at them, and to edit his novels so that they might reach the next century in the polished form that he would prefer. But this appears to have been largely unfounded. The positive announcement that Mr. Hardy was shortly to produce a drama has been declared by the *Athenæum* to be "wholly fictitious." And he himself, when interrogated about the story that he was busying himself in filing a new edition of his Wessex tales, said that he was no longer interested in them to take any trouble about their reprinting. Hardy is seemingly of the mind of Anatole France, who makes a sculptor say, in "Le Lys rouge": "Do you imagine that it would be a pleasure to me to live among my own works? I know them far too well; they bore me."

It would be easy to cite instances of the opposite temperament. There are many stories of Wordsworth's unaffected delight in re-reading his own poems. Tennyson had a weakness for reciting "Maud." As to the particular point of an author's anxiety about the precise literary form in which his works shall reach future generations, it seems to be a case of many men and many minds. The slow producers, the men of the labored line and the carefully sought phrase, like Flaubert, naturally are fastidious to the last degree in seeing to it that posterity shall get their final version. This is with some the last infirmity of noble minds. Copious writers are apt to be less careful. The sublime indifference of Shakespeare to what became of his plays has lately been dwelt upon again by M. Jusserand as one of the wonders in connection with that wonder-worker. On the other hand, we have Henry James, both prolific and an artist in words, who assiduously looked after a revised re-issue of his books. In that edition he did a good deal of what, in one of his short stories, he called "pricking in lights" in an author's proof, but what the ungodly would describe as one more illustration of the method of *obscurum per obscurius*.

It is not only the readers among posterity, if he is lucky enough to have any, that an author's course in this matter may affect, but the collectors. If there are to be no variants, no revisions, what becomes of the joy of owning that rare first edition with the misprints in it, or the youthful indiscretions which the writer would have fain recalled or expunged later? John Hay would not reprint "Little Breeches," yet he could not escape it during all his life-time. It pursued him to England, when he went there as Ambassador, and the line about "loafing round the throne" it was thought a capital joke to cite about him. In such a case we see the egotism of the author in reverse, as it were, and taking on the guise of mortification.

In the common opinion, one of the most frequent manifestations of literary vanity consists in a writer's concern about the public reception of his book, its critical reviews, its sales, what people say about it, how the publisher is satisfied, and so on. But this, when it

exists—no doubt it often does exist—is modified by circumstances which the outsider is not always in a position to appreciate. There is, for instance, the lapse of time which must come between the completion of the manuscript, or even the reading of the proof, and the actual publication of the book. During that period the author's interest may have passed entirely to another theme. When one book is published he may be half way through the writing of another. Imagine the uncertainty which would arise in the mind of Arnold Bennett if anybody congratulated him on his latest novel! It might be the third or fourth back from his really latest. And we presume that he and most other successful writers are more indifferent to felicitations by friends, and praise or blame by critics, than most of us non-bookmaking folk suspect. If an author has done a really fine thing, he does not need outside voices to tell him so. As M. Bergson has explained, it is only when we are doubtful about our success that we look eagerly about for recognition and encouragement. And if self-assurance of the writer as respects his own work is a form of egotism, it may at least be of the silent and inoffensive kind. After Carlyle had finisned his "French Revolution," he muttered to himself as he passed the crowds in the park, "There isn't one of you that could have done it." But he left it for Froude to reveal that scornful vanity to us after his death.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Burning Bush is usually identified with the Thorn Acacia. The Hebrew word in the Pentateuch is *Seneh*, which is allied to the Coptic *Sheno*. The word is found in papyri of the Nineteenth Dynasty.

At least one author has a different theory, and, if he were living, might contend that his own hypothesis was entitled to the precedence of time. There are many even of the enthusiastic foragers in old libraries and old bookshops who have never heard of the name of Francis Hoffman, and of those who remember him at all the majority would think of him only as the heroic spirit who put Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" into rhyme. But he wrote other pamphlets, and one of these now lies before me, an octavo tract of sixteen pages, showing increasing grayness, wrought by nearly two centuries of unread existence:

A
CHRISTMASS CAROL
on
PEKO-TEA;
or,
A SACRED CAROL, which like
Tea that is Perfect Good and Fine, will be most grateful and useful all the Year round from Christmas to Christmas for ever.
Humbly addressed to
Queen CAROLINE
and the
Princess CAROLINA,
and
All the ROYAL FAMILY.

By *FRANCIS HOFFMAN*.

Great Caroline *to raise the* Carol's *Fame,*
Carol *the Prime Part of Your Royal Name,*
Does first Your most August Acceptance Claim,
And next at Princess Carolina's *Aim,*
Whose Names give Sovereign Sanction to the same,
And Carol *sacred thro' the World proclaim.*

LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1729.

The poet may have been a preacher, for he takes a text for his rhymes, and bases his "poem" of nearly six hundred lines on Deut. xxxiii, 16: "For the Good Will of Him that dwelt in the Bush." His theme he thus explains:

How Christ was in a Manger born
And God dwelt in a Bush of Thorn:
Which Bush of Thorn appears to me,
The same that yields best Peko Tea.

His views on the divinity of Christ are of the most pronounced character:

The God of Glory this Day Boru
Did once an humble Bush adorn;
Which Blooming forth with Rays Divine
Did fairer than the Morning Shine:
No doubt the Godhead's shining Powers,
Impregnated its Leaves and Flowers,
With all those Fragraut Balms that flow
From Leaves and Flowers of the Peko:
Whose Flowry Blooming Face appears,
Like Charming as the Heavenly Spheres,
Its leaves Bright Blue, its Flow'rs like Stars.

The closing triplet shows that the poet was not bound by any rigid rules as to the exactitude of his rhymes. Nor does he adhere very strictly to his theory, but apparently has an alternative one, for he writes:

This Bush that fragrant Thorn may be,
Which we in April Blooming see,
Whose Bloom does Roses Sweet out smell;
And Lillies Whiteness far excell.
Abundant such in Berks, I've seen
Near Newb'ry at my Native Speen;
Speen which its Name from Thorns did bear,
When Julius Ceasar's Camp was there;
Still in his Commentaries seen,
Who calls it Spinae, that is Speen.

From this we learn that Hoffman, notwithstanding his German name, claimed to be a "true born Englishman." The mention of Julius Cæsar reminds him that the great Emperor's initials were the same as those of Jesus Christ and that his wounds were as many as the years of the life of the Son of Mary. He has other "excursions and alarums" concerning the men of Succoth, Gideon's fleece—

An emblem too how Peko tea
Comes safe Dry Balmy thro' the Sea—

and other topics. There are many compliments to Queen Caroline and King George, and he expresses the wish or hope that tea would grow in Carolina.

He observes:

That China's Clime and China's Sun,
Direct to Carolina run,
That Tea grows there most choice and good,
In Carolina's Latitude.
Now if the Thorn and God's Bush be,
The self same Kind with the Tea-Tree?
It would be worthy of a Queen,
To raise that Bush which God shin'd in:
And choicely cultivate the same,
In Lands that bear her Royal Name;
Purchased by Her Great Sponse of late,
For Royal Pow'r to Cultivate.

References follow to Gibraltar, Port Mahon, and Minorca, and the name of Prince Frederick is joined to that of "Great George" as though the poet had no inkling of the lack of sympathy between *that* father and *that* son:

God in the Bush in Fire Divine,
Did chuse on Christmass Day to shine,
I do believe, because my Tea
Put me in mind on Christmass Day,
Or Heav'n did on't suggest to me,
God's Bush might yield, the first best Tea.
. . . . . .
Thus we that God-like Fire in't feel,
Which God did in the Bush reveal:
Which shews God's Bush, that Bush may be,
Which yields the choicest Peko-Tea.

Notwithstanding his extreme orthodoxy on the dogma of the incarnation, Hoffman has some odd speculations on other points, and hints not only that

Moses might the first man be
That e'er did treat his wife with Tea,

but also that he might be identical with Zoroaster or Confucius. He cites I Esdras xiv, 39, to show that Ezra drank "a Cup of Empyrean-Tea":

On its Infusion we are told
'Twas Water like transparent Gold;
In Colour of a Fire-like Hue
Of Peko-Tea, the colour true.

He looks forward to seeing the tea-plant in heaven, with leaves for the healing of the nations. And this is his emphatic conclusion of his great argument:

And thus on Christmass Day I sing,
Of Tea the Subject, Christ the King.
Have rank'd the Tea-Bush with the Vine,
And Tea compared with choicest Wine,
Which Balm and Flavour bles'd contains,
Like that on Gilead's Hills or Plains;
More than Lucinaes or Champaigns.
And makes my Soul more Grand and Gay,
Than Burgundy, or than Tokay.
May all who do these Truths condemn,
Ne'er taste one single Drop of them,
Here or in New Jerusalem.

This tea-poet may at least claim to have added an item to the curiosities of literature.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, England.

Correspondence

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Fite's constructive suggestion for the training of teachers, published in the *Nation* September 7, has already been answered in your pages (October 12), but should be further disentangled from the innuendos of his preface.

He attacks indiscriminately the staffs of about 300 departments of education in colleges and universities, and of about 275 in normal schools in the United States alone. These men, according to his accusations, pretend to exude mystically a specific preposterous "quality," attract an undesirable type of student to the university, make deplorable school legislation, offer snap courses without content, contribute nothing to productive scholarship, read banal and inane literature, and make themselves ridiculous by resort to anti-pedagogical methods of teaching instead of adopting the *correct pedagogical treatment*, which the author himself proposes in his cited illustration. The subject matter of educational branches of study is either wanting or thin. Educational psychology has no distinctive field, despite the views and works of James, Hall, Ribot, Sanford, Meumann,

Walpple, Thorndike, Judd, Witmer, Bagley, Huey, Colvin, etc., despite also the numerous investigating contributors to important and flourishing foreign and American journals of educational psychology.

The statement is made that there is a large Herbartian following. I find from an examination of the work at Harvard, Columbia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Texas, California, and Missouri that this is strikingly in opposition to the whole trend of emphasis. In regard to the training of the professors in education I find that in these eight institutions the instructional staff in 1907 included twenty-eight Ph.D. men, as against four for 1897, when education courses were given by the departments of philosophy, toward whom Mr. Fite evidently thinks these professors have become ungrateful offspring. These Ph.D. men may be "mill products," as Mr. Fite suggests. The majority of them happen to have been turned out by large philosophical departments. I may add that now graduate students of education are supplementing their educational training largely by taking minors in economics, sociology, history, political science, and psychology.

The author, caricaturing experiments in educational psychology, happens to cite experiments which were carried on in what he would call laboratories of pure psychology. In fact, studies in attention, in imagery, in memory processes, in individual differences, in learning, in skill acquisitions of all sorts, in habit forming and breaking, in reading, in number, in language, and even in the ordinary thinking processes—all pedagogical problems, are yielding increasingly practical results. In lamenting the fact that educational treatises on formal discipline have failed to see the crucial point of the controversy, our critic appears not to realize that Münsterberg's most recent pedagogical book, "Psychology and the Teacher," and monographs by Meumann, Colvin, Judd, and others have stated and elaborated the relation of the problem to "conceptual activities." He fails to concede that educational psychology with reference to this one question in general points (contrary to his assumption) toward the possibility of transfer of training, and that it alone has launched an era in experimentation, especially under actual schoolroom conditions, and has enormously stimulated in teachers an inquiry into and a professional desire to possess scientifically grounded educational convictions. Laymen refer to Thorndike's and Woodworth's first experiment with surprising ignorance of the general character of later experimentation. Prof. Paul Shorey (in the *School Review*, November, 1910), whose chief contention is in the main I believe correct, shows the same lack of information in this particular.

Now for the constructive programme of the author himself, after having told us that "college pedagogy is unfamiliar with any noble ideas." It is this: education is "a subject whose problems are so complex and so broadly involved in all the problems of social order, civilization, and of life itself——" that we should hold it off for the graduate school, and not broach it to any undergraduates, virtually all of whom in nearly every State must teach before they can afford to pursue graduate work. How would this definition and this policy do for philosophy? Why not?

As to the author's estimate that nine out of ten of our colleagues would vote us out of their ranks, I hope and believe it is not true. However the same thing might have been said, in fairly recent educational history, of the modern language professors, the teachers of the vernacular itself, the scientists, the historians, the economists, or the sociologists. The protective tariff argument of Mr. Fite points definitely in quite a different direction. I respectfully refer the readers to an admirable pedagogical study, "The Administration of the College Curriculum," by President W. T. Foster. No one more sensitively than the writer realizes that we are as yet feebly grappling with the great problems which Mr. Fite himself well suggests. We welcome all, including the Carnegie Foundation for Teaching, who are seriously and constructively bent upon clarifying the conception of professional equipment for teachers. We desire the Socratic not the Aristophanic attitude.

CHAS. HUGHES JOHNSTON.

University of Kansas, November 1.

DR. JOHN BASCOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Kindly permit a few words respecting the life and work of one whose name has often appeared in your columns, and to whose penetrating judgments of men and things your readers have frequently been indebted. The death of Dr. John Bascom, which was noted in your issue of October 5, removes a great teacher. Dr. Bascom began his work as a professor of rhetoric in Williams College nearly fifty-six years ago; after nineteen years of work in that college he was called to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin; for fourteen years he occupied that responsible position, making a notable contribution to the life of the university, and through that to the life of the State; then he returned, in 1887, to his home in Williamstown, where the remaining years of his life were spent. A lectureship in sociology in the old college occupied a few of those years; but for the most part the period was serenely spent among his books, with the companionship of the noble trees planted by his own hand, the wild flowers, whose haunts he knew so well, and the Berkshire Hills, whose beauty had always "haunted him like a passion," and to whose conservation from the hands of the spoiler he devoted the last years of his life.

I am permitted to quote the following discriminating words of Dean E. A. Birge of the University of Wisconsin, who was associated with Dr. Bascom during the entire period of the latter's presidency:

Dr. Bascom came as president to the University of Wisconsin in 1874 and continued in that position until 1887. He brought to a new institution the best traditions of the New England college, embodied in a powerful and inspiring personality. He had an intellect exceptionally broad and incisive; a high and pure character; unusually direct and vigorous speech. His thought and his teaching were addressed to philosophy, by which he understood the rational structure of the world and of society as a basis for conduct. He had an intuitive grasp of the mental and moral attitude of the undergraduate, and he understood how to call into life that which was best in him and to make it able to control his future. In those days there was needed as president not so much an administrator, or even an organizer, as one whose personal power fitted him to take the lead in class-room, faculty, and State—one who would be regarded as the spiritual head of an institution whose functions were regarded as primarily spiritual. This position Dr. Bascom filled with exceptional success.

After his return from the West his leisure was employed in philosophical and sociological studies, and several volumes appeared, among which a treatise on the philosophical basis of sociology, another, "The Words of Christ," and another, "The New Theology," are most important. His last is a treatise on "The Goodness of God," of slender dimensions, but of great breadth and insight. Dr. Bascom's life in the old New England town was full of good fruit. Philosopher and prophet as he was, the farmers all knew him and believed in him; in all local affairs he took an intelligent interest; he was never absent from town meeting and his word was most influential. The Greylock State Reservation Commission, under whose care one thousand acres on the crown of that noble mountain have been placed, for the perpetual use of the people of the State, was largely his project; until a few months ago he remained at the head of the commission.

To the day of his death he was physically and mentally alert; he was on horseback two days before he died; several reviews and articles for the newspapers were waiting to be finished on his table.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Columbus, O., November 14.

DECORATIVE VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A teacher of literature, in this part of the country at least, has constantly to fight against the popular impression that poetry is a gentle, decorative, and feminine art like "fancy work," unworthy of serious attention from a practical man. This is especially true in a coeducational college, where the girl students, especially those incapable of thought, tend to flock into the literature courses. There they expect to be agreeably entertained, or at least to avoid the necessity of the slightest intellectual exertion. As I read the review of recent verse in the *Nation* of October 26, I thought how perfectly most of the verse quoted fits in with this popular impression. Fourteen volumes by different authors are noticed in the review, and there is a short quotation from each. I am impressed with the sameness of these bits of verse, with their graceful decorative quality, and with their almost total lack of vital interest.

With the exception of perhaps three pieces, one of which is an echo from an older poetic school, I think all these poems might easily have been written by a single author. They all have a gentle elegiac-idyllic strain, where very often "pure description takes the place of sense." Smoothly turned lines, vague classical reminiscences, more or less pretty nature descriptions—these recur in poem after poem. Even into Mr. Palmer's ode on Marcus Aurelius the "nature" note intrudes in the remarkable comparison of the stoic Emperor to an "unvexed oriole."

To what do we owe this surfeit of sugar candy? Is it not true that the verses quoted in your review are representative of a prevailing tendency? Why is it that our poets are concerned chiefly with things that are pretty and decorative, but not vital; with feelings that are soothing and

becoming, but not passionate? Ford Madox Hueffer, in his reminiscences, expresses the opinion that the divorce of poetry from life is due to the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, and that Rossetti sounded the knell of English poetry when he wrote "The Blessed Damozel." The Pre-Raphaelite influence is perhaps responsible to some degree; but should we not look further back? I suspect that Keats, more than any other poet, is the source of this flood of decorative verse. We are suffering from a degenerate form of his worship of outward beauty, which takes for its creed and misinterprets the famous text about beauty and truth.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, October 29.

QUARREL OF THE CONSONANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "Old Spelling Reformer," Thomas Edwards, whose memory Professor Havens has recently revived (the *Nation*, October 26), must forfeit his title to originality in favor of no more modern a person than Lucian of Samosata. The "Account of the Trial of the Letter Y, *alias* Y" is an ingenious adaptation to English of the ancient's "Trial in the Court of the Vowels," wherein the letter sigma brings suit against the letter tau for usurping the former's rightful place. "I am driven from Thessaly (Thettaly, forsooth!)," cries the irate consonant. "Θάλασσα is now *mare clausum* to me. . . . I have never a πάσσαλος to hang myself on." (The Clarendon Press translation, Vol. I. p. 26), The Greek document, like the English, is a plea for conservatism in orthography.

JAMES HOLLY HANFORD.

Simmons College, November 13.

NOT NEWS AND NEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A parallel which may have been present in Dana's mind when he drew his distinction between "not news and news" is that afforded by a passage in Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," Part I, chapter xvii:

> The story of the whale swallowing Jonah, though a whale is large enough to do it, borders greatly on the marvellous; but it would have approached nearer to the idea of a miracle if Jonah had swallowed the whale.
>
> The same question suggests itself in Paine's case. Was it consciously or unconsciously that he reproduced the form of the ancient apothegm? S.

November 10.

LETTERS OF JOHN BRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A life of my father, John Bright, is shortly to be written by Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan. There must be a large number of letters, written by my father, to Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, and W. H. Seward, during the American war. I should much like to have the opportunity of seeing whether some of them are worth quoting in the biography, but I do not know who has them. Perhaps this letter, if printed in the *Nation*, may come to the notice of those who have them.

J. A. BRIGHT.

One Ash, Rochdale, England, November 9.

Literature

PERUVIAN TRAVEL.

Following the Conquistadores: Along the Andes and down the Amazon. By H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D., Author of "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena." With an Introduction by Col. Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

The increasing number of books that issue from the press relating to South America is both a tribute to the growth of the countries in that continent and a sign of the keener interest which the rest of the world begins to feel in them. As this interest, which used to be stimulated by the aspects of nature and the remains of primitive culture, is now chiefly roused by an appreciation of the material progress of these countries and of the promise of increased trade which that progress holds out, recent writers have occupied themselves more with Argentina, Brazil, and Chili than with the other less advanced republics, and have dealt chiefly with the agricultural and mineral resources which are being there developed. About such resources the present work has not very much to say, though the author is not indifferent to their importance. He describes in Peru and Bolivia a region in which much remains to be done to make its natural wealth available, and expresses hopes for the future rather than records advances already made.

The journey here described begins at Panama, where the achievements of American engineers and the not less creditable work of American scientific physicians in banishing tropical diseases from one of their haunts are dwelt upon with well-deserved emphasis. Thence Dr. Mozans proceeds south to Guayaquil, a nest of fever and malaria which sadly needs American science and energy to deal with it; and from Guayaquil he climbs the Ecuadorean Andes by the recently opened railway to Riobamba and Quito. Returning to the coast, he sails to Callao, visits Lima and the famous Oroya railroad, which after reaching a height of 15,665 feet above sea level, sends off a branch to the great mining centre of Cerro de Pasco. Then he sails further down the coast to Mollendo, the terminus of the Peruvian Southern Railroad, and by this line, which also crosses the western chain of the Andes, finds his way to Arequipa, Lake Titicaca, La Paz, and ultimately Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas. Finally, having gone back to Lima and thence to Truxillo, some way north of Lima, he enters on by far the most fatiguing part of his wanderings in a long journey across the Cordilleras from the Pacific into the valley of the Paranapura, and thence along the Huallaga into the great Amazon, which he follows down to Iquitos, the principal centre of trade in that region, and thence to Para in Brazil.

The book is agreeably and intelligently written in a flowing style. We are told something about the scenes and the aspects of nature generally, something about the inhabitants, something about the author's own personal experiences, yet not enough to make us tire of him. There is a good deal of moralizing, and a vast deal of quotation (not always illuminative) from poets, English, Italian, and above all Spanish, especially South American Spanish. These citations witness to the extent of Dr. Mozans's reading and bring to the reader's notice many names of minor Spanish colonial poets, whose fame has never before reached him. Verse-making seems to be assiduously cultivated in Lima, and Arequipa, and even in plague-stricken Guayaquil. In the interesting Introduction, which Col. Roosevelt has written for the book, a deserved tribute is paid to the sympathy of Dr. Mozans with the people among whom he went and his appreciation of their good qualities. It is altogether desirable that a traveller should have this disposition to see the bright side of things and to look for merits rather than defects. Such a disposition is one of the pleasing features of this book. But it is carried too far when the weak points are ignored and a general tint of rose is thrown over the whole moral and intellectual landscape. Dr. Mozans is not merely a persistent optimist, but what one may call, if the expression be permissible, a confirmed "booster." He sees little but what is elevated in the qualities of the Peruvians, he has no doubt of the splendid future that awaits the country, he is hopeful of the prospects of railways across the Andes which it must cost untold millions of dollars to construct and the profitable traffic possibilities of which appear to the unpoetical mind to be in a somewhat remote future. He has little but praise for the Roman Catholic Church in South America, differing therein from most of the competent judges on the spot who, while acknowledging the virtues and efforts of some of its noble figures, including many of the Jesuit missionaries, recognized how little it has done for the people. And this determination to extenuate faults goes beyond all bounds when it makes attempt to palliate the hideous crimes of the Spanish conquerors. Pizarro and many of his captains were doubtless men of amazing energy and courage. Never in any age or country were there exploits more extraordinary. But to gloss over their rapacity and their cruelty

and their treachery is to strike at all moral distinctions. These crimes have been crimes and sins in all nations and at all times. If they are to be excused because they were perpetrated upon heathen Indians, whom Spanish religion held to be outside the pale of moral obligation, or justified because they were part of an attempt to bring the natives to a knowledge of the true faith, then the individual men can be defended only at the expense of the sort of religion they held. There were happily other Spaniards in those days who had retained more of the real spirit of Christianity than the infamous friar Vicente de Valverde over whom Dr. Mozans tries to throw a cloak of indulgence.

Regarded as a contribution to our knowledge of the regions which he has here described, the book of Dr. Mozans does not stand in the front rank. It is, for instance, far less thorough and exact than that of the late Edward G. Squier, the first American traveller, who, while he investigated Peruvian antiquities with care, was also exact in his descriptions of the life he saw around him. He was a practised archæologist, while our author does not claim to be. But apart from archæological details, Dr. Mozans is not very exact or thorough in his descriptions. He is loose, for instance, in his estimates of the heights he crosses, and is generally vague, although often picturesque, in his remarks on the character of Andean scenery. And he often surprises us by the uncritical way in which he treats ridiculous fables or fantastic ethnological theories.

The most interesting part of the book is the account it gives of the part of Peru least known to the outside world, viz., the region which lies between the Pacific Coast and the Amazon at Iquitos. The pictures of the surroundings of the towns of Moyobamba and Balsapuerto and the sort of life the people were leading in those far recesses of a mountain and forest land are well given. The story of the perils encountered on the journey across the great ranges is fresh and lively, and the description of the vast tropical forests of the upper Amazon and its tributaries quite impressive. Dr. Mozans observes with truth that one may travel through these wildernesses for days or weeks together without seeing any of the larger wild creatures that inhabit them; and he confirms what Alfred Russell Wallace told us long ago in his remarks on the woods of the East Indian archipelago, that the notion we are apt to form of the brilliance of the flowers in the woods of the tropics is unfounded. He tells us also, and this we are more surprised to hear, that the trees of the Amazonian forests are not generally lofty, only one of them exceeding one hundred feet; and he makes the just observation that the number of trees of different species which one finds on any given piece of ground is much greater than in the wooded tracts of temperate countries. This fact very largely affects the cost of lumbering operations. In order to get a certain number of trees of the same species, it is necessary to cover a disproportionately large space of ground, and either to cut down many other trees which are not wanted or to drag out from among the others, perhaps with great difficulty, those which it is desired to have. The great industry now pursued along the upper Amazon is, as everybody knows, that of getting rubber. Dr. Mozans does not mention, and we assume had not heard of, the shocking cruelties recently perpetrated by some of the agents of rubber companies along the Putumayo River, on the frontier of Peru, which have created so painful a sensation in Europe. His account of the various adventures connected with the exploration of the course of the great river by early Spanish discoverers will be new to most readers, and gives a touch of human interest to a stream which has so far figured less in history than any other water artery of the world.

Our author's eagerness to put upon men and things in Peru the best face they can be made to wear may be explained or defended by the argument that, as these have been often scornfully treated by European travellers, it is proper to redress the balance. But when his enthusiasm carries him in his "Foreword" to claim for "the Iberian race," under which he includes the Portuguese of Brazil, that it is growing and spreading and advancing so as to outstrip every other race except that which he calls "the Anglo-Saxon" he destroys our confidence in his judgment. Those who know South America will be rather inclined to deplore the fate which gave these vast and naturally rich territories to nations which so neglected or threw away their opportunities as Spain and Portugal did. We may be indulgent to the defects of the present generation which is suffering from the crimes and blunders of the past, but we must recognize how slow will be the progress upward in communities only one of which has yet learned to respect both order and liberty, and several of which have by intermixture with Indian and (in Brazil) with negro blood lowered the quality of the European stock. There is no use in blinking these facts; the best men in Spanish America recognize them, and are aware of the immense difficulties they have to confront. Political unrest is not the greatest of the evils that have to be overcome.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sixes and Sevens. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This last volume of short stories from the hand of a writer whose premature death has been regarded as a loss to American letters offers an excellent opportunity both for tracing the development of a talent and for pointing out at least one notable trait which differentiates O. Henry's work, more than that of any other American, from the short story as it is written abroad. Of the twenty-five tales included in the present volume, two at least were published after the writer's death, while some go back as far as 1903, if not further. The reader will find no difficulty in distinguishing between the earlier and the later work, between comparatively crude performances like "New York by Campfire Light" or "October and June," and the accomplished cleverness of "Makes the Whole World Kin," "The Day We Celebrate," and "Ulysses and the Dogman." What is common to both is only the characteristic flow of high spirits which gives to most of O. Henry's work the ease and speed of the spoken anecdote.

In "Makes the Whole World Kin," a burglar breaks into a New York residence one night when every one but the master of the house is away. The man wakes, sits up in bed, and in compliance with a curt request uttered behind a levelled revolver, holds up his right hand. He cannot lift his left hand because, as he explains, his arm is crippled with rheumatism. But the intruder, too, is a victim of rheumatism, and one neuralgic twinge makes the two men kin. The burglar sits down on the bed, and for several pages they discuss the comparative merits of various anti-rheumatism remedies, a subject on which both men display an extraordinary amplitude of information. They decide that there is really one remedy known to science—"little old sanitary, ameliorating, lest-we-forget booze." And when our rheumatic citizen has got on his clothes with the other's assistance, the two go out into the stillness of the night to test the validity of their conclusions. Now, this is a story which we can imagine being told, in his lighter moods, by the European writer to whom O. Henry has so frequently been compared. But whereas Maupassant, relying on the innate humor of the idea, would have told his story soberly, we have in O. Henry the "rapid-fire" manner of a newer day. Almost every line has its grip, and every sentence has its surprise. In other words, manner strives to be more extravagant even than matter. It is in this mingling of verity with extravagance, in this inability to resist the temptation to make a joke at the tragic moment, that our newer art, in the short story or the

theatre, swerves so remarkably from the accepted standards.

Pandora's Box. By John Ames Mitchell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

All the graceful humor, the vivacity, and the charm which characterize Mr. Mitchell's editorials are found in "Pandora's Box." But these are not in themselves sufficient for the making of a novel. A plot is needed, and of this commodity the author has little to offer. The venerable theme of the suitor of low degree who wins the high-born lady requires more skilful treatment than Mr. Mitchell can give to prove fresh and attractive in these sophisticated days. The characters are for the most part mere figure-heads. The villanous old Earl of Drumworth is weary from service in many Victorian shilling-shockers. Even the scene of the story, Drumworth Castle, seems an old acquaintance. The democracy of the book is so very enthusiastic that it fails to be convincing, and for the American hero, who has won the sympathy of the reader and the love of the aristocratic English heroine in the guise of a humble architect, to become suddenly a man of wealth, owner of Drumworth Castle, is much in the nature of an anti-climax. When a book proves pleasant reading in spite of such defects as these just noted, it is evident that its writer deserves congratulations on the score of style and craftsmanship. The dialogue is sprightly and entertaining and the atmosphere of the story is wholesome and agreeable. By far the most interesting and real character is the delightful dog, Baseborn. The book is worth reading if only for the sake of enjoying the acquaintance of this excellent beast.

A Person of Some Importance. By Lloyd Osborne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A Stevenson romance with a slight flavor of E. Phillips Oppenheim, that is, a good "yarn" told for its own sake with exceptional skill—of such is this tale. The action hinges on the identity of the man called John Mort, who appears for only a short time at the beginning of the story. This mysterious person of uncertain nationality and apparently boundless wealth, lives in luxury with a beautiful woman on a South Sea island, and governs the peaceful natives. After six years spent in doing Mort's errands round the coasts and islands of the Pacific, the hero, anxious to revisit his boyhood home, leaves his master's service under the strictest pledge of secrecy as to their whole connection. This pledge is the cause of all his troubles. The scenes range from the hero's home in Connecticut, where he elopes with the fascinating daughter of an old general, and where he is persecuted by powerful agencies determined to discover the whereabouts of John Mort, to Lotoalofa, the coral-girt island of the South Seas. The plot is handled with remarkable dexterity, so that it is seldom possible to guess even the next turn of its devious road. The book will be heartily enjoyed by readers who like plenty of variety and surprise, and have a proper contempt for probability.

Find the Woman. By Gelett Burgess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Burgess should have added the name of Robert Louis Stevenson to the list of five individuals beginning with Scheherazade, to whom he has dedicated his book. The method of "Find the Woman" is the method of the "New Arabian Nights," but the manner is Mr. Burgess's own. Upon a thread of mystery and adventure he has strung a dozen short stories, some of them more frankly impossible than others, but most of them funny and nearly all of them cleverly done. The story of the Great Yale Funeral, which seems to be built around a kernel of fact, is altogether delightful. Another chapter is evidently intended as a tribute to the memory of Richard Mansfield. There are two pages in the book on which the smile develops into a roar. They have to do with the sanctimonious Dr. Hopbottom, with whom profane utterance takes the form of an orgy in technical and scientific terminology. Dr. Hopbottom addresses an Irish truck-driver as follows:

> What diacritical right has a binomial oxypendactile advoutrous holoblastic rhizopod like you, got with your trinoctial ustilaginous Westphalian holocaust blocking up the teleostean way for, anyway! If you give me any more of your lunarian, snorto-maniac hyperbolic pylorectomy, I'll skive you into a megalopteric diatomoriferous auxospore!

This is not very subtle humor, but the reviewer, while copying out the foregoing sentences, laughed anew.

The Texican. By Dane Coolidge. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

One is irresistibly tempted to classify this as nature study (human nature, to be sure), so much more comparable is it to those engaging life histories of bears, coyotes, and wild mustangs from the pens of our zoölogical biographers, than to any accepted type of Wild West fiction. While the picturesque and mirth-enlivened Wyoming of "The Virginian" no longer exists—we have Mr. Wister's own word for it, and still less accessible is the New Mexico of "Santa Fé's Partner"—did it ever exist outside the easily stimulated imagination of Mr. Janvier?—the Arizona of "The Texican" is still open to exploration. To be sure, times have changed in "Geronimo County" since the day when Pecos Dalhart came out of an oppressively civilized Texas to enlist as free lance in the guerrilla cattle-war between John Upton of Tonto Basin and Isaac Crittenden of Verde Crossing. The authority of the law has superseded

> The good old rule, the simple plan
> That they shall take who have the might,
> And they shall keep who can;

and the ingenious artistry of the "running iron" is less in requisition among its cowboys. But a very brief sojourn in any small Arizona town will familiarize the visitor with such a physical type as "Old Crit," "tall, gaunt, and stooping, his head canted back to make up for the crook in his back." And in the eye of the plainsman to-day as he looks over the effeminate town product, there is to be recognized a curiosity devoid of all admiration, very closely akin to the expressions, both facial and verbal, with which Pecos in jail warded off the ingratiating reporter who thought to make copy of his woes. "He turned on the reporter and scowled. 'Go take a run and jump at yourself,' he said." It is when he approaches the cowboy in this attitude of amused and sympathetic observation that Mr. Coolidge is at his best. He has found nothing so hilarious or so rich in theatrical effect as the other two above-mentioned authors discovered in their happy hunting grounds; and as for his way of telling his story, he only speaks right on in unpretentious fashion with occasional boyish lapses into the vernacular. Yet he seems to us to have hit a good deal nearer than the others the real feelings that are at the bottom of the esoteric quality of Western humor.

BROWNING'S POPULARITY.

The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning. Four Lectures, by Thomas R. Lounsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.20 net.

Professor Lounsbury's lectures at the University of Virginia on the Barbour-Page Foundation are justified by the biographies which contain a mass of mythical statement on a few events in the poet's career. Contrary to prevailing opinion, and indeed to Browning's statements, the reception at first accorded his poetry was cordial. "Pauline" (1833) doesn't count. It was issued anonymously and for two decades was forgotten. "Paracelsus" (1835), one of his finest studies in character and sensation, did not have a large sale. No poetry produced in the fourth decade of the last century did have a large sale. But it received no contemptuous notice and did evoke glowing predictions of his future achievements. Forster's review in the *Examiner*, usually described as "the great event in the history of 'Paracelsus,'" was in reality no more influential than William Johnson Fox's in the *Monthly Repository*, or Leigh Hunt's in his *Journal*. *Fraser's Maga-*

zine somewhat aggressively proclaimed the poem superior to Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde," the work which had attained highest critical repute in that decade. Browning's biographers have simply not looked into the matter. No work created a profounder impression than "Paracelsus" among the awakened spirits of the time. Contemporary notices of "Strafford" (1837) reveal how high was the anticipation of it raised by the previous publication, and how keen the disappointment. Of "Sordello" (1840) Professor Lounsbury says: "Perhaps there is no instance in literary history of an author who proceeded to destroy his own reputation with more systematic endeavor. . . . Certainly never were efforts of that sort attended with more overwhelming success." He recounts some of the familiar stories, such as that of Douglas Jerrold, who, after starting on the book, sank back in despair on his sick-bed with the exclamation, "Oh, God, I am an idiot!" But more valid are the estimates in the leading authorities. Not a favorable word can be found for the poem, even in the obscurest quarters. Thus began the eclipse of Browning's reputation. "Pippa Passes" (1841), poetry of a high order, was ignored. "Dramatic Lyrics" (1842) and "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics" (1845), containing his work of the most sustained excellence, were received with indifference. The general public, even of the highly educated, Professor Lounsbury infers, had been turned against Browning by their disappointment over "Sordello."

As for the plays, the records prove that they were unsuccessful, maugre the poet's protestations to the contrary. "Strafford" was for five performances kept on the stage only by the combined drawing power of the greatest actor and actress of the time, Macready and Helen Faucit. More contested is the fortune of "A Blot i' the 'Scutcheon," which, according to the poet's treacherous memory of events, was prematurely cut short in a career of triumph. In reality it was performed but three nights in all, and to dwindling houses, was then withdrawn for old plays, and was not again acted during the remaining sixteen weeks of the season. Moreover, on its revival by Samuel Phelps, it was presented only eight times during the entire season of 1848-9. As a writer for the stage Browning certainly was not successful. But Professor Lounsbury is not content with establishing this fact. He proceeds to argue that Browning was no dramatist at all. Part of his criticism is just. The poet was interested in poignant situations, not in the succession of events, nor in the plot or action. He depicted individual states of soul, not the interplay of various characters. The dialogue is frequently hard to follow. But it is not a catholic criticism that applies to "A Blot i' the 'Scutcheon" standards that properly apply to "As a Man Thinks" or "Mid-Channel." Browning wrote poetic dramas, not realistic transcripts from everyday life. The common-sense attitude that finds "A Blot i' the 'Scutcheon" ridiculous would look upon "Philaster" as a patchwork of silly romantic situations, and would characterize the tragic Othello as a drivelling idiot, because even an ordinary man could have seen on five minutes' reflection that Desdemona's unfaithfulness was a physical impossibility. In other words, Professor Lounsbury's judgments, suggestive as they are, leave out of account some elements necessary to a perfectly valid conclusion.

Indeed, behind the whole investigation lurks an animus that for some may negative its truly valuable results. Professor Lounsbury has been so sorely annoyed by Browning's obscurity that he has set out to prove that this obscurity alone blighted for thirty years a promising reputation. The present immense vogue of the poet he attributes largely to the artificial interest created by Browning societies, which are nevertheless hurting the poet by centring attention on the most unpoetic parts of his work. Yet there is a tonic quality in these eminently sensible views, couched as they are in a lucid, vigorous style, touched with humor and irony. They should especially fall into the hands of devotees like the feminine enthusiast who exclaimed after listening to a reading from her adored poet: "If we did not know how splendid this whole thing is, what a horrible bore we should think it to be." Such enthusiasts will accept not one of Professor Lounsbury's critical opinions, but they cannot controvert the facts he has adduced.

Ecce Deus. By William Benjamin Smith. Jena: Diederichs.

The distinguished mathematician and philosopher of Tulane University has been devoting many years to the study of the origins of Christianity, and has gathered together an immense amount of material more or less ready for publication in defence of the thesis, already promulgated in the first edition of his "Der vorchristliche Jesus" (1906), to the effect that the Jesus of the New Testament was not a man like Buddha or Confucius, but God or a God (it is not perfectly clear what *deus* means as applied to Jesus) like Mithra, the God of a secret cult whose existence may be traced to pre-Christian Jewish circles. The attack on Arthur Drews, the first part of whose "Christusmythe" was handled mercilessly by German radical critics, induced Professor Smith to waive for a while the intended logical order of the publication of the vast stores of accumulated material and to come without further ado into the debate, taking up the cudgels with the avowed purpose of showing the critics what the fundamental question at issue really is, and of indicating, by select examples, the kind of evidence he has completely at his command in unpublished manuscript in support of his somewhat surprising contention. Hence "Ecce Deus" now, and hence the German dress.

The reader should bear in mind that Dr. Smith professes an interest not only in religion but in the Christian religion, "our religion," as he allows himself to say. To be sure, he is careful not only to distinguish sharply between religion and ethics (a separation which is not conspicuous in the Jewish prophets or in the utterances commonly ascribed to Jesus), but also to inform us in a highly ornate passage that the Himalaya summits of ethics were not reached in the New Testament, and that no such dizzy heights of pure morals tower above us there as in the second book of Plato's "Republic." The reader should likewise bear in mind that the volume is avowedly an attack upon the historical method of such scholars as Wellhausen, Schmiedel, and Harnack, and that even in the learned appended discussions of such points as "the pillars of Schmiedel," "the silence of Josephus and Tacitus," "Nazareth," and "Judas Iscariot," the audience to whom he speaks is ever before him.

The drift of the book, stated dryly in the reviewer's own language, seems to be about this: Traditional theology accepts as credible the extraordinary events commonly called "miracles," and believes that Jesus is both God and man, a credulity and belief which no unprejudiced modern man (for whom alone the work is intended) can share. Unitarian theology is intellectually as deficient as the traditional, for it is impossible to explain the worship of Jesus *quasi deus*, if Jesus were a Jewish teacher who said some beautiful things about God and man, waiving the fact that most of the sayings attributed to him are equalled in Jewish thought and surpassed in Greek. Now, as matter of fact, there is no thinkable *tertium quid* between Jesus as Man and Jesus as God. It follows that if he was a man, Christianity is inexplicable; if he was a God, the hypothesis of an historical man Jesus is superfluous. Again, as matter of fact, Jesus was no more man than his early rival Mithra.

So convinced is Dr. Smith of the truth of his thesis that he ventures to affirm that if there were no positive evidence for the existence of the pre-Christian Jesus cult, it would be necessary to postulate the fact in order adequately to account for Christianity. At the same time, he is aware of the possible rejoinder of his critics, that the positive evidence hitherto adduced for the Jesus cult is meagre, that the argument from silence is a two-edged sword, that the

interpretation of the New Testament, apart from the Gospels, is special pleading, and that, above all, the Gospels themselves purport to narrate the sayings and doings of an historical person like Isaiah and Jeremiah. The last point is confessedly important, for the Gospels exist as literary documents. But existence is not interpretation. The critics have been unable to reach a consistent method of interpretation and have as a result of their failure lost themselves in the mazes of subjectivity. What do the Gospels intend? To the Tulane professor it has been given to know the clue to the exegesis of the Gospels. To be sure, he has had some predecessors, but none so rigorous, thoroughgoing, and scientific as he. The clue is allegory. The Gospels are not the evident reminiscences about a man but the occult annals of a God. In the Gospel of Mark, for example, when rightly that is allegorically interpreted, there stands forth in its purity, unsullied by the human spots found in the Fourth Gospel, Jesus the God of a secret cult. As Dr. Smith insists, it is a question of method. "Ecce Deus" is dedicated to the *Manes* of Origen.

The most annoying thing in this amazingly clever book is the persistent aroma of finality which envelops the discussion in general and the exegesis in particular. This finality is to the older historical method the only heresy of which a scientific student is capable. However, due allowance must be made for the polemic and popular trend of the argument.

Kansas in the Sixties. By Samuel J. Crawford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2 net.

This is a plain, unvarnished frontiersman's narrative of war and peace; it is also an interesting contribution to a period in the history of his State, which is too little known. No one can put the book down without feeling that he has been close to a remarkable figure, a State-builder of rugged personality, indomitable will, and no little power. To understand Kansas, either in its *Sturm und Drang* period of the fifties or in the sixties, one must know something of the character of its men. Gen. Crawford reached Kansas after the battle for Free Soil had been won, for he did not cross the boundary of Kansas Territory until March 1, 1859, just a month after John Brown had left Kansas soil forever. The Territory was then looking forward, after five years of trial by fire, to an era of peaceful development, only to become itself, in part, the battleground of a far greater and more terrible civil war than it had yet experienced. How rapidly things moved in this virgin territory appears from the fact that Crawford, the young immigrant, was deemed a perfectly qualified Kansan by December, 1859, for he was then chosen to the first State Legislature. In May, 1861, he got leave from the Legislature to raise a company for the defence of the Union, and from then until November 8, 1864, when not yet thirty he was elected Governor of Kansas, he was steadily in the field, retiring as Colonel of the Second Kansas Colored Infantry to become the head of a State of which he had been a resident, but little more than five years.

That Gen. Crawford was a gallant soldier, every one in Kansas knows, and the outsider cannot fail to be convinced of it by this narrative. Not that there is anything of the swashbuckler about the author; but the vigor of his personality and the number of his accomplishments speak for themselves. Particularly stirring is the story of his colored regiment and the risks of cold-blooded massacre they took when they volunteered. Gen. Crawford writes with much of the intensity of feeling of the sixties. If there are still unreconstructed Rebels, here is an unreconstructed Northerner, and we confess to have found the acquaintance refreshing in these days when so many would have it appear that there was nothing more at stake than a polite difference of opinion as to whether one's servants should be paid or unpaid. But if the ex-Governor can still deliver ringing volleys at his quondam enemies in gray, it cannot be overlooked that his feelings sometimes carry him away. His recollections of some of his battles would have been much strengthened by a more careful consultation of the records. Thus his account of his troops firing over Gen. Lyon's body at Wilson's Creek is incorrect. His account of the battle of Prairie Grove, for another instance, is open to far more serious criticisms. It is well, therefore, to read his battle accounts for their stirring stories of brave deeds rather than for historical truths.

The latter part of Gen. Crawford's book relates to his civilian experiences; but even here the military intervenes, for one of his first acts as Governor was to visit Washington and the troops of the Army of the Potomac. Moreover, as he resigned from the army to become Governor, so he resigned as Governor in November, 1869, to become colonel of the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry, a six months' regiment raised to make a winter campaign under Sheridan against the hostile Indians of Kansas. Though few know it, Kansas under Gov. Crawford was compelled to place troops in the field to aid the regular army against Indians, for four successive years, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868-69. Gen. Crawford writes as one familiar with Indian brutalities, with little or no sympathy for the red man; yet he was a leader in the effort to drive out traders who supplied them with whiskey and guns, and he helped to defeat the scandalous efforts to rob some tribes of their lands. This entire phase of his book makes sad reading, with its record of bloodshed and governmental blundering. But here, too, the historian of the future will find much of value.

Problems in Railway Regulation. By Henry S. Haines. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

This book is in a sense a continuation of the author's previous volumes, for although it treats to some extent the same subject matter as is to be found in "Restrictive Railway Legislation" and "Railway Corporations as Public Servants," this treatment serves merely as a summarized introduction to the discussion of the urgent problems of the present day. The six preliminary chapters of an historical character show that the author has supplemented his practical railway experience with a thorough study of transportation history, and that he is possessed of rare skill in presenting vividly and concisely the salient facts in the formation, extension, reconstruction, and regulation of our railway net. Doubtless because of the author's service with the "Plant System" and his interest in the South, more attention is given to Southern railway development than is usual among transportation historians, and much new light is thrown upon this neglected section of the country.

The problems treated are eight in number—incorporation, finance, construction, operation, traffic, discrimination, rate-making, and labor. Whether the reader agrees with the writer's conclusions or not, he will be impressed by the calm handling of topics, by the total absence of bias, and by the modesty with which personal opinions are expressed, and he will be brought into familiar touch with all the questions that are the subject of present controversy.

Problems of incorporation arise largely in connection with reorganization, merger, and consolidation. Separate State Governments are impotent in respect to such transactions as are revealed in these gradual concentrations of corporate power, but the Federal Government may say how the franchises shall be exercised in interstate commerce. The benefits of such unification of management are to be derived from suitable traffic arrangements authorized by Federal authority rather than by merger of the corporations themselves. Financial problems have to do largely with questions of capitalization and the limitation of earnings. Here the author takes a sound position, but one which in the light of Supreme Court decision can only be regarded as heterodox, that any physical valuation of our entire railway system seems impracticable; that in the event of inordinate profits to certain railways from what appear to be

reasonable rates when levied by competitors, the excess over a reasonable return is to be taken by the treasury through a graduated tax; that interference with existing capitalization would create injustices that would more than offset any advantages to be gained thereby, and that Federal supervision should intervene, if at all, only with respect to the issue of new securities and then reluctantly and tentatively because of the danger that its policy will be subject to political influences.

Discussion of the problems of traffic, discrimination, rate-making, and labor all leads in one direction, a plea for a certain degree of liberty for the railways in the making of rates, and permission to establish traffic associations under Federal jurisdiction. In the light of the recent sweeping rate decisions of the Commission, the issue is no longer between shippers and railways as to reasonable rates, but rather between railways and the Commission as to reasonable profits. Materials and supplies are controlled by the industrial Trusts. Wages are fixed by the brotherhoods and the Federal board of arbitration. In the recent rate cases, labor for the first time aligned itself in a common cause with the managements and demanded that rates should be adjusted to the trade-union wages scale. As a result of the Commission's present authority and its exercise, tariffs are becoming hardened on the existing rate basis. Capital is imperatively demanded for improvements. In the midst of these conflicting demands and requirements, the only relief is to be found in a reduction of the cost of transportation, and the possibilities of this policy as a source of future profits are still problematical.

A few errors have crept into the book. The date of the formation of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission is given as 1879, which is an obvious misprint for 1869. The "commodities clause" does not prohibit railway companies "from engaging in mining or producing any commodity entering into interstate traffic"; it merely prohibits railways from transporting in interstate commerce commodities which they have mined or produced. It should have been stated that the figure of average capitalization per mile for the United States in 1908, $71,819, includes duplications due to the holdings of the securities of one railway by another. The figure of net capitalization was $57,201. The English road engineer's name should be Telford, not Telfair. The statement that cost of performance per traffic units "has been increasing since 1902" is a little misleading because, according to the author's own statistics, the expense per ton-mile was higher in 1904, and per passenger-mile in 1907, than it has been since. Finally, there is danger of misconstruction of the statement that cost of railway plant to date "is a fact established by the records." It is true only where intelligible records are available.

American Socialism of the Present Day. By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph.D. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

John Spargo, who writes an introduction to this work, uses moderation in saying, "Miss Hughan makes what I venture to predict will be widely and generally recognized as a very valuable contribution to the literature of Socialism." There are evidences here not only of prolonged and minute investigation, but also of sound mental digestion. Miss Hughan has, indeed, produced a most scholarly and dispassionate treatise. Though she has not aimed at any of the graces of style, we find, when most needed, great clearness of diction. Seldom, for example, does one walk amid the pitfalls of Karl Marx's dialectic with so sure a tread. Those who have looked in vain to others for an interpretation of Marx may advisably entrust themselves to her guidance.

Miss Hughan sets out to answer two questions: "Does there exist, or to what extent does there exist, a consistent Socialist movement in the United States? Only after such a movement is clearly identified can we proceed to inquire, What are its principles and tactics, its strength and its weakness, at the present time?" She shows that such a party does exist, though it is not so easily identified as in European countries. In England, the name Socialism is comparatively little used, but the thing itself is clearly in evidence, chiefly in connection with the Labor party. On the Continent, on the other hand, sixty years of controversy around the points raised by Marx and Engels have evolved a scientific doctrine. In the United States there has been no continuous evolution of either measures or doctrine. Not until 1892 was there anything that could properly be called an American Socialist party, and even now, declares Miss Hughan, the current saying that Socialists are "of 57 varieties" reflects the prevalent impression, both popular and academic. Since, however, both the Socialist party and the Socialist Labor party have an accredited place in the socialist movement of the world, each being represented in the International Socialist Bureau, they must be taken, through their official utterances, as the spokesmen of American Socialism.

An interesting distinction between this country and Europe is pointed out:

> The acknowledgment of leadership is foreign to the principles of Socialism, which emphasizes the class rather than the individual, and economic rather than personal forces. Such hero worship as that of Lassalle by the German workers of the last generation is repudiated by American Socialists; and many of the internal polemics which appear to outsiders as serious discussions are in reality merely a rough discipline administered to would-be leaders who forget their place as servants of the organization.

To the student of the philosophy of history this distinction might perhaps be construed as a reflection on the intelligence of the Socialist party in the United States. Yet it is by no means certain that if a Liebknecht or a Bebel, to say nothing of a Lassalle or a Marx, had arisen in this country the personal equation would have played a more insignificant part here than in Germany. It may, indeed, have been a sound instinct which, in view of the material actually at hand, has made the Socialist party in America minimize the idea of leadership. Leadership of a sort there has, of course, been.

The part played in American Socialism by Marx's theories is discussed by Miss Hughan with clearness and not a little shrewdness. Not his theory of surplus value, but his economic interpretation of history, with the consequent doctrines of the class struggle and the fall of capitalism, forms, in our author's opinion, the basis of scientific Socialism. "The apparent ignoring of surplus value in American propaganda is not to be ascribed to such a repudiation of this doctrine as that of the Fabians Hudson and Shaw, but to a realization that the Socialist movement is founded upon economic determinism and the class struggle rather than upon the analysis contained in 'Capital.'" In other words, the American Socialist, if we read Miss Hughan aright, loves not "Das Kapital" less, but the "Communist Manifesto" more—a generalization which we suspect comes pretty near the truth.

Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins. Written and compiled by his son, L. C. Collins. New York: John Lane Co. $3 net.

It seems but yesterday, though in fact the event dates from September, 1908, that we were shocked by reading the news of the tragic death of one of England's most militant and vital scholars. Professor Collins's body, it will be remembered, was found in a channel near Lowestoft under circumstances that strongly suggested suicide. In the present memoir his son gives reasons for supposing that the death was accidental. Professor Collins, though ordinarily of buoyant temperament, was subject to intermittent and inexplicable fits of insomnia and mental depression. When he left Birmingham on the holiday from which he was never to return, "he seems to have been, if not very, at least mildly depressed." But no thought of death, apparently, was in his mind. We may quote at some length from the reminiscences of William MacKay, both because they show the normal state of Collins's mind, just before the fatal

event, and because they give perhaps the most vivid picture of the man to be found in the present memoirs:

> The Professor was at his best when he was illustrating and expounding the writers whom he loved. As he "reeled off" long quotations with marvellous verbal accuracy, with perfect enunciation, and with a curious haunting undertone as of music, one could not but envy those students whose high privilege it was to hear him from week to week in the lecture-room at Birmingham. His memory was prodigious. One night the conversation turned on Swift. He asked me if I remembered the conclusion of Taine's chapter on the Dean. He leaned farther back in his chair, took his pipe from his mouth, and with half-closed eyes turned to the ceiling, he repeated, without once stopping for a forgotten word, the whole of that magnificent passage. He seemed to derive some acute pleasure, as of a physical kind, from the act of reciting the ringing periods of the eloquent Frenchman. The sentences cover two or three pages of Taine's "Englisb Literature" . . .
>
> The night before that upon which he met his death, Professor Collins spent with me. We were alone . . . And there opposite me as I write these memories is the basket chair in which he liked to sit huddled up, pipe alight, head leaning back, as he inveighed against the charlatans or gave shape to his appreciation of the great ones. His attacks and his appreciations were alike remarkable for clearness of statement as for beauty of phrase.
>
> The next night, contrary to his wont, he took a sleeping draught and slept out of doors. Later, while wandering perhaps half unconscious in the dark, he fell into the water.

The present memoir is a worthy portrait of a man who made many enemies by his outspoken criticism of slovenly work, but who had also the warmest friends. The book suffers less from the indiscriminate inclusion of uninteresting letters than do most of the swollen biographies now written in England, but it might still be reduced somewhat without disadvantage. We get a striking picture of the scholar's enormous activity as lecturer and writer, of his fight for recognition ending in the professorship in the University of Birmingham. Despite his inveterate bookishness, he kept also his interest in life, especially, it may be added, in the shady side of life. Those who read his article in the *National Review* of December, 1905, on the "Mersham Tunnel Mystery" will not be surprised to know that, like some other good and great men, he was powerfully attracted by the mysteries of crime and imposture, and was, for instance, so far absorbed in the intricacies of the Tichborne case as to seek the acquaintance of the claimant. In 1903, he helped to found a society commonly called the Murder Club, which is still in existence and the objects of which, though secret, are easily surmised. He sketched the plot of a detective story which has since been written out by A. C. Fox-Davies and is soon to be published as "Rastchuk's Revenge."

Professor Collins got to know most of the celebrities of his day, and the pages of the present memoir are not lacking in entertaining stories and observations. Some of the latter are not free of causticity, as witness this entry in his diary:

> With Browning I was miserably disappointed; there was marked *vulgarity* about him, particularly in his accent and in the tone of his voice, & a certain indescribable savor of *sycophancy* of a man eager to be of a grade to which he did not belong; but the poet was there—the poet's keen eye—the poet's heart—obvious in his remarks and descriptions.

Notes

The "Episodes" to "Vathek," which it was feared had been lost, but which were discovered by Lewis Melville, will be published by Stephen Swift & Co. Mr. Melville will write the introduction, and the translation from the French, in which the "Episodes" were written, will be made by Sir Frank T. Marzials.

University life in England in the early eighteenth century is said to be well pictured in a forthcoming volume to be printed by Messrs. Bell for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, entitled "Cambridge Under Queen Anne"; it represents in part the literary remains of the late J. E. B. Mayor.

Andrew Lang has written a "Short History of Scotland," in one volume, which Blackwood promises for next month.

The beginnings of civilization are sketched by Miss Florence Holbrook in "Cave, Mound, and Lake Dwellers, and other Primitive Peoples," a new book announced by Heath & Co., who also have in hand Dr. E. D. Daniell's "Latin Drill and Composition."

McClurg & Co. will shortly publish a new book, by Herbert N. Casson, on "Ads and Sales."

The Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia announces its removal on January 1 to Nos. 218-226 South Eleventh Street.

The "Pervigilium Veneris," edited with a translation into English verse by Elizabeth Du Bois Peck, is issued by the Elm Tree Press of Woodstock, Vt., in an edition of one hundred and twenty-five copies, eighty-six of which are for sale at $5 each, postpaid. The book is printed from type on Van Gelder hand-made paper, and the Latin text is illuminated with a large initial in four colors, based on that in the Codex Thuanus, and with two Byzantine ornaments, also in four colors, designed by Dela P. Mussey.

A timely publication is a reprint from the Century Co. of Robert Hichens's "Spell of Egypt," without the illustrations by Jules Guérin and at a correspondingly lower price ($1.25 net).

A neat illustrated edition of Percival Lowell's "Soul of the Far East" comes to us from Macmillan. Looking at the original date of copyright we are surprised that it goes back to 1888. The book has remained so alive in memory that one needs such a reminder that he read it more than a score of years ago.

The "Memoirs of W. W. Holden" (Lawson Monograph II; Trinity College Historical Society) present the writer's own version of affairs in North Carolina during his two terms as reconstruction Governor. They reveal the author's limitations and the difficulties before a Republican Governor in a Southern State under the Congressional plan, a side of reconstruction history for which the records are none too abundant.

Houghton Mifflin Co. has brought out a popular edition of Henry M. Stanley's "Autobiography." In its present form it contains sixteen illustrations and an excellent map.

To Everyman's Library, E. P. Dutton & Co. add this month forty-seven volumes: Biography: Irving's "Life of Mahomet," with introduction by Prof. E. V. Arnold, and Oliphant Smeaton's "Life of Shakespeare."—Classics: Aristophanes's "Comedies," Vol. II, the final volume, and Horace's "Complete Poetical Works,' with introduction by Prof. John Marshall.—Essays and belles-lettres: Bagehot's "Literary Studies," two volumes, with introduction by George Sampson; "The Federalist," by Alexander Hamilton and others, with introduction by Prof. W. J. Ashley; Rousseau's "Emile, or Education," translated by Barbara Foxley, and Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places, or Etymological Illustrations of History, Ethnology, and Geography," with introduction by Edward Thomas.—Fiction: "Old St. Paul's," by Harrison Ainsworth, with introduction by W. E. A. Axon; Balzac's "Country Doctor," with introduction by George Saintsbury; Disraeli's "Coningsby," with introduction by Langdon Davies; Dostoieffsky's "Prison Life in Siberia," with introduction by Mme. Stepniak; Mrs. Gaskell's "Silvia's Lovers," with introduction by Mrs. Ellis Chadwick; Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," with introduction by Ernest Rhys; Bulwer Lytton's "Rienzi," with introduction by E. H. Blakeney; George Sand's "Devil's Pool and François the Waif," with introduction by Ernest Rhys; J. von Scheffel's "Ekkehard: A Tale of the Tenth Century"; Tolstoy's "War and Peace," in three volumes; Turgeniev's "Virgin Soil," translated by Rochelle S. Townsend, and Whyte-Melville's "The Gladiator," with introduction by J. Mavrocordato.—History: Mommsen's "History of Rome," four volumes, translated by W. P. Dickson, with a review of the work by Prof. E. A. Freeman.—Oratory: "Select Orations," from Demosthenes, with introduction by C. Rann Kennedy.—Philosophy and theology: Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics," translated by D. P. Chase, with introduction by Prof. J. A. Smith, and David Hume's "Treatise on Human Nature, and Other Philosophical Works," two volumes, with introduction by A. D. Lindsay.—Poetry and drama: Ibsen's "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," and "Warriors of Helgeland," translated by R. Farquharson Sharp, and Sir Walter Scott's "Poems and Plays," two volumes, with introduction by Andrew Lang.—Reference: "Atlas of Literary and Historical Geography," Vol. II, America; Eric Smith's "Dictionary of Dates," for readers of literature and history, and Walter P. Wright's "Encyclopædia of Gardening," illustrated. — Romance: Bulfinch's "Legends of Charlemagne"; Sir George Da-

sent's "Story of Burnt Njal," a translation of Njals Saga, and Eugene Mason's "French Romances and Legends of the Twelfth Century."—Juveniles: Sir Samuel W. Baker's "Cast Up by the Sea," with introduction by F. J. Simmons; Chaucer's Tales retold by Charles Cowden Clarke; C. E. Collidi's "Pinocchio, or the Story of a Puppet"; E. A. Freeman's "Old English History for Children," and "True Annals of Fairy Land: The Reign of King Herda," edited by William Canton, illustrated

Albert F. Calvert has for many years devoted himself to the artistic exploration of Spain, and his series of illustrated monographs on Spanish cities is long and well known. Pursuing his former methods and making use of a good deal of his former material, he has now, in two handsome quarto volumes ("Spain"; Dutton), undertaken a comprehensive survey of the chief artistic monuments of the entire kingdom, including Galicia and the Balearic Isles. A compact letter-press accompanies the profuse illustrations, but the latter are confessedly the main reason and attraction of the work. A novel feature is the reproduction in color of a group of water-colors by Trevor Haddon. The larger number of these have to do with Granada and the Alhambra, and of most of them one would say that either the note is too low or that they have been dimmed in the reproducing. But several are adequate and charming, and the sketches done at Ronda and Seville and Cordova are vividly truthful. The whole work is ambitiously planned, and the achievement must be pronounced satisfying. Mr. Calvert's volumes make an undeniably strong appeal to lovers of historic Spain.

Ezra S. Tipple of the Drew Theological Seminary, has with his "Lady" (who might well have been left out of the account) made a pleasant book of pilgrimages to "Some Famous Country Parishes" (Eaton & Mains): the homes of Keble, George Herbert, John Fletcher (of Madeley), Baxter, Tennyson (father of the poet), and Kingsley. The influence of the quiet rectories of England upon her scholarship and literature is a story full of charm and quaintness still to be told. The present unpretentious volume touches on that theme lightly, but is for the most part in the vein of the ordinary book of summer travel. The descriptions of the places are clear, and the characterizations of the men are just, so far as they go.

In "The Province of the State" (London: P. S. King & Son), Sir Roland K. Wilson maintains the Spencerian theory that the only valid reason for the existence of a state is the certainty of continual strife if every man were to be judge in his cause. Access to this "justice shop," as he calls it, should be absolutely free, and the expense it would entail should be made up by the curtailment of the action of the state in other directions. The *bête noire* of the author is popular education, provided by the state; even the earliest and most limited of the Education Acts is pronounced to have been a step in the wrong direction. There is scarcely any attempt made to sustain the theory on theoretical or philosophical grounds. The argument is nearly always an argument of convenience.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell has evidently forgotten that where there's a will there's a way. In "The Tariff in Our Times" (Macmillan), she opens her brief preface (one of the few portions of the volume that have not already appeared in magazine form) with this assertion:

> It takes no extended examination of any period in the last fifty years—the term covered by the book—to convince an unprejudiced student that as far as the tariff is concerned public opinion has never been fairly embodied in the bills adopted. If the popular understanding of protection as expressed in our elections had been conscientiously followed, there would be to-day no duties on iron and steel products, on cheap cottons and cotton mixtures, and certainly none on a great variety of raw materials, probably including raw wool. . . . This volume is an attempt to tell in narrative form the story of this defeat of the popular will.

If this were true, no stronger indictment could be written of popular government. There has not been a time in a great many years when Miss Tarbell has not held a brief for the people, and, like a true advocate, she has never failed to sublimate her client. It could be devoutly wished that the people were as pronounced in their attitude to the tariff as she implies. As a matter of fact, their feeling appears, on the whole, to have been one of bovine indifference. No one, we suspect, will look for science or philosophy in this book. Its merit—and a very considerable merit it is—lies in the entertaining character of the narrative. The pages bristle with personal allusions; the dry bones in the valley of our economic past have been clothed with flesh and blood. Yet Miss Tarbell is as artless as she is artful: she knows how to make the best use of her material, but her motive is always sincere, her zeal always unaffected, and her search for facts always indefatigable.

A highly important and very welcome contribution to the history of the war of secession is "Die Deutschen im Amerikanischen Bürgerkriege," by Wilhelm Kaufmann, a volume of 610 pages, with 36 maps and plans, which has just been published by R. Oldenburg in Munich. The patriotism of the German Americans at the outbreak of the civil war and their earnest efforts to save the Union have been generally appreciated; but there has been much unjust criticism of their conduct as soldiers, and fatal mistakes have been attributed to them of which they were wholly innocent. Thus, the severe defeat of the Union army in the battle of Chancellorsville in 1863 by Stonewall Jackson was ascribed by the press to the cowardice of the German troops, and this view was maintained for about twenty years, until Gen. Doubleday in his full and faithful account of the combat showed its utter falsity. Kaufmann also proves conclusively that if Hooker, the commander-in-chief, had listened to the advice of Sigel, Schurz, and other German officers under him, he would have won the victory. Carl Schurz urged that the accused should be tried by court-martial for their supposed offences, but no heed was given to his request. The book contains also many interesting communications concerning the personal relations of the German generals to Abraham Lincoln.

The fourth volume of "The Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances" (Carnegie Institution), edited by H. Oskar Sommer, contains the Second Part of the prose "Lancelot del Lac," and brings down the narrative through the adventures of Mordred. It was at this point that Paulin Paris ended his modernization of the romance in his "Romans de la Table Ronde," giving in an appendix merely a partial analysis of the concluding division, known as the "Agravain," which is to appear as part iii of Dr. Sommer's edition. As was observed in an earlier notice of this work, the volumes containing the "Lancelot" are much the most important of the whole series, for this branch, unlike the other branches of the cycle, has not been printed since the sixteenth century. The text is an exact reproduction of that which is found in the British Museum MS. Additional 10293, without change even of capitals or punctuation. Variant readings from the other manuscripts of the romance in the British Museum are occasionally given, and the pagination of these manuscripts is systematically indicated except where the texts were too different, so that it will be easy to consult them for any passage in the present edition. Furthermore, head-lines and side-notes enable the reader to follow the narrative readily. Dr. Sommer has also given in an appendix a variant version of the curious story of the False Guinevere, who for a time ousted the genuine Queen from her throne and Arthur's affections, and an extract from the very condensed narrative of this part of the romance found in MS. Royal 19, C. XIII. It is to be observed that for the greater part of the narrative covered by this volume the text of MS. Additional 10293, as Dr. Sommer himself notes, represents only one of two parallel versions that are extant. Until the other is also printed, it will, of course, be impossible to say which of the two versions represents best the romance in its original form. Here is a good opportunity for the Romance departments of some of our larger universities. As regards the contents of the present volume, they are of very unequal quality. The "Lancelot" is evidently a composite work, and whereas the story of the False Guinevere is one of the most interesting episodes in the romance, the latter part of the volume—that which follows on the prose rendering of Chrétien's "Conte de la Charrette"—is insipid beyond belief. There are many indications that this part of the "Lancelot" was a late addition. Along with the continuation of "Merlin," it was probably the latest portion of the vast cycle of romances which Dr. Sommer is editing. The present volume shows the same typographical excellence as its predecessors. We notice, however, one error, on p. 186, where two lines of the text have been made to exchange places.

John Bellows's "French and English Pocket Dictionary" has now been enlarged and brought out for desk use as a "Dictionary of French and English, English and French" (Holt), revised by William Bellows, with the assistance of Auguste Marot and Gustave Friteau. By elaborate typographical signs a great deal of information is conveyed in brief compass. Thus a dot (·) after a word indicates that the last letter is silent but subject to *liaison*; two dots (··) indicate that the last letter is not even pronounced in *liaison*. The work requires some familiarity with the system of signs, but is extremely ingenious, and, when understood, useful.

Yale University has just received from one of its graduates, Owen F. Aldis, a col-

lection of first editions of American authors, together with many manuscripts, which is said to be probably the largest and most comprehensive of its kind in existence. It contains nearly six thousand volumes. Of these several hundred are of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, the rest are nearly complete collections of the writers of belles-lettres in the nineteenth century. Among its treasures are the only perfect copy known of Charles Brockden Brown's "Alcuin"; all the rarer books of Bryant except the "Embargo of 1808"; probably the best collection of Cooper in existence; Washington Irving complete; a copy of Poe's "Al Aaraaf" and a copy—one of three copies known to exist—of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; every rare item of Whittier except one early pamphlet on slavery, two later ones, one broadside, and one or two London pamphlets.

Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, whose death is reported at the age of seventy-five, was connected with several newspapers in Scotland and elsewhere, and was one of the founders of the Institute of Journalists. Besides "Studies and Sketches of Landseer," he wrote biographies of Disraeli and Garfield.

A plea for Anglo-German friendship, in the *Contemporary Review*, is from the pen of Noel Buxton, who writes with knowledge and self-restraint. England's rôle in the controversy over Morocco has aroused intense bitterness in Germany. How long, asks Mr. Buxton, are the two nations to continue snarling at each other across the North Sea? He proceeds to argue that the only way out of an increasingly menacing situation is a *rapprochement* between England and the Empire. Nothing in the Anglo-French *entente* stands in the way, unless it is the British intention to justify Germany's complaint that the *entente cordiale* is not a mere arrangement for self-defence, but a combination to thwart and humiliate the Kaiser's government. Mr. Buxton finds that no valid reasons exist against a friendly arrangement with Germany; and the mechanics of the thing is simple: "The announcement of the agreement, a couple of royal visits, a few hints to the press, and a speech by a popular minister—these would turn the public mind, without shadow of doubt, from enmity to a cordial attachment in three months."

La Revue prints a number of interesting letters from the poet Béranger to Jules Michelet. Readers of those gay *chansons* in which the Gallic spirit is so characteristically revealed are apt to forget that the private life of the author of the "Roi d'Yvetot" was almost exemplary, and that his passionate faith in democracy and the Revolution never wavered. At any rate, we find the French Anacreon writing to the philosopher-historian letters of a most serious and sober judgment on men and things. Béranger was Michelet's elder by eighteen years, but he addresses the latter as "cher et illustre maître," and in one exceptionally ardent communication which begins "cher et incomparable maître" he calls Michelet "the Rembrandt of history," and informs him that the last two volumes of the "History of the French Revolution," after being fairly devoured, had been lent to Lamennais. It is a collocation of names that the French like to think typical of themselves only.

The art of controversy is on the decline but still shows occasional flashes of its ancient vigor. In the *English Review* for November there is a lively bit of give and take on the subject of Thomas Carlyle, between Frank Harris and Alexander Carlyle, a kinsman of the author of "Sartor Resartus." In the February number of the *Review* Mr. Harris had published "Talks with Carlyle," being the account of several conversations with the Sage of Chelsea, dating back to the years 1877-78. In these talks, Carlyle is represented as revealing his most secret thoughts and sorrows to a young literary aspirant, then quite unknown. This and other reasons have moved Carlyle's kinsman to describe Mr. Harris's talks with Carlyle as imaginary and to present his case in a brief paper that begins promisingly with a citation of the good old Scottish proverb, "Leears should hae gude memories," and concludes with the expression of belief that Satan and Mr. Harris would make an excellent pair of collaborators. Between the beginning and the end we find a complete armory of descriptive epithets—"liar," "defamer," "libeller," "vile calumniator," "basely ungrateful," "cynically brutal." The interest of Mr. Harris's reply consists not so much in the fact that he reveals a pretty little talent of his own for scarification, nor yet in the emphatic reassertion that Carlyle did unbosom himself to this young and fervent admirer. Mr. Harris vouches for the truth of Froude's story that Carlyle used to beat his wife, maintaining, at the same time, that no true admirer of Carlyle would be influenced thereby in his estimate of the genius of the man. "Passionate lovers know well that such petty violence is more than common," says Mr. Harris. It was only the well-groomed public that gloated over the fact, "as evidence of its own superiority to Carlyle."

Carlyle's "Cromwell" is the subject of a well-informed paper in the *Mercure de France*, by Henri Mazet, who supplements his interesting analyses of Cromwell and Puritanism with a comparison between the English revolutionists of 1649 and the French revolutionists of 1793. As individuals the Englishmen fall far behind. They were not only wanting in "the winning grace and the chivalric altruism and the broad horizon of our constituents," but they had some very positive vices, greed being not the least among these. The Feuillant is a more agreeable figure than the Presbyterian, the Montagnard than the Independent, and the *émigré* than the cavalier. But when you take the two nations in mass, there is no comparison. Then the Frenchmen of the Revolution appear in the light of cowards or madmen. Through cowardice the Terrorists slew and through cowardice the nobles let themselves be slaughtered like sheep. Whereas the Puritans, with all their narrowness, uncouthness, fanaticism, and hypocrisy, did reveal the two necessary qualities of success, energy, and *sangfroid*. Thus we are brought back to the familiar classification of the race psychologists. What is not so familiar is the apparent thesis, in the mouth of a modern Frenchman, that the Revolution was a modern failure.

The plea for the construction of an international air map for aviators made by the Frenchman, Charles Lallemand, at the Portsmouth meeting of the British Association, and the animated discussion aroused by it, occupy a prominent place in the *Geographical Journal* for November. The remaining work of the Geographical Section at this meeting is described by Prof. A. J. Herbertson of Oxford. The problems which Africa still presents to the explorer are stated by F. R. Cana, and notes upon an ancient map of early American discoveries are given by O. A. Derby.

Science

NATURAL HISTORY IN AUSTRAL-ASIA.

SYDNEY, October 23.

More than seventy years ago the Australian Audubon arrived in Australia with a mission to observe, capture, and describe the birds indigenous to the island-continent. Originally an undergardener at Windsor Castle, John Gould was no novice in ornithological science. He had published "European Birds" that gave him a European reputation. He was now to reap still more glorious laurels. So completely did he accomplish his task that subsequent observers have added but little to the achievement. While Gould, between 1838 and 1840, described 682 species, another alien, Gracius Broinowski, only twenty years ago, described but 700. To this date only 800 species have been recorded. Gould's truly magnificent work was issued to about 150 subscribers at a cost of £150 a copy, and now it can be procured for neither love nor money. Broinowski's admirable work, originally costing eight guineas, is also rapidly passing into the unprocurable stage. To fill the places of these two classics, the enterprising publishers, Whitcombe & Tombs, have produced, at the low price of a guinea, a book of Australian birds that satisfies all reasonable demands.* The plates are numerous and excellent; many of them are colored; and all, when compared with Gould's or Broinowski's works or with personal observations (the present writer is a devoted haunter of the bush), are found to be faithful likenesses. Gould is sparingly corrected, and it is wonderful how seldom the great old naturalist stands in need of correction. A more indispensable or a more trustworthy treatise is not likely to be soon produced.

A charming companion volume we owe to J. A. Leach. Though it costs little, it is remarkably complete.† Illustrations of above 80 per cent. of all known species, both colored and plain, make of it a perfect "pocket book for field use." Running notes at the bottom of the page add to its attractions and its utility. The author and his in-

**The Birds of Australia.* By A. H. S. Lucas and W. H. Dudley Le Souëf. Melbourne, 1911.

†*An Australian Bird Book.* By J. A. Leach. With Introduction by Frank Tate. Melbourne, 1911. 3s. 6d.

troducer, who is director of education in Victoria, are enthusiasts for their subject, and they are bringing up the children of Australia to be bird-lovers like themselves. They seek to clear their feathered pets of the charges strangely brought against them by English-bred immigrants. None of the Australian poets is in general more true to nature than Gordon, and yet he can sing of his adopted country as one,

> Where bright blossoms are scentless,
> And songless, bright birds;

and the calumny conveyed in these uninspired words has been perpetuated. Mr. Leach and Mr. Tate triumphantly appeal to the bell-bird, the harmonious shrike, with its powerful, swelling notes, the warbler, the wren, the Australian lark, that exquisite mimic the lyre-bird, and above all that glorious songster the (Australian) magpie. The inability of immigrants to perceive the beauty of the songs of Australian birds was due to the lack of associations. Gordon loved the English birds because he had heard them from infancy, and, even more, because he was saturated with the poems that had been dedicated to them; but memories and associations were wanting to clothe the wild-wood songs of Australian songsters with beauty. On the other hand, native-born Australians are disappointed with the songs of the nightingale, and contrast the thrush, the blackbird, and—no, *not* the skylark—by no means to their advantage, with their own songsters.

Australia claims to be the most highly developed of the bird-regions of the world. Three of the four families at the head of the avifauna are stated to be absolutely confined to this continent. Unique and archaic forms of bird-life are here found. Other species reach here their highest development. The emu, Australia's solitary wingless species, is the second largest living bird. The mallee fowl ranks among nature's wonders. The black swan, partly through Mill's "Inductive Logic," has advertised Australia all over the world. The Australian eagle is the largest in the world. The parrots and cockatoos are of gorgeous plumage and almost unique. When Mark Twain visited Australia, the bird that he, as a humorist, naturally most wanted to see was the laughing jackass. To the English immigrant like Marcus Clarke the kookaburra bursts into "horrible peals of semi-human laughter"; but Mr. Tate finds the laughter of this "feathered comedian" to be infectious and he confesses that, "innumerable times," the strange bird has provoked him "into an outburst as hearty and as mirthful as its own." The lyre-bird, with its splendid tail, is also the sole survivor of a grand species, and it is the prince of mockers. The marvellously beautiful birds of paradise are found only in Australia or its adjacent islands. Like these "birds of God," the bower-bird and the mound-bird are unique.

An instructive account of the protective coloring of both birds and animals mediates a transition to a book on animals, generally so-called; but, indeed, we are still mainly among the birds.‡ The author, Dudley Le Souëf, who is a naturalist by right of inheritance, is director of the zoölogical gardens at Melbourne. In his rambles through a great part of Australia the author has made hundreds of observations that will be welcome to naturalists and delightful to all readers. In the deeply shaded gullies and the densely timbered ranges of Victoria he found snakes in abundance, and they are still numerous within seven miles of Sydney, as the writer of this letter can bear witness. Yet he has never seen in them "anything approaching" the fascination of birds. Mr. Le Souëf must have been unlucky in his experiences. There can be but few rural Australians who have not observed that notable phenomenon. Nor has he ever seen a snake swallow her young. This again has been repeatedly observed by good observers. Yet his snake-lore is abundant. Raising an issue maintained by Darwin and opposed by Wallace, he cites a writer who has seen the dance of the lyre-bird, when the female seemed to be silently choosing her mate. At the same time the male birds were observed to advance and recede, turn, bow, whirl, hop, and run about the ground. While they thus behaved, they repeatedly raised and lowered their tails, visibly admiring them as they turned back and gazed; and they whistled beautifully. Is not this true sexual selection? Mr. Le Souëf has also much information to communicate, from direct observation, of those rare surviving links between the mammals and the reptiles or the birds—the platypus and the echidna.

These are scientifically described by A. H. S. Lucas.§ Isolated from the rest of the world for the greater part of its geological history, Australia has witnessed the unique evolution of a large number of mammals and other animals. Though these have often a foreign origin, reaching back to an age when there was a land-bridge to the islands of the Malay archipelago, and though they sometimes retain traces of an Asiatic, Indian, American, African, or Indian physiognomy, they have been completely differentiated in Australia. The dingo (a dog) is the most highly organized. The sea-bear, sea-lion, and sea-leopard are specialized. The dugong, still common in the waters of Queensland, is the original of the mermaid, and its human resemblances have been magnified by illustrations and stories. The carnivorous opossums excepted, the marsupials, the products of isolation, survive in Australia alone, and yet the anatomist has discovered a structural link between them and the other theria. The egg-laying mammals are curiously compared with the higher mammals and minutely described. The snakes and lizards are scientifically delineated, and, like all the other species, their visual aspects are brought vividly before the reader by means of well-executed illustrations. A more complete or a better manual of the subject does not exist.

The Animals of New Zealand have one character in common with the animals of Australia: they consist mainly of birds. While, in the work thus named,‖ the mammalia are described in less than 30 pages, the birds receive more than 300, the reptiles 15, and the amphibia only one. Well may Mr. Drummond say that the fauna of these islands of the Far South abounds with contradictions and surprises and is full of eccentricities. There are no four-footed animals that divide the hoof. The only land-mammalia are two bats. The sole reptiles, the lizards, are few, but one is absolutely unique and of ancient lineage. The avifauna is most remarkable for its wingless species. The gigantic moa has been extinct, possibly, for hundreds of years, but the notornis, its contemporary and congener, though supposed to be extinct, has been found so recently as 1898. The kiwi is known as the most remarkable bird of New Zealand, and is a striking anomaly. The most unbirdlike of living birds, it accumulates the characters of several orders; it borrows its head from the waders, its legs from the gallinæ, and its wings from the moa or the ostrich.

In a large and handsome volume, devoted to the flowering plants of New Zealand, the authors have classified these in accordance with Engler's evolutionary ideas, and they reject the systems of Bentham and Hooker.¶ The New Zealand flora, like its fauna, is largely unique, and is a study of development produced by isolation. Three-fourths of the flowering plants at this land's end of the world are met with nowhere else. Only in Chili are lianes and epiphytic growths found in equal abundance. Large considerations determine certain problems. Thus, a characteristic feature of the sombre and cathedral-like New Zealand forest is its dense and tangled undergrowth. How explain that? We can at least arrive at its origin. The existence of an Antarctic continent has now (it is considered) been definitely proved by means of the researches of New Zealand botanists, and these incline to believe that the ancestral species of New Zealand are of

‡*Wild Life in Australia.* By Dudley Le Souëf. 7s. 6d.

§*The Animals of Australia.* Melbourne. 12s. 6d.

‖*The Animals of New Zealand.* By F. H. Hutton and James Drummond. 3d. ed. 12s. 6d.

¶*The Plants of New Zealand.* By R. M. Laing and Ellen W. Blackwell. 12s.

continental derivation. Now, the undergrowth in the sub-Antarctic islands of New Zealand (as has been shown in the *Nation*, January 19, 1911, p. 70) is still denser and more entangled than that of the primeval forest in New Zealand. What more natural than to assume that the New Zealand undergrowth had its origin in those islands, unless, indeed, we assert that the undergrowth of the islands had its origin in New Zealand?

We have no space left to review the companion volume on the plants of Australia, by W. R. Guilfoyle.** Those treated of are chiefly trees, shrubs, and climbers, and, like all the volumes of the series, this one has directions for their cultivation. It is nobly illustrated. Taken all together, these books form the nucleus of what might be called the Australasian Naturalist's Library. J. C.

Two science books are added this month by Dutton to Everyman's Library: Robert Boyle's "Sceptical Chymist," and "Naturalist in Nicaragua," by Thomas Belt, with introduction by Anthony Belt.

A bulletin is in preparation by the Department of Agriculture on the distribution and migration of herons, cranes, and rails, similar in scope to the one recently published on the shorebirds.

The first International Eugenics Congress will be held next summer at the University of London.

A new theory to explain the rings of Saturn is urged by Professor Birkeland of Christiania, who holds that they are produced by electric radiation from the planet, and are "renewed, so to say, every instant."

Dr. Eugene Wasdin, a widely-known surgeon in the United States Marine Hospital service, died on Friday of last week, aged forty-two. He was stationed in Buffalo at the time of the assassination of President McKinley and was one of the surgeons that performed the operation and attended McKinley during his illness. Dr. Wasdin had been decorated by the King of Italy for his researches in the suppression of yellow fever in that country.

Thomas Hall, the inventor, whose keyed typewriter won a prize at the Paris exposition of 1867, died in Brooklyn on Sunday, at the age of seventy-seven.

Frederic Cope Whitehouse, whose hobby for many years was the irrigation of Egypt, died in this city a week ago, at the age of sixty-nine. He was graduated from Columbia College with highest honors in 1861 and later studied in France, Germany, and Italy. For his efforts to regulate the River Nile he was made commander of Osmanieh and grand officer Medjidieh. In 1882 he discovered the depression in the Egyptian desert known as the Wadi Raiyan, and wrote many papers advocating its use as a storage reservoir.

****Australian Plants.** 15s. All the volumes here reviewed may be procured from Whitcombe & Tombs, Little Collins Street, Melbourne, Australia, or from the same publishers, Addle Hill, Carter Lane, London, E. C.

Drama

Molière's "Les Femmes savantes," edited by Murray P. Brush, is in Macmillan's list.

The Irish Players, of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, made their first appearance in this city, in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, on Monday evening, and won a positive but not an overwhelming success. Their ability as actors seems to have been exaggerated, but it is possible that they may appear to better advantage in later representations. In light comedy or in the quieter passages of domestic drama, they exhibited a delightful naturalness, their diction, dress, deportment, and gesture being perfectly characteristic of the peasant class which they represent. But in more exciting episodes they reveal the need of artistic training to supplement the resources of natural intelligence. Their general freedom from self-consciousness, exaggeration, and staginess is their greatest virtue, but of perfect naturalness upon the stage, as of some other very good things, there may be too much. There is no doubt that the effect of their work could be much improved by the use of a little legitimate artifice. A mistake was made in not beginning with a more weighty and significant programme. Of the three pieces presented, "The Rising of the Moon," "Birthright," and "Spreading the News," the first and third, both by Lady Gregory, are of very light calibre. "Birthright," by T. C. Murray, is a genuine bit of domestic tragedy, assigned to Ireland and described according to Irish conditions, but not, so far as its incidents or temperaments are concerned, peculiarly characteristic of that country. Bat Morrissey, a harsh, hard-working, narrow, unimaginative farmer, is enraged with his eldest son, Hugh, because the latter loves sport rather than labor, and aspires to be a gentleman, having inherited a certain refinement from his mother, who adores him and always defends him. Bat is further angered because his favorite younger son, Shane, has made up his mind to go to America. Matters come to a crisis when a sudden frost menaces the farm, and the best mare on the place breaks her leg, while Hugh is away merry-making. Suddenly, Bat decides to disinherit Hugh and send him to America in Shane's place, keeping the junior at home as his prospective heir. Maura, the mother, strives in vain to keep Hugh and his father apart, but they meet, and, in a passionate scene, Hugh learns his fate. Immediately he is filled with hatred of his brother, whom he assails with the utmost bitterness for supplanting him. Finally, there is a terrible fight, in which Hugh is strangled to death and Shane flees. This is a gloomy tale, only relieved by the mutual love between Maura and her first born, but it is well and powerfully told and almost from the first grips the spectator with a sense of impending calamity. The character-drawing is uncommonly clear and consistent, and the part played by inherited disposition in bringing about the final catastrophe is indicated with skill, logic, and dramatic force. In many respects the play is a superior work, and it is, on the whole, well acted, though not brilliantly. Sydney J. Morgan furnished a rugged sketch of the old father, and Eileen O'Doherty a very truthful study of a fond, foolish, and thoroughly subdued old Irish woman. The actual fratricide was a striking bit of realism.

At a meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund, held at Burlington House, November 10, Dr. A. S. Hunt gave the following description of the newly discovered fragment of a satyric play of Sophocles. We quote from the London *Times* of November 11:

When found, the papyrus in question was, as usual, much broken up; in fact, the various fragments were not even all obtained in the same year. But they had fitted together remarkably well, and as now arranged made up the first sixteen columns of the play, accounting for over 400 lines, of which about one-half were complete or easily completed, and many more sufficiently well preserved to be intelligible. Since the length of a satyric drama seemed to have been considerably less than that of the ordinary tragedy the amount recovered might well represent as much as the half of the original whole. The play was the "Ichneutæ," or "The Trackers," of which practically nothing beyond the title was previously known. It was based upon the familiar myth of the exploits of the infant god Hermes—his theft of Apollo's cattle and his invention of the lyre. Apollo, in an opening speech, announced the loss of the cattle, for which he had vainly sought, and offered rewards to the finder. Silenus then appeared with his attendant Satyrs, and proposed to join in the search. Encouraged by Silenus, the chorus started out on the quest—they were the "Trackers" from whom the play was named. They soon discovered traces of the cattle, leading to the entrance of a cave; but here they were alarmed by curious sounds which they did not understand—the notes of the newly invented lyre with which Hermes was amusing himself down below. Silenus upbraided them for their timidity, and at length himself knocked at the barrier, and a nymph emerged. In answer to their questions, she explained that she was the nurse of the child who had been lately born to Zeus, and whose abnormal growth was so startling, and told them of his invention of the lyre. But she stoutly defended him against the imputation of being concerned in the theft. They remained unconvinced; some cowhide admittedly had been used in making the lyre, and there were the tell-tale tracks on the ground. While the dispute was in progress Apollo returned and accepted the evidence offered by Silenus and the Satyrs as entitling them to the promised reward. Here the papyrus broke off; no doubt in the sequel Hermes appeared on the scene and appeased Apollo by the gift of the lyre, as narrated in the Homeric hymn.

The long association between Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier comes to a close in December with the revival of Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" at His Majesty's Theatre, in London. Mr. Bourchier will resume management at his old theatrical home, the Garrick. This he has arranged to do about the beginning of February, soon after the termination of Oscar Asche's tenancy of the house. He will have a new piece by Alfred Sutro, who provided him with one of his most enduring successes, "The Wails of Jericho." The play bears the title of "The Fire Screen," and contains four acts, dealing with modern English life. Mr. Bourchier and his wife, Violet Vanbrugh, play the principal parts, and with them will be associated Kate Cutler and J. Fisher White.

The new Liverpool Repertory Theatre was formally opened on the 11th instant, with a performance of "The Admirable Crichton." This is the fourth repertory theatre in the United Kingdom, the other three being at Manchester, Dublin, and Glasgow. Similar

enterprises exist in two Australian cities, and a beginning is soon to be made in Canada. The case of Liverpool is interesting, since the new theatre is a citizens' theatre. The venture, technically speaking, is the property of a company called "The Liverpool Repertory Company, Limited," registered under the Companies (Consolidation) act, 1908, with a nominal capital of £25,000. Of 20,000 shares offered for subscription to the public at £1 each, with a dividend limited to 6 per cent., no less than 13,000 have been taken up, there being 1,100 shareholders representing all classes of local society.

The well-known actress, Miss Darragh, for some time leading lady with Miss Horniman; Basil Dean, who worked with Miss Horniman from the beginning of her Manchester venture, and the Liverpool Playgoers' Society appear to be the founders of the new venture. The lady, the gentleman, and the society, in order to ascertain the feeling of the Liverpool public on the subject, ran a repertory season at Kelly's Theatre in the spring of this year, and during six weeks produced ten plays, including "Strife," and works by Barrie, Masefield, and Sudermann. They made a net profit of almost $4,000. Naturally, this induced them to go ahead. The company was formed, shares were issued, and the Star Theatre in Williamson Square was bought, redecorated, and enlarged, and perfected by the introduction of mechanical appliances similar to those that have proved successful at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin. A winter and spring programme has been arranged, which is to include: "Justice," "The Critic," "The Cat and the Cherub," "Katawumpus" (at Christmas matinées), and plays by Granville Barker, Haddon Chambers, McEvoy, Gilbert Murray, Pinero, Sutro, and others.

Marie Löhr, one of the most popular of the younger English actresses, will pay her first professional visit to the United States late in 1912.

Music

Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. By Rose Fay Thomas. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3 net.

The entire musical world joins in deepest sorrow over this terrible bereavement. The passing away of the illustrious Theodore Thomas is an irreparable loss to our art, for scarcely any man in any land has done so much for the musical education of the people, as did he in this great country. The purity of his character, the firmness of his principles, the nobility of his ideals, together with the magnitude of his achievements, will assure him everlasting glory in the annals of artistic culture.

When Theodore Thomas died, on January 4, 1905, there was a great outpouring of affection, grief, and honor for the departed orchestra chief, and thousands of telegrams and letters of condolence were sent to the widow. Among them was Paderewski's tribute, just cited, which in a few words explains why Thomas was so widely esteemed both as an artist and as a man. These words form the concluding paragraph of the Memoirs which his second wife, Rose Fay Thomas, has just given to the world. They might equally well have been placed on the title-page as the text for the 569 pages of Mrs. Thomas's fascinating story. Theodore Thomas's life was for several decades the life of a musical frontiersman, of a pioneer who had to put forth Herculean efforts to cut his way through the thickets of ignorance, indifference, and prejudice which covered this continent when he crossed the ocean as a boy of ten. If there were no red Indians for him to fight, as he grew up, there were plenty of white enemies, as treacherous and cruel as any savages; newspaper writers and others who, instead of aiding him in his great cultural work, did all they could to discourage it.

Young Thomas had publicly appeared in Germany as a "wonder-child," and the blind King George of Hanover was so much impressed with his violin-playing that he offered to pay for the boy's education. Luckily, the lad preferred to emigrate to America. New York, in 1845, was a town of two-story houses with pigs roaming the streets and eating up the refuse. Musically, matters were no less primitive; the only thing the boy could do was to play at parties and balls. It was characteristic of him that, instead of doing such work in a perfunctory way, he made it serve in lieu of practising studies and exercises. As a player in theatre orchestras he became familiar with the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, and other great poets. Having heard Jenny Lind and Henrietta Sontag, he endeavored to reproduce the luscious quality of their tones on his instrument, which resulted in his being pronounced, some years later, "America's most accomplished violinist." With William Mason and other musicians he rehearsed and played, for fourteen years, the best chamber music. There was no profit in this (Mason, in fact, had to meet deficits annually), but it gave Thomas his mastery of the string choir of the orchestra and his deep insight into the classical school of music.

That he was a born conductor was shown by the manner of his début, in 1860. One evening, when the audience was already seated at the Academy of Music, word was received that the conductor was ill. Would Thomas take his place? He did take it, though he had never conducted before, nor seen the opera to be sung (Halévy's "Jewess"), and with perfectly satisfactory results. He continued his connection with the opera for two years, and then appeared at the head of a concert orchestra in the field in which he did his great pioneer work. This soon ceased to be local, and became national. Theodore Thomas was not only one of the first to give New Yorkers their musical education (in the beginning he found it inadvisable to put more than one movement of a symphony on a programme), but he soon extended his mission to a number of other cities by establishing his musical "highway" which included, on the outward trip, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, and on the homeward trip Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia. In later years, when Chicago became his home, he brought the same influences to bear on other cities, including St. Paul, Omaha, St. Louis, Nashville. Mrs. Thomas cites remarks from newspapers in these cities, all agreeing that never before had such splendid performances been heard there.

Boston was one of these towns. It is not now generally remembered that for twelve years Thomas supplied that city with its best orchestral pabulum. In 1893 Mr. Higginson offered him the conductorship of his great symphony orchestra. It was just what he would have liked best: a cultivated city, an excellent orchestra, no stooping to conquer, but, on the contrary, a law that there must be a symphony on every programme. But he had in the meantime established his orchestra in Chicago, and although the undertaking was at that time in a state verging on collapse, loyalty to his musicians and gratitude for those who had aided him induced him to decline the Boston offer —an offer which, it may be added, had in it the quality of reparation, because it was the establishment of Mr. Higginson's orchestra which, by cutting off Boston and other New England cities from Thomas's profitable "highway," had made it necessary for him to rely chiefly on New York. But conditions in New York had become unfavorable, because of the competition of rival organizations, and, particularly, of the German opera, which absorbed the interest of the same class of music-lovers who had previously given him their patronage.

New York's loss was Chicago's gain. At first that city was by no means prepared to give a profitable welcome to one with such high ideals; but Thomas's iron will triumphed over all obstacles. In the annals of music there are few chapters so interesting as those in which Mrs. Thomas relates how the great conductor gradually enlisted the sympathies of the captains of industry in that city, persuading them, with the aid of his friends, not only to pay the necessary deficits, but to erect for him a special building, Orchestra Hall, which now remains as a monument to his ideals and his perseverance. Thomas was not only an executive musician; he also was thoroughly expert in the scientific aspects of his art. His Notes

on the Construction of Music Halls, which take up four pages of this book, contain invaluable instructions for architects who may be called upon to build homes for the rapidly increasing number of orchestras in this country. Unfortunately, he died shortly after the new hall had been completed; died of pneumonia only a few weeks before he was to have returned to New York as conductor of the season's last Philharmonic concert. On this occasion his thousands of admirers were planning to give him an ovation such as few mortals had ever received—an ovation which they hoped would help to allay the bitterness he had felt at having been obliged to leave the metropolis after educating the public up to "concert pitch."

It was certainly a cruel fate; but it was only one of the many tragedies of his career. For years his concerts did not cover expenses, but he took the deficits on his own shoulders, always paying his players conscientiously. In 1876 he was nearly $20,000 in debt. He hoped that his concerts in Philadelphia during the exposition would recoup him; but the vast throngs were not interested in music. His indebtedness was so greatly increased that the sheriff sold all his possessions, including his splendid library of valuable annotated scores. Luckily this was obtained by Dr. Franz Zinzer, a man who was not only a philanthropist but a humorist. He rented the scores to Thomas for $100 a year, and wrote to his wife, "if you lend him one of the works, tell him to take good care of it."

The Chicago Columbian Exposition ended even more disastrously. The story of it is told dramatically by Mrs. Thomas. One of its compensating incidents was that it brought Thomas a number of interesting letters from prominent European composers and conductors. These are included in the volume, as are many of those he received at other times. From the smallest of these composers up to Liszt and Wagner, all expressed their gratitude to him for bringing out their works in the New World. He was constantly doing this in advance of European conductors, and those of the composers who had the opportunity to hear his orchestra testified that there was none better in Europe. Rubinstein, for instance, remarked in 1873: "Never in my life have I found an orchestra and a conductor so in sympathy with one another, or who followed me as the most gifted accompanist can follow a singer on the piano." Whenever Thomas went to Europe he was also cordially welcomed and entertained by the great musicians. Of his experiences on these trips he fortunately left a record in the form of diaries—brief but extremely pithy and pungent. They give an insight into the keenness of his judgment that will surprise his most intimate friends. Equally delightful, though in a different way, are the letters he wrote to the woman who became his second wife, the author of these Memoirs. They reveal the affectionate, domestic side of this great character, his love of nature, his kindliness when he was not needlessly irritated, his sufferings, during his "highway" tours, in the wretched hotels of the time, and a hundred other things, to which the author adds her own observations made during years of real companionship.

Mrs. Thomas has written the most important, the most interesting, the most instructive, the most romantic book ever published on music in America, a book which moves to tears as well as to laughter, brimful of anecdotes and with flashlights on music in nearly all its phases. It is one of those books which make a reviewer sigh at the end of his columns because of his inability to convey to the reader an adequate idea of its worth.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the present manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, used to be known in Milan as the "Tedesco," because he produced so many German operas at the Scala. When he came to New York a foolish attempt was made, by persons apparently unfamiliar with his record, to create the impression that he would make the Metropolitan the home of Italian opera, to the exclusion of Wagner. It cannot be denied that he has shown a certain prejudice against French opera; but Wagner has been particularly favored under his régime, having had more performances each season than even Verdi or Puccini. The latest evidence of his interest in German opera is the production, last Saturday, of Thuille's "Lobetanz," an opera which has held its own in Germany for thirteen years, but had never been heard in America. Kurt Schindler, a pupil of Thuille at the Royal Academy of Music in Munich, suggested it to him; and when he heard it abroad he became enthusiastic over its musical charms. The scenery was ordered in Berlin; Alfred Hertz rehearsed the score, and conducted it *con amore*. The principal singers in the cast were Gadski and Jadlowker. The libretto is by the well-known German novelist, Otto Julius Bierbaum. It belongs in the realm of mediæval romance, and has real poetic merit. Lobetanz is a strolling fiddler who wins the love of a princess, is accused of witchcraft, thrown into prison, taken out to be hanged, but pardoned, because, by his fiddling, he revives the apparently lifeless princess, who becomes his bride. Musically, the first two acts are rather dull. The third, on the contrary, has not one tiresome bar. The dungeon scene, in which the fiddler makes the prisoners join in a dance of death, is as grewsomely realistic as any of the music written by Berlioz or Liszt. The royal procession to the scene of execution, headed by forest horns, is exquisite, and extremely droll is the finale, in which once more the fiddler shows the power of music by making all, including King, hangman, and judges, indulge in a merry waltz, this time a dance of life and love.

The Symphony Concerts for Young People will give the first concert of their fourteenth season next Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, will play at five of the six concerts this season; the junior and senior orchestras of the Music School Settlement being the performers on the afternoon of March 2. According to the custom of several years, the first programme will be devoted to music of the classic German period, including two numbers of Beethoven. Mr. Damrosch will give a brief analysis of each composition, explaining its musical construction, and playing the principal themes on the piano. The soloist on Saturday will be David Mannes. The programme includes Symphony No. 6 (the Pastoral, Beethoven; violin solo, Romanza in G, Beethoven (David Mannes); overture, "Oberon," Weber. On December 16, the orchestra will have the assistance of a quartet from the choir of the Musical Art Society in presenting a programme of Christmas music from many lands.

Chopin died at the early age of thirty-nine, of consumption. In view of this fact, a movement has been started in London to commemorate the great composer in a novel way. It is intended to endow a bed in some sanatorium or convalescent home for pulmonary complaints, to be called "The Chopin Bed," and to be kept solely for professional pianists who may need help of the kind.

Art

The Invention of Lithography. By Alois Senefelder. Translated from the original German by J. W. Muller. New York: The Fuchs & Lang Manufacturing Co. $5.

Whatever the reason may be for the publication of this book at the present time, one may regard with satisfaction this new tribute to the memory of Senefelder. He was not only the inventor of lithography, but, as several have pointed out—for example, the late Louis Prang in his introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition of lithographs at the Grolier Club in New York, 1896, and Georg Fritz, "Handbuch der Lithographie," 1901—he also realized virtually all processes of the art, excepting those based on photography. His treatise dealt not only with various possibilities of pen, crayon, and "touche" drawing, but with color printing, transferring, and transfer-paper. It ends with a reference to the substitution of metal plates for the Solenhofen stone; that method is in vogue to-day in aluminography. Mr. Muller's translation is very apparently done with great care and conscientiousness. In fact, his loyalty to the original leads him to use the literal rendering "cold needle" for *Kaltnadel* (p. 99), instead of "dry point," and *Herr* Bartolozzi, on the same page, looks a bit droll. One need not insist on such an occasional misprint as Pol-

ten for Pölten (p. 70), but Andre for André is used consistently. What is more surprising is the statement, in the translator's preface, that the original German edition appeared in 1821. The 1821 issue is the unchanged second edition of the "Vollständiges Lehrbuch," which made its first appearance in 1818. Moreover, the first edition was accompanied by a *Sammlung von mehreren Musterblättern*, a collection of sample plates illustrating the various processes described. One is led to believe that Mr. Muller and his publishers did not know of this, as it would have been natural to issue reproductions of these plates with the translation. An English version by "A. S." appeared in London as early as 1819. This does not vary essentially from the present one, except in some omissions and in not always so faithful a rendering of the original.

Senefelder laid a solid foundation; to-day, as Friedrich Hesse says, in his recent work on color printing ("Die Chromolithographie," 1906), "no other graphic process, excepting photography, is applied in such a multiplicity of ways as lithography." And into the field of the photomechanical processes, chromo lithography has entered to a remarkable extent. Lithography represents a signal instance, among the older reproductive processes, of a coöperation with processes based on the initial action of the camera. Almost from the beginning, painters used lithography as a means of original expression, a painter's art. Such striking contrasts of manner and method as the verve of Gavarni, the exuberant richness of Isabey, the joyous lightness of Whistler, the unctuous sweep of Sargent, the silver-point delicacy of Legros, and the sonorous technique of Menzel, well emphasize the wide range of possibilities inherent in the grease crayon and the stone or transfer-paper. Yet apart from Pennell, Sterner, Haskell, Mielatz, A. B. Davies, John Sloan, and Glackens hardly an American artist of to-day is doing even an occasional lithograph.

The special autumn number of the *International Studio* is devoted to "Peasant Art in Austria and Hungary." There are five essays by native experts and about a hundred plates, many colored, presenting eight hundred objects. The peasant art of Austro-Hungary is really no more homogeneous than the people that produce it. The present album will afford many puzzles and much entertainment to the collector of peasant wares. Of this singularly varied product the most attractive in one reader's opinion are those Dalmatian and Croatian textiles in which Venetian and Levantine motives predominate.

Sales to be held in Paris shortly include Corot's Femme à la Perle.

A Winter Salon for paintings and sculpture will be held from January 21 to February 28 at the Grand Palais, Champs Elysées.

Three paintings have been purchased by the French Government from the Autumn Salon: Jacque Martin's Fleurs et Fruits d'Automne, René-Juste's Avant la Pluie, and Louis Paviot's Roses Blanches.

Philip Gengembre Hubert, the architect, who came to this country from Paris in 1849, died at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., in his eighty-first year. He designed a number of large apartment houses in New York, being the originator of the coöperative apartment.

Finance

WALL STREET, MR. ROOSEVELT, AND THE TRUSTS.

When Wall Street, after stocks had begun to rise from the sharp decline of the first half of last week, was looking about for explanations, it found before it Mr. Roosevelt's article on the Trusts. The article was long. The excerpts published in the newspapers consisted mainly of Mr. Roosevelt's defence of the Steel Trust (especially as regarded its purchase of the Tennessee Coal in 1907) and his assertion that the present relations of government and Trusts are "not satisfactory" and that "the effort to prohibit all combinations, good or bad, is bound to fail." It was on the basis of these paragraphs that Wall Street said it was Roosevelt's article that caused last Friday's rise in stocks.

But the question which aroused some curiosity among those who had read the whole of the *Outlook* article was whether Wall Street had read the whole of it. For there was a good deal more contained in it. It denounced the Circuit Court's decision in the Tobacco Trust dissolution. It urged that the actions of Trusts like the Standard Oil and American Tobacco should be, "if possible, punished in the persons of the chief authors and beneficiaries of the wrong." It also argued that a government commission should undertake "supervision, regulation, and control of these great corporations," and that this control should "indirectly or directly extend to dealing with all questions connected with their treatment of their employees, including the wages, the hours of labor, and the like."

This was a pretty comprehensive programme. Possibly it is awkward for Mr. Roosevelt that stocks should have risen on its publication; but the stock market might not have read the whole paper. Or perhaps the market might have been in line for going up because of other influences, and applauded the article merely because stocks were going up when it was published. Or, it is remotely conceivable that Wall Street is politically fascinated with Mr. Roosevelt—as it was in 1904 and in June, 1910—and may feel like trying him again for President. But that very hypothetical question again rested largely on the question, what Wall Street would think of that part of the *Outlook* article which it had not read.

The one certain thing about the incident was that it gave a somewhat new turn to the Trust controversy, in which every one is now engaging. In the closing days of 1907, when all the world was discussing the "currency situation," the man who did not have a new and complete solution of the problem up his sleeve was looked upon as a poor-spirited creature, hardly fit to engage in discussions at the street-corner or on the elevated train. Very much such a state of things has now been created in the "Trust situation." It was discussed to a large metropolitan audience, two weeks ago, by the Federal receiver of a New York street railway system; it was discussed to a still larger one, this week, by a college president, a lawyer, a United States Senator, and a member of the Stanley committee. No private citizen, at his office or his club, is permitted to be without a final opinion on the subject, and it was altogether to be expected that Mr. Roosevelt would join the controversy.

Boiled down, his declarations, so far as they contribute anything new to the controversy, propose two things only—that bad Trusts be utterly demolished, and that good Trusts be placed under intimate supervision of a government commission, to see to it that they do not become bad Trusts. It is true, the article declares with very great emphasis that "it is absurd to treat the size of a corporation as in itself a crime." But this was merely to repeat what has been already said, with much greater clearness and precision, by President Taft, by Attorney-General Wickersham, by the Circuit Court opinions in the Tobacco Trust dissolution matter, and by the Supreme Court. It is a settled question; the *obiter dictum* of the lower court in 1908, concerning the two express wagons, is entirely dead.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards the admittedly wicked Trusts involves his attack on the Tobacco reorganization plan, which is denounced as "miscarriage of justice." Wall Street, which had received that decision with every symptom of relief, oddly ignored, in its response of last week, that part of the article. Mr. Roosevelt's emphatic conclusion is that a Trust guilty of conduct such as the Tobacco Trust's "should be absolutely disbanded."

But this is not wholly clear. Just how disbanded? By separation into single factories as units? By discharge of all workmen and shutting-down of the business? The proposition is more vague and indefinite even than the proposition of the independent tobacco people, and that was vague enough. The court and the attorney-general, unfortunately, could not stop with vague suggestions. They were required to formu-

late or approve a concrete plan. In doing so, they were compelled to ask whether the Anti-Trust law was designed to exterminate a business because of its past objectionable practices, or only to prevent its resorting to them again.

They also had to keep always in their mind the fact that decision on the form of dissolving the confessedly wicked Tobacco Trust would have to serve as precedent in the conceivable case of a Steel Trust dissolution, and that respect for continuity in judicial interpretation required them to give at least some heed to the *pro rata* distribution plan fixed for the Northern Securities. Incidentally, it is to be remarked, concerning that leading precedent, that it was established under the Roosevelt Administration, and that the form of dissolution was insisted on by his own attorney-general, whose attitude was in every respect what Mr. Wickersham's has been.

As for the government commission idea, it remains to see how the serious financial community will take it. The plan will surely receive its share of Congressional discussion. It offers in some regards an easy way of shelving an awkward question. It would also offer some interesting possibilities of future dictation of prices of commodities by a Federal board; the suggestion which financial circles took so ill when Judge Gary fathered it, before the Stanley committee. Mr. Roosevelt would have this only for "monopoly prices." But there is the whole discussion open again; for when do prices become "monopoly"?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aïda. (Famous Operas.) Edited, with introduction, by W. J. Henderson. Dodd, Mead. 50 cents net.

Allen, W. H. Woman's Part in Government, Whether She Votes or Not. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.

Anderson, B. M., jr. Social Value. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1 net.

Anderson, N. D. The Voice of the Infinite, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Anderson, Robert. An Artillery Officer in the Mexican War, 1846-7. Letters, with introduction by E. A. Lawton. Putnam.

Archer, William. The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer. Moffat, Yard. $3 net.

Bacon, E. M. Manual of Ship Subsidies. Chicago: McClurg.

Baedeker's Austria-Hungary, including Bosnia. Eleventh edition, revised. Scribner. $3.

Bailey, L. H. Farm and Garden Rule-Book: A Manual of Ready Rules. Macmillan. $2 net.

Barker, Elsa. Stories from the New Testament, for Children. Duffield. $2.

Barrett, S. M. Mocco: An Indian Boy. Duffield. $1.25.

Batcheller, T. B. Italian Castles and Country Seats. Longmans. $5 net.

Beach, E. L. Roger Paulding, Apprentice Seaman. Phila.: Penn Pub Co. $1.20 net.

Bizet's Carmen. (Famous Operas.) Edited by W. J. Henderson. Dodd, Mead. 50 cents net.

Book of Love. Arranged by Jennie Day Haines. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co.

Boyd, William. The Educational Theory of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Longmans.

Brent, C. H. The Sixth Sense. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

Brewster, Elizabeth. When, and Other Poems. Boston: Badger.

Brode, H. British and German East Africa. Longmans.

Brown, K. H. Uncertain Irene. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Burgess, Gelett. Find the Woman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Busy Bees. Stories and Verses, illustrated. London: Raphael Tuck.

Byron, May. Christmas Bells. Doran.

Cadman, S. P. Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers, with Reference to Their Religious and Ethical Value. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Callaghan, Stella. The Little Green Gate. Putnam.

Chaplin, Stewart. Suspension of the Power of Alienation, under the Laws of New York. Second edition. Baker, Voorhis & Co.

Chefs-d'œuvre de la Littérature Française. Amyot's Deux Vies Parallèles, Balzac's Le Père Goriot, La Chanson de Roland, Rabelais's Œuvres; Voltaire's Philosophie. Putnam.

Chisholm, A. S. M. The Independence of Chile. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.

Clarke, H. A. The Poets' New England. Baker & Taylor.

Coe, F. E. Heroes of Everyday Life: A Reader for Upper Grades. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.

Colville, Fulton. The Black Mantle: A Novel. Cosmopolitan Press.

Coussens, P. W. One Thousand Books for Children. Chicago: McClurg.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1911

The Week

Everybody must sympathize with Mr. Roosevelt in the embarrassment and even pain caused him by the repeated bringing forward of his name for the Presidency. Nothing that he does or says fails to be perversely misunderstood and twisted into an appearance of willingness to be a candidate next year. Purely in self-defence, therefore, he authorizes his friend, the editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, to announce that he is not and has not been at any time a candidate for the Presidential nomination next year. He has "repeatedly discouraged suggestions of this character," not only from his friends but from "potential political leaders," and has refused to accept pledges of active support, including "even delivery of delegates." And finally he declares emphatically that he wishes "talk of his supposed candidacy to cease." Thus there can be no doubt of the Colonel's overwhelming desire to keep his name off men's lips and especially to prevent its being mentioned at the Republican Convention next year. This being so, it is a pity that some friend does not tell him exactly how to attain his purpose. Let him leave off his pained protests and profuse deprecation, and adopt from Gen. Sherman the one precise and unmistakable formula for denying that he is a Presidential candidate: "If nominated I will not accept, and if elected I will not serve."

The one thing hitherto lacking to stamp the Panama incident of 1903 as the most creditable performance in human history has now been supplied. It has long been known that this country's part in the matter was an act unsurpassed for nobility, wisdom, and uprightness by anything in the records of the nation, from Washington to Lincoln; but we do not remember that in the certificate of character given by Mr. Roosevelt to himself he included the other party to the transaction. This is now furnished, however, by Federico Boyd, Minister of Foreign Relations of Panama, and ex-member of the revolutionary junta. He says:

> The independence of the Isthmus, in which I took part as one of the principal actors, was accomplished with its own resources only and with its own elements, without any material aid from foreigners, pecuniary or otherwise, and was planned and prepared exclusively by its own people three or four months before, with admirable caution, precision, and good judgment.

A pretty point in Señor Boyd's statement may be found to lie in the word "material"; it is an innocent little word, and will not suggest to everybody the fact that the kind of aid Mr. Roosevelt did give in preventing Colombian forces from landing within fifty miles of the Isthmus was such as to make the execution of the plan prepared with such "admirable caution, precision, and good judgment" as easy as rolling off a log.

A pause by the House Committee investigating the Steel Trust, until further instructions shall be given it by the House itself, is eminently proper. Since the inquiry began, the Government has started its suit against the Steel Corporation, and this obviously alters the situation in two ways. First, the original resolution authorizing the investigation limited it to matters not the subject of Government activity in the courts. But the suit since undertaken by Attorney-General Wickersham is very broad, covering many of the matters into which the committee had previously been looking, such as, for example, the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. If the investigation along such lines is to be pursued, specific authorization by the House ought certainly first to be asked. And, secondly, even if it were given, the fact would remain that no witness who might afterwards have to answer in court, ought to be asked questions by the committee that would prejudice the case or possibly incriminate himself.

Politically, the death of ex-Senator Dryden is worth a passing remark only because of his connection with a peculiarly sordid era of Republicanism in New Jersey. During all the years when Bryan was making that State securely Republican, its politics became commercialized to an extent scarcely equalled elsewhere. The party was financed as an excellent investment. Its rewards and honors were at the disposal of the men who put up the money. Never was the opportunity for political talent as it used to be understood, so limited. To be able to speak, to debate, to initiate wise policies, to inspire public confidence went for nothing compared with ability to pay. With this debasing régime the late Senator Dryden was closely identified. Happily, even in his lifetime the offence and burden of the system became intolerable to the people of New Jersey. His failure to procure re-election to the Senate, even though his party was in control of the Legislature, marked the beginning of the end of that mercenary period of Jersey politics. And fortunately there is no likelihood of its return. New Jersey may to-day have a nonentity as one Senator and an ass as the other, but at any rate she is not represented by a money-bags.

Resignation of a Chicago police captain on the eve of trial for neglect of duty in reference to gambling and vice is capable of no other interpretation than confession. The investigation being conducted by the Civil Service Commission has thus reached the usual result of such inquiries. It has confirmed the general belief in the direct relation between police officers and this class of law-breakers. The Chicago investigation was hardly needed for this purpose, but it ought to have a valuable effect in making the undisturbed continuance of such conditions in Chicago impossible hereafter. In this respect Mayor Harrison is setting an example for his successors. In sublime disregard, not only of his own previous record through three terms, but also of the avowed sentiments of many of the most powerful political leaders who supported him in his last campaign, he has steadily refused to yield to the stream of appeals from politicians urging him to set aside the charges against the captain. He has also refused to discuss the vice investigation with a delegation of business men which asked that resorts might be permitted to remain on one of the most prominent streets of the city. It is pleasing to learn that his action in this instance has been upheld in a communication signed by thirty individuals and firms.

"Business is improving." So report the leading trade reviews, but they must be mistaken. We know, because we have been told so, that business is dead. Business men are everywhere dazed or paralyzed or frightened out of all semblance of enterprise. The Sherman law did it, Wickersham did it, Taft did it, and even Roosevelt couldn't stop it. Nobody is buying or selling because it is well known that everybody who engages in commerce of any kind is at once sued by the Government and, if possible, put in jail. All these things being established by the mouth, not of two or three witnesses, but of millions who cannot lie or even exaggerate, the effrontery of these trade journals in declaring that business is improving is almost inconceivable. They ought to be sued for defamation of the good name of calamity-howlers.

What does Mr. W. J. Burns expect to accomplish by talking to a convention of bankers about the intimidation of witnesses in the McNamara case, and what object did the American Bankers' Association expect to serve by having him address them? Mr. Burns is a great detective, and he would do much better to keep to that rôle, which is quite incongruous with the habit of indiscriminate haranguing concerning the cases he handles. We do not mean to impugn his statements, but the place to lay information about the attempted bribery or intimidation of witnesses is before the court which is conducting the trial or before some other competent authority.

The picturesque has clashed with the patriotic in San Francisco, where a hotel manager has notified his Chinese servants that the cutting off of their queues will be followed by dismissal. "I pay for the queues," he declares, "and must have them." His patrons are habituated to the æsthetic effect of the custom, and thus business adds its weight to opposition to a Chinese reform. On the other side stands patriotism, bidding the California Celestials imitate the courage of their brethren at home. They are thus in the position of Launcelot debating the question of leaving Shylock's service. "Cut," says conscience. "Cut not," says expediency. As a compromise it has been suggested that the queues be cut off, and then attached to the caps worn by the men in such a way that no one would suspect the truth. This seems to meet the moral difficulties nicely.

In declining to be further considered as a candidate for president of Princeton University, Dr. John M. Finney of Baltimore has acknowledged allegiance to an idcal which exercised greater sway over the minds of men a generation ago than it does to-day—at least in this country. One needs only to think how the imaginative literature of even twenty-five years ago had for one of its favorite types the skilful and masterful physician living up to the gospel of personal service. Science was then in the first glow of its rebirth; as applied to the healing art there seemed no limits to what science could do for humanity, and the man who unselfishly went about the high business that concerns life and death impressed himself strongly on the minds of men. The popular ideal of success to-day is that of the executive man, of the man who can direct others rather than work with his own hand. Hence it is quite out of the usual that a man to whom has been offered the headship of a great institution, with all its manifold opportunities, should prefer to remain at his old business of ministering with his own hand to the needs of the sick of a large city or directing the work of a great hospital and training-school for doctors.

When two well-coached elevens like Yale and Harvard, skilfully handled on the gridiron by capable and even chance-taking quarterbacks, play sixty minutes of football without score and with the only opportunities to score in the hands of one or at most two individuals, the most enthusiastic devotees of the game must admit that there is something radically wrong with the rules. The feeling is general that the rules committee at its next session must devise a playing code which will provide for team rather than individual scoring. But whatever action the rules committee takes, it is to be hoped that its members will not listen to the tempter in the form of the old-timer who would return to pushing and pulling and the old massed attack. A long step in advance has been made, and it would be a serious mistake to fall back upon the old aids to scoring. A way will have to be found at least to double the chance of the man carrying the ball, as against the merely clever kicker, for a game without a touchdown is a dull day's sport. Nor should the players be compelled to stake their one chance for victory on the skill of an individual.

After an inquiry into the disaster at Austin, Pa., where some eighty persons were killed and a village wiped out, the coroner's jury has returned a verdict of gross negligence against George C. Bayless, president of the paper company, and Frederick N. Hamlin, its superintendent. Hamlin and Michael C. Bailey, an employee in charge of the dam at the time of the break, have been held for the December court in $1,000 bail, charged with involuntary manslaughter. A warrant has been issued for Bayless, whose home is in New York State, on the same charge. It is fitting that this great calamity should not be merely a nine days' wonder, but held up as a warning to the people of Pennsylvania and other States. That there was ground for searching investigation is shown by the statement of A. K. McKim, inspector of dams in New York, the criticisms of the construction of the dam which Professor McKibbin of Lehigh University and Alfred D. Flinn, engineer of the Board of Water Supply of this city, made at the inquest, and the fact that the dam is known to have failed partially as long ago as January, 1910. We are glad to note that Mr. Bayless states that he will not take advantage of any legal quibbles and will surrender himself for trial without extradition.

That the production of distilled spirits in this country during the fiscal year which ended on June 30 last was the greatest on record, must be a disappointing showing to those who have felt great confidence in the efficacy of the prohibition and anti-saloon wave which swept over the country a few years ago. The total was 175,000,000 gallons, and exceeded the highest previous total, that of 1907, by 7,000,000 gallons, or about 4 per cent. However, this is a smaller percentage of increase than that which has taken place in the population of the country.

There were three distinct publics whom Sir Edward Grey had to consider in his long-awaited speech on Great Brit-

ain's rôle in the Morocco controversy. These were the German public, the French public, and the British public. From every point of view, the British Foreign Minister's speech was successful. Opinion in the House of Commons rallied almost solidly to the support of the Cabinet. The German press has been stirred neither to wrath nor joy by Sir Edward's explanations; but the very absence of violent comment in the German press is itself a remarkable victory. In France, the newspapers are disgruntled with the purely English standpoint from which British policy seems to have been guided. But it is difficult to see what other position a British Minister could have taken without justifying the German contention that the British Government has been meddling with business that was not its own. For Sir Edward Grey to have declared that England acted in the matter as an ally of France would have been to precipitate the crisis which, after such long delay, has at last been happily avoided. The British Government takes the stand that its interests as a signatory to the Act of Algeciras gave it the right to intervene in the discussions between Germany and France. That is a legalistic argument which the German Government cannot question, although it is clearly understood by all parties concerned that it was not so much England's threatened interests in Morocco as her friendship with France that shaped her conduct.

English Conservatives have made many attacks upon Ambassador Bryce, for his alleged share in the Canadian reciprocity negotiations, and the other day Mr. F. E. Smith, the rising Unionist member of Parliament, had some pretty severe things to say of the Ambassador in the House of Commons. This drew from Prof. A. V. Dicey of Oxford a letter to the London *Times*, in which he not only made a handsome defence of his former colleague, but set forth the true and sound doctrine of ambassadorial immunity from such assaults. Professor Dicey does not at all agree with Mr. Bryce in politics, but he knows high merit when he sees it, and wrote the just word about the eminent ability of the Ambassador and the extraordinary success he has had in "cementing the friendship between England and the United States." But where the Oxford professor is peculiarly weighty is in his exposure of the gross unfairness of any attack of the kind of which Mr. Smith had been guilty. Members of the diplomatic service cannot defend themselves. The rule of silence is imposed upon them. But this, of course, is upon the theory that they are responsible only to the Government, which in its turn is responsible to the people and to Parliament. Why attack an agent whose hands are tied when you have before you his principal whom you can compel to give an account of himself?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who believes in reform but dislikes Royal Commissions and investigating committees of all kinds, will take malicious delight in the recent appointment of an associate censor of plays in London. When the question of the censorship was being investigated some time ago by a Parliamentary committee, those opposed to the present system repeatedly cited one play then running in a London theatre as an illustration of how indecency, more or less veiled, will be tolerated in a play of absolutely no artistic merit, while serious plays which grapple honestly with an unpleasant subject will be put under the ban. The play cited as a horrible example was "Dear Old Charley," a roaring farce of the song, dance, and "girl" type. The author of this play is the newly appointed associate Censor. Mr. Bernard Shaw is said to have nearly fainted on hearing of the appointment. It is difficult to see why, since the incident is one of those unexpected topsy-turvy conclusions which one would believe impossible outside of a Bernard Shaw play.

Italy's deprecation of intervention between herself and Turkey in connection with her adventure in Tripoli has been rapidly dissipated. The unexpectedly vigorous resistance of those whom she had destined for easy conquest has evidently set her to reflecting, with the result that she has the happy thought that intervention need not be hostile to her. On the contrary, why should there not be a friendly intervention, with the purpose of breaking the news to Turkey that Italy has won the contest and that nothing now remains but the signing of a treaty setting forth the result in black and white? Of course, the Italian newspapers do not put it quite so baldly. They merely express wonder at the "state of doubt and irresolution displayed by European diplomacy," and point out that the Powers have one common interest which outweighs all others—that of avoiding further international complications by preventing a rising of Turkey's enemies in the Balkans against her. Just who is to provoke such a rising they modestly refrain from mentioning, but they do show impatience at Turkey's obstinacy in making the seizure of Tripoli cost so much more than had been anticipated. The Powers must understand, they declare, that Italy has the right to escape from a position which Turkey, simply because she is uninjured in the body of her empire, feels no necessity of relieving. And so, the conquest that was to be speedily and gloriously accomplished by Italian arms must in reality be made by the Powers.

A case of scientific hardship, and perhaps of injustice, is brought to attention by Professor Cockerell of the University of Colorado in a letter to last week's *Science*. He refers to a document put out by twelve Portuguese naturalists, lately of Lisbon, who were expelled from their university positions by the new Government, and also exiled from their country, on the ground that they were Jesuits. Five of them went to Brazil, three to Belgium, two to Spain, and two to Holland. For the high value and promise of the scientific work of at least some of them, Professor Cockerell vouches. Knowing nothing of the grounds assigned by the new régime in Portugal for banishing these professors, he does not allege that there was no justification for it, but he does insist upon the tragic aspect of it for the men themselves. "Our books, our periodicals, our instruments, our manuscripts, even those most personal, all are lost." There was little comfort in what the Minister of Justice is said to have remarked to one of the arrested scientists: "If your collections are lost to you, they are not lost to science." But some of the collections were made for special purposes which other hands will not be able to attain; some were not labelled; others bore marks intelligible only to their original owners. Professor Cockerell suggests that some scientific association take the matter up.

THE WOOING OF WALL STREET.

Friends of Senator La Follette have before now made their appearance in financial centres of the East for the purpose of showing what a much misunderstood man he is. If the great propertied interests would only cease looking at him through distorting lenses they would see that he held in his hand, not a torch, but an olive-branch. No greater friend of solid business men exists. All this has been set forth in a general way by the spokesmen for the Wisconsin Senator, on tour in the haunts of high finance, and now it appears that his agents have been making direct advances to Wall Street. The latter's first impulse is, naturally, to ask indignantly whether these proposals are honorable.

Wall Street has long been used to the wooing of Presidential suitors. They make their appearance about a year in advance of what they would like to think the happy day—namely, the Presidential election. It might seem that a veteran maiden like Wall Street would become a little indifferent to these recurring visits of the fairy princes of politics. But no, though old in years, Wall Street is young in heart, and in this matter ever displays what the novelists and dramatists call "the springtime of the sex-instinct." To delight in being wooed, however, is not the same thing as ease in being won. Wall Street enjoys the pursuit of the well beloved, but Wall Street is now undeniably coy, not to say cautious. Its ardent affections have been so sadly betrayed in recent years! Political lovers, sighing like a furnace with devotion, have been detected in a secret hankering after the fair one's money, intending neglect and cruelty after the wedding had been gone through with. And we could not be surprised if the old rules of the fairy tale were now revived and enforced, and the various candidates for the hand of the princess compelled to answer three questions, on pain of being beheaded if they answer wrong.

The time has been when the political support of Wall Street was a tremendous asset for any party or any candidate. It was not simply a question of raising campaign funds, though Wall Street's resources on call would undeniably, as the divinity student said of works of supererogation, "do no harm." But there was also, and often quite legitimately, the advantage of having it known that the men in charge at headquarters of the great commerce and industry of the country regarded a party's platform as satisfactory and believed its nominee for the Presidency "safe." Now, no one is more clearly alive to the change which has come over the spirit of this dream than Wall Street itself. As a subordinate matter, corrupt-practices acts have made a great difference since the day when Mark Hanna used to summon New York directors of leading corporations and demand campaign subscriptions. It is now illegal for corporations to subscribe anything; and even individual subscriptions have to be made public. All this must be a great comfort to Wall Street in these days when it is so convenient to make a virtue of poverty! The main thing, however, in the politico-financial change referred to, is the altered view about the desirability of having Wall Street on your side at all, or the disaster involved in having it decidedly against you. The open enmity of Wall Street would nowadays appear to be thought a political aid of great value. At least, so we should be compelled to infer if politicians are always sincere. According to them, there is no more joyful news which an emissary can carry back to a candidate than the information that Wall Street had come out positively against him. Indeed, it is credibly reported that "an important political personage" has been heard to say within recent weeks that if Wall Street kept on attacking him, it would reëlect him.

Wall Street, however, is justified in being rather cynical about all such protestations. If its hostility is so coveted, why is its friendship so assiduously sought? Even the aspirants for high office who have made most political capital out of professed antagonism to big business reveal a sneaking desire, when the pinch comes, to get into touch with big business and do some advantageous little business with it. Wall Street has a vivid memory of how this was so in 1904, and will be very apt in 1912 to go on the principle of once bitten, twice shy. Even the overwhelming compliment paid it by the suit of La Follette for its favor will not make it lose all its prudence or forget to look pretty closely to the marriage settlements.

For a parallel to the love-making (by proxy) of the Wisconsin Radical to Wall Street, the annals of romance would be searched in vain. One recalls his terrific Senatorial excoriations of the men of great wealth, his reading out of the names of magnates who create panics at will and cause the fortunes of honest merchants and manufacturers to crumble and disappear in a night, his fierce denunciations of the iniquities that go on in that "mere speck on the map of the United States which is called Wall Street," and then one reads that an embassy from La Follette has been breathing sweet nothings into the ear of this same Wall Street! Was there ever such a case of the attraction of opposites?

ORIGIN OF THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

It is probable that no questions have been more frequently asked, or as a rule more unsatisfactorily answered, in the controversy over the Trusts, than these: What did the legislators who passed the Anti-Trust Law of 1890 really have in mind? Did they intend to disrupt such trade combinations as the Standard Oil or the United States Steel? And if they did, then why did we have to wait twenty years before the law was put into force?

Now it is plainly necessary to see what were the conditions of 1890. In the first place, there was then taking place a rapid increase in cost of living. Even the daily papers had begun to make the rising price of necessaries a "feature" of their news. The "Trust movement," in what was then deemed a formidable shape, had preceded this rise in prices. The Republican party's national platform of two years before had declared its "opposition to all combinations of capital, organized in form of Trusts or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the conditions of trade among our citizens," and had called upon Congress for legislation to obstruct their activities. Senator John Sherman, when introducing the Anti-Trust Law in March, 1890, thus described the existing situation:

> Associated enterprise and capital are not satisfied with partnerships and corporations competing with each other, and have invented a new form of combination commonly called Trusts, that seeks to avoid competition by combining the controlling corporations, partnerships, and individuals engaged in the same business, and placing the power and property of the combination under the government of a few individuals, and often under the control of a single man called a trustee, a chairman, or a president.

By way of showing what view the Congress of 1890 took regarding these combinations, we quote Mr. Sherman further:

> If the concentred powers of this combination are entrusted to a single man, it is a kingly prerogative, inconsistent with our form of government, and should be subject to the strong resistance of the State and national authorities. If anything is wrong, this is wrong. . . . I do not wish to single out any particular Trust or combination. It is not a particular Trust, but the system I am at. . . . Congress alone can deal with them, and if we are unwilling or unable, there will soon be a Trust for every production and a master to fix the price for every necessary of life.

This statement of the actual position of affairs and of the general purpose of the Anti-Trust Law was concurred in by virtually all the Senators who joined in the debate of 1890—even by those who desired a different remedy.

Thus the origin of the statute is perfectly clear, and it ought to be manifest that the Congress which enacted it had in view precisely such conditions in American industry as have since arisen. But this being so, the question why such combinations as the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco were not prosecuted and convicted fifteen or twenty years ago, seems on its face to be even more perplexing. Prof. Henry R. Seager of Columbia University, reviewing the history of Anti-Trust litigation in the current *Political Science Quarterly*, ascribes the absence of such results to indifference of the responsible public officers. "Three successive Presidents and five successive Attorneys-General" after 1890, he believes, "were seriously remiss in their duty." He continues:

> The truth is that neither Harrison nor Cleveland nor McKinley was fitted by training or conviction to lead the struggle against the powerful corporate interests opposed to the enforcement of the law, and that their Attorneys-General were even less fitted for such a task.

In this explanation there may be some force; but it does not state the case with completeness. For there are other explanations. One, which Professor Seager cites as somewhat modifying his judgment on the three Administrations, is based on the failure of suits against the Whiskey Trust and the Sugar Trust, instituted by the Harrison Administration. It is now fully recognized that those prosecutions failed because of serious blunders by the Government prosecutors in conducting them; but the failure had its discouraging effect.

But Professor Seager does not fully allow for the fact that, during the half-dozen years which followed the enactment of the Anti-Trust Law, it began to look as if the big corporate combinations were falling to pieces of their own weight. The Cordage Trust had gone completely bankrupt in the panic of 1893; the electric combination had narrowly escaped. So far from extending their domination over trade, many of the largest Trusts were forced to curtail their financial activities. Investing circles looked askance at them; a Trust found it all but impossible to raise new capital, and as a matter of fact, prices of their products were declining on the markets, because of hard times and overproduction. Even the general public ceased for the time to concern itself with the dangers of concentrated control of industry. The railway rate agreements were then chiefly resented by the consumer and the small business man, and it was not in the least illogical that the successful prosecutions of that period, under the Anti-Trust Law, should have been directed against the railway associations.

Nor does Professor Seager, in our judgment, take sufficient account of the circumstances which arose around 1899, and which were bound, sooner or later, to spur even a reluctant Administration into action. The extraordinary financial boom and stock-promotion mania which then broke out in the United States were instantly utilized for the re-incorporation, in a highly concentrated form, of almost every branch of American industry. It was not merely recapitalization. It took the shape of combination of existing combinations, through the medium of the New Jersey holding-company law. The $3,500,000,000 reported as the total capitalization of new industrial companies during 1899 alone, represented extremely rapid extension of the movement to get whole industries under the sway of the board of directors of a single corporation. Adopted by the railway financiers, this same remarkable movement led directly to the Government's challenge, through the Northern Securities prosecution of 1902. From a purely economic and historical point of view, it was inevitable that suits against the great combinations in production and manufacture should follow.

We do not ask whether the dangerous possibilities which underlay that movement could or could not have been obstructed by some other machinery than the Anti-Trust Law of 1890. That is a problem which stands by itself. We have only endeavored to show that the long delay in the full application of the law was due to peculiar circumstances of the day, and that, wholly contrary to the assertion so often heard in discussions of the matter, the legislators of 1890 had in mind exactly the conditions under which the prosecutions of the past few years have been instituted. What they could hardly have foreseen was the amazing rapidity with which, when the financial depression of 1893 had spent its force, the predictions of the Congressional debate of 1890 were fulfilled.

SECRET TREATIES.

One of the beneficent after-effects of the recently terminated negotiations between France and Germany concerning Morocco will be, from present indications, an important restriction upon the power of Ministers to enter into treaty relations with foreign Governments without the consent or the knowledge of the elected representatives of the people. The newspapers have recounted the peculiar situation that has arisen in France as a result of the publication of the secret terms of the treaty of partition which M. Delcassé concluded with Spain in October, 1904. Because of this treaty, the French Government finds that no sooner has it settled its Moroccan difficulties with Germany than it has a Spanish-Moroccan problem on its hands. Spain's behavior during the entire course of the German negotiations had been received with extreme irritation in France. The Government at Madrid seemed to be pursuing a policy of fishing in troubled waters. Its designs on the important Atlantic ports of Larache and Arzila have been regarded as an attempt to take advantage of French preoccupation with Germany. But when the Paris *Matin* gave the secret treaty of 1904 to the world, it was apparent that the Spanish Government was insisting only upon its rights. In that agreement M. Delcassé had conceded a Spanish sphere of influence covering roughly about one-quarter of the Moroccan Empire, extending to within thirty miles of the capital, Fez, and embracing virtually the entire Mediterranean coast of Morocco and

part of the Atlantic coast. Arzila and Larache fall well within the Spanish sphere.

The details of so highly important a document, as it now appears, were known only to M. Delcassé and to the British Government, with which in 1904 France was just entering into the present *entente*. Neither the President of the Republic nor M. Delcassé's colleagues in the Cabinet had complete knowledge of the terms of a treaty affecting the vital interests of the country. And as Ministries in France change rapidly, there is little opportunity for new Cabinet Ministers to put themselves in touch with the past history of their several departments. The French Constitution requires that the President of the Republic shall submit all treaties to Parliament as soon as the best interests and security of the state shall allow. After seven years this important document has been laid before the Chamber, but not till the enterprise of a Parisian newspaper had forced the hand of the Government. For seven years the French people have been unaware of the nature of an agreement to which the nation's honor had been pledged, and whose after-effects have brought the country to the brink of war on more than one occasion. For it was M. Delcassé's activity in Morocco that brought about William II's visit to Tangier and initiated a state of Franco-German tension of which the latest phase has just been passed through. As early as 1902 M. Delcassé had drafted a secret agreement with Spain, where a change of Ministry prevented its being signed. In that treaty Spain was even more generously treated than in 1904. She got Fez and a large area to the south. Evidently, during those early years M. Delcassé was not so much interested in Morocco *per se;* he used it as so much ready change to buy the friendship of a Power in his ambitious scheme of a general anti-German alliance.

Now that the tension of anxious fear which has held the three leading European Powers in its grip has been relaxed, men have begun to ask everywhere whether it is right that nations should be brought to the threshold of war by Ministers playing the game quite after the fashion of the Family Compacts of eighteenth-century diplomacy. The first outbreak has come, rather unexpectedly, in Germany, and has taken the form of a demand that no treaty affecting the acquisition or transfer of German colonies shall be valid without ratification by the Reichstag. In so far as this is a gain for the elected representatives of the people, it is, of course, a gain for publicity. In the British House of Commons there is to be a formal debate on the conduct of the Foreign Office during the troubled days of the Franco-German negotiations. Public opinion, spurred on by recent revelations, of more or less authority, regarding the narrow avoidance of war with Germany and England's unpreparedness for the conflict, now feels that the arbitrament of peace and war and of the fate of the Empire should not be left in the hands of a Cabinet Minister or even a Cabinet full of Ministers. And now the question has come up with particular severity in France, where Parliament is apt to show no hesitation in exacting punishment for a Minister's mistake.

Secret treaties are an anomaly in modern times and amidst democratic institutions. Their usefulness under any circumstances may be questioned. It is a poor secret-service system which leaves any Government in ignorance of any dangerous agreements or alliances directed against itself by other Governments. Most often it is its own citizens that a Government succeeds in keeping ignorant of measures affecting their vital interests. A nation may wake up some day to find its honor pledged by a self-sufficient Minister to a measure which the conscience and the judgment of the nation may abhor. The power of declaring war is limited in all Constitutional states to the representatives of the people. Even the German Government can declare war on its own initiative only in case of invasion. But so long as a Minister or a group of Ministers may, in pursuit of their own schemes, bring on a condition of affairs from which war is the only way out, this important reservation of power in the hands of the people becomes only a sham.

SENTIMENTALISM AND CRIME.

Mr. Beattie desired to thank the many friends for kind letters and expressions of interest, and the public for whatever sympathy was felt or expressed.

This is the message given out by the minister who attended the Richmond wife-murderer, along with Beattie's written confession of his crime. And upon whom had these "kind letters," these "expressions of interest," this "sympathy," been bestowed? Not merely upon a murderer; not upon a man who, in a gust of passion, or perhaps deliberately but under extreme provocation, had taken the life of another human being; not even upon a man who, having committed a crime, had grimly taken the chances of punishment. The murder had been carefully planned, in cold blood; the victim was lured away to a lonely spot and deliberately killed; and the slayer had promptly returned to the home of her mother, from which he had just taken her, with a circumstantial lie about her having been shot by a highwayman. And yet, to the very last, the newspapers which have been spreading the details of this case before the public have been telling of all sorts of "sympathy" and "interest" in this brutal and cowardly murderer, one of the forms it has taken being that of consideration for his tender years. He was a mere "boy" of twenty-five, and doubtless would have grown into a fine man after a while, if he had not happened to think it would be a nice thing to murder his wife before he got through sowing his wild oats.

The mushy sentimentality of which this case has furnished a somewhat extreme illustration is a more serious element in our national life than most people realize. In the matter of homicide itself, we have no doubt that it constitutes one of the chief reasons of our country's most unenviable preëminence. Just what the ratio is between the United States and England, for example, or between the United States and Canada, our statistics are too imperfect to determine; but there is no question that murders among us are many times more numerous, in proportion to the population, than they are in either of those countries, or in any country with which ours could be compared. But it is not in this regard only—serious as it may be—that the prevalence of a sentimental laxity of thought in relation to criminals is productive of disastrous consequences. We don't bother, indeed, about the poor devils who are being convicted and sentenced every day, without anything in their cases to give them notoriety; but no sooner does a case figure conspicuously in the newspapers than it is turned over in every con-

celvable way on its sentimental side, and the monstrousness of the crime is lost sight of in the "human interest" of the criminal. The wrecker of banks is a stanch comrade and a "dead game sport"; the wife murderer is not half bad when you get to know him; the debaucher of city councils, and blackmailer of outcast women, and all-round corruptionist, is really a sterling fellow who did what he did simply as the agent of forces which he found already in the community. And in reinforcement of all these particular pleas for charity comes that universal plea in the shape of an *argumentum ad hominem:* "Can you be sure you would have done any better if you had been in his place?"

Now, all this good-natured feeble inquiry into the psychology or the biography of the criminal, or into one's own possibilities of good and evil in connection with his act, is both foolish and pernicious. We do not succeed in knowing very much about the man in the end, and it is not our business to try even if it were possible. There are millions of people in the country whose virtues and failings, attractive or repulsive qualities, are every bit as interesting, and every bit as much our concern, as those alleged to belong to a Beattie or a Patrick, a Ruef or a Morse. All that really concerns us in regard to these particular persons is the nature of the crime charged against them, and the question whether they were guilty of it or not. If a man did commit an atrocious murder, if he did steal or misappropriate money of which he was the custodian, if he did buy councilmen and levy blackmail, the only thought that we need expend upon the matter is the thought of the heinousness of that offence, and the desirability of a particular punishment as a means of dealing with it. Unless we are really going to call into question the atrocity of deliberate murder, the culpability of betrayal of financial trust, or the abhorrent character of systematic bribery and corruption in politics, consideration of the alleged amiable side of the convicted criminal's character, or of the potential weakness of our own, works nothing but confusion of counsel. There may be something in it; there is something in almost anything. But it is precisely the kind of thing that robust common sense brushes aside as not only idle but mischievous.

Yet the most serious consequence of this shallow sentimentality is not to be found in its immediate effects upon action in specific cases. More deplorable is its inevitable weakening of profound instincts that have their root in ages of human experience—of real and effective sentiments in regard to crime. More than in police and juries and judges, society finds its protection from crime in the instinctive association of it with feelings of abhorrence and with the stigma of universal disgrace. To be a thief is to be not only punished but despised and shunned; to be a murderer is not only to subject one's self to the danger of death, but to be detested and cast out by all men. Children no sooner learn the meanings of the words than they acquire along with them those sentiments of abhorrence which, far more than any calculation of chances, make the very thought of the commission of these crimes impossible to the vast majority of mankind. To trifle with this inherited defence—not merely of society against evil-doers, but, what is even more important, of individuals against temptation to evil—is no light matter. And yet precisely this is what the whole tribe of sentimental dabblers in the side issues of crime are constantly doing.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S PRIDE.

Is the world to be saved by the modern play or the modern novel? Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells have taken, at different times, different sides on the question. Mr. Shaw's claims for the drama, as voiced during the recent controversy over the censorship in England, were charmingly comprehensive, being limited virtually by the boundaries of the visible universe. If you don't allow us to expose vice on the stage, men will be vicious in private. If we can't dramatize drink, or cruelty, or the poor-law, or the iniquitous franchise, drink and cruelty and a degrading poor-law and an iniquitous franchise will prosper in silence. This was based on the simple assumption that, outside of the theatre, no agency of publicity and no force for progress is to be found. Parliament, church, press, art, science, the magazines, books, all were relegated to the scrap-heap when Mr. Shaw chose the drama as his own vehicle of expression.

And now comes Mr. Wells and says the novel is the thing. His claims are not quite so cosmic as Mr. Shaw's, and a good deal less bumptious. He does not in so many words exclude every other form of human endeavor from the game. But the craftsman's pride in the all-sufficiency of his own particular trade is quite apparent in the novelist's Declaration of Rights which he formulates in the *Fortnightly Review.* The novelist must be allowed to write about anything he pleases:

> We are going to write about it all. We are going to write about business and finance and politics and precedence and pretentiousness and decorum and indecorum, until a thousand pretences and ten thousand impostures shrivel in the cold, clear air of our elucidations. We are going to write of wasted opportunities and latent beauties, until a thousand new ways of living open to men and women. We are going to appeal to the young and the hopeful and the curious, against the established, the dignified, and the defensive. Before we have done, we will have all life within the scope of the novel.

Mr. Wells's manifesto rings true. Mr. Wells is a man of talent and of courage. The plan he announces is not unreasonable. That is proved by the fact that the English novel, since its origin, has been doing just what Mr. Wells is so dreadfully determined to do.

And there comes our quarrel. In these manifestoes of the modern school there is not only a ludicrous tendency to overlook the existence of anything out of one's own literary puddle, but an equally ludicrous tendency to assume that the world was made yesterday. The dramatist with a purpose or the novelist with a purpose seems to forget both his contemporaries and the past. Nothing outside of the contemporary novel exists, and nothing before the contemporary novel existed. Mr. Wells insists upon being allowed to write novels about Problems, as though the high tradition of English fiction during the nineteenth century were not a militant humanitarian and reforming tradition. After Dickens and Reade and Eliot and Disraeli's political novels and Thomas Hardy what sense is there in speaking as if English fiction were just rising from the Miss Braddon and the Duchess stage? Mr. Wells is welcome to write about business, but he might recall Mr. Osborne, Mr. Sedley, and Mr. Bulstrode. He may write about politics and recall Coningsby and Lothair; write about precedence and recall Lady Kew; write about pretentiousness and recall Rosamond Vincy; write about de-

corum and recall Jane Austen. If Mr. Wells can write about wasted opportunities and make us forget Hardy's Jude, or write about latent beauties and make us forget "The Woodlanders," he is at liberty to try.

Nor is there any peculiarly modern problem that Mr. Wells can be rightfully sequestrated from. Woman-suffrage, child-labor, eugenics, divorce, the high cost of living, coöperative laundries—no man of judgment will question the novelist's right to attack any subject, at his own peril. And this peril consists in the fact that after the novel is written, people may not read it. Their reading or not reading it will not in the last resort depend upon whether they believe coöperative laundries a proper subject for fiction, but upon whether they find the book interesting. Possibly, coöperative laundries can be humanized. Dickens humanized Mrs. Mantalini's mangle. And when you have done the trick and put the vital spark in your book, your theoretical opponents will read it just the same. We cannot imagine the most ardent defender of corporal punishment refusing to read about Dr. Squeers, or the most resolute of freethinkers boycotting the story of Mr. Wardle's Christmas dinner. The true artist will kidnap his readers and make them cast aside their dogmatism and their inherited appetites. That the true artist will write about anything is apparent from the fact that he has always done so. But he has always thought of human nature first.

Mr. Wells's position is in its main contentions sound enough. What we protest against is the subtle spirit of arrogance which marks the modern attitude toward all persons who are not novelists, or, having been novelists, are now dead. Mr. Bernard Shaw has his own opinion as to the influence of the novel upon human progress. The Socialist cart-tail orator has his own. Miss Chrystabel Pankhurst has hers. The Archbishop of Canterbury has his. The editor of the London *Times*, to whom Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Miss Pankhurst, and the Archbishop of Canterbury write letters, has his. There is no legal penalty against the maintenance of such opinions. No Sherman law will be invoked against Mr. Wells's attempt to monopolize all life for his novels. Let him go ahead and do so if he can—in the light of reason.

LANGUAGE AND LETTERS IN GREECE.

ATHENS, November 7.

Coming up from the Piræus last evening by the steam tramway, your correspondent stood next to a young man who, hanging on to a strap by one hand, held in the other a paper-covered volume to which he gave his undivided attention. His book was a modern Greek translation of Sophocles's "Œdipus at Colonus," and his visiting card, which he used as a book-mark, gave his occupation as that of a *mechanikos*, or engineer. Your correspondent wondered whether he could find on the Brooklyn Bridge of an evening a mechanical engineer reading "King Lear," or even "Hamlet."

The publication which just at present is being most widely advertised in Athens is a series of translations from the classics, to which perhaps the "Œdipus" in the tram-car belonged. You can get a complete set of all the great authors for a hundred and twenty drachmæ, or about twenty-four dollars, and you can pay on the instalment plan only ten drachmæ a month. This advertisement, with a complete list of the volumes already published, is printed on the back of the bill-of-fare at a large restaurant on Patisia Street, to which, as French is not spoken, few foreigners resort.

As every one knows, next to their religion and their ecclesiastical obedience to the Ecumenical Patriarch, whom a speaker in the Boulê last week called "the true king of the nation," the Greek people, most of whom live outside the little kingdom of King George, find in the glorious literary tradition of antiquity their chief bond of union. It was this that made the recent controversy over the language more than a mere *querelle des Byzantins*. It was this that gave the demonstrations on behalf of the *katharévoussa*, the literary language, which everybody writes and nobody speaks except in a public capacity, their irresistible momentum, a momentum to which the National Assembly and the Government of M. Venizélos had to yield last spring. The Constitutional amendments then passed (which prohibit any attempt to alter the official language, as employed in the Constitution and the laws, and declare the text of the Holy Scriptures to be unalterable and forbid their translation in any other linguistic form, except by authority of the Great Church of Constantinople) were dictated not by mere prejudice, but by an ardent desire to maintain a great tradition and the unity of the nation. As a Greek writer in *L'Hellénisme*, a monthly review published in Paris, observed last spring:

> The dialects are many, the *katharévoussa* is one. They mean anarchy—for none of them has any claim to precedence over the others—whereas the official existence of the *katharévoussa* dates from the emancipation of Greece. They are elements of dissolution, while it is the symbol of union—and that is the only issue with which Hellenism at present can concern itself.

Another writer in the same periodical admits that an Athenian professor, when he comes down from his desk, naturally drops into the popular tongue; but, he asks, does not a Bavarian professor do the very same thing? He admits that the linguistic divergence between the educated and the ignorant is too wide, but believes that it is growing less, year by year, and that the advent of a great literary genius, should such an one appear, would greatly expedite the process.

Another champion of the literary language urges that in coining the new words necessitated by a century of development and invention, the Greeks could not have done better than to draw upon the rich stores of the old language. He aptly cites two such words formed from the old stock. Is *proespéris*, he asks, more shocking to the ear than "five-o'clock-tea," pronounced in French manner, and is *biopalestis* as bad as *struggleforlifeur?* That, surely, was a home thrust.

The Assembly has begun the discussion of certain alleged scandals in connection with the appointment of professors at the university, which may not be without interest to advocates of a change in the methods of appointment at American universities. One of the laws passed under the new régime, *i. e.* virtually the dictatorship of Venizélos, provided for the institution, in each faculty, of a committee of professors to pass upon the qualifications of candidates for vacant chairs and to make recommendations to the Minister of Education, who should retain, as heretofore, the ultimate power to appoint. The committee for the Faculty of Medicine has now made its recommendations, which have evoked a storm of criticism in the press. It is charged with nepotism and gross favoritism, with promoting one of its own members to a more desirable chair, with promoting the nephew of one of its members from an instructorship in general pathology to a professorship of clinical pathology, with leaving another chair vacant, in order that a young member of the favored clique may grow old enough to stand the comparison with other candidates, and finally with having rejected a candidate, who, of all Hellenes since Aristotle, is the most learned in the field of physical science. After these and similar allegations had been presented to the Boulê at its session last evening, the Prime Minister, who spoke very earnestly and avowed his unshaken belief in the good faith and honorable intention of the faculty committee, and in the necessity of such a committee, admitted that mistakes of judgment might have been made, professed his inability,

without expert assistance, to choose, and suggested that every one who had anything to allege for or against any of the candidates should communicate it to the Government in writing.

It is impossible for an outsider to form an intelligent opinion in this controversy, but it is evident that neither a faculty committee, nor a council of ministers, nor a representative assembly, can satisfy all the friends of more than a hundred candidates for eight professorships. S.

Correspondence

DE SENECTUTE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Golden Treasury preserves for us an obscure little poem, "To-morrow" (No. ccvi), garnered from the "Scripscrapologia, or Collins' Doggerel Dish of All Sorts," Birmingham, 1804, and characterized by Mr. Palgrave as "truly noble." The author, John Collins, staymaker in Bath and subsequently actor and reciter in London and the provinces, is amply dealt with in the Dictionary of National Biography. The poem (though perhaps hardly deserving Mr. Palgrave's praise) is not without interest as one of the last relics of a family of "Wishes" which flourished in the heyday of classicism.

In the materialistic eighteenth century, philosopher and poet alike were inclined to take Bubb Doddington's advice:

> Void of strong desire and fear
> Life's wide ocean trust no more;
> Strive thy little bark to steer
> With the tide and near the shore.

When, therefore, the waning days reminded them that old age was near, they fashioned for themselves an ideal consistent with the quality of their spirit:

> You've play'd and lov'd and ate and drank your fill,
> Walk sober off. . . .

In prose this ideal was summed up in Bacon's familiar "Old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read." In poetry (with reminiscences of Horace and the Sabine farm) the ideal fell into shape in Cowley's "Wish" for

> A small house and large garden . . .
> And a few friends and many books, both true,
> Both wise, and both delightful too!
> And since love ne'er will from me flee,
> A mistress moderately fair,
> And good as guardian angels are,
> Only belov'd and loving me.

These sentiments are amplified in Pomfret's "Choice," a poem which, in spite of its genuine worth and of Dr. Johnson's declaration that "no composition in our language has been oftener perused," is omitted from Palgrave, from Ward's English Poets, and from such recent collections as Manly's, Bronson's, Cunliffe's, and Newcomer's. It is needless to say that the quiet, meditative beauties of the poem are not adequately reflected in the brief topic sentences quoted herewith:

> If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
> That I might choose my method how to live;
> And all those hours propitious Fate should lend
> In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
> Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
> Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
> Better if on a rising ground it stood;
> On this side fields, on that a neighboring wood.
> . . .
> A little garden, grateful to the eye,
> And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;
> On whose delicious banks a stately row
> Of shady limes or sycamores should grow.
> At th' end of which a silent study placed
> Should be with all the noblest authors graced;
> Horace and Virgil in whose mighty lines
> Immortal wit and solid learning shines . . .
> I'd have a little vault, but always stored
> With the best wines each vintage could afford.
> . . .
> That life may be more comfortable yet,
> And all my joys refined, sincere, and great;
> I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
> A great advance to my felicity. . . .
> Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd choose
> (For who would so much satisfaction lose
> As witty nymphs in conversation give?)
> Near some obliging, modest fair to live. . . .
> If Heaven a date of many years would give,
> Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
> And as I near approach the verge of life,
> Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
> Should take upon him all my worldly care,
> Whilst I did for a better state prepare.

This degenerated, in the hands of Dr. Walter Pope, into "The Old Man's Wish":

> If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
> Let this be my fate: in a country town
> May I have a warm house with a stone at the gate,
> And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
> Near a shady grove and a murmuring brook,
> With the ocean at distance whereon I may look;
> With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
> And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

Dr. Pope's "Wish," which the author enlarges into further details of Horace and Petrarch, roast mutton, Burgundy and "stout humming liquor," was evidently popular, for it reappears in most eighteenth century miscellanies, and Benjamin Franklin avers that in his youth he "had sung that wishing song a thousand times."

To an autumn of equally substantial satisfaction aspired the author of "The Spleen":

> A farm some twenty miles from town,
> Small, tight, salubrious and my own; . . .
> A chief of temper formed to please,
> Fit to converse and keep the keys,
> And, better to preserve the peace,
> Commission'd by the name of niece.
> One genial room to treat a friend. . . .
> Thus sheltered, free from care and strife,
> May I enjoy a calm through life. . . .
> With trips to town, life to amuse,
> To purchase books and hear the news;
> To see old friends, brush off the clown,
> And quicken taste at coming down.

Finally, we meet the familiar phrases again in J. Collins's "To-morrow":

> In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
> May my fate no less fortunate be
> Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,
> And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
> With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn. . . .
> With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
> As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
> And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
> With a barn for the use of the flail. . . .
> And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
> By the sound of a murmuring rill;
> And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
> With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
> With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
> And let them spread the table to-morrow.

A house, a garden, a mistress, a friend, a bottle, and a book—the ingredients are after all not unusual, and the recipe for an agreeable old age not restricted to the eighteenth century. It is not so much that these amiable Augustan gentlemen meditated these things in their hearts as that they typified the mood of their period by putting them into poetry. They harnessed winged Pegasus to a picnic hamper, and thought not ill of it. When the mood passed, the chorus of comfortable themes passed with it. The Romanticist "dreamt not of a perishable home."

Edmund Kemper Broadus.

The University of Alberta, Strathcona, Alberta, Canada, November 18.

POLITICAL OFFENDERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your issue of November 9, commenting on the results of the elections in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Cleveland, says:

> Who would have thought a couple of years ago, that without any particular revelations of machine wrongdoing, or any specifically sensational causes, Philadelphia and Cincinnati should rise up and drive out the boodlers and gangsters?

It is true that we have not yet put in prison any of the political offenders who, until December 4, will be in control of the city government of Philadelphia, but since January, 1910, the Tax Payers' Committee on City Finances has been persistently collecting evidence and presenting it to the public in the courts. Five or six suits have been heard, and as many more are pending.

In the suit brought against the Filbert Paving Company, we won a decisive victory, and the company was obliged to make restitution to the city. In what has been termed the "paving suit," charging conspiracy between the city officials and E. S. Vare, the street cleaning contractor, the court ruled that we had not established such conspiracy, but stated that the evidence showed clearly that, had Vare lived up to the specifications of the contract awarded him, it would have cost him $1,000,000 more to clean the streets in the year 1910. A suit has been brought against the director of public works and John R. Wiggins & Co., contractors, charging conspiracy to defraud the city in building police stations, fire, and bath houses. Evidence was produced before the Catlin Commission showing the purchase by members of the City Council of large tracts of land adjacent to one of the projected boulevards, and the sale of these lands to the city at extortionate figures. The *North American* charged, and offered to prove before the Catlin Commission, that Mayor Reyburn and his director of public safety were bankrupts when they took office, and that their financial condition was relieved by loans from contractors and others desiring favors from the municipality. On the day set for the hearing of this charge the Catlin Commission suddenly adjourned until after election.

These are only a few of the more prominent revelations which have been made during the last year and a half or two years, and it seems to me that knowledge of conditions here would have shown the error in the statement as quoted from your issue of November 9.

Theo. J. Lewis,
Treasurer of the Committee.

Philadelphia, November 16.

FRANCE AND SPAIN IN MOROCCO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for November 9, in an editorial on the Franco-German agreement, there are some statements which seem to call for correction. I quote from this article the following:

She consents in return to a French protectorate over Morocco, with its larger area, larger population, and much greater natural resources, and having the enormous advantage, above all, of giving France the solid north coast of Africa from beyond the Straits of Gibraltar to Tripoli. To France the question of proximity is an important factor in colonial policy. The French are a colonial but not a colonizing Power. The Frenchman will not emigrate too far over-seas.

It is quite probable that Germany would accept such an agreement, but we can be quite sure that Spain would not. It is at least highly improbable that Spain would permit France to take territory that has been Spanish since the Middle Ages because Germany was willing that France should have it. This agreement would concede to France a part of Morocco which even that optimistic leader of the "Moroccan party," Eugène Etienne, has never hoped for. It would ascribe to France an ambition and an intention repudiated by every French Cabinet in the last decade which has stayed in power long enough to be heard on the subject.

Melilla has been a crown possession of Spain since 1506, Ceuta has been Spanish since 1688, and Spain has added to her territory about these cities, only recently, as a result of her war in Morocco. Furthermore France has repeatedly officially recognized the predominant interest of Spain in the Rif and in the Djeballa, in the district from the Moulouia west at least as far as Ceuta. This leaves a small strip on the east between the Moulouia, the natural boundary, and the present boundary between Algeria and Morocco. On the west it leaves open only the question of the future ownership of the territory between Ceuta and Cape Spartel, although the secret clauses of the Franco-Spanish agreement of 1904 undoubtedly fully cover the matter.

The statement that "The French are a colonial but not a colonizing Power" sounds well, but is not true. This idea has been accepted in our time by the world generally without much question, because, before 1904, England repeated it so constantly and so emphatically. And England wanted to believe it. The history of France abundantly disproves the theory. The colonies of France in distant lands have played too important a part in history to be ignored. No European Power will or can colonize in lands where the white race cannot successfully combat climatic conditions. There is no more reason for saying that the French are not a colonizing Power because they have not placed large colonies in their Congo possessions or in Anam, than in saying that England is not a colonizing Power because she has not done the same in Uganda.

Algeria and Tunisia offer to French colonists the richest and most desirable lands open to French colonization, and a climate in which Europeans can live and thrive. The French colonies in these countries are increasing rapidly in numbers and in prosperity, and politically there is every reason why France should seek to develop these colonies even if it were at the expense of possible colonies in other quarters of the globe.

George Frederick Andrews, F.R.G.S.,
Membre de l'Institut de Carthage.

Boston, Mass., November 20.

COMPULSORY COMPOSITION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The comment in the *Nation* for November 2 on Professor Lounsbury's article on compulsory composition, apparently assumed that the course aims solely at helping the student to gain a mastery of English sufficient for everyday needs. Such an assumption is not at all warranted. "Practical composition," if one may use the term, from its very nature cannot constitute a course by itself. For people learn this kind of composition largely by writing about topics which in the natural course of events come to occupy their thoughts; by writing repeatedly, moreover, on the same kind of subject matter; and, to some extent, by reading. If compulsory composition, therefore, were to follow a purely practical aim, it would soon largely cease to exist as a separate course. Its instructors would, peradventure, be set at criticising the written work done by students—perhaps during their whole time at college—in connection with other courses. If such work were found insufficient, it would be increased; indeed, to take the place of the present classwork in composition, there would perhaps be instituted a required course in intensive reading which would yield plenty of coherent subject-matter—not necessarily of a literary nature—for writing, and also help the student to learn, as other people do, something of composition from books.

The compulsory course does not then by any means aim solely at practical composition, but rather at introducing the student to composition in general and giving him some practice in it. It attains its end by instructing the student in the general principles which appear in *all* composition, be it of humble or high degree; and by having him write, in accordance with them, themes on various and necessarily more or less disconnected topics. It might be added that any criticism—and there is certainly a great deal of it—which does not take clearly into account the aim of the course, must always be largely beside the mark. It is more and more frequently asserted that the student may write fairly good English in his required compositions, and yet relapse into his own proper dialect in connection with other courses; that his work neither measures up to practical needs nor receives very deeply the imprint of composition principles; that to claim the little he learns to be better than nothing is an admission of failure; and that, in short, the course involves a large expenditure of money and energy for too small a permanent result. All of this may be true, and nevertheless the fact remains that the course achieves its end—that of bringing the student into touch with general composition. Obviously, any criticism which could claim to be constructive would have to be directed at the aim itself. It would have to argue, for example, that this aim was too vague and general to be worth while, and that compulsory composition would do well to pursue a purely practical end and go through some such transforming process as that described above.

G. R. Elliott.

Madison, Wis., November 13.

Literature

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

The publishers of children's books are earnestly attempting to cover the whole range of human thought, and, after a careful examination of nearly three hundred books, it has become evident to the reviewer that they aim to satisfy school boards. What the libraries call "non-fiction" is as plentiful as the story books.

"The Story of the Roman People" (Houghton), by Eva March Tappan, is a satisfactory elementary account of Rome, giving the young reader, by means of mythology, legends, and history, an excellent idea of Roman belief and citizenship. The book is copiously illustrated with cuts from famous statues and paintings. Elsa Barker's "Stories from the New Testament for Children" (Duffield) is charmingly written, and mingles Bible text with narrative in an agreeable fashion. There is no didacticism in her manner.

The arrangement of material in E. L. Elias's "In Tudor Times" (Crowell) is altogether satisfactory. One of the best ways of reaching a comprehension of any age is through the dominant personalities of the period. The author has here divided his study into five phases: The Kingship, The Church, The Sea, The Court, and The Renaissance. Under each, his separate chapters are biographical records. The same author's "In Stewart Times" is arranged in a similar manner. The books are illustrated with portraits. A general history of England (Doubleday, Page) has been written by C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling. That is to say, Mr. Fletcher has written the usual account, greatly embellished with marginal notes, while Mr. Kipling has conceived some spirited ballads, which, interspersed throughout the pages, lend a thrill to the narrative. A handsome edition of "The Story of France," as told by Mary MacGregor, has been imported by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Sociology is a study that may be presented to children in diverse ways. The manners of the times are revealed in Plutarch's Lives, a retold version of some of these having been prepared by W. H. Weston (Jack), the discursive reflections of the original being omitted. The cover design is attractive. Eva March Tappan's "When Knights Were Bold" (Houghton) very ably pictures the Middle Ages. The illustrations are of interest, and the text is unique.

Every country has its age of fable, but not all fables are as familiar to us as they might be. We trust that the very tasteful edition of Æsop, issued by the Century Company, will win its way into unfamiliar channels. No book of the season is more deserving of wide circulation. We would emphasize its beautiful typography, and the effective manner in which Boyd Smith's line drawings are set upon the page. The De Vinne Press has outdone itself. As an addition to the Knighthood Series, John H. Cox has retold the Song of Roland, under the title of "A Chevalier of Old France" (Little, Brown). The narrative is concise,

retaining some of the old French tone. Another version of King Arthur has been made by Henry Gilbert, to the accompaniment of Walter Crane's color drawings. The volume is attractively printed (Jack), but the text simply adds one more unit to consider in determining which is the best. Lanier's Malory and the late Howard Pyle's Arthur books are too well known to be easily replaced. Let tribute be paid to Mr. Pyle, whose work for children was always of the highest and the most sincere; he understood chivalry.

Turning to biography, we find the field, as usual, deplorably weak. As a connecting link with history, "First Voyages of Glorious Memory" (Macmillan) will find willing readers in high-school classes. Frank Elias has selected his material from Hakluyt. McClurg & Co. have an inexhaustible series in their "Life Stories for Young People." The volumes are all translated from the German by George P. Upton, and this year they comprise "Eric the Red and Leif the Lucky," "Columbus," "Cortes," "Pizarro," "Penn," "Franklin," "Washington," and "Maximilian in Mexico." These short biographies, intended for German youth, are enthusiastically introduced by the translator, who commends them for their condensation. Even though not written for juvenile readers, many a boy will enjoy Sir C. N. Dalton's "The Real Captain Kidd" (Duffield), which attempts to vindicate the pirate. We doubt, however, whether romance wants him vindicated. Miss Mary Gay Humphreys has done an excellent piece of editing in her "The Boy's Story of Zebelon M. Pike: Explorer of the Great Southwest" (Scribner). She has taken his diaries and reports, and blended the details with a certain amount of necessary narrative of her own. Some of the illustrations are taken from the Catlin canvases. We believe that the audience for this will be among adults rather than among young people, who rarely care for original documents. Frederick Trevor Hill's "On the Trail of Grant and Lee" (Appleton) shows how the two families crossed each other in their different careers for many generations; and then, in a most direct and effective manner, gives fair treatment to the great civil conflict in which the two generals figured. Southerners will welcome the impartial manner in which the subject is treated. "A Life of Grant for Boys and Girls" (Crowell) has been written by Warren L. Goss. The author is a veteran, and hence there is a personal note running through the book. Both truth and fiction figure in "The Boy's Life of Edison" (Harper), prepared from the larger authoritative "Life," and greatly illuminated by the personal touch of the author, William H. Meadowcroft, an assistant in the Edison Laboratory. What young inventor will not thrill over the sleepless nights spent by the wizard of electricity, watching his work mature into success! A most apposite biography is "Charles Dickens and his Girl Heroines" (Appleton), by Belle Moses, in which the career of the great novelist is sympathetically followed. Her method of treatment will be an incentive to read the stories, since she analyzes simply and picturesquely.

No one should be brought up in ignorance of "The Land We Live In," and Overton W. Price's book of that name* (Small, Maynard) will be a source of pleasure to the grown person as well as to the boy. The illustrations are numberless, and are effective, but the text principally will do much to awaken one to an understanding of our wastefulness in forest product, in farming, and in mining. Especially poignant is the constant comparison made with Germany. Harry Chase Brearley, in his entertaining book, "Animal Secrets Told" (Stokes), shows us how we pass over the simplest observable things, even when they are brought under our very eyes. He deals with the ears, mouths, and noses of our animals, and describes how the process of selection has modified their forms. It is a book of "Whys" agreeably answered. "The Monkey Folk of South Africa" (Longmans) tell their own stories in F. W. Fitzsimons's volume. The illustrations alone attract the attention, and the titled paragraphs contain many exciting incidents. The author is director of the Port Elizabeth Museum.

"The Book of Baby Beasts" (Doran), as drawn by E. J. Detmold, will please many youngsters. The reproductions are admirably done, and the text is filled with simple incident, while the verses are out of the ordinary. We congratulate the publishers on the clear typography of the volume.

Sterling Craig, in the pernicious informational story style, has told the "Secrets of the Hills" (Crowell), Ronald, a city boy, taking a vacation among the mountains of Scotland. The illustrations are largely direct and excellent, but, unless a writer can tell the romance of geology without leaning upon such artificiality, he had better leave the rocks alone. S. E. Forman's "Stories of Useful Inventions" (Century) is fascinating, inasmuch as those articles most useful to man are followed through their various stages of evolution. The match, the stove, the plough, and the reaper, besides a host of other topics, are treated effectively. A volume, much the same in scope, is Rupert S. Holland's "Historic Inventions" (Jacobs), which combines some of Samuel Smiles's qualities. There are sixteen chapters, each one a romance in the path of progress. The book is up to date, the final consideration being "The Wrights and the Airship." While on this subject, it were well for us to note another book, "The Romance of Aeronautics" (Lippincott), in which Charles C. Turner, holder of the Royal Aero Club's aviation certificate, traces the progress of flight from the very earliest times. Boys have done much to aid in the advancement of this doubtful sport, and they will read this thick volume with avidity. In fact, they will find it much more welcome than the numberless stories which the publishers are bringing forth, in which the heroes and heroines go through impossible adventures aloft. There is no reader that will not welcome "The Boys' Book of Warships" (Stokes), in which J. R. Howden becomes the historian of a period from the Egyptians to the latest superdreadnoughts. The book is more fully considered from the side of the English navy than of the American, but should not be missed on that account. It is fascinating, and its statistics are accurate. It is filled with technical knowledge. There are many stories dealing with warships and with life at Annapolis.

ISLAM TO-DAY.

Aspects of Islam. By Duncan Black Macdonald. (Lamson lectures on the Religions of the World.) New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, $1.50 net.

The Aspects of Islam presented in these lectures are such as are of especial interest to missionaries in Moslem lands. In discussing them, the author draws not only on a wide acquaintance with books, but on his own observations during a year recently spent in the East, and enlivens the treatment with abundance of anecdote and reminiscence. For a more thorough dealing with many points touched upon in the lectures, he could refer to his earlier works, "The Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory" (1903), and "The Religious Attitude and Life in Islam" (1909).

The central problem of Mohammedanism, from the missionary point of view, is Mohammed, and the chapters on his life and character, the doctrine of the person of the prophet, and the attitude of modern Moslems toward him, are therefore the most important in the book. Professor Macdonald makes much of the abnormal in Mohammed's temperament: "The fundamental thing in him was that he was a pathological case"; this sums up in a word "his essential personality and character"; had he not been a pathological case, he might have been a great poet; because of "the essentially pathological state of his mind" he had contradictory notions about the relation between God and the world; above all, this accounts for his revelations. Byzantine writers disposed of Mohammed by calling him an epileptic; Weil labored to explain him in the same way; others diagnosticate the prophetic infirmity as hysteria, while Sommer defines it as "psychogene Erregungszustände," which makes everything clear! The latest English biographer, Margoliouth, bids us study Swedenborg and Joseph Smith; Professor Macdonald recommends us to psychical research: "the clue to Muhammad" is to be found in the ways of trance-mediums and the phenomena of hypnotic states.

Mohammed certainly fell into trances, of which traditions purporting to come from his own household give sufficiently circumstantial descriptions; he saw visions and heard voices, and took these experiences for objective and supernatural reality; what came into his head in these states or when he emerged from them was for him divine revelation. There is no doubt that his steadfast faith in his mission and the divine authority of his message through years of rejection and opposition was rooted in such experiences and sustained by their recurrence. Paul, also, saw visions, heard voices, had raptures in which he was caught up to the third heaven—

whether in the body or out of the body, he could not tell; his whole career was determined by the vision on the road to Damascus; Krenkel proved to the satisfaction of many that the thorn in the flesh was epilepsy; he was, as a Jewish author has recently reminded us, clearly a "pathological case." For that matter, without going to all lengths with Lombroso, it is well known that genius is frequently attended by a high degree of nervous instability, and from the point of view of what James called the "medical materialist," prophetic visions are classifiable hallucinations and the mystics are all hysterics. But when the neurologist has given his best opinion about what was the matter with Paul or Mohammed, the problem of the origins of Islam or of Pauline Christianity remains for the historian exactly where it was before. Admit that Mohammed was obsessed by his ideas, where did the ideas come from? What gave them such power over him? How came he to take them for a revelation from the one true God—where did he get *that* idea? How did these ideas develop in his own mind? How are they unfolded in his prophesying and lawmaking and realized in his religious community or commonwealth? These are the questions which are essential to a comprehension of Mohammed, and on them it is vain to look to abnormal psychology for light. Goldziher, in his "Vorlesungen über den Islam," recently reviewed in these columns, dismisses the pathological inquiry with a word of Harnack's, *apropos* of Paul, about maladies which only afflict "supermen." It would be hard to say wherein his understanding and appreciation of Mohammed suffer thereby.

Professor Macdonald's judgment of Mohammed's character is extremely unfavorable. He was not "in his beginnings a self-seeking insincere impostor. He was *a pathological case*. His revelations came to him in trance, and like all trance-mediums he had strangely perverted ideas; but an impostor he certainly was not." But "there can be no shadow of question that in those last years [at Medina] he forged the awful machinery of divine inspiration to serve his own ignoble and selfish purposes. How he passed over at last into this turpitude is a problem again for those who have made a study of how the most honest trance-mediums may at any time begin to cheat."

When Mohammed, after ten years of prophesying at Mecca, shook off the dust of the unbelieving city and betook himself to Medina, circumstances which he could not have foreseen, but which he skilfully used, enabled him to become the head of a religious commonwealth in which he was arbiter, law-giver, and leader, with divine authority. Modern writers often underline the contrast between the prophet of Mecca and the theocratic despot at Medina. They overlook the fact that Mohammed's model of a prophet was not an Amos or a Jeremiah, but Moses; it was only at Medina, as the theocratic head of a people, that he realized his own ideal of his calling. His adversaries were rebels against God, and deserved no better fate than Korah and his rout. He could not bid the earth open and swallow them up, but he used the natural means at his command with good effect, and, we have no reason to doubt, in the belief that he had the best of precedents.

He did some things that outraged the heathen sense of right and honor and made even his own followers shake their heads. The revelations—before or after the event—which warranted these doings were plainly suggested by his own desires; we are inclined to think the apology worse than the offence. It is such utterances, doubtless, that the author has in mind when he charges Mohammed with "forging the awful machinery of divine inspiration." That mediums often turn out swindlers is, however, hardly an explanation. Years of prophesying at Mecca had accustomed Mohammed to take the thoughts and impulses which came over him, not alone in trance states, but in full consciousness, as the mind and will of God revealed by his spirit in his prophet, and to give them out as such. His success at Medina had strengthened him in the conviction that he was the chosen instrument of God for the triumph of the true religion and the discomfiture of its foes. Elevated to a unique position as the representative of God, it is not strange that he should exempt himself from rules laid down for common men; for example, in the matter of the lawful number of wives. The refinement of self-scrutiny which should have led him to question the source of his inspiration because the revelation fell in too neatly with his own wishes is the last thing we should expect of him. All this may not alter an objective judgment of his conduct; but it shows how easy it was to do as he did without conscious and deliberate fraud. His lapses illustrate, not the temptations of Mr. Sludge, but the mental and moral dangers of being a prophet—dangers obviously the greater the more unquestioningly the prophet believes in himself.

In matters of theology, as the author remarks, Moslems stand much nearer to Christians than is commonly imagined; but he does not dwell on the historical reasons for this resemblance. In the chapter on Theology and Metaphysics he illustrates the peculiar dialectic of the Moslem development of the doctrine of God rather than the points of agreement with the Christian doctrine or the characteristic differences. Two lectures are given to the Mystical Life, the emotional experience of religion as cultivated by the Sufis and the various orders of dervishes, and the place of mysticism in orthodox systems of theology, a subject by which Professor Macdonald has always been strongly attracted and of which he is a sympathetic interpreter. The large space given to these phenomena is justified by their intrinsic interest and by their peculiar importance to missionaries, whom it behooves to know not only how Mohammedanism satisfies the intellect of its adherents by its scholastic theology, but how it answers their spiritual needs.

There are some interesting pages in the book on present conditions in the Moslem world and the outlook for the future. Professor Macdonald thinks that "unless all signs deceive, there lies before the Moslem peoples a terrible religious collapse"; but to discuss these views would lead us too far. By way of conclusion, it may be said that, as a popular presentation of some salient features of Mohammedan belief and life, the volume may be read with instruction by a wider circle than that to which it is primarily addressed.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Exception. By Oliver Onions. New York: John Lane Co.

This sturdy protest against the vandalism of the iconoclast suggests that sober British respectability is getting back its breath again, and that audacity on the rampage is no longer to go unchallenged in English letters. Whatever the augury for the future of the English novel, the vehicle of the present rebuke is a manifest reversion to type—a deliberate return upon the safe old opinions of virtue, of marriage rights, of verbal decorum, and the safe old literary practice that reflects the actual surface of life (rich texture and weathered hue, not thin, bright pattern of conventionalized design such as theorists fabricate).

The theme is the precise vindication of that same conventional morality that it has been so much the recent fashion to decry. And it is upon the much derided reluctance of the Anglo-Saxon tongue to deal plainly with certain matters that the plot hinges. Berice Beckwith, honestly trying to confess to the man she is about to marry the shameful secret of an earlier intimacy, can find no words beyond these: "*He was my lover. . . . Do you understand?*" A year later, under sharper stress and sterner self-compulsion, she drives the knowledge home with the self-same words: "*My lover—my lover—take the words in any sense you like, only . . . say you understand!*" The episode was seven years past with her "vernal season"; death had apparently made an end of consequences. She had out-grown even her

penitence, granted herself an absolution based on the original assumption of her precocious youth that "Life . . . owed her exceptional treatment by reason of her being Berice Beckwith." In London after her marriage, "among people whose ideas . . . were not the ideas of Cotterdale and Ridsdale," she finds more reassurance in the "gentler code of the novelists and the playwrights"—"the new spirit . . . that dealt with such things with a lenience infinitely taking and sympathetic." Yet with all the tenacious vitality of an ugly fact, this "old central fact of her life" survives and in other memories than her own; she finds herself continually confronted with it in other people's opinions. For the knowledge of this illicit relationship is as a touchstone on which every character in the book is tried, and a mutual recognition of it, tacit or expressed, becomes the determining factor in her relations with each one. In the end she sees "clearly enough . . . that she had only been one of the countless exceptions who, well warned beforehand, must still needs go through the deeps of suffering and the shallows of hopelessness merely to discover that they were not exceptional after all." Proposed in cold blood, the enterprise smacks not a little of the morbid and the didactic; in execution it affords some excruciating moments, but none that lacks sincerity and lifelikeness. Characters are finely distinguished, conversations gain in naturalness by subcurrents of unexpressed meanings, and the emphasis falls on certain elements of sanity and delicacy in the public mind that betoken health. All this is refreshing; we had almost said, original. It is something, indeed, to have pinned down in tangible and reputable terms the elusive fallacies that plague us all when we read the novel or witness the play in which the shackles of convention are jubilantly struck off—"the whole ordered handicap . . . disorganized, that the rebelling heroine may run her go-as-you-please."

Love in a Little Town. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is not an improvement upon "Down Our Street." Indeed, we suspect, with the suspicion born of long experience, that it is an earlier book now presented to the American public as a reward for appreciating Mrs. Buckrose's delightful sketches of "our street." There the writer was content with her characters, and the slightest pleasant shadow of a story to pull them together. Here she is more determined to tell a tale, and the result has a flavor of artifice, especially in the latter part of the narrative. But the people in it, the best of them, almost deserve to have lived in "our street." If the Mrs. Wallerby of this tale is not quite the peer of the delicious Mrs. Bean, she is hardly less amusing, and real, in her own way. And all of the little group at the "White House" are worth knowing. When it comes to the persons of superior station, the Lady Eleanours, the Warde-Pendleburys, the Captain Osbornes, and the rest, we find ourselves in a thinner atmosphere. These are the conventional snobs, ingrates, and money-worshippers who represent aristocracy in melodrama. One sees Capt. Osborne deserting Celia when the world turns its back on her, one sees Lady Eleanour intercepting Celia's letter to Wayne, with the painful stiffness of puppets condemned to play their parts in the distressful scene. Celia herself is a winning heroine—like one of Mrs. de la Pasture's sweet little girls, but with the saving graces of common sense and humor. In short, this is a pretty story which (unless at the verge) is successful in avoiding silliness.

The Great Offender. By Vincent Brown. New York: Brentano's.

The lady with a past here falls into new hands, those of the widow of a vicar of the village into which the lady was bold enough to come as wife of one of the village circle. Never did sinner fall into more tender, pious, sensible, humorous keeping. The seventy-years-old mother, with her two strapping sons, her pony, her dog, her garden, her little figure, her dear old face, her reassuring smile, her converting tea, her diverting chocolates, becomes genially familiar as she unfolds her own story. It is written avowedly to show a better way than the prevailing way of treating a despised woman. Given an old lady whose forte is mothering the young of both sexes, and whose ability to turn them from evil is co-extensive with her smile and her applications of Christian doctrine, nothing could be simpler than Mrs. Custance's method. But with full appreciation of her motives, her courage, and her patience, we must think that her subjects yielded rather easily to her treatment and that not every dear old lady would have such success. However, there is no reason for not taking hints in kindliness from this text-book, even if the impression survives of a treatment prescribed not by a woman, but by a man, as he would like that a woman should prescribe.

My Ragpicker. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The squalor which forms the background of this little romance is barely surpassed by Gorky's "Night Asylum":

> Here the "business," the sorting, was carried on. Even at that early hour the sheds and court were filled with the morning's gleanings from which arose—not the perfumes of Araby, I assure you. A trio of loathsome hags, cadaverous, ash-gray, like those three ancient virgins of Greece, were hovering around the larger piles, vulture-like over the carrion! Meanwhile, a half-dozen of dirt-encrusted, half-naked imps swarmed like vermin on the smaller heaps.

Yet, unlike Gorky, the author finds a ray of hope even in this low stratum. In the heart of Nanette, the youthful ragpicker, half-starved though she is most of the time, and never having known a mother's love, there is a little inexplicable faith which finds a mother's arms in Nôtre Dame, "Our Lady of Paris." Her faint but real joys while working at dawn under the shadow of the cathedral are well caught by the author. But the plot as a whole will make readers hang the head for shame that they have been tricked into such melodrama—a melodrama coming from sentimentality and absurd coincidences.

THE MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE.

The Purchasing Power of Money. By Irving Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Few persons are more successful than Professor Fisher in putting old wine into new bottles. He has taken the most hotly debated of all economic questions, and, by the use of arguments long familiar to special students, has produced an imposing work. While in innumerable instances it is easy to recognize the author's indebtedness to earlier economists, as well as to contemporaries, it can be said of him, as of Handel, that though he may borrow freely, he always repays with interest. Interest with him takes the form of a patient elucidation, such as can be found in few other writers on this subject. Mr. Fisher frankly admits that the main contentions of this book are at bottom simply a restatement and amplification of the old "quantity theory" of money. With certain corrections in the usual exposition of that theory, it may still, he declares, be called fundamentally sound. What has long been needed is, in his judgment, a candid reëxamination and revision, rather than a repudiation. The great merit of this book is its exhaustiveness. The theory of the purchasing power of money may perhaps best be described as an hydra-headed monster, so manifold are the aspects which one must keep in mind in eliminating error from one's conclusion. Mr. Fisher's aim has been to bring each of these aspects into bold relief, and he has effected his purpose admirably.

The quantity theory has been one of the most bitterly contested theories in economics, largely, we are told, because the recognition of its truth or falsity affected powerful interests in commerce and politics. It has, as is pointed out, been made the basis of arguments for unsound currency schemes:

> It has been invoked in behalf of irredeemable paper money and of national free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

As a consequence, not a few "sound-money men," believing that a theory used to support such vagaries must be wrong, have drifted into the position of opposing, not only the unsound propaganda, but also the sound principles by which its advocates sought to bolster it up. These attacks upon the quantity theory have been rendered easy by the imperfect comprehension of it on the part of those who have thus invoked it in a bad cause.

Personally, our author believes that few mental attitudes are more pernicious than those which would uphold sound practice by denying sound principles because some thinkers make unsound application of those principles. At any rate, in scientific study there is no choice but to find and state the unvarnished truth.

The equation of exchange, as Mr. Fisher states it, is this:

$$MV+M'V'=\Sigma PQ.$$

In common speech M represents actual money and V the velocity of its circulation (that is, "the efficiency of money"). M' stands for bank deposits subject to transfer by check, and V' for the average velocity of circulation. Turning to the goods side of the equation, we have to deal with the prices of goods exchanged and the quantities of goods exchanged. The average price of sale of any particular good, such as bread, purchased in the given community during the given year, may be represented by P (price), and the total quantity of it purchased by Q (quantity); likewise the average price of another good (say, coal) may be represented by P', and the total quantity of it exchanged by Q'; the average price and the total quantity of a third good (say, cloth) may be represented by P'' and Q'', respectively; and so on for all other goods exchanged, however numerous. The right-hand side of the equation is therefore the sum of terms of the form PQ, that is to say, a price multiplied by a quantity bought. This side of the equation is abbreviated by the use of Σ the symbol in mathematics of summation.

With the extension of the equation of monetary circulation to include deposit circulation, the influence exerted by the quantity of money on general prices becomes, it is admitted, less direct; and the process of tracing this influence becomes more difficult and complicated. It has been argued that this interposition of circulating credit breaks whatever connection there may be between prices and the quantity of money. This would be true, Mr. Fisher admits, if circulating credit were independent of money. But the fact is, he contends, that the quantity of circulating credit, M', tends to hold a definite relation to M, the quantity of money in circulation; that is, deposits are normally a more or less definite multiple of money. All this recalls J. S. Mill's admirable discussion of the value of money in the third book of his "Principles of Political Economy." Mill points out many qualifications "with which the proposition must be received, that the value of the circulating medium depends on demand and supply, and is in inverse ratio of the quantity; qualifications which, under a complex system of credit like that existing in England, render the proposition an incorrect expression of the fact." The care with which Mr. Fisher weighs these qualifications constitutes one of the chief merits of his work. He does not ignore, for example, Mill's contention that "money, no more than commodities in general, has its value definitely determined by demand and supply. The ultimate regulator of its value is Cost of Production." This particular aspect receives acute treatment from Mr. Fisher in one of his chapters on Indirect Influences on Purchasing Power. He finds that gold production will always tend toward an equilibrium in which the marginal cost of production will (when interest is added) be equal to the value of the product. If the purchasing power of gold is above the cost of production in any particular mine, it will pay to work that mine. If the purchasing power of gold is lower than the cost of production of any particular mine, it will not pay to work that mine. Thus the production of gold increases or decreases with an increase or decrease in the purchasing power of gold.

In the chapter on Disturbance of Equation and of Purchasing Power During Transition Periods, we are reminded of Walter Bagehot's article (now a classic) in the London *Economist* of December 30, 1871, entitled "The Great Rise in the Price of Commodities." Fisher here works out in interesting fashion the consequences of belated changes in interest rates. Here is one of his lines of thought in epitome:

> Borrowers, unable to get easy loans, blame the high rate of interest for conditions which were really due to the fact that the previous rate of interest was not high enough. Had the previous rate been high enough, the borrowers never would have overinvested.

The reverse happens, in periods of contraction of loans and deposits. It is readily admitted by our author that the factors in the equation of exchange are continually seeking normal adjustment, but seldom finding it. "Since periods of transition are the rule and those of equilibrium the exception, the mechanism of exchange is almost always in a dynamic rather than a static condition."

Certain minor defects in this book remain to be mentioned. The author shares with the great majority of economists a tendency to lapse into a pedagogical style. The line drawings used to illustrate the text would be more suitable in a primary instruction book, and mathematical formulæ could often have been dispensed with.

Napoleon and His Coronation. By Frédéric Masson. Translated by Frederic Cobb. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

The Life of Napoleon. By Arthur Hassall, M.A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

Under the title "Le Sacre et le couronnement de Napoléon," M. Masson added in 1908 another volume to his long shelf of interesting books of curious and copious information about Napoleon I. The translator of this volume would have done well to retain a literal rendering of the French title, for M. Masson has told a great deal more about the consecration than about the coronation. The book is valuable, not so much because it pictures all the dramatic details of the pompous spectacle in which Napoleon set a crown upon his own head, but rather because four-fifths of its pages are devoted to a careful analysis of Napoleon's reasons for wishing to be consecrated, of his diplomatic moves to persuade the Pope to perform the ceremony, and of his resulting relations with the Papacy and with the French people. The book is thus really a contribution to the history of church and state in France.

Napoleon was not content with the Senatus-consultum of May 18, 1804, establishing him as hereditary emperor, nor with its confirmation by the people in the favorable *plébiscite* of 2,962,458 to 2,567 votes. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that Napoleon juggled the figures. The "ayes" from the army and from the navy were 120,302 and 16,224 respectively. Displeased with these military figures, either because they showed the numerical strength of his forces or because he deemed it inexpedient to gauge their enthusiasm with mathematical accuracy, with his own hand he changed the army and the navy "ayes" to 400,000 and 50,000, and then altered the addition of the total to 3,574,898 in his favor; the 2,567 votes against him he left unchanged. But he did not wish his Empire to rest merely on his sword and on the votes of the Senate and people. He wanted it to seem to have the firmer foundation of Divine Right. He wanted to be a sovereign like other sovereigns. He wished as the Anointed of the Lord to be above ordinary mortals. All these things he hoped to procure, in a measure at least, by a consecration performed by the hand of the Pope. By holding back in secret the result of the *plébiscite* until the eve of the religious ceremony, and by conducting the consecration and the coronation together in Notre Dame with the assistance and approving presence of the Pope, Napoleon hoped his Empire might seem to be

established upon both popular and Divine Right.

The coronation of Josephine M. Masson considers a whim on Napoleon's part. For centuries in the history of France no queen (except Marie de' Medici, for whom there were special reasons) had been crowned. Napoleon also tried to conceal from the Pope the fact that he and Josephine had never been properly married. It was useless. Pius learned it at the last moment from Josephine herself, and refused to perform the consecration ceremony until a religious marriage had been duly concluded.

M. Masson gives all the interesting minutiæ of the costumes, the decorations, the fireworks, the balloon with a fiery imperial crown attached which was released before multitudes in Paris and which sailed to Rome in forty-six hours, the gifts to the Pope and to the people —and the cost of it all. Was it worth it? M. Masson is inclined to think not. His reasons are interesting, but too long to be summarized here.

Mr. Hassall has courageously attempted to cover the whole of Napoleon's career within the small compass of about eighty thousand words. To do this successfully, however, requires literary skill and a first-hand acquaintance with the psychology of Napoleon's mind as revealed in his correspondence and in the skilful perversions of the St. Helena memoirs. Mr. Hassall does not give marked evidence of either. His narrative is clogged with dates and irritating repetitions, and appears to rest on material which, though otherwise excellent, is wholly secondary. There are good illustrations. But the volume can scarcely be held to be so satisfactory as the recent little biography by Johnston or as the sketches by Sceley in the old, and by J. H. Rose in the new, Encyclopædia Britannica.

The Tudor Drama. By C. F. Tucker Brooke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The tale here taken up has been told before, but it becomes increasingly possible in these days to tell it well, and Mr. Tucker Brooke has produced a volume which will be read with interest not merely by the professed scholar, but by all who feel any curiosity concerning Shakespeare and the dramatic traditions in which he so splendidly found his account. The title of the book is justifiably interpreted to cover a sketch of the beginnings of mystery and miracle (the author values the distinction) and of morality plays, all of which, though of earlier origin, were the characteristic forms of English drama at the opening of the Tudor period. And, similarly, the culmination of the study is constantly found in Shakespeare, who, though his greatest achievements fall in the reign of James, is here regarded as the last of the Elizabethans, continuing their sane and comprehensive grasp of life into an age less exalted and less universal, the drama of which, with all its brilliance, was, through Puritan opposition and gradual divorce from the serious concerns of contemporary life, falling into the dust and putrefaction upon which the doors of the theatres eventually closed.

Whether the break between Tudor and Stuart drama be as clean and sharp as the author contends is proper matter for reflection; it must be granted, at any rate, that a defensible thesis bas been set up and supported, especially in the concluding chapters on realistic comedy and the nature of the Elizabethan drama, both with learning and with critical powers more than usually penetrating. Quite apart from the question how far the thesis ought to be carried, there are striking gains in unity and a sense of vivid movement to be got from passing under review the literary types of a more restricted field, as may be observed in the chapter on the transitional interlude. And the method of presentation by means of types, if it has a weakness in that so impressive a play as "Othello" comes off with but scant notice, gains much from the author's manifest knack of setting up categories that are truly organic. In the chapters on the history play this power is exhibited at its subtlest, and it leads to some nice critical distinctions in the treatment of romantic comedy. Some may question, however, whether these matters are not pushed a little too far when "The Merchant of Venice" is so widely set apart from the stream of romantic comedy which has its headwaters in "Love's Labor's Lost" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," or when a new category, the heroic play, based on purely native practice, is erected.

But Mr. Tucker Brooke treats neither type nor influence in a rigid manner. He is quick to point out overlappings and he does not limit himself to obvious imitations. The reader is not allowed to forget, to choose but one instance, that while the example of the Roman dramatists made for precision of outline, their exuberant love of excitement and ornament deepened the native tendency toward romantic fancy. The book is written with a certain liveliness of style which is not unattractive, but which sometimes gives to a critical dictum an undue air of finality. The present reviewer feels that the denunciation of "Mankind" as an utterly wretched thing might stand some modification. Coarse buffoonery in lieu of plot it often has, but there is also something of the moral fervor and worldwide scope of "Piers Plowman"; revived on the modern stage, it has been found capable of moving an audience, let us hope somewhat above "the intellectual range of fifteenth-century rustics," with not a little of the strange power of "Everyman." But to disagree on points like this is to testify to the stimulating qualities of the book, qualities which are gained by no scanting of the fulness of the record. A novel hypothesis is contributed to the discussion of the "War of the Theatres," and succinct and helpful bibliographies are appended to the several chapters.

The Record of an Adventurous Life. By Henry Mayers Hyndman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Hyndman's career illustrates the unquenchable restlessness at the bottom of the English heart. Though English society be petrified by conventionalism, individual Englishmen, from the days of the Elizabethans to our own, have been drawn to the ends of the earth by the allure of adventure and of the unconventional.

Born in 1842, Mr. Hyndman had the usual upper middle-class training, took his degree at Trinity College, read for the bar in London, was one of the greatest cricketers of his time, and soon discovered that he had no inclination for the law.

So he roamed on the Continent, became enchanted with Italy, followed Garibaldi as war correspondent in the war of 1866, and then returned to London. The sight of the poverty there roused in him, a born Radical, at first indignation, and later the resolve to devote his life to reforming society, until such hideous inequalities between rich and poor should be impossible. He knew Mazzini, Garibaldi, and George Meredith, wrote in the advanced journals, and was coming to be recognized as a rising disputant, when he went off to Australia for his health. During the next decade he roved widely, wrote Radical leaders for Melbourne papers, visited India, saw something of the United States, invested in Utah mines, returned to London, and had contacts high and low: but all the while he was nursing his indignation at social conditions.

It happened in 1880 that, on a voyage to New York, he first read Karl Marx's "Capital." That book revealed to him the "scientific" basis of Socialism, gave him a creed, and fixed his emotions in a definite channel. Thenceforth, Hyndman was one of the leaders of British Socialists. He drew inspiration from Marx in person. He founded *Justice.* He worked with William Morris on one side, and with the Central Land League of Great Britain on the other. Wherever there was agitation, there was he. After the West End riots he was tried, but acquitted. He stood on a Socialist platform for the House of Commons. He spoke for India. He denounced the Boer war. For years he has been in the inner circle of International Socialism. In short, he has, in true British fash-

ion, relished adventure, whether among strange peoples in far-off lands or in new undertakings among his own people.

The last half of Mr. Hyndman's memoirs, therefore, may serve as a document in the history of British Socialism: but they are throughout interesting because of the glimpses they give of prominent men in both hemispheres, and because of their side-lights on history and of their anecdotes. They show celebrities from a different angle, and they inform those who are not Socialists as to the earnestness and intelligence of those who are. Mr. Hyndman writes with dash, careless of his style, as becomes an agitator and publicist accustomed to move his hearers by the substance rather than by the form of his utterances. We welcome this portrait which he paints of himself as a real addition to Victorian autobiography.

Notes

In "The American People: A Study in National Psychology," the second volume of which is issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. this week, A. Maurice Low expresses the belief that immigrants to this country have raised the intellectual level of native Americans.

"The Sins of the Father" is the title of a story of Thomas Dixon the Appletons announce for early spring.

The De La More Press will publish shortly a book on Siam, by W. A. Graham, who is adviser to the Siamese Minister of Lands and Agriculture.

Aylmer Maude will write introductions for "Father Sergius" and "Hadji Murad," two posthumous volumes of Tolstoy; Mr. Nelson is the publisher.

A new edition of the "Collected Works of D. G. Rossetti" is in preparation by Ellis of London; William M. Rossetti has revised and rearranged, and furnishes some matter which has never before been printed.

Aleyn Lyell Reade of Liverpool has almost ready the second part of his "Johnsonian Gleanings," which is said to contain an account of Johnson's relations with his negro servant, Francis Barber; the book is being published by subscription.

The Clarendon Press (Frowde) announces "The Rowley Poems" of Chatterton, reprinted from Tyrwhitt's third edition, with an introduction by Maurice Hare.

Prof. Charles F. Richardson, who last June retired from the headship of the English department at Dartmouth, will devote some years to writing a "History of American Periodical Literature from Colonial Times to the End of the Nineteenth Century."

Volumes IV, V, and VI of "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare," in nine volumes, being a portion of the World's Classics Edition (Oxford University Press; Frowde) have just reached us. Volume IV contains "King John," "Richard the Second," and "Henry the Fourth," both parts. Volume V has "Henry the Fifth" and "Henry the Sixth," the three parts. In volume VI are "Richard the Third," "Henry the Eighth," "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," "Sonnets," and the following pieces traditionally associated with Shakespeare's name: "A Lover's Complaint," "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Sonnets to Sundry Notes on Music," and "The Phœnix and the Turtle."

We have to acknowledge the receipt of two more volumes in the series of Scott's novels which the Oxford University Press (Frowde) is publishing: "Peveril of the Peak" and "The Fair Maid of Perth"; both are illustrated.

To the Dent-Putnam series of Classiques Français, handsomely bound in flexible leather, three new volumes have been added: "Les Chansons de Béranger," selected by Comte Serge Fleury; "Pensées Choisies de Pascal," with Préface by Emile Boutroux, and "Essais Choisis de Montaigne," with Préface by Emile Faguet. All three volumes have brief bibliographies, and the Béranger and Montaigne have a few notes. The series is edited by eminent scholars and has value for the serious reader; in form it is specially suitable for gift-books.

From Williams & Norgate, London, we have received a volume of the speeches and messages of King George, under the title of "The King to His People." They are taken largely from the reports in the *Morning Post* and the *Times*, and range from the Prince's imperial tour in 1901 to utterances of the crowned King as late as July, 1911. The scope of the topics touched on is considerable.

"Peter and Wendy" is the title J. M. Barrie has given to his narrative version of "Peter Pan" (Scribner). The story as now written carries beyond the end of the play, and has a satisfactory or "happy ending."

Under the title of Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney" (Moffat, Yard), Prof. C. B. Tinker has brought together in a single convenient volume all "the Johnsonian material in the works of Miss Burney." The design is excellent, and even those who own and read Miss Burney's "Memoirs of Doctor Burney," not to mention the "Diary and Letters," may welcome this skilfully detached portrait of the great Dictator. For proof of the correctness of the portrait the editor, in his "Introductory Essay," calls attention to its similarity to the Johnson of Boswell. It is pleasant, after the note of praise sounded by Professor Alden in eighteenth-century anthology (reviewed in the *Nation* last week), to meet in the present editor another warm Johnsonian; for we have been hearing a good deal of foolish disparagement of Johnson recently from F. Frankfort Moore and others of like prejudices. We are inclined to think that Johnson's reputation rests more on his own actual literary achievements, and less on his mere personality, than Professor Tinker seems to believe; but we will not quarrel with any confessed Johnsonian on that point. The book is furnished with reproductions of pictures and facsimiles taken in part from the extraordinary collection of R. B. Adam of Buffalo.

"Forty Years of Friendship," the correspondence of Ellis Yarnall and the late Lord Coleridge (Macmillan), is creditable to both. Yarnall, descended from several generations of Pennsylvania Quakers, became a High Church Episcopalian, an early devotee of Wordsworth, and a sympathizer with the conservative intellectual life of England from the third decade of the nineteenth century on. He remained, however, a patriotic American at heart, and during the Civil War he opened the eyes of his upper-class English acquaintances, including John Duke Coleridge, as to the cause of the Union. Intrinsically, this is the most important matter broached in the volume. Neither correspondent had any marked talent for "epistoling," as Coleridge calls it; but both wrote freely enough their opinions on books and events. Only occasionally, as when he refers to Prince Albert's parsimony, does Coleridge indulge in that intimate gossip about celebrities which we look for in the intimate letters of men placed in his high station.

It is an ill job to gather out the best poems of a poetical people and please every one, and so Sir George Douglas's "Book of Scottish Poetry" (Baker & Taylor), following his earlier selection—a better one—in the little blue-covered Canterbury Poets, does well, and yet could have done better. The editor's clue has been race only and not subject; any one of the northern stock wherever or of whatever he wrote might be included. The result is certainly odd. It takes a Scot's sense of family to recognize a Scottish product in the Earl of Southesk's "Pigworm," and the case is scarcely better with Robert Buchanau's far worthier "Wake of Tim O'Hara." Drummond's Italian grace can be saved for Scotland only by his being "of Hawthornden," and in Thomson's "Seasons" it is hard to find a Scottish mark. Again, that more than a hundred pages are given to Burns and Scott, whom surely all those who use this book must have, is a strange waste; yet due to a weakness before which anthology-makers seem always to fall. Here it has involved that Stevenson should have only a single scrap, his "Requiem," instead of some of his poems in "Lallan" or that lyric cry which echoes in the hearts of all Scottish exiles, "Blows the Wind To-day?" Of John Nichol there is not even so much, nor of William Bell Scott, George Macdonald, or Walter C. Smith. Alexander Smith is steadily coming to his own, but while we are thankful to have here the grave and sombre majesty of his "Glasgow," we miss the haunting cadence of "Barbara." The older poetry is handled more fairly, and we have a really good selection in above two hundred pages, from the nameless singer who lamented "Alysandyr oure King" to a discreet extract from Alexander Scott of Mary's court. The running glossarial notes are, in general, compact and good.

Prof. Alexandre Moret of the Musée Guimet has written that rare thing, a thoroughly interesting book on ancient Egypt. "In the Time of the Pharaohs" (Putnam) is a collection of very distinct and bright little studies which appeared separately in the *Revue de Paris*. As one of the best of the younger Egyptologists, the accuracy of his scholarship is beyond question. But he has, besides, an imagination, an æsthetic feeling, and a vividness of style which put these essays in the same class with the popularizations of Maspero and Petrie. Outstanding among them are those on the restoration of Egyptian temples, which look eternal as the hills, but are now crumbling to utter

ruin; on the diplomacy of the Pharaohs with the Syrian governors and kinglets, which handles the old matter of El-Amarna very pleasantly and lightly; on Egypt in the times before the pyramids and the origins of civilization—one of the few really intelligible and unbiased popular statements of that problem; and on that primitive magic of the Egyptians which so humanizes them and brings them, seemingly so remote, within the sweep of our folk-lore. The translation by Madame Moret is generally excellent and is made rather piquant by some Americanisms, odd from the pen of a Frenchwoman. The book throughout is enjoyable.

"In the Land of the Pharaohs" (Appleton) is a Nationalist history of Egypt, by Duse Mohamed, an Egyptian of half Nubian origin, and extends from the fall of Ismail to the assassination of Boutros Pasha. Some matters in it are fairly dealt with, notably the long and bungling dilatoriness of Mr. Gladstone from the bombardment of Alexandria to the fall of Khartum, and the case of the Egyptians, in the true sense, is well urged against the Turko-Egyptian and Circassian pashas. Another good point is the respect paid to Artin Pasha. But against Lord Cromer he is rabid, descending to common name-calling, and there and elsewhere his voice is evidently that of the educated man who has not received a government appointment. That Mustapha Kamil is his hero is only fair and right; it would be well for Egypt if there were more with Mustapha Kamil's business sense and energy. But it is especially when he comes to the still glowing ashes of the assassination of Boutros Pasha that the fatal weakness in the Egyptian situation appears. "Egypt for the Egyptians," is an excellent cry; but how absolutely by that is meant "Egypt for the Moslems" is plain from the treatment here of "that regrettable incident" (p. 344). We are still far from the new Egypt. Another—a minor but a significant point—is also amply proved by this book, as by most others of its kind. When an Oriental learns to write easily in a Western language, he appears to forget his own language, with his own religion and law. This writer calls an Arabic word Turkish (p. 260); he does not know the relation in law between slavery and marriage (p. 264), and he regards "hadith" as a sacred legal book (p. 269).

Prof. W. E. Dodd's "Statesmen of the Old South" (Macmillan) contains essays, originally lectures, on Jefferson, Calhoun, and Jefferson Davis. Two theses appear interwoven: first, that Jefferson stood for radicalism, which declined under Calhoun and developed into "conservative revolt" under Davis, and, secondly, that in each stage of the progress the South reached its ends through an alliance with the West. But it is not clear that Davis's conservatism was the opposite of Jefferson's radicalism. The secession leader was conservative on Constitutional interpretation and in his opposition to the policy of checking the growth of slavery. But he was as democratic as Jefferson in regard to the suffrage. It seems hard to doubt that both men were equally radical on the points on which the earlier leader was notoriously radical; and both were equally conservative in matters in which the later leader was notoriously conservative. On the other hand, we must not make too much of Jefferson's support by the West of his day, or of Calhoun's and Davis's desire for Western coöperation in 1845-1855. Jefferson's power rested primarily on Virginia's control of Kentucky (her own daughter), North Carolina (weak in leaders of her own), Tennessee (daughter of North Carolina), and Georgia (who had no other resource but to follow a Southern lead). These five States in 1800 had forty of the seventy-three Republican electoral votes, and needed only one large Northern State to make their supremacy assured. New York was selected for that purpose, and Burr received the Vice-Presidency. From that time the alliance between the South and the North was much more important than the alliance of the South and West.

But this does not mean that Professor Dodd's essays are not interesting and suggestive. They are well written and abound in vivid portrayal of character. They are especially valuable in their frank revelation of how the political game was played. Unlike many other writers, the author makes us realize how completely the statesmen of the past were the politicians of their time.

An index of twenty-two pages is required to contain the names of persons mentioned in Marian Gouverneur's "As I Remember" (Appleton). While the volume could have been somewhat reduced by the omission of familiar historic facts and of commonplace witticisms, its length is due in the main to wealth of material rather than to prolixity. Mrs. Gouverneur's memories go back to the first quarter of the nineteenth century, but even this lapse of time is extended by her knowledge of events still older, for some of which she is able to present quaint memorials. There is a letter, for instance, from a certain Miss Blackwell to Mrs. Gouverneur's grandfather, which, beginning formally with "Miss Blackwell's compliments to Capt. Hazard, and desires to know how he does," descends in a postscript to the more human "Let me see you on Sunday. Burn this." The striking feature of the volume as a whole is the number of personages it reintroduces who have more than a merely social prominence, despite the fact that it is essentially a Who's Who of New York and Washington society during the last hundred years. The vividness of many a well-known incident is heightened by recollections of persons who were intimately associated with it. The duel of Hamilton and Burr seems very near when we read of conversations with a daughter of Hamilton, in which she speaks of the less familiar tragedy of the killing of her brother in a duel, three years before the larger event, upon the same spot. One of the best anecdotes in the book relates to an episode which occurred during the war of 1812, at a dinner in Canada, at which both American and British officers were present. One of the latter offered the toast: "To President Madison, dead or alive." An American offered the response: "To the Prince Regent, drunk or sober." As one turns Mrs. Gouverneur's pages, one gets an impression of quiet but far-reaching changes, both material and social, in the two cities which she particularly treats. Her incidental references to these changes, noting rather than discussing them, add to this feeling. There comes an increasing consciousness of opulence, display, and sophistication, as the narrative carries its readers from the days of Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy, and A. T. Stewart to those of Garfield and Arthur. Mrs. Gouverneur's fitness to write such an account is attested no more thoroughly by her nearness to President Monroe, who was her husband's grandfather, and by the presence of such guests as Charles Sumner, Caleb Cushing, and Stephen A. Douglas at her wedding, than by her simple and limpid style.

The Rev. T. Scott Holmes, chancellor and canon residentiary of the Cathedral Church of Wells, has written a scholarly volume on "The Origin and Development of the Christian Church in Gaul during the first six centuries of the Christian era" (Macmillan), being the Birkbeck Lectures for 1907-1908 in Trinity College, Cambridge; his work is based upon a careful study of sources, and within its own range is both instructive and interesting. Unfortunately, as is apt to be the case in such local histories, the author has conceived his task too externally and superficially, and has devoted too little space to the inner development of Christianity in Gaul. The early chapters deal principally with the persecutions of the second to the fourth centuries, and not enough is said of other and more important matters. The great Irenaeus, for instance, perhaps the most permanently influential of all the theologians of the early church, is dismissed in four pages, while whole chapters are given to such men as St. Martin of Tours, Priscillian, Hilary, Sidonius Apollinaris, and St. Columbanus. Evidently the author has failed altogether to realize the significance of Irenaeus's contribution to Christian history. He first formulated the theological principles which have been dominant in Catholicism both east and west ever since his day, and the services of all who came after him in Gaul pale beside his. But we know little about his life, and it is with the external fortunes of the church and of its leading men that the author of this volume is principally concerned. This is the radical defect of a work otherwise admirable.

Among the more important articles in the eleventh volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia (Robert Appleton), the following may be particularly mentioned: New York, with pictures of old St. Peter's Church, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and of some of the most noted of New York's bishops; Oxford and Paris, both beautifully illustrated; Nominalism, by the well-known historian of mediæval philosophy, Maurice De Wulf; Numismatics, with a number of good plates; Painting, Paleography, and Paleontology; Penance, an article of great interest and value; St. Patrick, St. Peter, and St. Paul, in the last of which the elaborate bibliography contains Protestant books almost exclusively; Pentateuch, in which modern critical theories are rejected, but at the same time are reproduced with considerable fulness; and finally a very instructive article on Periodicals, containing an account of the most important Roman Catholic journals of Europe and America. This brief list suggests the wide range of topics dealt with in the present volume as in all the others of this great work.

"The Germans" (Bobbs-Merrill), by I. A. R. Wylie, differs from most attempts of a foreigner to formulate impressions of and pass judgment upon a country which he visits, in that it is the work of an English woman who for the past six years has made her home in Karlsruhe, and, after overcoming certain insular prejudices, has come to feel a warm sympathy for things of her adopted home. To her credit be it said at once that she has found out what is "typically German," and that her observation, naturally less penetrating in matters of politics and commercial expansion than in matters of social organization and home life, has been extensive and accurate. She writes in the tone of familiar correspondence about the work and the play which make up the year among the various classes in a staid and somewhat remote little capital city. She is aware of the difference between the Prussian and the South German, and much prefers the latter, without in the least underestimating Prussian primacy in the Empire. She deplores English hostility and suspicion as groundless, as the fear of possible decrepitude in an old empire, which, having already reached its zenith, apprehends eclipse by the rising star. Miss Wylie may be mistaken as to the pacific tendencies of German diplomacy; it is difficult to expand peacefully upon a world in which most of the desirable locations have been preëmpted; but certainly so benevolent a book based upon such intimate experience—"ordinary experience, the most difficult to obtain," as she calls it—is a genuine service to international peace and good will. The volume is adorned with excellent miscellaneous illustrations.

The series of Scrittori d'Italia, which is in the hands of Gius. Laterza e Figli of Bari, Italy, has lately been increased by two new volumes: Giovanni Berchet's "Opere," Volume I, Poesie, edited by Egidio Bellorini, and Giambattista Marino's "Epistolario, seguito da lettere di altri scrittori del seicento," edited by Angelo Borzelli and Fausto Nicolini, Volume I.

In 1906, Paul Thureau-Dangin's "St. Bernardin de Sienne" was translated into English by the Baroness von Hügel, a deplorable piece of work which was duly animadverted upon in these columns. Of that translation we have now received a "new and revised" edition (London: Philip Lee Warner). Beautifully printed, and embellished with illustrations after the Old Masters, which have been carefully selected and learnedly annotated by G. F. Hill, the volume is a most attractive one, and, so far as its external appearance goes, it is worthy of the highest praise. Unfortunately, however, the "revision" of the text has been scarcely more than nominal, and the reprint is, for all practical purposes, quite as faulty as the original.

Prof. R. T. Holbrook is known to scholars as the editor and translator of the mediæval French farce of "Patelin" and as the author of an interesting thesis on "Dante and the Animal Kingdom." He now adds to his Alighieri contribution a splendid volume on "Portraits of Dante from Giotto to Raffael" (Houghton Mifflin), artistically illustrated with almost countless clear and beautiful reproductions, some in color, at least two of them novelties. The work is, however, far from being a mere picture-book. It is a collection of all accessible evidence bearing on the origins and the authenticity of the important Dante portraits down to 1512, accompanied by intelligent and judicial discussion. There is also a rapid characterization of some hundred other presentments of the poet; and, at the close, a comprehensive bibliography and an index. In point of fact, we have only one somewhat trustworthy description of Dante's appearance—that of Boccaccio, who wrote, not from first-hand acquaintance, but after consultation with several persons who had often seen the illustrious exile; and only one at all reliable likeness, the Bargello fresco by Giotto, who presumably had known Alighieri before the banishment, although he painted him doubtless some fourteen years after the poet's death. Another portrait, famous in its time for its lifelike quality, was that made in Santa Croce by Taddeo Gaddi, now unhappily destroyed. According to Professor Holbrook, the miniature in the Palatine manuscript, which strongly resembles Giotto's fresco, derives from it. This miniature, or something similar, he takes to be the source (together with Boccaccio's pen picture) of the Naples bust, the imaginative creation of a great but unidentified fifteenth-century artist. From the bust, he believes, were copied the so-called "death-mask"—which, indeed, is strikingly akin to it, and, as is now well known, is not a mask at all—and the unprepossessing Riccardian illustration. The Michelino painting in the Duomo reveals a type, of unknown origin, different from Giotto's and from the Naples bust, but found in some other portraits. The Bargello likeness and the "death-mask" naturally receive the most abundant comment, but many other faces, really or hypothetically intended for Dante, are adequately treated. Professor Holbrook is to be congratulated, not only on the fulness of his material, but also (even if one does not accept unreservedly all his conclusions) on the good sense he has displayed while dealing with a most elusive theme.

Colorado is now circled by an automobile road a thousand miles in length, crossing several ranges of the Rocky Mountains and winding its way through most of the cities. Radiating from it are side trips to various mining towns and summer resorts. Of this road Eugene Parsons gives a description in "A Guidebook to Colorado" (Little, Brown). The remaining 370 pages of his book are filled with information relating to the State's sixty counties, from Adams to Yuma, in alphabetical order—information useful to tourists of all classes, health-seekers, hunters, or intending settlers. Historic and prehistoric matters are duly considered, county seats and mountains described (with a number of tempting illustrations); while crops, mines, and mineral springs come in for their share of attention. Distances from place to place are noted in the appendix; also, the altitudes of peaks. In short, it is a book that no one bound for this national playground can afford to be without.

"The Spell of the Rockies" is the title of another excellent volume on Colorado, by Enos A. Mills (Houghton Mifflin). It is not a book for motorists, but for those who prefer to go afoot, to admire nature at close range and to climb the grand peaks, on which this writer seems to be thoroughly at home; one of them, Long's Peak, he has ascended no fewer than seventy times. For twenty-four years he has studied the glaciers of this range, and incidentally he has seen much of animal life. In two chapters on the habits of beavers, he tells among other things of an attack on a colony of them by a coyote. He notes the curious fact that these animals before the white man came did their work mostly in the daytime, but now have learned that it is safer to work at night. The author relates some hairbreadth escapes he has had from avalanches, forest fires, and other dangers of the mountain ranges. His remarks on electric storms will interest many; but the most fascinating of his pages are those relating to the crests of the Rocky Mountains, their crags, and snows, and showers. Airmen will find much of importance to them in his chapter on Mountain-Top Weather and the dangers they must expect to encounter from air currents, counter currents, and maelstroms.

Dr. Benaiah Longley Whitman, a widely-known clergyman, died on Monday at Seattle, aged forty-nine. He was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Seattle, formerly was pastor of a large church in Philadelphia, and for four years was president of George Washington University at Washington, D. C. He was the author of "Elements of Ethics," "Elements of Sociology," "Elements of Political Science," and "Outlines of Political History."

The death is reported from Berlin of Prof. Oswald Helder-Egger, the palæographer, in his sixty-first year. He leaves a work upon which he spent thirty-six years of labor—"Monumenta Germaniæ Historica."

Dr. Wilhelm Jensen, the German author, died in Munich on Friday of last week, aged seventy-four. He studied at the Universities of Kiel, Würzburg, and Lübeck, becoming doctor of philosophy. Afterwards he was on the editorial staff of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the semi-official newspaper of the German Government, being once imprisoned for his utterances. He retired from newspaper work in order to devote himself to authorship, and was soon a prolific writer.

Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WORCESTER, Mass., November 23.

The United States suffers certain disadvantages with regard to the pursuit of science in being so large that it contains no national intellectual centre to which all scientists may rally in national societies. New York can never be to this country what Paris is to France. No more can Washington; yet both of these cities possess certain indubitable advantages. The National Academy of Sciences, which holds its annual spring meeting in Washington, could hardly preserve its national character without holding an ambulatory meeting in the autumn. This meeting has just been held on November 21 and 22, in New York, which has proved itself to have great advantages as shown by the rec-

ord-breaking attendance of above sixty members. The meeting was held at the Public Library, a most convenient as well as magnificent abode for such a meeting, on account of its central situation and its nearness to various clubs, particularly the new Chemists' Club and the Century Association, whose hospitality was kindly extended to the members. In addition, the many scientific institutions situated in New York afford many points of interest, and the visit to the Rockefeller Institute and the reception at the American Museum of Natural History were greatly enjoyed. Two such institutions as these would be hard to equal in any city in the world.

This meeting was certainly a biological session, and did not lose in popular or scientific interest thereby. Twenty papers were read, including eight by non-members. No paper was presented on astronomy, one each on mathematics and botany, two on chemistry, two on physics, three on geology, and eleven on biological subjects. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, in a paper on "Modes of Infection in Infantile Paralysis," described the rāvages of this fatal disease, of which upwards of twenty thousand cases have occurred in this country up to last summer within the last three or four years. Many of these cases, in which paralysis does not ensue, are still important, because they may spread infection. Until the last two years the method of spreading the disease was not understood, and its infectivity was unknown. This has now been established by experiments made exclusively upon animals, the disease being transmitted to monkeys. The result on monkeys early showed that the germ, which has been identified but not seen, being too small to be filtered out, and of ultra-microscopic size, when introduced into the brain passes to the membranes about and follows the nerve fibres and the spinal cord. The nerves of smell, closely related to the brain, form a channel of communication between the upper mucous membrance and the brain, so that the germ could be discovered in the nose, which undoubtedly affords one means of getting out to the external medium. The question thus arose whether the germ could get into the organism in the same way, and this was found to be, next to direct inoculation, the easiest manner of communication. These results have been verified in the case of spontaneous disease in the human patient. In this disease prevention will be enormously more easy than cure.

Prof. Jacques Loeb, in a paper on "Oxidations in the Cell," attempted to study the rôle of oxygen in supporting life by means of the careful determination of the temperature coefficient and the control of the supply of oxygen in two cases, those of segmentation and of the heart-beat. The conclusion was that not all the oxygen was consumed in producing the work of segmentation, but that some was disposed of in other processes. Dr. Alexis Carrel, also of the Rockefeller Institute, read an extremely interesting paper on "Manifest and Non-Manifest Life of the Tissues," in which he described how life may be preserved outside of the body, either as latent, in which case the tissue does not grow, or manifest, in which there is an actual growth of tissue, or alternate, in which one process alternates with the other. For instance, a piece of skin or spleen may be maintained in vaseline or other solution a few degrees above the freezing-point for several weeks, and may be shown to have life by being transplanted and cultivated. Pieces of artery, heart, or spleen may be kept for five or six days in cold storage and then cultivated as well as ever, and after several weeks may be used in human beings. In the case of manifest life, the growth and multiplication of the cells are very striking. Tissue maintained in a blood plasma will grow for ten or fifteen days, but eventually dies. This is prevented by Dr. Carrel's method of removing it from the plasma, washing out the waste products, and again putting it in cold storage and then in the nourishing plasma again. By means of these alternations, growth can go on for fifty days with no evidence of senility of the tissue. These results produced a profound impression, which was shared by a paper by Dr. R. G. Harrison of Yale University, on "Protoplasmic Movement in Embryonic Cells," in which a similar method was used. Dr. E. G. Conklin of Princeton University, in a paper on "Cell-Size and Nuclear-Size," examines the cause of senescence and rejuvenescence, by measuring the relative size of nuclei and protoplasm in many cells in gasteropods and ascidians, and finds that functional action does not depend on the relative volume of the two, but on the rate of exchange between nucleus and protoplasm. Anything that hastens metabolism hastens rejuvenescence, and this is most rapid when the nuclear membrane has just been dissolved so that change of substance is most easy. It is then that the most carbon-dioxide is given out by the egg.

Prof. T. H. Morgan of Columbia University presented an elaborate study of "Sex Limited Inheritance," showing the results of breeding on various unit characters in sheep, poultry, and flies. Many interesting results were described —for instance, if a black cock is crossed with a barred hen, in the first generation, all the sons are like the mother, and all the daughters like the father. In the reverse case of the father barred and the mother black, all the off-spring are barred. In the next generation, there are no black cocks. In the case of the fruit fly, ff a female with red eyes is crossed with a male with white eyes, all the offspring have red eyes, while if these are inbred, the females have red eyes and the males white. As a result of these experiments, Professor Morgan communicated a very simple formula, which would seem to take the place of Mendel's Law. The next two papers also had to do with the question of heredity. Prof. C. B. Davenport of the Cold Spring Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution described "Recent Advances in the Study of Eugenics," by the method of sending a corps of disciplined field workers out to make judicious inquiries and obtain physical traits, these being illustrated by reports on inheritance of feeble-mindedness. The effects of inbreeding are shown, for instance, on one island in Maine, where all the inhabitants have the same family name. Dr. Henry F. Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History discussed "The Problem of Continuity or Discontinuity in the Origin of Unit Characters in Heredity." In the last thirty years, we have become familiar with Mendel's idea of the formation of unit characters which are inherited not as a blend or flux, but as distinct unit components, as well as with the idea that evolution is not gradual, but discontinuous, or progressing by leaps. The study of the inheritance of the mule is an excellent opportunity for the investigation of such questions, since his ancestors, the horse and the ass, have been thoroughly separated for three hundred thousand years. While the exterior appearance of the mule is derived largely from the ass, for instance the limbs, he has the skull of the horse, but the teeth of the ass. He obtains his psychology from his father, but the kick from his mother, the ass. Out of eleven characters of the teeth in the mule, only two show the character of the horse. It is shown that a large number of characters developed slowly and by interbreeding and segregation. It is concluded that certain gradual developments of unit character are just as important, as, or in the bones more important than sudden jumps.

In geology, Prof. J. F. Kemp of Columbia University presented a paper on "New Data on the Bed-rock Channel of the Hudson River," in which he showed how borings at Storm King made for the new aqueduct under the Hudson, prove the bed-rock to lie between seven hundred and nine hundred feet below the surface, while the borings made at the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel at New York give a less depth. The depth above was attributed to glacial erosion. In the second paper on the "Source of the Saratoga Mineral Springs," Professor Kemp described the chemical history of the waters for the last sixty years and was inclined to supplant the old theory, which holds them to be the remains of an ancient sea, with the theory of volcanic origin, a volcanic plug being present in the neighborhood.

Prof. B. B. Boltwood of Yale University described the "Proposed International Radium Standard," being prepared by Mme. Curie, by which the strength of all radium preparations may be tested by comparison of the effects of their gamma rays. The standard of a weight of twenty-two milligrams (about one one-thousandth of an ounce) has a value of about two thousand dollars. Prof. M. I. Pupin of Columbia University presented an interesting study, both experimental and mathematical of "Conductors Rotating in an Alternating Magnetic Field." This subject, of particular importance in connection with the transmission of power and in telephony, has never been systematically examined. It possesses great mathematical interest on account of its being an exemplification of the method of treatment of differential equations introduced into astronomy by G. W. Hill, and great physical interest, because of its possible explanation of certain peculiarities of the spectrum of luminous bodies. Certain very remarkable effects similar to resonance were observed and photographed, and it was shown that under certain conditions an unstable state supervenes, in which a very small current may be converted into such a large one as to destroy the machine. It is not to be supposed that this large current comes from nothing, as the power has to be put into the machine to drive the armature. The possibility of a very remarkable telephone relay is suggested.

At the business meeting of the Academy, announcement was made of the generous gift by Sir John Murray of a fund for the foundation of a medal to commemorate the scientific work of his friend, Alexander Agassiz, late president of the Academy. Many social events were enjoyed and the Academy adjourned after a rather short, but very successful session. ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

This week Holt brings out "The Evolution of Animal Intelligence," by Prof. S. J. Holmes.

"The Wonders of Bird Life" (Lippincott) is a cheap abridgment of John Lea's "The Romance of Bird Life." The nine chapters are devoted to such themes as Sitting, Defence of Home, Make-believe, Sport and Play, and Courtship, themes discussed in so popular a manner that the book is to be recommended only to children and insatiable nature lovers. Such readers will hear of the chick's six call-notes and their precise meaning, of a chick two and a half days old that cuddled under the body of a fox terrier, of the stork that does *not* bring children into the world, though it plays tag with boys, and of a goose that worsted a fierce sow by pulling its right ear very hard.

F. C. Constable, a member of the Society for Psychical Research, has adopted an unfortunate order for his book on "Personality and Telepathy" (Kegan Paul). Leaving his real evidence for the second part of the volume, he assumes, in defiance of the consensus of scientists, that telepathy is a fact, and proceeds to establish for it a philosophical basis. If the skeptics of this generation become the believers of the next, the philosophers will make such changes in their systems as are necessary. Mr. Constable's discussion of this part of the subject is premature, and his effort to justify his position by the authority of Kant is futile; no amount of philosophical reasoning can do more than assert the possibility of telepathy. Concerning the evidence which follows, a few examples will show that it furnishes nothing particularly new. "I was sitting alone in the drawing-room . . . when suddenly I experienced an undefined feeling of dread and horror. . . . The next morning I received a telegram telling me of the death of a very near and dear cousin." Three startling tales may be immediately rejected. The narrator of the first is not certain even of the year—he states "about the year 1841." The second is told by an uneducated sailor; the events he describes are said to have taken place twenty-five years previously; he was fifteen at the time. The third begins, "I well remember a singular circumstance I have often heard my father relate, which occurred to himself." The gem of the collection and the happening on which the writer lays the utmost stress is an alleged thought transference from Mrs. Piper, in this country, to another medium, Mrs. Verrall, in England. It is interesting to observe that three days elapsed between the suggestion of "spear and sphere" to Mrs. Piper and the reception of the Greek "sphairos" and the Latin "volatile ferrum" by Mrs. Verrall. The question which comes to one's mind, however, is, "Were the transatlantic cables idle during that time?"

Drama

After the three different representations given in this city by the Drama Players of Chicago it is tolerably clear that the future of the organization depends almost entirely upon the sagacity of its directors. Two facts concerning the company have been proved pretty conclusively: one, that it is abundantly capable of fulfilling most of the requirements of modern drama; the other, that it will need much intelligent schooling before it can hope to prove satisfactory in artificial comedy or poetic tragedy. A radical mistake was made in beginning operations here with so unsympathetic and insignificant a work as Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," which, after the first night, when the house was packed, was played to very slender audiences. This was not because the acting was bad, for it was, on the whole, uncommonly good, but because the play itself was hopelessly unattractive. In "The Learned Ladies," Prof. Page's English version of Molière's "Les Femmes savantes," the actors, with one or two exceptions, were altogether modern that is to say, slovenly, in speech and manner. Their interpretation had spirit but no style. Some acquaintance with the arts of diction and gesture is essential to the profitable revival of stage classics. It was only in Pinero's fine, caustic comedy, "The Thunderbolt," that the Players did themselves full justice, and partly justified their enterprise. Their performance—with the possible exception of a single character—was as effective as that given last year in the New Theatre. If less theatrically brilliant in one or two places, it was, perhaps, more truthful as a realistic class study, and more remarkable as an example of swift, neat, and sure co-operative acting in the complicated climaxes which the author has contrived with such infinite ingenuity. Some of the individual characterizations—the James Mortimer of Herbert Kelcey, the Stephen of Sheldon Lewis, the Phyllis of Effie Shannon, the Col. Ponting of Edward Emery, and the Helen of Hedwig Reicher, for instance—were really vital and consistent studies. The principal scenes were received with enthusiastic applause, and the curtain fell upon an emphatic success. But the house was only about two-thirds full. The moral is sufficiently obvious. If they had opened in "The Thunderbolt" the Drama Players might have taken New York by storm. In this case the performance and the play were equally good, which could not be said of either of the preceding experiments.

The Irish Players, from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, are the victims of the injudicious and unjustifiable hubbub raised over their performances by a few misguided enthusiasts. This has raised expectations which have not been and are not likely soon to be realized. Within certain limits—those of a narrow and particular realism—they are clever natural actors much in need of artistic training. They may be said to constitute the beginnings of a national theatre, inasmuch as they are, in the main, Irish representatives of phases of Irish life, but they are not representatives, in the broad sense, of Ireland or the Irish. And this seems to be true also of the plays of J. M. Synge, in whom the descriptive and poetic faculties were much more strongly developed than the dramatic. His plays are founded chiefly on his observations of life and character in the isolated Aran islands, observations which were strictly local and have little general or contemporaneous application. His poetic vision, keen appreciation of Nature in her wildest and roughest moods, and cultivated literary sense enabled him to invest the inhospitable rocks and their unsophisticated inhabitants with a wild charm which cannot be exerted upon the stage. In the written sketches his personages are vital, convincing, and attractive in their semi-barbaric simplicity; before the footlights they are inconsistent and often incredible. The veracity and fascination of the sketch vanish in the elaborated study. There is a striking instance of this in "The Well of the Saints." This play is a variation of a very old fable. Two old blind beggars, Martin Doul and his wife—ignorant, lazy, selfish, envious, but humorous—vary their conjugal bickerings with speculations on their personal appearance. Each draws a flattering mental picture of the other, and in this dialogue the literary skill of Mr. Synge is admirably displayed. A wandering friar—a grotesque creation—restores their sight with some miraculous water, whereupon they are instantly and cruelly disenchanted. After mutual revilings they

separate, and Martin, when he finds that he is expected to work, deplores his fate with fervent blasphemies. Presently he and his wife become blind once more, and when the friar offers to cure him again, he contrives cunningly to spill the holy water rather than be the subject of a second miracle. The piece has its notable merits. Its characterizations are life-like, its humor racy, and its satire keen, but it is slow in action and greatly overladen with irrelevant small talk, which the players made more tedious by their monotonous utterance and wooden behavior. In Bernard Shaw's reckless burlesque, "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet," they were completely out of their element, actually contriving to conceal the humor which is its one redeeming feature.

The most obvious remark to be made about "The Playboy of the Western World," which has been the excuse for so much noisy advertisement, is that it is no wonder decent Irishmen should decline to regard it as a truthful picture of Irish life. If it could carry with it any conviction of reality, it might well be denounced as a national libel, but it is too extravagant to be taken seriously. Had it not been for the somewhat artificial reputation of Mr. Synge as a dramatist, it would scarcely have made so much stir. Doubtless, it is, in many respects, a gross misrepresentation, but the author probably had no other intention than to illustrate what used to be called the "wild Irishman" in his most impulsive, emotional, inconsequent, and irresponsible mood. The special sting of it consists in the suggestion that the Irish peasantry would be apt to hold a parricide in high esteem as a hero. It is true that Christy Mahon has not actually killed his ill-tempered father, but he thinks that he has, and is treated, by men and women alike, as a valiant lad, solely on that account. When his sire, who has only been stunned, overtakes him in his flight, the heroine—who has fallen in love with him on his relation of his supposed crime—and all the rest turn upon him and ridicule him as a cowardly, lying impostor. Then he tries to kill his father in earnest, in order to regain his promised bride and his renown, but this time his fickle admirers seize him for delivery to the police lest they should be held as accomplices in the murder. In the end he goes off with his father, who has again recovered, boasting that hereafter he will be the head, and not the butt of the family. Sober criticism would be wasted on such a yarn as this, but the play has a value altogether independent of its leading incidents. The dialogue is often wonderfully effective in its quaint, forcible, picturesque imagery, while the character-drawing is strikingly veracious in all minor details. Mr. Synge declares that almost every word and phrase he has used is taken direct from the peasant speech, but it is permissible to doubt whether his English is always the exact equivalent of the original Gaelic. As for any possible inner meaning of the piece, to be discerned beneath the external form of fantasy, that is not suggested either by the dialogue or the players; and need not be considered. A play must be judged upon its surface value.

Preparations are proceeding steadily for Max Reinhardt's colossal production of "Œdipus Rex," which Martin Harvey will present in Covent Garden, London, on January 15. He has engaged Lillah McCarthy for the part of Jocasta. In view of the novel lighting effects which are to be a prominent feature of the spectacle, an entirely new electrical plant will be installed.

Sir George Alexander has now definitely decided that his next production at the London St. James's will be J. B. Fagan's adaptation of Robert Hichens's novel, "Bella Donna." Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been selected for the part of Mrs. Chepstow, who ultimately becomes the wife of Nigel Armine. For himself, Sir George Alexander reserves the character of Meyer Isaacson, the London specialist who deserts his patients in order to follow his friend Armine up the Nile and probe the secret of his mysterious illness. The rest of the play becomes in essence a duel between him and the woman for the life of Nigel Armine.

Music

The Wind-Band and Its Instruments. By Arthur A. Clappé. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Sound in the Organ and the Orchestra. By Hermann Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Although there are famous bandmasters and great organists, their concerts are seldom commented on by the musical critics, who have so much to say about orchestral concerts and piano recitals. Why this difference in their attitude? So far as wind-band concerts are concerned, Mr. Clappé's book furnishes a complete answer to that question, although he does not ask it. The plain truth is that neither the bandmasters nor the composers have yet found out the artistic potentialities latent in the wind-band. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, as it is only since the early part of the last century that some of the most important wood-wind and brass instruments could be used and combined with artistic results. In the days of Shakespeare, "Noise" was the English designation for a band of musicians. For centuries the tone of many wood and brass instruments was too coarse, and the intonation too inaccurate, to make it possible to associate them in orchestras with the string instruments; and by themselves they served only for the army and the dance hall. It was not till the time of Antoine Sax, who died in 1894, that evolution from these chaotic conditions became apparent. There has been further progress since his day, but much remains to be done. While the instruments themselves are now satisfactory, the ideas regarding their combinations are still in a chaotic condition, every bandmaster being a law unto himself. The nearest approach to established order is to be found among government or military bands, yet even among them there are wide divergences and no standards.

Mr. Clappé, after surveying the situation, has come to the conclusion that the bandmasters alone cannot bring order into this chaotic condition. The composers must help them:

> If only they can be brought to consider the wind-band seriously, and, recognizing its potentialities as an art factor, be induced to write works suited to its genus, taking into account its remarkable variety of voicing, its infinite shades of tone-color, order will result.

Pending the arrival of such a composer, bandmasters must help themselves as well as they can. Mr. Clappé's book will prove of much use in this struggle. As he was sometime teacher of music at the West Point Military Academy, his remarks are based on actual experience. He devotes separate chapters to the different groups of instruments, tells the most important things to know about their history, their construction, acoustics, technique, and their combinations with other instruments. The more unusual instruments (some of which are undeservedly neglected) are described, as well as the ordinary flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns, trumpets, trombones, and so on. Drums, cymbals, and other instruments of percussion are also discussed, and there are chapters on the Bandmaster, Tone Color and Tone Building, Formation of Wind Bands, etc. Tables are given as to the numbers of various instruments used in foreign and American bands, with suggestions as to which are best.

The case of the organ is different from that of the band. Some of the greatest composers have written masterworks for that instrument. If the concerts given on it do not receive more attention, this is largely due to imperfections of the organ. Generally, these are supposed to be inherent in the nature of the instrument, but the author of "Sound in the Organ and in the Orchestra" scouts this notion. He points out that, particularly in England, the "voicers" seldom possess a critical knowledge of the instruments they are called upon to imitate with the organ pipes, and that this is the principal reason why those accustomed to orchestras find organs insipid. The greater part of Mr. Smith's book is taken up with the discussion of acoustic problems. He subjects to destructive criticism some of the leading physicists and propounds a "suction" theory to explain the mechanism of sound production. It is too involved to discuss here, but is worthy the attention of men of science.

Special historic interest attaches to this season's performances of Wagner's swan-song, "Parsifal," the first of which will be given this afternoon. It is the last complete season during which the Metropolitan will be the only opera-house in the world, excepting Bayreuth, at which this sublime work can be heard. The copyright on it expires next year.

The Flonzaley Quartet's three New York concerts are scheduled for Monday evenings, December 4, January 18, and February 26. The New York series will include the string quartet in F, by Maurice Ravel, one of the most promising composers of the neo-French school.

Kurt Schindler has made a change in the schedule of the MacDowell Chorus, so far as the concert of February 12 is concerned. It was announced long ago that on that occasion Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova" would be sung; but as it is now made known that this choral work will be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House at an earlier date, Mr. Schindler has decided to give in its place Beethoven's "Meeresstille," Hugo Wolf's choral ballad, "Fire-Rider," Saint-Saëns's "La Nuit" for soprano solo and women's chorus, and the bridal chorus from Chabrier's "Gwendolyn." The Beethoven number is for four voices and orchestra. At the first concert, on December 11, Liszt's masterpiece, "The Legend of St. Elizabeth," will be heard. It will be presented by a chorus of 250 voices, a boy choir, and the Philharmonic Orchestra, with Gertrude Rennyson, Clarence Whitehill, and the well-known basso, Robert Blass, in the principal solo parts. At Budapest, in October, "St. Elizabeth" was the crowning feature of the five-day Liszt Centenary Festival, and it figures prominently on the programmes of other Liszt festivals this winter in Europe.

Arthur Smolian, well known for his musical criticism, died recently in Leipzig at the age of fifty-four.

Art

The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period. By the late Thomas Garner and Arthur Stratton. Illustrated in a series of photographs and measured drawings of country mansions, manor houses, and smaller buildings. With historical and descriptive text. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Part III.

If the chief architectural glory of France is in her mediæval cathedrals, the special pride of the English builders may well be in their domestic architecture, and particularly in that of the period from Henry VII to James I, inclusive. For in no other country of these periods is there such a wealth of dwellings, not only of the nobility but of gentlemen and wealthy commoners, so completely national in style and so pervaded by the spirit of domestic privacy and comfort.

On the later phases of this English architecture abundant books have been written, among which the well-known monumental work of Gotch and Brown on "The Architecture of the Renaissance in England" takes the first rank. There are the classic lithographed volumes of Nash on the mansions of England. Belcher and Macartney, Reginald Blomfield, Loftie, and Papworth, among others, have described the later or Palladian architecture of the seventeenth century. The same is not true of the architecture of the Tudor period. "Simple in character and reminiscent of an ago which was rich intellectually and artistically and marked a new era in social progress, Tudor architecture has remained little more than a name, whereas buildings which could be classified under the far-reaching name of Renaissance architecture, early or late, have been studied, advertised, and eagerly sought in all directions."

These words in Mr. Stratton's preface make clear the need of this work, which has now been brought to completion, the two earlier parts having appeared somewhat more than two years ago. The fact to which Mr. Stratton calls attention becomes the more surprising when one reflects that the very qualities of picturesque charm which make the English domestic architecture of the Renaissance worth studying, are those which it inherited from the preceding Tudor period. After conceding to Inigo Jones, to Christopher Wren, James Gibbs, William Chambers, and the Adams their full meed of distinction, it still remains true that the Palladian or neo-classic Renaissance styles never afforded expression which was spontaneous or congenial to the British taste. Their formal regularity of planning and simplicity of mass were alien to British ideals. The Italian architects had been developing the use of the classic orders, entablatures, and carved ornament for nearly two hundred years before these began to appear in English architecture in anything like their correct form. The peculiar charm of the manor houses of the Elizabethan and Jacobean styles—their picturesque irregularity of plan and mass; their projecting oriels and bay-windows, their bewildering variety of roofs and gables, their clustered chimneys, their mullioned and transomed windows full of leaded glass; and within, the long "gallery" or hall, the panelled wainscoting, the oaken stairway with carved balustrade—is to be found at least in embryo in the houses of the earlier Tudor period.

The ecclesiastical Gothic architecture, of which this style was an outgrowth, had in England developed away from its French prototypes and taken on an English aspect; but it was still linked to all the other Gothic schools by a common faith, by a common ritual, and by the common discipline of the monastic orders. In the perpendicular style it had culminated in a purely English development, but with this came a slackening and almost a cessation of church building, activity being transferred under new social conditions to the field of domestic architecture. In this new application Gothic architecture underwent a complete transformation. It produced a marvellous array of houses, schools, and college residences, homes of scholars, gentlemen, clergy, and nobles, pervaded throughout by an atmosphere of dignified comfort, of contented and generously-housed domesticity, of homeliness.

The work before us presents illustrations of 252 buildings of this period. More than 150 of the illustrations show general views, either in full-page plates or in cuts in the text: the remainder are examples of details. Thirty-three counties are represented by manor-houses, priories, colleges, hospitals, guild halls, and gate houses. The selection of examples is at once judicious and comprehensive; it includes all varieties of material and treatment, and covers the whole range of chronology and style, from the strongly Gothic work of the fifteenth century to the nondescript but picturesque early Renaissance of Elizabeth's reign. That such important edifices as Haddon Hall, the Hampton Court of Wolsey's time, Montacute House, and Hengreave Hall receive less extended notice than one would at first expect, is due to the fact that so little real Tudor work has survived untouched in them. On the other hand, besides noble houses like Compton Wynyates manor in Warwickshire, with its varied construction of stone, brick, and half-timber, and its picturesque sky-line silhouetted against a superb background of great trees; Athelhampton Hall, and Lower Marney Hall, with its vast entrance tower and eight-storied turrets of brick, scores of lesser edifices are included which would otherwise be unknown to any but the most travelled English architect, and many of which offer to the student and designer admirable suggestions of refined composition and detail. This is true of the plates of details—chimneys, carved panels, ceilings, fireplaces, etc., and of the carefully drawn elevations, quite as much as of the large photographic views of buildings. These illustrations are accompanied by adequate descriptive notices, and the whole is preceded by an admirable historical introduction, which is a model of clear statement and sound scholarship. The work is amply provided with classified indexes and other convenient devices for reference. Paper and printing also are worthy of high praise.

"The Bargain Book," by Charles Edward Jerningham and Lewis Bettany (Frederick Warne & Co.), brings together a varied mass of collector's lore. Bargains, finds, the auction-rooms, thefts, are some of the topics, and there are illustrations. The compilation is wholly uncritical; the intent is less to present facts than to furnish good stories, and the book will surely interest all victims of the collecting mania. The authors do not share the prevailing scorn of the wealthy American amateur. They condemn bravely that blackest of London institutions, "the knockout"—con-

spiracy of dealers to control the great auction sales. We liked the idiosynerasy of the collector who had a passion for sarcophagi. "A marble sarcophagus was his bath; another, in stone, his bed; and a third, in the area, was his dust-bin." A set of chronological tables of artists, *fabriques*, etc., is added for the benefit of the inexperienced.

The Egypt Exploration Fund during the coming season will take up again the excavation of the Osireion at Abydos, a great subterranean building connected with the Temple of Seti. Its excavation was begun in 1902-1903, by the Egypt Research Account, when it was found that the building, at first thought to be the tomb of King Meneptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, is in reality a hypogæum, or subterranean temple, probably intended for the performance of the mysteries of Osiris. The excavated part consists of a broad way descending to a great hall, out of which open a large chamber and a passage or second hall leading in the direction of the Temple of Seti. The manner of junction of the subterranean Osireion with the Seti Temple now remains to be found, and discoveries of great interest are expected.

The "Heures de Milan," or that part of the "Très Belles Heures de Notre-Dame" which is in the library of Prince Trivulzio at Milan, has been reproduced in a work issued in Brussels; the editor is Georges Hulin De Loo.

Finance

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

Now that the extraordinary November recovery on Wall Street has become an established fact, the time has come again to cast up accounts as to good and bad in the situation. It is not difficult to learn the good points when stocks are going up. Our cotton crop is by far the most magnificent showing of the kind in history; it not only insures this year's trade, but puts an end to talk of exhausted fertility of our cotton belt. Our foreign credit balance bulwarks the home money position. Morocco is settled. Several Southern railways have increased their dividends. The corn crop is much better than was once expected. Our export trade has broken every October record but one. Business has been assured, by the highest political and judicial authority, that "mere bigness does not constitute monopoly."

This is a formidable list of credit items. How, then, about the debit side? It is quite as formidable. The Steel Trust is on trial for its corporate existence. Steel prices are lower than ever: so are cotton goods prices and the generality of railway earnings. Congress is about to reconvene; a Presidential election is impending. Radicalism and political unsettlement are in the air; even England is about to be torn up again with a struggle over Irish home rule.

So that there are bad things as well as good in the "situation"; and one odd thing about it is that the gloomy arguments are exactly the same as prevailed in the late days of October, when Wall Street was convinced that no improvement could come to finance and industry in the face of them. But, if that is strange, it is stranger still that the "bull arguments" also are exactly the arguments which constitutional optimists advanced, timidly and half-shamefacedly, when Stock Exchange prices were at bottom. This makes it somewhat difficult to draw the moral. Are events and conditions good or bad, according as stocks are up or down? Or were the bad points of October not so bad as Wall Street thought at the time, and the good points considerably better?

There are, however, some new incidents of the past week or so which bear on the question of financial sentiment. That a distinct turn for the better has occurred in the most representative American industry is abundantly witnessed by the week's sudden inrush of railway equipment orders in the steel trade. That this should have happened in immediate sequence to the beginning of suit against the Steel Trust, is no more remarkable than the fact that the stock market acted similarly. Both finance and trade discovered, in the space of about forty-eight hours, that the fortunes of American industry do not depend on political incidents or on the form of industrial incorporation.

Mr. King of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, in his interview of last Friday, reflects alike the conventional and the practical attitude in this matter. Politics, he explains, in the entirely orthodox language of finance, "is the one great element of uncertainty," and "Presidential elections create caution." But what is the conclusion? Only this: that "the people are realizing that fundamental conditions are sound" and that "I cannot help feeling confident of an expansion in general business."

This is a noteworthy example of the actual attitude of the practical man towards the notion that prosperity depends on nothing but politics. There was another curious incident last week which might seem to point in the opposite direction, but which possibly, on examination, will be found not to have done so. When Chancellor Day sat down, after his speech at the Economic Club dinner in New York on Wednesday, he received a round of thunderous applause which compelled him to rise from his seat and bow in recognition. The speaker had set forth that the promoters and managers of Trusts were all men of sterling integrity and disinterested character; that regulation of great corporations by the law was a blow at the country's welfare, and that the anti-Trust law itself was an absurd and meaningless statute, drawn up by a group of careless lawyers and fussy politicians. In all probability, after the response of his audience, he went back to Syracuse University with the tidings that New York city stood in a body behind his opinions on the question. Nobody could have blamed him for thinking so.

The true explanation, however, is just a little different, and has a wider bearing than the sentiment of a Hotel Astor banquet. The 1,400 diners were ready to applaud a good speech, and Chancellor Day's was undoubtedly a good one; but more than that, they meant to recognize an expression of unqualified and unswerving opinion on a public question where every one else seemed to be hedging. It was applause for the *credo quia impossibile*, but it was also applause for the contrast with the other eminent orators who explained that while they thoroughly believed in the anti-Trust law, it ought to be altogether changed. It would, therefore, have been perfectly safe to predict equal and probably greater enthusiasm, had there been one more speaker, to align himself with equally unswerving resolution for the anti-Trust law as it stands and as the courts are interpreting it, without revision, emasculation, or administration by Government commission.

It is somewhat to be regretted that the American Bankers' Convention did not discuss the Aldrich currency plan. It certainly did not do so, unless the listening to three speeches, the submission of a committee report, and the unanimous adoption of the plan without suggestion or criticism, are to be called discussion. The reason why the omission of debate was unfortunate is not that ex-Senator Aldrich's plan is bad in principle and ought to be rejected. It is a very remarkable plan, and in its main provisions an undoubtedly sound one. Its defects, if it has any, are in the particulars, some of which are decidedly debatable, from the standpoint primarily of banking knowledge and experience.

On these points—such, for instance, as the manner of choosing the central organization's officers, their relation to the Government, the tax on circulating notes and the limit to their issue, and the use of notes as reserve money for the individual banks—the practical hard sense of bankers from the country at large would have been of considerable value. As matters stand, the present plan merely bears the same more or less perfunctory endorsement of the Bankers' Association as a number of altogether different banking and currency reform plans have hitherto borne. The greater interest will, therefore, centre now on the form in which the proposition will eventually emerge from the committee-

rooms of Congress to which it will presently be referred.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ames, E. W. Readings in American History. Books I and II. C. E. Merrill Co.
Andrews's Practical Course in Botany. American Book Co. $1.25.
Annals of Fairyland. The Reign of King Cole; the Reign of King Herla; The Reign of King Oberon. Illus. by C. Robinson. Dutton. $1.50 each.
Austin, C. F. and H. The Adventures of Benjamin and Christabel. Dutton. $1.50.
Ayer, E. B. A Motor Flight Through Algeria and Tunisia. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.
Barrière, Marcel. La Nouvelle Europe. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.
Barry, Richard. The Bauble: A Novel. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Batchelder, E. A. Design in Theory and Practice. Macmillan.
Bechtel, J. H. Biblical Quotations. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Bennett, Arnold. The Feast of St. Friend: A Christmas Book. Doran. $1 net.
Benson, A. C. The Leaves of the Tree: Studies in Biography. Putnam.
Bingham, C., and Thompson, G. H. The Regatta in Animal Land. Dutton. $1.50.
Birmingham, G. A. Lalage's Lovers; Spanish Gold; The Search Party. Doran. $1.20 net, each.
Blanden, C. G. The Upper Trail. Chicago: Alderbrink Press.
Bligh, S. M. The Desire for Qualities. Frowde.
Bradford, A. H. Preludes and Interludes. Crowell. $1 net.
Broadfoot, S. K. Motors, Secondary Batteries, Measuring Instruments, and Switchgear. Van Nostrand. 75 cents net.
Brown, M. G. Mary Tudor, Queen of France. Putnam.
Brown, Ritter. Man's Birthright. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.50 net.
Buttz, R. Q. Blades and Blossoms. Boston: Badger.
Caleb, C. C. The Song Divine, or, The Bhagavad-Gītā. London: Luzac.
Capgrave, John. Ye Solace of Pilgrimes, 1450. Edited by C. A. Mills. Frowde.
Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. C. E. Merrill Co.
Carr, S. P. Billy To-morrow Stands the Test. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.
Clapp, E. J. The Port of Hamburg. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Clemenceau, Georges. South America To-Day. Putnam.
Collyer, Robert. Thoughts for Daily Living. Selected and arranged by I. Clark. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Cook, E. T. The Life of John Ruskin. 2 vols. Macmillan. $7 net.
Coombe, Florence. Islands of Enchantment: Many-sided Melanesia. Macmillan. $4 net.
Cooper, F. T. Some American Story Tellers. Holt. $1.60 net.
Craik, G. M. Bow-Wow and Mew-Mew. C. E. Merrill Co. 30 cents.
Crane, Walter. William Morris to Whistler: Papers on Art and Craft. Macmillan. $2 net.
Davies, C. T. The Horse and How to Care for Him. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. 50 cents.
De Haan, Fonger. Cuentos Modernos. Selections, edited, with notes, by F. W. Morrison. Boston: Heath. 60 cents.
De Menil, A. N. Forest and Town. Poems. Second edition. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press. $1.25 net.
Dickens. Scenes from Dickens: For Drawing-room and Platform Acting. Adapted by G. Pertwee. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Dickens's Nicholas Nickleby. 2 vols. Frowde.
Dimock, A. W. The Book of the Tarpon. Outing Pub. Co. $2 net.
Dobbs, J. F. The Modern Man and the Church. Revell. $1.25 net.
Dovey, R. G. Mill and Factory Wiring. Van Nostrand. $1 net.
Drinkwater, John. Cophetua: A Play in One Act. London: Nutt.
Durland, Kellogg. Royal Romances of Today. Duffield. $2.50 net.
Encyclopædia of Sports and Games. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. New, enlarged edition. 4 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $12 net.
Evans, G. W. The Teaching of High School Mathematics. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.
Falls, D. W. C. Life and Adventures of General Spooley. Story of a Toy Soldier. Dutton. $1.25.
Father Tuck's Annual. Stories, Poems, and Pictures. London: Raphael Tuck.
Fisher, H. W. A Woman's World Tour in a Motor. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.
Fitzpatrick, E. A. The Educational Views and Influence of De Witt Clinton. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1.50.
Forrester, Izola L. The Polly Page Ranch Club. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1 net.
Foster, O. H. Sewing for Little Girls. Duffield. 75 cents net.
Frenssen, Gustav. Der Untergang der Anna Hollmann. Stechert. 75 cents.
Freudemacher, P. W. Electrical Mining Installations. Van Nostrand. $1 net.
Freytag's Die Journalisten. Edited, with notes, by H. A. Potter. C. E. Merrill Co.
Goodell, C. L. Followers of the Gleam, or Modern Miracles of Grace. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Goodwin, D. M. M. The Daughter of Angy. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Gouldsbury, C., and Sheane, H. The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia. Introduction by Sir Alfred Sharpe. Longmans.
Griffin, G. G. Writings on American History, 1909. Washington: American Historical Association.
Grimm's Animal Stories. Second series. Trans. by Lucy Crane. Duffield.
Hale, E. E. The Man Without a Country, and My Double. Edited, with notes, by W. A. Bradley. C. E. Merrill Co.
Hammond, J. L., and B. The Village Labourer, 1760-1832; A Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill. Longmans.
Harris, Mary D. The Story of Coventry. Illustrated by A. Chanler. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Hauptmann's The Fool in Christ. Translated by T. Seltzer. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Havs, M. G. Vegetable Verselets for Humorous Vegetarians. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Hazeltine, H. D. The Law of the Air: Three Lectures delivered in the University of London. Hodder & Stoughton.
Hichborn, Franklin. Story of the California Legislature of 1909, and of 1911. 2 vols. Santa Clara, Cal. The Author. $1.25 net, each.
Hicks, W. W. Maha-Vira. Boston: The Sanctuary Pub. Co. $1.25.
Higgins, A. C. A Little Princess of the Patio. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Holly's German Ethics Retold. American Book Co. 65 cents.
Howe, M. A. D. The Life and Labors of Bishop Hare. Sturgis & Walton. $2.50 net.
Hull, G. H. Industrial Depressions. Stokes. $2.75 net.
Hutchinson, W. M. L. The Sunset of the Heroes: Last Adventures of the Takers of Troy. Illustrated by Herbert Cole. Dutton. $2.
Hutton, Edward. Venice and Venetia. Macmillan. $2 net.
Jackson, A. V. W. From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Jacoby Günther. Herder als Faust. Leipzig: Felix Meiner.
James, W. The Energies of Men. New edition. Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.
Johnson, E. W. One Chance in a Hundred: A novel. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Johnson, J. H. Arc Lamps and Accessory Apparatus. Van Nostrand. 75 cents net.
Johnson, T. L. My Story. Edited by E. J. Hauser. Huebsch. $2 net.
Johnson, W. S. Thomas Carlyle. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $1.
Johnston, A. F. Travelers Five Along Life's Highway. Boston: Page & Co.
Johnston, C. H. L. Famous Privateersmen, and Adventures of the Sea. Boston: Page & Co. $1.50.
Johnston, J. H. Wuo-Was-Ti? Stories. Boston: Badger. 50 cents.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1911.

The Week

Mr. Taft has devoted his Presidential message exclusively to the Trust question. This is unusual for the initial message of a Congressional session, but not without a precedent. President Cleveland similarly excluded from his message of December 6, 1887, all topics except tariff reduction. The President has plainly written his message *con amore*, and with a deep sense of responsibility. As long ago as February, 1898, he handed down as presiding judge of the Circuit Court the highly important decision under that law, against the Addyston Pipe and Steel combination, which had endeavored to fix arbitrary prices and parcel out the country among its constituent members—a decision subsequently upheld in all particulars by the Supreme Court. It may therefore be said that the President has a right to approach the general question now, as much in the mental attitude of a judge as of the Chief Executive.

What Mr. Taft has to say of the manner of dissolving convicted Trusts is of much immediate interest. The tobacco independents, in their petition to the Circuit Court, had declared the existing plan unjust, because it still left large companies in the field, formed from the disintegrated holdings of the Trust. But this contention, the President rejoins, "results from a misunderstanding of the Anti-Trust law and its purpose." That law is not intended "to prevent the accumulation of large capital in business enterprises in which such a combination can secure reduced cost of production, sale, and distribution," but to break up a clearly monopolistic combination. As for the still more familiar argument that "the present pro-rata and common ownership in all these companies, by former stockholders of the Trust, would insure a continuance of the same old single control of all the companies in which the Trust has by decree been disintegrated," the President points out that if any or all of the shareholders, in the new companies thus formed, were to attempt by concerted action to control the market, "its prime movers and all its participants would be at once subject to contempt proceedings and imprisonment of a summary character," for violation of a court decree "whose inhibitions are set forth with a detail and comprehensiveness unexampled in the history of equity jurisprudence." And, beyond even this, "only a short time will inevitably lead to a change in ownership of the stock, as all opportunity for continued coöperation must disappear." We believe that the President here sets forth a fact which is perfectly well known and recognized by all unbiassed business men.

For a thoroughly discredited and disliked body of men, the Congress of the United States receives a great deal of attention from the press. We say discredited and disliked on the authority of the comic writers and artists in the newspapers who invariably hail the adjournment of Congress with a loud sigh of relief, and the intimation that the country can now settle down to business. The jest about the two prodigal sons of whom one landed in jail and the other was elected to the House of Representatives, is coeval with the other comic tradition that when a man's neighbors are at a loss what to do with him they send him to Washington. In the mouth of the professional humorist this accusation no longer surprises any one, because good jokes are rare and a serviceable quip is almost impossible to kill. But this conception of the American lawmaker has in recent years passed outside of the funny column and really found an echo among people quite without the sense of humor. The wish that Congress might suspend operations for a half-dozen years and give the country a rest has been seriously uttered. And how completely tired we are of this assembly of empty talkers, selfish log-rollers, and disturbers of business is attested by the fact that when Congress reassembles no newspaper gives more than three or four pages to the utterly unimportant and dispiriting event.

From various parts of the country comes the report that "they won't take Roosevelt's 'no.'" Who "they" are it is easy to guess, and there is also no difficulty in understanding why they will not take what they have not been offered. There has not as yet been an actual "no"—nothing more than a "please don't." That this is not daunting the bluff spirits of the West is evident in the remarks of the president of the Theodore Roosevelt Club of Nebraska, Col. John O. Yeiser. He says of his fellow-Colonel that he, "although a big man, is not big enough to throw any obstacles in the way" of the movement to nominate him and elect him, "because we have the votes." This is the kind of strong meat on which the Nebraskans feed, but Col. Yeiser is weaker when he comes to speak of a possible alternative. The nomination and election of Roosevelt are to be put down as certain, but, afterwards, "if he wants Taft to have it, he can refuse to qualify and let Taft hold over." This argues an unfamiliarity with the Constitution which we should not have expected in any member of a Theodore Roosevelt Club, much less the president. Col. Yeiser evidently believes that Presidents, like dog-catchers, continue in office until their successors come to demand that they give up the keys.

Whether Gompers knew or did not know that the McNamaras were guilty may possibly never be determined. But that he had any substantial reason for believing them to be innocent, it is impossible to maintain. "As I was parting with John J.," said Gompers when the collapse came, "I remember he took my hand and said, as near as I can remember: 'Take this message to the laboring men of the country: This is a damnable put-up job and we are innocent.' I saw no reason for doubting their word." And this is the sum and substance of Gompers's plea. On the strength of the accused men's own assurance that they were innocent, and nothing else, Gompers went before the country, not simply demanding a fair trial; not simply gathering funds for the making of a competent defence; but asserting, without a shadow of ground, that the charge against the McNamaras was the result of a diabolical conspiracy, declaring that the whole case was a "frame-up," filling the minds of thousands of workingmen with falsehood and hatred. Over

against tho tremendous probability of gullt which the facts presented by Burns carried with them, and over against the absoluto certainty that a long series of terrible crimes had been committed in the real or supposed interest of union labor, the head of the Federation of Labor placed the simple word of the McNamaras; and on this foundation, so far as in him lay, he committed the workingmen of America to the championship of these murderers, and to the denunciation of their accusers as the most infamous of human beings.

Inasmuch as the Controller Bay charges, over which a tremendous row was made a few months ago, were of the most damaging character if true, it would have been in better taste if Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Amos Pinchot, in advising the Graham Committee to discontinue the investigation, and Mr. Graham in his remarks apropos of this, had given more prominence to the refutation of the accusations and rumors of dishonesty and less to the alleged change of policy on the part of the Administration. Mr. Brandeis states tnat he found no evidence of illegality or bad faith by any Government official in the Controller Bay matter, though he regards the action taken by the Government as having been "opposed to the best interests of the people." He, and Mr. Graham, and Mr. Pinchot as representing the National Conservation Association, are entirely satisfied with Secretary Fisher's conclusions concerning Alaskan resources; but they fail—so far as we have observed—to make any acknowledgment of the fact that the Secretary's report concerning the significance of the Controller Bay land-grants was in absolute contradiction of the views that had been so loudly urged by the President's accusers, quite apart from any question of good or bad faith. The address made by Mr. Fisher on his return from Alaska did not "constitute a clear departure from the Administration's former policy," though Chairman Graham says it did; it simply constituted a more definite formulation of that policy and a judicial survey of the past and present of the Alaskan problem. A similarly judicial statement on the part of those representing the Conservation cause would have been more creditable than the Parthian fling with which they retire from tho attack.

Official tabulation of the election returns in New Jersey shows that the State which Gov. Wilson caused his party to "lose" so disastrously on November 7, was really carried by tho Democrats. The total vote by counties, as now compiled, was Republican 157,084, and Democratic 160,184. The Legislature was made Republican solely by the overturn in Essex County, which, of course, elects its Assemblymen on a general list, not by districts. How plain the betrayal was by the Smith machine in Essex may be seen from the fact that even in 1909 the Democratic vote was 27,999, while in the last election it fell to 23,360. But the entire footing of all the counties shows that the Democrats had a majority of 3,100. This is only about 11,000 below the majority which the Democratic candidates for the Assembly had in 1910, though Wilson for Governor carried the State by 50,000. Looking purely, however, at the vote on the Legislative ticket this year, it appears that the Democrats were in a majority—a thing which, except for 1910 under exceptional conditions, they had not achieved for twenty years. It should seem that Gov. Wilson might bear up under that calamity!

Senator Guggenheim's voluntary withdrawal, nearly two years in advance of the end of his term in the Senate, from the contest for reëlection will be subject to varying interpretations. There are those who will insist that he still holds the State of Colorado in the hollow of his hand and could, therefore, have retained his seat in the Senate had he seen fit, and those who will have it that he has seen the handwriting on the wall as have Aldrich and Hale and Wetmore and all the rest. Mr. Guggenheim's friends insist that he has been an unselfish patriot in the Senate, and really sacrificed large personal interests in order to advance the public weal. But the hard-hearted public, remembering what came out about the methods the Senator used in entering the Senate, will not feel depressed by the news of the retirement. Whether Mr. Guggenheim has or has not divorced himself from his private interests; whether he did or did not seek and obtain tariff favors for his pet industries in the Payne-Aldrich law, the fact remains that the people of this country do not believe that a man of this type ought to be in the Senate, and that his going nearly marks the end of the régime of the multi-millionaire Senators who used to make the Senate famous as a rich man's club.

Philadelphia has entered this week upon a chapter of her history, the development of which will be watched with interest throughout the Union. The first event in that chapter is announced in the shape of Mayor Blankenburg's appointments to four of the five chief positions under him in the city government. Not within the memory of any man of ordinary age has a new Mayor of Philadelphia been greeted with the kind of comment that Mr. Blankenburg's choice of his Cabinet has evoked. "In every instance," says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "there is in the personality and record of the man an earnest of that honesty, efficiency, and absolute independence which are the foundation stones of the structure of businesslike municipal administration which the new Mayor is to build." "The records of their lives," says the *Record*, "justify the hope that they will come up to the expectations of the new Mayor, and aid him in the great work he has undertaken." It is felt on all hands that this work is nothing less than the redemption of Philadelphia.

To achieve success in this great undertaking will require a combination of ability and hard work and good judgment, as well as uprightness of purpose, and we must not whistle until we are out of the woods. But it may be noted at once that these appointments of Mayor Blankenburg's have not only been made with the evident purpose of getting a first-rate man for each post, but that there is in them no trace of that spirit of compromise with the spoils idea which has marred, and even wrecked, so many of the most promising of reform administrations in American cities. In this great matter of rescuing city government from the grasp of machine politics, there is no room for compromise. You have got to choose between regarding an appointment as a means of getting somebody that you want for the city's service and regarding it as a means of giving somebody a city "job" because he wants it or some organization wants him to have it.

The retirement of Mr. John D. Rocke-

feller from the presidency of the Standard Oil Company, even though it coincides with the formal dissolution of the giant aggregate of companies which he created, does not arouse the interest such an act would have excited ten years ago, or even five years ago. Public interest of late has not centred in Mr. Rockefeller as the head of Standard Oil, but in his personality and his non-commercial activities. Report has it that Mr. Rockefeller has regarded himself as an ill-used man, as compared with other men of exceptionally great wealth. These others were allowed to live down their enormously profitable past, but Mr. Rockefeller never was. He might go on displaying as much fervor in distributing his millions as he displayed in gathering them together—public opinion still thought of him as the original Octopus. But of late a certain change has, after all, taken place. Apparently it is Mr. Rockefeller's golf, rather than his gifts to Chicago University, that has impressed itself on the public. At any rate, while it would be still unsafe to speak of the founder of Standard Oil as a greatly-loved personality, he does appear in a more human form than people were once inclined to allow him—like another person of fable.

The bulletins that keep coming from the Census Bureau, making comparisons between 1904 and 1909, tell a monotonous tale of growth that looks like the story of a prosperous country. The latest to hand is the report on confectionery—and why confectionery should not be regarded as a barometer of consumers' ease, just as iron is considered the barometer of business feeling and prospects, it would be difficult to say. In the five years from 1904 to 1909 there was a general advance in confectionery. Capital invested increased from $43,000,000 to $68,000,000, or 44 per cent.; value of products advanced from $87,000,000 to $134,000,000, an increase of 55 per cent. As the population grows only about 10 per cent. in five years, percentages like this—and something like them is shown in nearly every line—seem to indicate, even after all allowance is made for rising prices, a constant rise in the standard of living among the people. Very little of the $134,000,000 worth of confectionery turned out by our manufacturers was eaten by multi-millionaires.

Indiana poetry will seem in a bad way if James Whitcomb Riley sticks to his intention of writing no more. The reason he alleges is by no mean conclusive. If his right hand is incapacitated for further rhyming, there is his left, and why should he think it impossible to dictate verse? It would be a bold critic who should assume to detect from internal evidence what lines Milton wrote and what ones he dictated. Will an American give up where an Englishman succeeded? This is not the spirit which we have been accustomed to think of as inspiring Indiana's literary artists. One can understand Mr. Riley's feeling in the matter, but what are his publishers about? It is inconceivable that they should be guilty of such gross neglect of moral and financial duty as is suggested by the poet's announcement. Unless American literary enterprise has suddenly broken down in a most unexpected place, all the resources of stenography, phonographs, dictaphones, and we know not what else will be immediately put at the disposal of the Indianapolis muse. Poetry may some time fail us, but never for mere want of the means of getting it transferred to paper.

Mr. Sydney Brooks's article, "The Truth About Cuba," in the *Independent*, is based upon two visits which he has recently made to the island, and upon many conversations with politicians, planters, business men, railway officials. Cuba's economic condition and outlook, Mr. Brooks pronounces to be excellent. Great progress has been made, although, as he says, the wonderful natural resources of the island have only begun to be developed. Politically, Mr. Brooks is compelled to be more guarded. While he does not credit all the rumors that float about Havana—justly remarking that every Government, including the American during intervention, has for years been declared corrupt on the evidence of gossip—he admits that political grafting has been going on and that "more than one concession has been granted without a due regard for the public interests." He also perceives the danger arising from the apparent purpose of President Gomez to "keep all offices and power in the hands of a particular group." Nevertheless, Mr. Brooks takes a generally hopeful view both of the present situation and the prospects. His conclusion is that the Cuban Republic, considering everything, has justified the confidence reposed in it by the American Government.

Canada commends our chalice to our own lips in her explanation that she cannot interfere with the recent order of the Ontario Board of Censors prohibiting the exhibition of moving pictures showing the American flag, owing to the fact that the matter is not Federal, but provincial. Ever since the formation of the Union, we have puzzled foreign Governments by similar declarations. It has all been so simple to us that we have felt a sense of injury when a nation whose subjects have been the victims of a mob, for example, in one of the States, has failed to be completely satisfied with our elaborate setting forth of the Constitutional reasons why the Government at Washington can neither exact damages from the citizens guilty of the crime, nor allow the foreign Government to bring pressure upon the State in whose jurisdiction the affair took place. The victims, we have almost had the appearance of saying, should have thought of such a possibility before they entered our dual form of sovereignty.

The full report of the recent address of the Dean of St. Paul's, in which he stigmatized the twentieth century as the spendthrift heir of the nineteenth, bears out the rather sensational extracts from it first printed. Taken in connection with some remarks of Lord Curzon upon the Government's bill for manhood suffrage for England, it makes one wonder how able men can still treat democracy as anything but an established fact. The Dean pours scorn upon the infallibility of the majority, and the ex-Viceroy is terrified by the idea of such a leap in the dark as manhood suffrage would be. But no one contends that the majority is infallible, and all sensible men agree that the suffrage should not be extended without careful consideration. It is a long time since Robert Lowe pointed out the altered situation in his "Now we must educate our masters." The problem is no longer how far democracy shall be permitted to extend its authority, but what means shall be employed to make and keep it worthy of its supreme power. Not whether to have democracy, but how to utilize it, is the real question.

THE M'NAMARAS AND AFTER.

The astounding turn in the McNamara trial last Friday stirred questions in every mind. Why did the two brothers decide to plead guilty to infamous crimes? What were the real motives of their counsel, lawyers who were fully conscious that they were defending, not merely two indicted men, but the whole cause of organized labor? Did they feel that it was better to sacrifice two guilty individuals, rather than face the damning revelations which the actual trial might bring in regard to the complicity of labor-union officials in a systematized conspiracy to destroy property on an enormous scale and to commit murder? These questions cannot be positively answered as yet, but the very fact that they spring to the minds of all thinking men shows how deep and widespread is the conviction that the officers of the law in California had at last got their hands upon plotters who, in the name of organized labor, were deliberately perfecting and operating a system of terrorism and crime that makes the blackest deeds of Camorra or Mafia appear trivial.

As for the District Attorney at Los Angeles, he has placed the whole country in his debt by his attitude. To all suggestions of compromise he was adamant. He was urged to accept a plea of guilty from one of the brothers and to let the other off, but he stood firmly in the position that both were guilty, that the proof against both was overwhelming, and that, if they dared not face an honest jury, the only thing for them to do was to confess their crimes. Particularly admirable was his response to those who approached him in a tremor of apprehension about the indirect consequences of the prosecution, and who begged him to consider the effects on "society." Mr. Fredericks tersely said: "I am not running society." He was in office simply to make the law a terror to evil-doers. It was his sole duty to see to it that, so far as lay in his power, no criminal should go unwhipped of justice; and all the mushy pleadings about the danger of a social reaction and the peril of class antagonisms he put aside as having absolutely nothing to do with the case.

Such a clear-cut conception of the function of the sworn officers of the law it is refreshing to encounter. For there has already been expressed—and we shall doubtless hear much more of it—a great deal of foolish sentiment about the McNamara affair. People of Socialist sympathies, who call themselves social reformers because they have vague and weak suggestions to make in connection with the inevitable hardships of the human lot, who mistake benevolent emotions for reasoned or practicable plans of action, are telling us that what we have to deal with is not individual crime but a state of social "war." They point to the evidences of bitter feeling among certain groups of workingmen and argue that, as we may be headed for an Armageddon in which all our institutions will perish, the only safe course is to be very patient with criminals and show ourselves very considerate and conciliatory with men who incite to crime, and who profit by it, lest the pillars of society totter and fall.

Well, the proper answer to all such well-meaning but harmful persons is that, for the present and in their sense, we are not running society. One thing at a time. If anything can be done to make capital and labor see eye to eye, by all means let it be done at the fitting occasion. Any opportunity that offers to either employer or workman to confer together amicably in order better to understand each other and to devise means of securing their common interests, should never fail to be embraced by one or the other. But at this moment we have a sterner business in hand. A series of atrocious crimes have been committed, and we have just got into a position where there is every prospect of being able to run down and punish their infamous perpetrators. Every man who keeps his eyes open has known for years that violence and a deliberately plotted system of terrorism, going to the length of brutal murder, have been the accompaniment of strikes and the winked-at method of certain labor unions. At last we are in a way to lay bare this foul conspiracy. The two wretched men who admitted their crimes at Los Angeles on Friday are but tools in the hands of others. Who sent them on their errands of destruction and death? Who supplied them the money for their murderous work? To these questions the proceedings at Los Angeles and the investigations of grand juries in California and Indiana now bid fair to give us an answer, and are we to be stayed from pressing for it by mawkish appeals in the name of "society"?

If it be said that we are threatened with social war, we have at least the right to insist that the rules of war shall be observed. No poisoned wells! The only conceivable war which, in a free democracy, can be fought out between one interest and another, between capital and labor if you please, is one in which the weapons shall be arguments, organization, votes. Both parties to that war, if such it must be called, ought to be ready to drop everything else and unite against the criminals whose only hope is terrorism and whose only reasonings are torch and dynamite. It is alleged—the McNamaras are reported to have asserted—that they did their fiendish work in the name of a "principle." What is this principle? Are there labor leaders who dare avow it? Have any of them, directly or indirectly, been accomplices in the McNamara crimes or others like them? That is what we look to the prosecuting officers to bend every effort in order to tell us. We must lay the axe to the root of the tree. It is objected that to entertain such sentiments is to cherish the spirit of "vengeance." We ought, it is said, to weep over the misguided criminals instead of making them feel the sting of the law. In that way we would show our profound concern for "society." But pure self-defence is never vengeful; and a society that cannot protect itself against dastardly criminals has got beyond concern and is a fit subject for lamentation and burial—for it is dead and gone.

THE PRESIDENT'S APOLOGIA.

In the long and frank interview which President Taft gave to Mr. Francis E. Leupp, and which the latter was authorized to publish in last week's *Outlook*, we have something that, from every point of view, is of deep interest. In his free and informal talk, Mr. Taft touched upon many controverted matters. In regard to them he made explanations and took positions which might be, and doubtless will be, sharply challenged. But we prefer at present not to go into these things—not to follow the President in a review of the acts of his Administration thus far. What strikes us, rather, is the value of the interview as a human document. It is perhaps the most self-revealing utter-

ance that has come from Mr. Taft. In his free and familiar conversation with Mr. Leupp, the President lets us see his real, inner quality. This is of more importance, just now, than any discussion of his outer successes or failures. For the country is at this moment seriously debating the Presidential succession; and the question whether Mr. Taft is to be renominated or not, and whether, if renominated, he is to be reëlected, will turn very largely upon the popular estimate of his personality, of his fitness for the work of a party leader and a national executive. Upon all this the interview throws much light.

So far as his amiable personal characteristics are concerned, the general impression is here confirmed. We see once more, as we have often seen before, Mr. Taft's unaffected simplicity, his modesty, his hatred of anything that looks like clamor, his patience, his calmness, his philosophic poise. All these are admirable qualities, but the doubt remains whether in Mr. Taft they combine with others in a way to give the nation altogether what it desires and needs in the Presidency. He has firmness, but has he the steady push of the born executive? Does his tolerance make him tend to be slack? Has he a vivid and instinctive sense of a given political situation, with a prescient knowledge of the way to deal with it; or is he too often compelled to appear in the rôle of one earnestly laboring to repair damages which a surer insight and a more resolute attitude would have prevented from being inflicted at all? Answers to these queries can be found in Mr. Leupp's interview by any attentive reader.

The easy-going and almost happy-go-lucky way in which the President has prepared too many of his public utterances, stands confessed in what he himself, with amazing frankness, says of his ill-starred Winona speech. He "dictated that speech to a stenographer on the cars between two stations." Then he glanced at it only sufficiently to "straighten its grammar," whereupon it was given to the press, with the unhappy result which all know, including the President. He now says that if he had got the speech ready "two or three weeks before, and revised it deliberately, *as I ought to have done*," he would have made several passages read differently! This is almost pathetic. Here was easily the most important speech which the President was to make in the course of his whole tour, yet he delayed its preparation and tossed it off lightly at the last moment without once thinking, apparently, how it was going to fall upon the ear of the people and mar so sadly his political fortunes. Surely, dilatoriness and carelessness in a President were never more glaringly exhibited or more terribly punished.

But behind this laxness lay a graver fault. Mr. Taft was playing with fire but did not know it. The Payne-Aldrich tariff was visibly inflammable and explosive, politically, yet the President of the United States was the only man who appeared not to be aware of it. There can be no doubt that the outcry which followed his Winona speech was a startling surprise to him. He never knew that the gun was loaded! But ignorance of this kind is almost fatal in a political leader. If he does not know by instinct, or cannot discover by careful inquiry, what the people are saying of a capital measure, the inevitable result is that he will make such blunders as Mr. Taft has made, and, too late, wake up to what he has done and seek to retrace his steps. But this necessarily gives to his course an air of uncertainty and vacillation. Worst of all, it robs him of the appearance of being sure of himself and certain of his ground, or of having a full command of the material with which he has to deal. It is of the essence of high statesmanship in a democracy to be able to know the times and seasons, to grasp the skirts of circumstance, to perceive what effects will follow what causes, and never to seem to misunderstand hopelessly the people whom one is trying to lead. But Mr. Taft's own story of his dealings with tariff revision, with the confessed divergence between his position now and the one he blithely assumed two years ago, is enough to show how deficient he is in all that.

It may even be said that some of Mr. Taft's virtues swell, like immoderate valor, into a fault. His lofty indifference to the political consequences of doing what he thinks is right, all must praise. His calm readiness to retire to private life, if the people so will, is a fine trait of character. Yet in this very nobility and philosophic detachment there is a peril—a peril, that is, to one who aspires to be a great leader in a democracy. Such a man ought not, indeed, to be greedy for high office, but he ought to have an instant and quickening sense of the immense things which can be done in high office. The possibilities of service and of leadership ought to fire him. There should be in him a kind of infectious enthusiasm, as he contemplates the appealing opportunity, so that he can make others see the gleam as he does and be eager to follow it with him. In a word, a President of the United States has to be something more than a philosopher. It is for him to stand forth as an inspiring leader, capable of winning not merely cold approval but warm devotion, and of raising a shining standard to which an acclaiming multitude will repair. That Mr. Taft has thus far shown either the eminent sagacity or the consuming energy needed for the task of leadership thus described, not even his best friends can assert. And the conviction is slowly becoming established that he will not be able to do so in the future.

EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS AND THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

The article on the origin, purposes, and meaning of the anti-Trust law, written by ex-Senator George F. Edmunds and published in the December *North American Review*, is highly important. Mr. Edmunds, at the age of eighty-three, is the only surviving member of the very remarkable Senate Judiciary Committee which drew up the law of 1890 in its present form, and which included, besides himself as Chairman, such other eminent and experienced lawyers as Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Senator Evarts of New York, Senator Vest of Missouri, and Senator Pugh of Alabama. The publication of Mr. Edmunds's article happened to coincide with the testimony of Mr. Seth Low before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, giving the results of a poll of one thousand business men on the question whether the law should be retained or amended.

Briefly summed up, Mr. Low's poll of the thousand manufacturers, merchants, and bankers showed a heavy majority of opinions that the anti-Trust law should not be repealed, but with an even larger majority favoring the judgment that the Sherman Act, as now interpreted, is not clear and workable, that a Federal commission should be created to su-

pervise trade combinations, and that return to old-time competitive methods of business is not feasible. Now it is, of course, true that polls of business men, like "straw votes" in politics, have their limitations as accurate reflection of public sentiment. But we think it highly probable that the Civic Federation's canvass represents with sufficient correctness the present trend of opinion in the circles to which the inquiries were addressed. It is to precisely these shades and varieties of business opinion that Mr. Edmunds's article is directed.

Mr. Edmunds fully confirms the view as to the circumstances of 1890 and the general purposes of the legislators, which was set forth in the *Nation* a week ago. He goes with great detail into the nature of the discussion, in committee and on the floor of Congress, concluding with the reminder that the bill as eventually enacted, in the form in which the Judiciary Committee had reported it, received a unanimous approving vote in both houses of Congress. Of much importance is his description of the amendments or alterations proposed in the debate and of the reason for their rejection; including the House amendment defining illegal contracts as those only which were "entered into for the purpose of preventing competition." This introductory part of Mr. Edmunds's narrative is most convincing witness to the thoroughness and care with which the measure was prepared and the high judicial spirit in which it was debated. It leaves no reasonable ground for the favorite assertion of opponents of the law, that it was a crude and hasty bit of "happy-thought" legislation, enacted by political opportunists and constructed with no eye to the longer industrial future.

But the question of larger interest is, what opinion this eminent statesman, whose span of life has enabled him intimately to observe the construction, enactment, and application of the law, has formed on its suitability to the conditions of to-day. First, Mr. Edmunds disposes once again of the extraordinary contention of a year ago that, because the law forbade contracts in restraint of trade, therefore it prohibited plain and ordinary partnerships or corporations. He says:

> The Judiciary Committee believed that the well-known principles guiding the courts in the application and construction of statutes would lead them to give the words of the act a beneficial and remedial rather than an injurious and technical one hurtful to any honest trade. . . . It was believed that the time-honored maxim of the law, "*haeret in litterâ haeret in cortice*," and the Holy Scripture, "for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," would aid the executive and judicial authorities in construing and applying the statute justly in all cases as they should arise. . . . The fear that some literal construction of the words "restraint of trade" in the act might lead to the sacrifice of some just, fair, and wholesome business arrangements may be safely dismissed, for if the principle and purpose of the Constitution and act have any foundation at all, there can be no such restraint, because such conduct is not restraining, but is promotive of and beneficial to the public interest.

Here we have the "rule of reason," asserted by the chief author of the act as a definite part of the purpose and expectation of the legislators who enacted it.

The ex-Senator believes that "no case founded on the Act has been finally decided by the courts adversely to the contracts or conduct of parties accused, in which such contract or conduct did not offend against both the letter and the spirit of the Act, as well as against the sound public policy underlying both the provisions of the Constitution and the Act of Congress touching the subject." He believes as strongly that the continued application of the law is necessary to restrain or remove the evils against which it was originally directed. Combinations to dominate trade, crush out fair and useful competition, and absorb into a few hands the business of the country, have been conducted on such a scale, since the enactment of the law, "that the result is the unnatural and unequal distribution of wealth and power, which the experience of centuries has shown to be among the great evils that affect civilization and true progress." It was exactly these great and growing evils which were dealt with by the Act of 1890.

Finally, what of "amendments to make the law clear," or a "Federal commission to supervise industry"? Mr. Edmunds has not a word to say regarding them. All of his exposition is opposed to them. The absolute consensus of the Judiciary Committee was, he says, that "it was quite impracticable to include by specific definition" such words as "trust," "restraint," or "monopolize," and that "these were truly matters for judicial consideration." And if business is disturbed, what then?

> Well; if the "business interests" of the great and widespread combinations, as now carried on, are crushing out smaller enterprises and monopolizing industries that should be fairly and equally open to all, and controlling and enhancing the prices of almost everything needed in every household, and must suffer from the enforcement of equal laws necessary to the welfare of the whole people, it is the consequence of their evil doing, and must be borne, and every honest and fair enterprise will survive for the good of all.

THE CHANCE THEY GET.

What European diplomats say concerning Mr. W. Morgan Shuster is quite true. He isn't a diplomat, and he is stronger on finance than on tact. When this young American was made Treasurer-General of Persia he must have dreamed great dreams. Here was an ancient people that had cast off the bonds of political superstition and set out in the ways of progress. It had won its freedom unassisted, and when the Shah who had been sent packing about his business came back, supported by foreign intrigue, to trouble the peace of the country, he was beaten a second time. The first difficult steps of parliamentary government were being mastered. The reëstablishment of public order was under way. What, with such a people, might not an ambitious and energetic administrator hope to accomplish? Mr. Shuster had been called to set the country's finances in order, and he took it for granted that the Persians meant to be as thorough in that process as they had been in sweeping out the old monarchical system. If Mr. Shuster went at his task in a mood of high enthusiasm, determined to do the very best he could for the Government that had hired him and for his own reputation, it was exactly the spirit in which an ambitious and clean-cut young American business man goes about his work.

But the reality was that young Mr. Shuster, from the moment of his arrival in Persia, was a Parsifal in a garden inhabited by all the Kundrys of diplomacy. He had imagined that his business was to go straight ahead, and raise as much money as he could for the Persian exchequer, and put the new régime on a foundation of financial independence. He has now found that the process of going straight ahead is made impossible by an entire mass of such non-financial considerations as spheres of influence, political balances, Russian rights,

British rights, diplomatic propriety, banking conventions, Russian susceptibility, railway agreements, consular treaties, and what not—all summing themselves up in the simple fact that Russia and Great Britain had combined to destroy independent Persia and did not desire a prosperous and progressive Persia, because that would postpone the pleasant consummation. No, Mr. Shuster has no tact or diplomacy. A wiser man would have shrugged his shoulders and tried to do his best under the inescapable limitations and kept his place. Mr. Shuster has kicked up a row and will probably lose his place. But he has done a greater service for humanity in lifting the mask from the "protecting" Powers in Persia. He has forced Russia and Great Britain into the open, forced them to reveal the grimace behind the applauding smile with which Europe welcomes the East's attempts at progress, forced general recognition of the fact that what European diplomacy desires is not a rejuvenated, progressive, prosperous Orient, but an Orient going from bad to worse towards the end which is subjugation.

What chance has constitutional Turkey received at the hands of civilized Europe? There is no lack of criticisms nowadays against the Young Turk régime. Dr. E. J. Dillon single-handed has produced one furious indictment after another. The Young Turks are despots, they are parish politicians, they have allowed the Empire to go to pieces, they have displayed no capacity for the high task they have arrogated to themselves. All this might be true, and yet one can only ask what chance has constitutional Turkey had to put its house in order? The lessons of self-government and political stability are not learned in a day, even under the best of circumstances. England needed several centuries of struggle, revolution, and head-cutting before it mastered the art of combining liberty with prosperity. Young Turkey has had just three years to find itself. But what have been the conditions under which it has worked? No sooner had the Hamidian incubus been thrown off than civilized Europe began to swoop down on its prey. Austria-Hungary seized a brace of provinces; Bulgaria, with Russia's encouragement, broke away; Italy and Austria began an active game in Albania; and Italy is now carrying the banner of civilization into Tripoli. Dr. Dillon accuses the present Young Turks of criminal incompetence in leaving Tripoli defenceless. But with Bulgaria and Albania to watch and the uprising in Yemen on its hands, what could the Government at Constantinople have done to safeguard a distant and isolated province? Merely to have kept alive under such conditions is an achievement of which any new Government might be proud.

At the present moment, the best conscience of the civilized world rejoices at what is going on in China. Whether the revolution triumphs completely or the throne succeeds in saving something out of the wreck, one thing is sure, that a new era has opened in China, that a great nation has definitely pronounced for modern democracy and modern progress. But will China be allowed to work out her fate? Will the world make allowance for the fact that 400,000,000 people cannot clean house without a certain amount of travail and embarrassment? The answer is that, from different quarters, there already comes an uneasy stirring among the Powers. Civilization's appetites are flaming up, and once more we shall learn of the brown man's and the yellow man's burden—which is the white man's lust for mastery.

MONUMENTAL REALISM.

The Arnold Bennett who has just left us after a brief but triumphal progress from New York to Chicago, stands out as the author of three big books. The general reading public has probably been chiefly impressed by the bigness of quantity. But there are enough critics who have found in him bigness of the other kind. Mr. Bennett is a veteran at the writing game, but his present reputation is founded on the "Old Wives' Tale," and the two published volumes of his "Clayhanger" trilogy. In these three books he has displayed a method of minute realistic detail that is studiously undramatic in plot and studiously unemotional in development. His ambition, as evidenced in his novels and as expressed in his critical opinions of the great writers of the past, is to see life clearly and to see it—and there comes the uncertainty with regard to Mr. Bennett: whether it is his ambition also to see life whole or only to see it minutely. Both in the mere physical bulk of his latest books and in their preoccupation with the souls of people, rather than their acts, this Englishman has invited comparison with the giants of an earlier age. In the opinion of more than one enthusiastic critic, he easily takes his place with the writers of other "big" books, with Balzac, with Tolstoy, and with the early eighteenth century English realists. To decide whether he deserves the place, we must rid ourselves of the impression which mere bulk and a serious purpose are bound to produce, even in the professional critic. The question is whether Mr. Bennett's subject matter, which is of every day, goes well with the spread of his canvas, which is epic.

Novels longer than "Clayhanger" have been written and will continue to be written from time to time. But it may be said at once that the pulse of vitality must beat in them much stronger than it does in "Clayhanger," if they are to take their place with the literature that lives long. We cannot set any bounds to the length of a novel because we cannot see any bounds to its capacities. Because the author is at liberty to pour into the novel anything and everything—prose and poetry, drab reality and imagination, history, philosophy, criticism, anecdote, autobiography, argument, and preachment; because he can people it with any number of men and women endowed with any amount of emotional variety; because he can multiply incident and situation at will—for these reasons "Tom Jones," "Vanity Fair," "War and Peace," "Les Misérables," and "Père Goriot" are possible. You can write a novel of epic length if you give it epic food, and that means a crowd. Seven hundred pages of drab analysis of a single ordinary man cannot, for all its truthfulness, make "Clayhanger" alive, for the reason that the book simply has not bone and muscle enough to carry the fat. There are dull stretches in Balzac, in Tolstoy, and possibly in "The Newcomes" and "David Copperfield," but they are the flat interludes between periods of splendid emotion. You skip these dreary periods because you are in a hurry to get to the delectable feast. But in "Clayhanger" there is little to skip from or to. The plain stretches on endlessly; you walk till you get tired; then you rest and walk on again. If it is psychological dissection you are after, one mood is as good

as another. And therein consists one objection to the "Clayhanger" method. The writer has attempted to do a novel of analysis on a scale that will tolerate only the novel of magnificent creativeness.

But "Clayhanger" is true! Well, it is true in the sense that it gives us a vast succession of veracious detail. But, after all, is it the business of the artist to draw up catalogues or to create something that is single, harmonious, rounded out, whole? Artists may create in a flash or may create with patient and minute craft, but the required result is the same—a living individualized man or woman, a concrete, individualized Form. For minute craftsmanship can never be its own object, and Clayhanger's sensations in putting on a new suit or procuring the use of a study-room all to himself simply will not bear the pagefuls of analysis Mr. Bennett brings to bear upon the subject. We can readily allow pages of psychological analysis to such tremendous crises of the spirit as Dostoievsky can evoke in "Crime and Punishment"; we can allow it even to Jean Valjean, because—well, there is no other word for it—we feel that such moments are "big," are truly fraught with eternity; whereas the boy Clayhanger's emotions as he leans over the bridge-railing and pitches stones into the water are not.

To the extent that Mr. Bennett in "Clayhanger" is true to his ideal of an impassive and minute realism, his work leaves us comparatively cold. To the extent that he forgets and permits himself a dip into old-fashioned emotion, into old-fashioned dramatic situations, he has made the book real. When one has put down "Clayhanger," the two chapters that stand out clearest in the memory are the magnificent early chapter which describes the pitiful experiences of the infant factory-slaves of early industrial England as Edwin's father had lived them, and the chapter in which that same father dies. In both places, Mr. Bennett has been deeply moved, has written with passion and with tears, and has attained effects that are never attained, unless you are stirred by the deeper things. The matter is simple: while we are what we are, the putting on of a new suit of clothes will remain a less important thing than a death-bed, and no matter in what dazzling psychological phenomena we may dress the former event, it will still be the same. Of course, in saying this, we may be the slave of the old-fashioned romantic literature, which the new realism relegates to the scrap heap; but as a realist, Mr. Bennett must acknowledge the reality of prejudice.

Thus, one's objections to a Clayhanger trilogy in two thousand pages are based on what we take to be two fundamental errors in Mr. Bennett's method—the belief in psychological thread-spinning for its own sake and the belief that emotion has no place in the creative artist's soul. The great realists have never been ashamed to shed tears. Balzac did it over the death-bed of old Goriot, as Thackeray did over the death-bed of Col. Newcome, as Dickens did over the death-bed of Nell, as Tolstoy did over the death-bed of Prince Andre—a scene in which he has put enough psychological verity, one feels tempted to say, to carry an entire "Clayhanger"—as Turgenieff did over the death-bed of Bazaroff, as Hardy did over the death-bed of Jude. The "big" books have always been written about such big things as birth and love and death.

ANATOLE FRANCE—MAETERLINCK.

PARIS, November 24.

The literary event of the season has come, curiously enough, from the law courts. Twenty-seven years ago, the writer who signs Anatole France furnished the publisher Lemerre with a brief history of France. Neither the writer nor his name was then what it has since become; and the book may be safely regarded as one of the later tasks of his "hack" period. The publisher never brought out the volume; but now—under the shadow of a great name—he proposes to do so. Naturally, Anatole France of to-day refuses to be credited with work which belongs to another existence of his. His lawyer, Raymond Poincaré, had the happy thought to ask a consultation from an expert in the writing of history, Prof. Ernest Lavisse. Anatole France, Poincaré, and Lavisse are all three of the French Academy; and so the Third Civil Chamber had an unusual literary treat when the case came up. The words of Lavisse have permanent value:

> It is not permissible that an historian should be obliged to publish a history written by him twenty-seven years ago. During so long a space of time, the world has changed—the historian as well. . . .
>
> In every civilized country, the legislator has been busy drawing up bit by bit, with an incoherence which the lawyer will have to bring into order, a Labor code. Forty old statutes of labor corporations are by way of becoming international laws. This surely is something new.
>
> Along with the social question, the religious question has come uppermost—and it is far graver than it was judged to be by Voltaire and the Voltairians, who are an anachronism nowadays. These are only examples chosen among others of transformations going on before our eyes.
>
> Now the historian is a man who lives the life of his time and gives particular heed to the phenomena in which that life makes itself manifest. He is invincibly stirred to look with a livelier curiosity in the past at the phenomena which he observes in the present. And, to come back to our examples, the historian here and now will be preoccupied with social and religious things far more curiously than he would have been a half, or even a quarter, of a century ago.
>
> While the world changes, the historian changes also. The man that he is now has not remained the man that he was. Experience of life has given him new lights and feelings. As he understands the present better, he understands better and sometimes otherwise the past. I have seen with my own eyes a very great transformation going on in an historian of our times. When M Duruy became Minister of State, he had already published the two first volumes of his "History of the Romans." He had written the third, which remained in manuscript during his ministry. The day he ceased to be Minister, he took the manuscript from its drawer; the old paper had yellowed; its author began reading—he was not content with it. This beginning of the history of the Roman Empire struck him as mediocre and cold. It was because, for years together, he had seen the reality of history; he had known personally those who make history—he had been one of them. He rewrote the volume. Between the two volumes from before his ministry and those which followed it, you feel that experience of life has intervened.
>
> Now each one of us, if only he has intelligence and feeling, grows rich by his own experience; and when he goes to his years far back, he is astonished at how poor he was then. And who, in our day, has more intelligence and sensibility than Anatole France? To ask a man like him to publish a work of his youth is to deny him the right to have lived.

The publisher offered to put on the first page of the book the date when it was written. The lawyer Academician accepted on condition that there should also be printed on the cover—"Published against the will of M. Anatole France!"

The award of the Nobel prize for literature to Maurice Maeterlinck takes us back nearly twenty years. His work, of course, is French literature; but, in accent as well as in thought and feeling, it belongs to Belgium. After all these years, it is not too much to say that Maeterlinck is a name to conjure with far more in England, and particularly in America, than in France—and, doubtless, more in Sweden.

In fact, the Nobel prize must go, by the will of the founder, to Idealist work. Now the ideal in literature was still out

of fashion in French literature when Maeterlinck began; and it must be said that his particular cult of the ideal has few faithful even now. Of his first verses the Belgian Rodenbach, who was already known to Paris, said to reassure French readers: "These poems give the impression of a moonlit landscape seen sadly from behind the pale blue window-glass of a verandah!"

The first real attention was called to the Belgian newcomer by his little plays —of blind men, and "Pelleas and Melisande"—given at the little theatres where exotic drama was the fashion. The young men of the *Mercure de France* also swept him within the limits of the newer world and freer air which they have been trying to bring to the France of routine. Long afterwards, in these last years, opera-goers have sometimes heard Maeterlinck's thought to music even newer; and Madame Réjane has found a public at her theatre for the phantasmagoria of the "Blue Bird." The books which Maeterlinck has written—his humanized bees and the latest news from death—have had a sort of Figaro audience in the press, and, doubtless, readers fit though few elsewhere. But it must not be thought that Maurice Maeterlinck has won to himself the reading world of France or any considerable portion of it.

His public is still restrained to the young who are without tradition in either form or substance of literature. And his thought and fancy are alike un-French to a high degree. The conventional, the material, the matter-of-fact, and, most of all, the critical literature of those who try to turn their backs to the past without first assuring themselves of light and leading before them will still prevail in France until men and women cease to resemble Queen Bess in their intellectual motion:

Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass—
Making up her mind to face the cruel looking-glass!

S. D.

Correspondence

DIRECT LEGISLATION IN CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The struggles of the people of California with their Constitution during the past year have been so notable as to be worthy of record in the *Nation*.

In November, 1910, the people voted on and adopted eight amendments to the Constitution aggregating about 4,400 words. Eleven months later in October, 1911, they voted on twenty-three amendments to the same Constitution, aggregating above 15,000 words. The Constitution so amended was adopted in 1879 and was of the voluminous legislative sort, aggregating above 22,000 words. The significance of these figures may be better appreciated if we recall that the entire Constitution of the United States, without the amendments, amounts to about 4,000 words. Restated, in terms of the Federal Constitution as a unit, California has by popular vote in less than a twelvemonth, in two elections and by thirty separate enactments, amended a Constitution five and one-half times as long as the Constitution of the United States by matter nearly five times as long. I submit that this is "going some." I have a feeling that California has probably captured another record. But at least the endurance record remains to be contested for.

One of the amendments just adopted contains 3,600 words, and three of them above 2,000 words each. They range—I had almost said from grave to gay—but at any rate from initiative, referendum, and recall, judges included, to woman suffrage and the prescription of a thirty-day compulsory recess for the Legislature, after the main grist of the bills has been introduced. The whole structure of the State has been vitally altered, and it would be interesting to know to what extent it represents the real intelligent will of the electorate.

Of course, there are obvious physical, if not intellectual, limitations on the effective digestion of such a mass of legislation by four hundred thousand electors. As an aid, the secretary of state, under authority of law, sent to each registered voter a broadside thirty-eight by twenty-five inches in size and a supplemental sheet nine and one-half by twelve and one-half inches, containing the proposed amendments, together with arguments for, and in some cases against them. These sheets were densely printed on both sides in nonpareil type. Figures and specifications convey no idea of the repellent, not to say impossible, nature of this huge double-faced broadside, packed with scores of thousands of minute words as close together as the linotype could stick them. No doubt this was profitably referred to here and there, and without some such assistance the vote would have been a mere farce; but the writer has not yet discovered anybody who claims to have deciphered the entire sheet, nor is it conceivable that one voter in ten can by any possibility have read even the 15,300 words of the amendments themselves.

As bearing upon the amount of intelligent volition which such law-making involves, it is important to note that but one of the thirty-one amendments submitted in the year, involving as they did, and as it may well be believed they would, the government of the State in almost every aspect, was defeated. Everything else that was proposed went, though by varying majorities.

The official returns of the vote are now complete, and enable one to form some estimate, though not a very satisfactory one, of the extent to which a civic revolution represents deliberate public opinion. The total vote of the State for Governor at the election in November, 1910, when the first eight amendments were adopted, was 385,713. The vote at the recent election ranges from 246,487 down to 193,778, or, say, from 64 to 50 per cent. of the gubernatorial vote in the preceding November; the average vote on all the amendments being about 54½ per cent. of the standard. That the vote would have fallen far below this but for the interest taken in the suffrage amendment is undoubted. But, as it is, 55 per cent. of the people have, under circumstances of the utmost disadvantage and necessary unintelligence, passed a small volume of legislation on such other topics, besides the matter already mentioned, as weights and measures, city and county government, eminent domain, legal procedure, compensation for accidents, the civil service of the State, its public utilities commission, changes in school text-books, elections, justices of the peace, railway passes, clerks of courts, and exemptions from taxation. The woman suffrage amendment was carried by less than 1½ per cent. of the less than 64 per cent. of the electorate who voted on it. Some light is thrown upon the probable working of such wholesale popular legislation by the fact that, with the exception of one virtually non-contentious amendment (as to appeals in criminal cases), the largest vote (77 per cent. of the total cast on it) was given to the provision for the recall of all elective officers (which includes judges)—a measure which, whatever one may think of its merits, would, I suppose, quite generally be admitted to be in an experimental stage. Evidently, in California there are other things besides the guns that have no doubts, or none worth mentioning.

There is some occasion for encouragement in the fact that one relatively unimportant but vicious amendment authorizing peace officers and members of the Railroad Commission to accept passes from railways did manage to be defeated by a majority of 6,000 in a vote of 206,000, after having been denounced by the entire press and all the intelligent opinion of the State. While defeat is better than passage, its narrow escape from becoming fundamental law under even these circumstances is not calculated to exalt one's confidence unduly in direct legislation by the multitude.

Howard L. Smith.

Palo Alto, Cal., November 27.

THE SHERMAN LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial on "General Laws" in your issue of November 23, commends the Sherman law for "its wide scope and careful use of legal terms." I am unable to reconcile this statement with the one quoted below from the *Harvard Law Review* for November. Speaking of the two recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, the writer, Mr. Robert L. Raymond, says:

> These decisions, when they came, justified those who believed that the logic of facts was stronger than the logic either of theories or even of tolerably well-settled law. In the two great recent cases, the Supreme Court effectually changed existing law. Confronted by a crisis, the judges had to choose between intellectual consistency and the practical demands of a difficult situation. In preferring the latter they merely obeyed a characteristic trait of the English-speaking race.

What advantage, may I ask, is there in the "wide scope and careful use of legal terms," if the law in which they are employed was not capable of being executed, was in fact an impracticable law. The logic of events in the twenty years since the Sherman law was passed has so thoroughly demonstrated this truth that argument ought to be unnecessary. The conditions

of modern industry were such that whenever and wherever unregulated competition became a destructive force, trade combinations in some form were sure to arise. No statute could prevent them, for two of the strongest economic forces, cupidity and necessity, dictated them. Necessity knows no law, and where fear of failure in business is in conflict with fear of the law, the latter has but little effect on conduct. What is now needed, Senator Edmunds to the contrary notwithstanding, is an administrative act, which shall put into the hands of a commission, made up of able men who have had business experience, the proper regulation of all trade combinations. If this is combined with a carefully drawn Federal franchise, for all who are engaged in interstate commerce, we shall have gone far towards settling the problem of "the Trust."

ROBERT MATHEWS.

Rochester, N. Y., December 1.

"A MODEST PROPOSAL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The methods of the spelling reformers remind one of Sandy, who, when his frayed buttonholes would no longer retain the buttons, removed the latter, and sewed on larger ones. Will not the results in both cases prove equally desirable?

The point of the whole matter is this: there is a discrepancy in the English language between spelling and pronunciation. Hitherto it has been taken for granted, so it seems, that the whole fault lies with the spelling. Now it is certainly possible to regard the pronunciation as at least equally to blame. Is it not then equally rational to propose that the pronunciation should be accommodated to the spelling? Is it not as well established as any law of Gresham or Ricardo that, as regards permanence, pronunciation cannot be compared with written forms? It is a truism that the spoken English of Shakespeare's time would be unintelligible to modern ears; whereas, the same printed page appeals to the eye now as then. Hence the logic of the lexicographer, who says:

> Much less ought our written language to comply with the corruptions of oral utterance, or copy that which every variation of time or place makes different from itself, and imitate those changes, which will again be changed, while imitation is employed in observing them. . . . To change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.

If, then, there is a discrepancy, why may it not best be removed by modifying that element which admittedly is least resistant to change? Those who have heard German savants pronounce Locke, after the analogy of Dante, should be convinced that the proposal is not impracticable. German is held up to us as a *Mustersprache* in the matter of phonetic spelling; but is it spelling or pronunciation which makes *Gnade* phonetic, and gnat unphonetic? As a matter of fact, even the latest German spelling is far from being phonetic; but, if the discrepancy is slighter than in English, it is due largely to the persistent tendency of the Teuton to pronounce what he sees. If Germany has led the way in phonetic spelling, it must not be overlooked that even more emphasis has been placed upon uniform, grammatic pronunciation. This is for many reasons a primary desideratum, and, when attained, little will be heard about phonetic spelling.

ALBERT J. R. SCHUMAKER.

Upland Lawn, Pa., November 29.

BARGAINS IN SICILY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ruins of Messina are now being taken to pieces, and there is an opportunity to buy beautiful fragments of carving—columns, cornices, etc.—such as could be used with great effect in gardens and terraces. These are actually being thrown into the sea, to make room for new earthquake-proof cement structures. Also there are wood carvings. The cost of transportation is, of course, great, but many beautiful bits are being irretrievably lost for lack of any one to take an interest in them. The contractors in Messina themselves deplore this, but lack the funds to find a market. If any architects or dealers in America wish to find more definite particulars, I should be very happy to put them in connection with the people who have this work in charge.

MARY MOSS.

Villa Nicio, Taormina, Sicily, November 11.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The essay on Nietzsche (*Nation*, September 21 and 28) called attention to the growth of the principle of sympathy in the eighteenth century: "The man who effected this great revolution, partly by virtue of his own genius, and partly as spokesman of his time, was John Locke, whose 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding,' published in 1690 as the result of eighteen years of reflection, became the Bible, so to speak, of the next century." It is quite striking that this same important book was the occasion of intellectual activity in the greatest thinker in America in the eighteenth century. Allen, in his life of Jonathan Edwards, says:

> The intellectual impulse came from the philosophy of Locke, whose "Essay on Human Understanding" Edwards read when he was but fourteen years old. The impression left on his mind was a deep and, in some respects, an abiding one.

In his early years Edwards established all his theology on this principle of sympathy. The results of this important thinking will be found in the "Notes on the Mind." He begins with the study of excellence, and comes to the conclusion that excellence, the highest good, is existence. In vain he tries to think of nothingness, and, in a very beautiful phrase, he speaks of nothing as "that which the sleeping rocks do dream of." The supreme law of existence is love:

> We are to conceive of the divine excellence as infinite general love, that which reaches all, proportionately with perfect purity and sweetness; yea, it includes the true love of all creatures, for that is His spirit, or, which is the same thing, His love. And if we take notice when we are in the best frames meditating on the divine excellence, our ideal of that tranquillity and peace which seems to be overspread and cast abroad upon the whole earth and universe naturally dissolves itself into the idea of a general love and delight everywhere diffused.

Meditating on the divine excellence! How that phrase rings with Platonism! For it is quite familiar to all students of Jonathan Edwards, and the observation is impressively made by Allen, that Edwards, in his first years as a student, was a Platonist.

To this early position on the principle of sympathy, he returned as a man of fifty in his essay on the "Nature of Virtue." True virtue, he declares, is love for being in general. The foundation of our existence is the infinite sympathy of God for man, the foundation of all virtue is the illimitable love of man for God.

So in his last work and in his first, when he was removed from a stormy parish and a parochial controversy, when he lived in quietude in New Haven and Stockbridge, he made central and positive in his thought, "the divine excellence," "the love for being in general," the principle of sympathy.

WARREN S. ARCHIBALD.

Pittsfield, Mass., November 24.

DICKENS IN FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR. French interest in Dickens is at present manifesting itself in two unexpected ways at Paris. "Pickwick" has been a daily attraction for some weeks at a moving-picture show, while an adaptation of "David Copperfield," by Max Maurey, which has just been put on at the Odéon, appears to be the most promising of the newest productions of the legitimate theatre. The former is, of course, only one item of an evening's programme, but the latter deserves consideration as a serious effort to adapt the novelist to the French stage. It is viewed in this light by the press of Paris, which, with surprising unanimity, accepts the new play as a faithful rendering of the matter and manner of Dickens, and prophesies for it a long and successful career.

There can be no doubt that the play makes a very direct and simple appeal to the audiences which have filled the Odéon Theatre since its first presentation. Most of those present must be entirely unacquainted with Dickens. Their approbation was, therefore, called forth by the humor and pathos of the play itself, and not by any recollection of the novel.

One naturally asks how adequately such a production represents in its new form and language the mind of the master who made it, and how faithfully it follows the work from which it professes to be taken. It is difficult for one not a Frenchman to know how things English look to French eyes, and still more difficult to know how far the spiritual vision of the one race corresponds to that of the other. One thing is certain, however: the new version is not caricature.

In considering how faithfully the adaptation follows the original, it must be remembered that a dramatization of the whole of the novel in one play of reasonable length is an impossibility. Maurey decided to deal only with David's neglected boyhood. In doing so, he borrowed, however, incidents from later chapters of the novel, made an excursion into "Oliver Twist" for the fourth act, and inserted some details which, though possibly Dickensesque, are certainly not from Dickens. David gives a certain unity to the whole which justifies

the title, but Micawber, in a desultory way quite in keeping with his desultory character, is actually the more prominent figure.

The acting was, of course, excellent, but was the Micawber of the Odéon the Micawber of Dickens? The Paris newspapers found him true to life. Having seen the same actor very recently in two rôles of Molière, I must confess to some doubts, but perhaps there is, after all, some resemblance between Molière and Dickens which has escaped the observation of most people heretofore.

CHARLES HARRIS.

Paris, November 24.

Literature

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Dickens looms large in the holiday lists, owing, no doubt, to the approaching centenary. As elaborate an edition of any of his novels as we can recall for the general public is Dutton's "Pickwick" ($7.50 net), in two volumes of nearly full quarto size, in natural linen and gold, and with 123 illustrations by Cecil Aldin, of which twenty-four are colored plates. The page is handsome. Mr. Aldin's pictures, if placed side by side with the traditional illustrations for Dickens, are modern and realistic. They follow the original tradition in the detailed presentments of the powerful characters, but do not strive after the grotesque. His interiors are charmingly done. Less ambitious efforts are the "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," and "Martin Chuzzlewit," in single volumes of plain red buckram, with the colored illustrations by "Phiz" and Cruikshank, published by the Oxford University Press in conjunction with Chapman & Hall. The type is clear, the paper light. From Doran come four thin, richly illustrated volumes of Christmas stories by Dickens and Irving. The titles of the American author are "An Old-Fashioned Christmas Eve" and "An Old-Fashioned Christmas Day," and the illustrator is Cecil Aldin. The Dickens narratives are "A Christmas Tree" and "The Holly-Tree Inn." The illustrating is done by H. M. Brock (50 cents each). "A Tale of Two Cities" appears in The Burlington Library (Little, Brown, $1.25 net), as does "Cranford." Each of them contains twenty-four colored illustrations, those of the former being done by Sep. E. Scott, and of "Cranford," by Evelyn Paul. The volumes are of suitable size and weight for holding in the hand.

There are further two editions of the perennial "Christmas Carol," one by Crowell ($1.50 net), and the other by Doran ($2 net). The Crowell edition is more soberly bound than its companion, and its illustrations are in color from special drawings by Ethel F. Everett. A. C. Michael illustrates Doran's volume. Of a different sort is the Memorial Edition of Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" (Baker & Taylor, $7 net). The two large volumes do not amplify the text, their size being due to their hundreds of portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations. The whole has been collected, arranged, and annotated by B. W. Matz. The portraits form an impressive gallery, embracing most of the prominent persons of the Victorian era in both England and America. Many of the pictures are published for the first time.

Further issues in the Burlington Series of classical reprints (Little, Brown, $1.25 net each) are "The Imitation of Christ," in which the pictures are reproduced from paintings by the old masters, and "The Essays of Elia," admirably illustrated by Sybil Tawse. The plan of these volumes makes them eminently suitable for holiday purposes. Each volume has twenty-four illustrations in color.

No more charming holiday book has been published this season than "The Romaunt of the Rose" (Holt, $5 net) in Chaucer's English version. The text is handsomely printed in double columns, with a sufficient Glossary at the end. But the pictures are the thing. These consist in reproductions of twenty water-color drawings by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson of Four Oaks, which by their blithe decorative beauty and symbolic seduction really bring the observer into the proper mood to meet the author half-way:

> Nowe this dreme wol I ryme a-right
> To make your hertes gaye and lyght,
> For Love it prayeth and also
> Commandeth me that it be so.

The colors have come through the process of reproduction remarkably clean and clear.

George Edward Collins's colored drawings for White's "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" (Macmillan, $4 net) are both ornamental and useful. Only a few of them portray the birds whose habits the author observed so lovingly, but they reproduce the village and country of Selborne, and so add much to the vividness of the scenes in which the quiet drama of nature took place. The book is one of the best products of the retired country parsonages of England, and is not likely to be replaced by any of the noisy or romantic swarm of nature books now falling from the press.

Those looking for a gift-book of religious tone will find what they desire in "Happiness" (Revell, $1.50 net), the latest volume of Dr. Hugh Black's Friendship Series. It is printed with decorative borders. A dedication to Sir William Robertson Nicoll tells how the writing of the series was begun.

Two editions of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" attest the continued popularity of that great and real story of the sea. One is brought out by Macmillan ($2 net), with a brief Introduction by Wilfred T. Grenfell and full-page color illustrations by Charles Pears. The other (Houghton, $1.50 net) shows the excellent work of the Riverside Press, and is happily illustrated in color from drawings by E. Boyd Smith. There are, besides, maps showing the course from Boston round Cape Horn to California, and a key to the rigging of a ship which will help to make plain sailing for the unnautical reader. R. H. Dana, 3d, son of the author, contributes an Introduction and a concluding chapter, called Seventy-six Years After, which give a good deal of information about the book and about the later history of the men concerned in it. A sentence or two from the Introduction will show the spirit in which the editor writes:

> In the winter of 1879-80 I sailed round Cape Horn in a full-rigged ship from New York to California. At the latter place I visited the scenes of "Two Years Before the Mast." At the old town of San Diego I met Jack Stewart, my father's old shipmate; and as we were looking at the dreary landscape and the forlorn adobe houses, and talking of California of the thirties, he burst out into an encomium of the accuracy and fidelity to details of my father's book. He said: "I have read it again and again. It all comes back to me, everything just as it happened. The seamanship is perfect."

Lovers of "Lorna Doone" will be glad to see the Author's Edition of the romance in two small volumes with limp leather covers and a number of illustrations in photogravure from photographs of the Exmoor country (Putnam, $3). The book contains a facsimile of Blackmore's "Preface to Putnam's Exmoor Edition," dated June, 1890.

Some years ago those who have the scent for what is rare and fine were charmed by a little book called "The Roadmender," signed by the pseudonym of Michael Fairless. The story, with its religious musings and poignant symbolism, has not been forgotten, and is perhaps best read in the neat, unadorned form in which it first appeared. For those who prefer it in less modest style, it is now issued by Dutton ($2.50 net) with a number of attractive color illustrations by E. W. Waite.

Among the most attractive of McClurg's series with colored illustrations pasted on full-page dark-paper inserts is John Galt's "Annals of the Parish" ($1.75 net). Those who are not familiar with that volume of eminently dry and Scotch humor may be directed to this edition.

Though in no sense designed as a holiday book, the Oxford edition of Southey's "Life of Nelson" (Frowde) is neatly printed, and is supplied with maps, plans, and other illustrations. Lippincott's have another edition of "Nelson," in larger form, with Introduction by John Masefield and designs by Frank Brangwyn. ($2.50.)

Three editions of Tennyson's "Princess" appear in holiday dress. Two are issued by the Putnams, both in bindings of navy-blue cloth with gilt lettering and simple designs. The smaller ($1.50 net) is in some respect the more attractive, having rough unruled pages and head and tail pieces of neat device to mark the divisions of the poem. The illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn, which are uniformly in a dark brown tone, seem particularly happy. The larger Putnam edition ($2.50 net) has pages ruled with green and some half-dozen highly colored illustrations by Everard Hopkins, two of which at least are garish; but the numerous other illustrations in black and white, by the same artist, have a pleasant quaintness and fancy. Much more pretentious is Bobbs-Merrill's "Princess" in folio ($3 net), for which they have called in the aid of Howard Chandler Christy. He has furnished frequent marginal drawings, some of them slightly colored, in addition to several full-page illustrations, very much colored. Some of the latter are undeniably pretty and some are gorgeous, yet in every instance the princess has the tilt always ascribed by Mr. Christy to the American chin. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" is also brought out as a handsome gift-book (Doran). Devices of golden crowns and interlinked hearts decorate the dark-blue cover of this thick quarto; the pages of cream color have wide margins with occasional fancy initials. But the chief thought seems to have been given to the elaborate illustrations. Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale,

who is responsible for them, has striven to reproduce the bright blues and reds and gold of mediæval art. The purples and violets with which she is lavish are very evidently meant to cast a proper poetic spell on the scenes; at times the drawing is a little stiff. ($5 net.) Another volume of Tennyson, published by Putnam ($1.50), gives "In Memoriam," with illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn.

Sheridan's "School for Scandal" is again made the object of a publisher's particular care, being issued this time in quarto, with a cover of rose and old gold. The illustrations, many of which are delicately colored inserts, in the manner of the best prints of the eighteenth century, seize upon the most picturesque situations in the play. The original costumes, so far as they are known, have been copied (Doran, $5 net).

Broadway, which has always evoked interest and admiration from foreigners and which Americans are learning to view with something of the artist's detachment, has been well caught in typical bits in a volume taking its title from the street. The text is furnished by J. B. Kerfoot, literary critic of *Life*, and while at times sentimental, bears witness to the author's feeling that below and beyond the appearance of this great highway lies a secret of civilization worth searching for. Forty-three drawings by Lester T. Hornby emanate from the same mood. Care in selection, as much as anything, has made many of them little gems. (Houghton Mifflin, $2 net; also a large paper edition, limited to 450 numbered copies, 400 for sale; bound in board with paper label and uncut edges, $10 net.) "There used to be an old Frenchman," Mr. Kerfoot tells us, "who kept an unacknowledged restaurant in a lost corner of that part of Westchester County that is now the Borough of the Bronx; and a good many years ago two young men" (who one of them was is it hard to guess?) sought him out. With some reluctance he consented to serve them. "And now, Messieurs, what will you have to drink?" They had not thought to drink at all, but, discreetly as they supposed, ordered some claret, which the old man greatly commended, and "that cost (he somehow made the statement do duty at once as an apology and a diagnosis) six dollars the quart."

"Ah! what a wine that was!"

L'addition duly followed. It read:

Two lunches at $1.00	$2 00
One bottle claret	75
Total	$2.75

Years have passed and "I think of that old Frenchman . . . and know that Broadway is not a robber of the guileless and a passer-off of spurious wares upon the unwary. It is smilingly giving to its children glimpses of their hearts' desires. Only it is wiser in its generation than the old Frenchman. It does not give its trick away. It charges them for what they think they want."

A book of unusual charm is "The Lure of the Garden," by Hildegarde Hawthorne, illustrated in full color by Maxfield Parrish, Jules Guérin, Sigismond de Ivanowski, Anna Whelan Betts, and others. The frontispiece is a lovely painting, made by Hobart Nichols, of rhododendrons on Professor Sargent's place in Brookline, Mass. The text brings together in pleasant narrative and description much of what gardens have meant to our ancestors in this country and Europe, both in actual life and in literature. Austin Dobson's "Garden Song" is the first of a series of poems on gardens and flowers which are fittingly included. In the cover design the publishers have shown admirable restraint. (Century, $4.50 net.)

Helen Archibald Clarke, who has tried to construct Browning's Italy and his England, Longfellow's country and Hawthorne's country, now turns to "The Poets' New England." It is largely an out-of-doors book describing as much as possible through passages chosen from our poets the bits of country and city which have made strong appeal. Numerous reproductions of photographs, some of them remarkable views, illuminate the text. On the cover is a highly-colored, idealized scene of river and farmstead. (Baker & Taylor, $2.50.)

Thomas B. Mosher's holiday books carry the familiar combination of a creamy paper, pretty initials, occasionally eccentric cover designs, and, above all, a fashionable slenderness. Hence Maurice Hewlett's "Earthwork Out of Tuscany," with its 250 pages, is something of a departure. In Mr. Mosher's traditional manner are Hewlett's "A Masque of Dead Florentines"; Oscar Wilde's "Sphinx"; "Poems," by Francis Thompson; "Sonnets and Songs," by the late Arthur Upson; "Chrysanthema," by William M. Hardinge; Emerson's "Threnody and Other Lyrics"; Whittier's "Snow-Bound," and Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill."

The twenty-seven plates in Edward Penfield's "Spanish Sketches" flame with agreeable color; that is the first impression. When one looks beneath the color he finds vivid characterization, with that touch in it of the Velasquez ruggedness that we have come to look for in Spanish physiognomy and Spanish landscape. (Scribner, $2.50 net.)

G. K. Chesterton's "Five Types" has been put into dainty form—square page, rough edges, and soft cover—by Henry Holt & Co. ($1.)

"The Sensitive Plant" of Shelley receives elaborate decoration at the hands of Charles Robinson in an edition brought out by Lippincott. On the cover of olive green is the plant itself, resplendent in gold. No more than a stanza is printed on a single page, and often the text appears only on alternate pages. This leaves ample room for the colored illustrations, several of which are truly beautiful, even though they are as vague as the symbolism of the poem. For sheer color-scheme the one which faces the stanza "A Lady . . . Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean," is excellent ($4.50 net).

"Stories from Hans Andersen," with illustrations by Edmund Dulac, is one of Doran's most sumptuous productions. The large type adapts it for youthful readers, but the illustrations will attract their elders as strongly. Indeed, there is in many of the pictures a representation of the more terrifying inhabitants or aspects of fairyland that only the more mature mind can look at with equanimity. The volume is thus as useful for arousing memories as for creating first impressions. The plates are large, and elaborately drawn and colored, and many of them, as is the way with good illustrations, almost tell the story themselves. ($5 net.)

"The Ingoldsby Legends" (Macmillan, $2 net), is well made and clearly printed, and, despite its more than 500 pages, does not burden the reader who likes to carry his volume in his hand. The illustrations, by H. G. Theaker, are, for the most part, less rollicking than one expects, as if the figures in them were a little stage-struck. This is not true, however, of the plate depicting the excited call of the Baron for his boots in "Gray Dolphin," or of the one exhibiting the thumps and the bumps caused and shared by Blogg and his dog in "Mr. Peters's Story." In other respects, the pictures are as satisfying as the rest of the book.

Giambattista Basile's book of folk-tales is issued by Macmillan in John Edward Taylor's translation as "Stories from the Pentamerone." The selecting and editing are the work, well done, of E. F. Strange, and Warwick Goble has furnished illustrations of happy fairy-land quality. The colors are clearly reproduced. The book is suitable for children or adults. ($5 net.)

William N. Porter has made a collection of Japanese *hokku* poems, each a little stanza of three lines, giving as it were a fleeting glimpse into some mood of nature or some human emotion. These he has arranged under the twelve months of the year, and has printed the Japanese and his English version in parallel columns. ("A Year of Japanese Epigrams"; Frowde.) The illustrations are by Kazunori Ishibashi. We quote two of these tiny jewels:

> The nightingale's sweet trill,
> The splash of ripples on the shore,
> And all the rest is still.
>
> All things must pass, and soon
> Its nest will hide the cuckoo, and
> The clouds will hide the moon.

Coles Phillips, the illustrator, has gathered between boards a number of his pictures, some of which have appeared in periodicals, and has named the collection "A Gallery of Girls" (Century, $3 net). It makes an attractive gift book. Each of the full-page drawings is in vivid color and done in Mr. Phillips's skilful style. Charles Dana Gibson's picture book for this season, the eleventh in his series, is entitled "Other People" (Scribner, $4 net).

"Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods" (Doubleday, Page, $5 net) is conspicuous among *éditions de luxe* because of its imaginative and beautifully executed colored pictures. There are thirty of them (all full-page), by one of England's best illustrators, Arthur Rackham. While different from the stage pictures, they are nevertheless in harmony with the spirit of Wagner's poems. The translating of the book into English has been done by Margaret Armour in a way which makes reading it a pleasure. Many lovers of Wagner regard "Siegfried" as the best of his dramatic poems.

THE MAKER OF ITALY.

The Life and Times of Cavour. By William Roscoe Thayer. With illustrations and maps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50 net.

This is the most important work upon the making of modern Italy which has been published in English, and the most complete critical study of Cavour which has appeared in any language. Italian Risorgimento history, 1815-1870, divides itself into two periods which overlap each other. The first, of which Mazzini was the prophet and Garibaldi the hero, is an uninterrupted story of con-

spiracy and unsuccessful revolt against despotic government and foreign oppression; and this has hitherto proved the most attractive to the historian. The second period is that of social and economic reforms, of education in parliamentary government, and of keen participation in the struggles of European diplomacy and in the wars of the great Powers, the period in which the solid foundations of the Kingdom of Italy were laboriously laid and in which the education of Italians in the duties of citizenship in a free country was begun. This work of national regeneration was initiated by Piedmont and was extended through her, not by conquest but by consent, to all the other parts of Italy; and its success was due in an extraordinary degree to the genius and labors of one man, Count Camillo Benso di Cavour. Italy owes more to him than America owes to Washington or Germany to Bismarck, and his biography, which Mr. Thayer has now given with a master's hand, of necessity embraces the complete history of the early years of this constructive period. The student who would understand the Italian nation of to-day and appreciate the moral and economic forces through which, with steadily increasing vigor, it contributes to the world's progress—and Italy's power for good is far from being justly recognized in America—must first decipher the history of these vital years of her formation.

Twenty years ago Mr. Thayer published two volumes on the earlier period of Italian history, 1815-1849, under the title, "The Dawn of Italian Independence," and since then he has been continuously engaged in the preparation of the present work upon the years 1850-1861. There are no traces of haste in the work; on the contrary, it is not too much to say that it is characterized throughout by a maturity of judgment which among writers on the Risorgimento in English is to be found only in the works of Contessa Martinengo Cesaresco. No Italian since Chiala has studied Cavour's own writings in twenty-five and more volumes with equal appreciation and thoroughness. Mr. Thayer is completely saturated with Cavour's thought; Cavour's ideals are his ideals; Cavour's methods are his methods; Cavour's enemies are his enemies; and at times, in the light of published evidence to which the great statesman in his own day had no access, Mr. Thayer is more Cavourian than Cavour himself. He has vividly reproduced the Italian spirit of the time with its clash of systems, its rapidly maturing ideals of constitutional liberty and independence, its conflict of parties, and its readiness for heroic sacrifice. He has followed with particular minuteness the intricacies of European diplomacy in which Cavour was the master mind from 1858 to 1861; the Italian question was a European question, Italy was the storm centre of the period, and Mr. Thayer's analysis of the motives and vagaries of French and English as well as Italian diplomacy is so keen and thorough that his volumes must serve as a permanent source for studies not only of Italian foreign relations, but of the international relations of the great Powers from the interview at Plombières to the death of Cavour.

Cavour, born in 1810, was forty years of age before he attained a position of prominence, but the principles and methods which guided his later life were clearly developed in youth and early manhood. These chapters of the biography are based principally upon Cavour's letters and diary given in Domenico Berti's volumes, but they exhibit a psychological insight into Cavour's moral fibre of which Berti was altogether incapable. When but twenty-three years of age, Cavour defined in his correspondence, as Mr. Thayer states, the theory of right political method:

> That method which, he was destined to prove, may, in the hands of a master, be far more effective than revolution. It is the method of the highest Opportunism—not the Opportunism of Louis Philippe, bent only on keeping his throne, nor even of Bismarck, making unnatural alliances with political opponents for the sake of passing an unessential measure; but the Opportunism of a statesman whose acts all tend to the desired goal, although like the wise pilot he may lay his course to port or starboard, to catch a favoring wind or to ride out a gale. Opportunism has come to mean drifting, without chart or compass; Cavour meant by it that, having dedicated his life to certain principles, he would seize every means, use every tool, gain now an inch and now an ell, in endeavoring to make those principles prevail. To justify this method we must appraise the ideals by the goal arrived at; they may lead to mere Jesuitry, or, as employed by a Lincoln or a Cavour, to the crowning achievements of statesmanship.

From the summer of 1835 down to 1848, Cavour was chiefly occupied with the management of family estates at Leri, Grinzane, and Santena. His methods in agriculture and in his private commercial undertakings marked him for leadership in whatever sphere he might move. His bent, even in these earlier years was for public life, but fortune thwarted him:

> Denied the career of his preference he accepted the next best, accepted it manfully, without sullenness or whimpering, and threw himself into it with his whole energy. And his reward was not merely to amass wealth; it was to gain from practical experience knowledge of the conditions of his own land—most necessary knowledge, which must precede any wise leadership in the impending revolution; for this was to be, as he foresaw, in its essence a social revolution.

In this last sentence, Mr. Thayer has touched the key-note of Italian Risorgimento history. Conspiracy, political revolution, and the red-shirt played a vital part in the liberation of the peninsula from despotic government, and constantly urged the Italian people forward towards unity; but great constructive statesmanship, capable of forcing on the most far-reaching social and economical reforms, was indispensable, if a stable nation was to be created out of chaos.

Cavour entered the Piedmontese Parliament in 1848, and two years later, he became Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. From that time for eleven years, he was the commanding figure in Piedmont and in Italy, and during the last years of this period he triumphed in the international arena as the master diplomat of Europe. He is well characterized in this biography as "the most practical finance minister of modern times," and his herculean labors in carrying through progressive legislation, and in educating the Subalpine Parliament in the efficient use of its functions are accurately and strikingly portrayed. One of the most vital reforms was in the relations between Church and State. In the tremendous combat over ecclesiastical privilege and encroachment which ensued between the liberal forces in Parliament and reactionaries backed by the uncompromising power of the Papacy, which did not hesitate to use spiritual, as well as temporal weapons in the struggle to preserve its temporal "rights"—here, particularly, the courage, firmness, and wise moderation of Cavour determined the issue and brought victory to the cause of liberty and progress. In the account of this struggle in its various phases, Mr. Thayer, with a Lutheran fervor and pungency of phrase, allows no quarter to the Papacy. The extreme anti-Clericals—priest-eaters, as they are termed in Italy—will find much to delight them in these chapters, but other readers will perhaps wish that Mr. Thayer had taken a calmer tone. In view of the violence of his attacks against the hierarchy, he must be credited with much tact in his preface when acknowledging his indebtedness in the preparation of his work to a number of distinguished gentlemen whose names he gives, and to "certain clericals and eminent Jesuits." Had he divulged the names of these latter, he might have waked some morning to read in the official *Osservatore Romano* that their reverend heads had been smitten with the Vatican's major excommunication.

Cavour's first great move in the sphere of international politics was made in 1855, when he managed to effect a treaty of alliance for little Piedmont with France and England and sent about 18,000 Piedmontese troops to fight by the side of the French and English in the Crimea. It was an audacious step, requiring great sacrifices of men and treasure and offering but a vague hope of reward:

> But posterity looks back to it as one of

the most brilliant strokes of statecraft in the nineteenth century. . . . It opened the door of possibility, and that opening warranted the cost and the risk. Cavour knew that, however the Crimean war ended, it must break up the system which had crushed Liberalism since 1815. Then reorganization would follow, and it would be fatal for Piedmont, both on her own behalf and as the champion of the oppressed peninsula, not to take part in the new ordering. Convinced that progress depended upon the extension of liberty, and that liberty's hope dwelt in England and in France, Cavour believed that Piedmont must be identified with the Western Powers, for they could not decently ignore the precedent of such a partnership.

Mr. Thayer's account of the Congress of Paris is one of the strongest chapters of his work. As he points out, the confidence which Cavour won in Italy as champion of the Italian cause of liberty and nationality "would of itself have warranted the Crimean venture." Furthermore, the sympathy of Napoleon III, which was shortly to prove the determining factor in Italy's future, also resulted from it. Cavour's biographer evinces little admiration for the French Emperor:

> This bastard Napoleon, who so imposed on his contemporaries by his sphinxlike reserve. . . . He had a keen eye for the main chance, he could sanction the most brutal crimes (witness the massacres of the *coup d'état*), and then, with amazing inconsistency, he would risk immoderately for what seemed to the world the caprice of a visionary. The truth is that he was a doctrinaire of the less common sort, being intermittently importuned by his principles, as periodic drunkards are by their craving for drink.

At the interview of Plombières, in 1858, Cavour persuaded Napoleon III to join Piedmont when occasion should present itself to oust Austria from the Italian peninsula. Cavour's struggle during the first months of 1869, to provoke Austria into declaring war, is one of the most thrilling pages of diplomatic history, and full justice is done it in these volumes. An account of the Franco-Italian campaign against Austria in the plains of Lombardy follows, and then Mr. Thayer enters the diplomatic labyrinth which extends over the period of the annexation of Central Italy, the expedition of the Thousand, the invasion of the Papal Marches, and the conquest and annexation of Southern Italy. He is at his best, as Cavour was at his best, in the intricacies of diplomatic conflict. He never forgets that Italy is but a part of Europe and that the solution of the Italian question in its different phases depended in great part on the shifting and readjustment of European influences. He keeps in mind at every step the changing interests and sympathies of the great Powers, giving the best account that has been written of Cavour's three years of victorious struggle with the chancelleries of Europe. Garibaldi and the Party of Action were never able to understand the Europeau situation; they believed that twenty-five millions of Italians, differing though they did in the various states in temperament, civic education, and traditions, shackled though they were by Austria in the north, by the Papacy in the centre, and by the Bourbon dynasty allied to Russia in the south, could nevertheless defy the Governments and armies of Europe. Garibaldi and Mazzini created as many difficulties for Cavour as did the foreign diplomats, but the great statesman, now encouraging and utilizing, now checking the revolutionary forces, managed always skilfully to turn their energy and enthusiasm to the benefit of the national cause. Mr. Thayer judges Mázzini and Garibaldi in their relations with Cavour severely, but in the main justly. Garibaldi always acted as if he were above the law—no Garibaldi has ever been known to pay taxes in Italy—and since his death his noble and heroic figure has generally remained above the laws of historical criticism. His name has become symbolical of Italian glory and patriotism, and no biographer of Garibaldi has succeeded in resisting the fascination of his character and in describing with impartiality his human frailties and errors. But Mr. Thayer in the present work, with frankness and sincerity, has subjected him to the common canons of criticism, and in so doing has performed a notable service to Italian historical studies.

The last paragraph of the writer's conclusion is a strong but not exaggerated statement of Cavour's claims to immortality:

> It is because Cavour, by the rare blending of reason and disciplined emotion, guided to victory the most marvellous and difficult struggle for freedom recorded in modern times, that his name will be cherished by generations yet unborn and by races yet uncivilized. Whoever fights for liberty anywhere, fights for the uplifting of mankind everywhere. . . . Among the champions of liberty, since the beginning, none had a nobler vision of her beauty, none confided in her more loyally, none served her more wisely than Camillo di Cavour.

CURRENT FICTION.

Adrian Savage. By Lucas Malet. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The high praises of Latin love and of the "diverting and captivating" people who are "born on the humane, the amiable, the artistic side of the channel" are herein set forth in contradistinction to a "revelation . . . of the blighting effects of a sea-frontier and a Puritan descent." Truly a sombre background they are made to provide—"those uncomfortable middle-class Anglo-Saxons"—that the sprightly artificiality of the dear French people may be thrown into advantageous relief.

Adrian, in his polished perfection, is the direct descendant of the *beau idéal* of nineteenth-century French romance. To be sure, an English father has been postulated for him, but he owes to his paternity little save (possibly) a strain of pugnacious loyalty—judicious ballast for an otherwise volatile nature—and (certainly) the cousinly obligations that draw him, all unwilling, oversea into Stourmouth society and the ill-fated *affaires* Smyrthwaite. His steadfast devotions are directed to the centre of all adoration, *la belle* Gabrielle, an exquisite young French widow in whom a madonna-like preoccupation with her deliciously polite little Bette unites with a modish affectation of independence to baffle the masculine mind. Adrian, finding her no less alluring than difficult of approach, is perpetually arrested in graceful attitudes of disconcertion—now "bounding on to his feet, his expression eloquent of the liveliest repudiation aud reproach," now "drumming with his closed fist upon the region of his heart." He, constantly adoring, is himself adored, though turning a decently oblivious shoulder, by the ecstatic figure of Joanna Smyrthwaite. Alas, poor deluded Joanna, with her conscience, her diary, and her Mrs. Browning quotations!

Upon *la belle* Gabrielle's other hand stands a grotesque little embodiment of French excess in René Dax, the "Tadpole," both vicious and childlike in his deformity as in his genius—cartoonist, poet, madman. Between him and the lady to whom he makes adroit overtures through her little daughter, intervenes the alert, bedizened person of the French "spinster with a past," Anastasia Beauchamp, the indomitably young, whose single state is solaced by "memories" and enlivened by a thousand confidential and sympathetic offices. In her wake follow two humble transatlantic guests at this erotic symposium, the "slightly unfinished," literary Bywater, and the "black and white artist," Lenty B. Stacpoole, both a bit dazzled and walking delicately lest they ignorantly offend against some sacred old-world convention. On the opposite side of the picture, behind Joanna, as it were, loom the bulky outlines of two lusty English lovers, Joanna's buxom sister, and her rapacious Challoner, while the lurking apparition of a third Smyrthwaite — "brother Bibby" — illustrates how the prodigal fares on either side the Channel, here succored against his will by the cynically humane René Dax, there violently murdered by his prospective brother-in-law.

The carefully pointed contrast is quaintly furthered by an imitative English rendering of polite French conversation. "'Stay, madam!' he cried, joining his hands as in supplication. 'Stay, I implore you, and permit me a few min-

utes' conversation. By this you will confer the greatest benefit upon me; for so, and so only, can misunderstandings and misconstructions be avoided'"—thus Adrian precludes his declaration. Mrs. Harrison has always an uncommonly amused eye for the antics of the amorous male. A Thackeray-like note of affectionate raillery robs the praises of the polite hero of overt absurdity, although the composition as a whole is something of an anachronism, treating twentieth-century life in the manner of an earlier school, and expresses in full the peculiar talent of its author, a talent oddly compounded of a smouldering imaginative vein and an urbane humor.

Her Roman Lover. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

That the author is a disciple of Henry James is evident; and the influence of Mr. Howells shows occasionally. But devotion to good masters is not so necessary as a knowledge of human nature for the making of a satisfactory novel. The plot of the story, which is well handled, is not very different in its central idea from that of "The American." The scene is modern Rome. A young Italian of good family is in love with an American girl of New England birth and ancestry. More unreal characters than these two it would be difficult to find in modern fiction. Gino Curatulo is a foolish cad; Anne Warren is absolutely flat and uninteresting. Curatulo is described as a passionately amorous person; yet when he is alone with his fiancée his wildest deed is to "kiss her fingers one by one." There is but one passion which Miss Frothingham successfully describes, and this she decidedly overdoes. She harps on the one string of jealousy until her audience is nearly deafened. Curatulo's jealous rage makes him insult Anne repeatedly, and finally causes him to jilt her. With an impetuosity for which the reader is entirely unprepared, Anne pursues him to his home. Here he replies to her importunities with repetitions of his former insults, and saying, "You shall have something to remember, maiden that I have called Puritan!" kisses her "madly, on her eyelids, her lips, her throat." After a struggle she escapes to the street, to find her father and a long-suffering American lover awaiting her. A virulent attack on the clergy of the Roman Church comes as an unexpected blemish. Alice Barber Stephens's delicate and graceful illustrations of this novel are worthy of especial commendation.

The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Amazing is the word, to which might be added exultantly humorous. The volume contains three tales. The first and longest relates the adventures of Letitia and her two spinster friends in the wards of a hospital, where the heroine succeeds in unearthing as stupendous a mystery of crime and mischance as often encumbers a detective story. The adventure, to tell the truth, is a bit too complicated and the humor a little overlaid. The two shorter tales, which carry the three maiden ladies into regions of bewildering romance and audacity, are as provocative of laughter as anything we have read for many a day. The last adventure, particularly, is a little gem of extravagant drollery.

Cap'n Warren's Wards. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Of the first novel published by a character in this story it is said "there was something in its humanity, its simplicity, its clearly marked characters, which made a hit." These same features, already familiar in Mr. Lincoln's work, mark this, his latest story. And although it is with regret and misgiving that the reader sees the old Cape Cod captain depart for New York and stay there through the story, yet most of his surroundings bear definitely on the very definite business he has in hand, and he is not the mere rustic in town which has been darkly expected. Receiving word while on his native cranberry bog that he has been appointed guardian to the two children of a long-estranged brother, lately deceased in New York, he is naturally greatly mystified. To investigate the matter he goes to New York and there finds a financial tangle, and a haughty niece and nephew, surrounded by such self-seeking friends as plenteously abound in the cities of fiction. But Cap'n Elisha, aided by honest lawyers and cheered by descendants of mariners from Maine, is more than equal to the emergencies that confront him. His genial heart and his shrewd head are a combination against which guile and worldliness and greed fight in vain. A Thanksgiving dinner on Cape Cod ends the story—without ending the diners, let us humbly hope. It is the captain's deep-water flavor and salty sayings and amphibious shrewdness that give the book its quality.

The Jugglers. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York. The Macmillan Co.

This little story of a company of French players in the time of the Franco-Prussian war tinkles gayly along from Picardy to Paris. In the Paris of the siege and the Commune black shadow falls, sparing, however, brave Diane and the man she loves, but leaving the pang that attaches to beholding heroic sacrifice made by the unheroic.

Miss Seawell has imparted a French crispness alike to comedy and tragedy in this tale. Her compression is the more masterly, inasmuch as the characters are by no means drawn from standard types. They might have been analyzed and accounted for, which would have spoiled them. From aristocrat juggler to bourgeois priest, they range—from sturdily honest music hall singer to the rascal in whom a share of conventionality is forgivable.

TWO BOOKS ON NAPOLEON.

Blücher and the Uprising of Prussia Against Napoleon, 1806-1815. (Heroes of the Nations.) By Ernest F. Henderson, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

With Napoleon at Waterloo and Other Unpublished Documents of the Waterloo and Peninsular Campaigns. Edited by MacKenzie MacBride. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

It is nearly a century since Waterloo was fought and won, but the war of the military critic and the historian still goes on. Mr. Henderson seeks, as he says in his preface, "to establish Blücher in his rightful position as the peer of Wellington in all that concerns the overthrow of Napoleon. . . . Without his brave endurance at Ligny, in spite of the non-arrival of the promised reinforcements, Wellington would have been overwhelmed at Quatre Bras and there would have been no Waterloo." On the other hand, E. B. Low, in one of the papers edited by Mr. MacBride, takes as his text Emperor William's address to the recruits in Hanover informing them that their ancestors had, with the assistance of Blücher and the Prussian army, "saved the British under Wellington from destruction." Mr. Low then points out that the Hanoverian troops under Col. Hake fled in a panic from the position on the field of Waterloo to which they had been ordered by Wellington; and that for this their colonel was promptly and properly cashiered by court-martial and the men were distributed among the other cavalry regiments. He also declares that had Wellington not made a stand where he did in front of Waterloo, but retired further toward Brussels, "as he was entitled to do on discovering that the Prussians had failed to fulfil their engagement by joining him at the first attack, the whole army of Blücher must have been destroyed" and suffered "a fate compared with which the débâcle of Sedan would have faded into insignificance" (p. 201). The truth lies, as usual, between these two extreme views. Neither of the volumes can be regarded as a big gun in the controversy. Neither makes any great contribution of important new material, and neither is provided with the careful and convincing citation of authorities which is absolutely essential for any satisfactory determination of the thousand and one disputed questions

in regard to the details of Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo.

Mr. Henderson's lack of documentation is due to the plan and limitations of the series in which his hero appears, and cannot, therefore, be made a reproach to him. His pages show, however, by his carefully guarded statements, that he has conscientiously consulted the best authorities. He does not pretend to any original criticism or technical military knowledge. He has depended chiefly on certain good German biographies of Blücher. In the vexed questions of the Waterloo campaign, he has adopted generally the Prussian views of von Lettow-Vorbeck ("Napoleons Untergang," 1904). He mentions also his indebtedness to the writings of other high officers in the Austrian or Prussian armies, in comparison with which "purely literary works like those of Houssaye, for instance, who is an academician and not a military man, seem very puny." This is dismissing the brilliant Frenchman a bit too cavalierly. Mr. Henderson passes rather lightly over Blücher's defeat at Ligny, and, in trying to excuse his hero by blaming Wellington for giving Blücher hopes of assistance which were not realized, we think he has been unduly severe on the English general. But aside from such occasional partiality toward his hero at the expense of the reputation of others, he has written a good biography. It is clear, simple, and very readable. It is adequately provided with sketch maps for the military events, and is well illustrated by an unusual number of rather rare pictures. The first quarter of the book gives a spirited survey of the first seventy-one years of Blücher's life as soldier, farmer, and gambler. The remaining three-quarters deals with the three momentous years from the Prussian rising in 1813 to the triumphal entry into Paris in 1815. Such an allotment of space to the last part of his life may seem ill-proportioned. It is, nevertheless, correct. Blücher's importance in history, and his right to stand among its heroes, rests on his energetic leadership of the Prussian troops during these three years, when he had already passed his allotted three-score years and ten.

Mr. MacBride's volume is a collection of miscellanies. Their general purport is the glorious military career of certain Scots in particular and of the Scots Greys in general. There are interesting extracts from hitherto unpublished journals by two Gordon Highlanders, Nicol and Robertson. They were valiant soldiers whose simple journals cover a campaign with Abercrombie and Moore in Egypt, the terrible retreat through Spain and the disembarkation at Corunna, and the famous charge at Waterloo which broke up D'Erlon's closely packed battalions. Nicol's journal also covers his adventures as a prisoner in Spain and France from 1809 to 1811. The editor has added translations of the diaries of Jardin Ainé, Napoleon's equerry at Waterloo, and of another alleged eye-witness spoken of as one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp; the latter is hostile to Napoleon and is, we believe, of very dubious authenticity. The most picturesque chapter is the naïve account of Waterloo by the last survivor of the Scots Greys who took part in the battle, Sergeant-Major Dickson, exactly as he related it in 1855, after several glasses of toddy, in the coffee-room of a Fifeshire inn. His description is singularly fresh and vivid, as if it had all happened only the day before. It is printed by the editor with the same solemn seriousness with which it was doubtless related by Dickson in 1855. But if it were subjected to a rigid analysis, according to the canons of historical criticism and with our present knowledge of the battle, many of the gallant major's best points, we suspect, would have to be rejected as the unconscious exaggeration of a good narrator, or as the incorporation of things not actually seen by himself during the battle, but only heard of from others afterwards. Nothing grows in repetition and retrospect so much as an old soldier's story of the great fight of his youth. Mr. MacBride has also included two papers by the late E. Bruce Low; one describes in detail the heroic defence of Hougoumont by the Coldstream Guards, under Sir James MacDonell; the other, from which a quotation has been made above, defends Wellington and his troops against the excessive claims of the Prussians to the honor of the victory at "Belle Alliance," as the Germans insist on calling the battle of Waterloo.

The Rise of the Novel of Manners. By Charlotte E. Morgan. The Columbia University Press. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

It is possible to question the value of a thoroughgoing "scientific" examination of the evolution of the novel, but, the value once admitted, the humblest forms of fiction, if they have ever had real vitality, become significant. From this point of view, Miss Morgan makes a mistake in declaring that "the popular fiction, generally speaking, had no literary merit; and, as it had no other aim than immediate success, it rarely possessed more than ephemeral interest, so that on the whole it may be regarded as a *negligible* factor." If it had "ephemeral interest," if it achieved "immediate success," it is not "negligible." Miss Morgan's contempt for chap books, contemporary stories of crime, travel, and adventure, ignoble flying pamphlets, and miscellaneous journalistic riffraff makes her narrative weak in one of its most important links.

In quite another connection we are similarly offended by the use of the word "negligible" where "neglected" seems to be the proper term. After noting the numerous editions of Sidney's "Arcadia" in the seventeenth century and admitting that references to it are "legion," Miss Morgan ventures to assert that "so far as our own fiction is concerned, the influence of the 'Arcadia,' although it remained a popular book for so long, due [*sic*] in part, perhaps, to the prestige of Sidney's name, is a *negligible factor*." This kind of negation is, in the first place, in the highest degree perilous. There is no possibility of proving the truth of such an assertion. On the contrary, every investigation of the matter is almost certain to produce evidence tending to refute it. When an important work like the "Arcadia" is widely read over a long period of years, there is an overwhelming presumption that it will be widely influential. Already, in fact, there is considerable proof that it was not a negligible factor; and we have no doubt that, when the problem is carefully worked out, Professor Raleigh will be sustained in his declaration that its "influence reached down to the second birth of the novel in England"—to the "Pamela" of Richardson.

Miss Morgan rightly regards her contribution as rather a preliminary survey than an exhaustive description of the area chosen. She attempts merely a "succinct account of the more important types of prose narrative between 1600 and 1740" without any profound researches into their origins or a very consecutive tracing of their evolution—an undertaking, indeed, that requires the skill of a man who can drive a dozen protean and unruly horses abreast with a dozen as unruly foals careering about his chariot wheels. We suppose that it is due to a difficulty in driving that the "Gargantua" of Rabelais (died 1553) appears (p. 44) among the comic romances "more or less closely modelled" upon the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes (born 1547), and that—a less confusing case—the works of the Duchess of Newcastle (1624?-1674) are treated in the chapter on the novel from 1700 to 1740. In her conclusion, Miss Morgan distinguishes three main divisions in the movement of fiction through her period: the division from 1600 to 1660 is characterized by romance largely adapted from foreign sources with no English originals of literary significance; the second division from 1660 to the close of the century, by the vogue of realistic stories developed from French and Spanish *novelle*; the third division, in which Defoe and Swift appear, by a more decided bent toward sentimentalism, didacticism, domesticity, and realism, due to a complex of moral, political, social, and economic causes.

Miss Morgan's work will be useful to

students of fiction not only for what it accomplishes but also for its revelation of the necessity of further researches. With this purpose in view, she has wisely devoted about one-half the volume, or nearly 130 pages, to bibliography and index. The bibliography includes: 1, Works of General Reference; 2, Works of Special Reference; 3, Sources of Bibliographical Information; 4, A list of Prose Narratives first printed in English between 1600 and 1740; 5, A list of the most important Reprints; 6, A list of Collections; 7, An alphabetical list of the More Important English Writers between 1600 and 1740. The bibliography is by no means complete, and the bibliographical references in the text are not infrequently misleading, because they are given without any warning of their incompleteness; for example, the Dictionary of National Biography and the catalogue of the British Museum list many other editions of Greene's pamphlets than those listed on page 18. The index, furthermore, though fairly extensive, omits innumerable names and titles which occur in the text. In spite of its shortcomings, the bibliographical apparatus doubtless constitutes the most valuable half of the volume, and these easily corrigible defects should receive attention if a new edition is issued.

The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon. A Hunter's Explorations for Wild Sheep in the Sub-Arctic Mountains. By Charles M. Sheldon. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

A Search for the Apex of America. High Mountain Climbing in Peru and Bolivia, including the Conquest of Huascarán, with some Observations on the Country and People Below. By Annie S. Peck, M. A. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

So far as any book professes a scientific aim, it should pass the test of fixing the reader's attention upon the subject rather than the author. This the volume of Mr. Sheldon does, but we imagine that few readers of Miss Peck's pages will be as deeply interested in the work of her mercurial and aneroid barometers, hypsometers, sphygmographs, psychrometers, and clinical thermometers (which had the habit of getting left behind or out of order at critical moments) as in the personal fortunes of the author, and especially her trials and tribulations in dealing with stupid, insubordinate, and faint-hearted assistants of the sterner sex.

Mr. Sheldon's purpose in the Yukon region was primarily a study of the color variations and habits of wild sheep, though he picked up by the way a great deal of information on other forms of animal life and on the configuration of the region. A portion of the volume covers a trip up the MacMillan River in company with the well-known hunter and naturalist, F. C. Selous, who has himself included an account of this trip in his "Recent Hunting Trips in British North America." The two men had different aims, however, and the duplication is not sufficient to injure Mr. Sheldon's narrative. One will certainly not blame him for repeating in substance the sketch which Mr. Selous gave of Mrs. Hosfall, the half-Indian wife of an English trapper who is bringing up a family of bright, healthy, and well-trained children amid direst privations.

Mr. Sheldon concludes from his studies on the field that the habits of all wild sheep on this continent north of the range of the Ovis Canadensis of the Rocky Mountains are substantially identical, the slight variations being due to local, topographic, and food conditions. The diverging type of horns seen in the first specimens of the Ovis Stonei brought from the Stikine River region does not constitute a distinctive characteristic. The diverging horns are found to a greater or less extent wherever sheep exist, and later specimens from the Stikine region furnished the more common narrow type. Mr. Sheldon is also skeptical as to the sufficiency of the basis on which some have sought to make a three-fold classification by differences in skull characters. The differences seem to him too slight, on present evidence, for separation into anything more than very weakly marked sub-species. The sheep do not seem to roam very widely, and a destructive enemy will exterminate those of a given range, rather than drive them to another. The disappearance of flocks near mining camps and lines of travel, where hunting has been common, does not, therefore, mean any material increase in numbers elsewhere. Mr. Sheldon points out at some length what he takes to be serious difficulties in the theory of protective or concealing coloration. In another volume, he expects to enter into a more detailed study of the scientific side of his subject.

As already intimated, Miss Peck's volume makes its appeal rather as a story of personal adventure than as a contribution to scientific knowledge. It would not be fair to her, however, not to mention her complaint that the scientist who accompanied her in her attempt to ascend Mt. Sorata, in 1903, never furnished her with a transcript of such observations as he made, up to the point where the project was abandoned. As the gentleman in question is no longer among the living (she does not once name him in her book and we shall be equally reticent here) it does not seem worth while to take up the question how far she succeeds in throwing the burden of the failure upon him. Readers are rather weary of the bickerings of explorers at present. Her main achievement was the ascent, in 1908, of the north peak of Mt. Huascarán, in the Peruvian Andes, which has a height of slightly less than 22,000 feet, as determined later by triangulation. Thus, she says, "my ten long years of effort had culminated in the conquest of a mountain at least 1,500 feet higher than Mt. McKinley, and 2,500 feet higher than any man residing in the United States had climbed." While Miss Peck stopped near the goal in an unsuccessful attempt to make an observation with the hypsometer, one of the Swiss guides slipped away and preceded her to the summit, a wholly inexcusable breach of professional etiquette and ordinary good manners. The narrative closes with an intimation that she has not yet lost her ambition to find the apex of the hemisphere and possibly surpass the highest record yet achieved.

The Greek Commonwealth: Politics and Economics in Fifth Century Athens. By Alfred E. Zimmern. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.90 net.

Mr. Zimmern has written one of those lucid, unpedantic, yet thoroughly learned books for which classical philology must thank French initiative and example, and which English readers associate gratefully with the name of Gilbert Murray. The number of French names in the index of modern writers is noticeable, although Eduard Meyer and Willamowitz-Möllendorff inevitably give the Germans a slight arithmetical preponderance. Francotte, Cavaignac, and Glotz are the leading authorities, and the logical coherence and formal charm of the book show where the author has been to school. The mood of the hour is to extend relations in every direction, and thus to come to a better understanding of exceptional nations, such as, for example, the Jews or the Greeks, by elucidating that which they have in common with other men, and Mr. Zimmern's book is an excellent essay in the gratification of this mood. It does not pretend to make any fresh contribution to the mass of facts, nor even to offer any great number of novel combinations. It is therefore free from *parti pris* and is the fruit not only of knowledge, but of good sense and discretion. Where one side of a disputed question is adopted in the text, material for forming an independent opinion is offered in the ample and entertaining notes. It does not follow that all scholars will be entirely satisfied with all the author's judgments, but it does follow that the general reader can come to little harm.

The study opens, as books on Greece are apt to open, with a description of the geography, the soil, and the climate of the country, and these chapters are so freshly written that they are among the best in the book. The second division,

entitled Politics, summarizes the present state of information and belief in regard to the origins of Greek institutions with their psychological corollaries, and ends with a translation of the "Funeral Oration." The reconstruction of fifth-century politics benefits by the author's determination to keep Plato and Aristotle out of it. As he judiciously remarks, "It is as unsafe to rely upon them for the facts of the fifth and preceding centuries as it would be to rely upon Carlyle and Ruskin for the facts and spirit of English life before the Great Reform bill and the Industrial Revolution."

The third and longest division deals with Economics, and contains a number of interesting essays on the peculiar civilization and culture of the Greek state, with its public splendor and private poverty in distinction from our modern situation in which every man consoles himself for the ugliness of his city by establishing his idea of beauty in his own house. Two of the most important chapters deal with slavery and should be useful in dispelling the vulgar error which views Athenian society as an economic aristocracy similar to that of our Southern States before the war. This error was, of course, exploded long ago by a German, but who except the scholars is the wiser?

Mr. Zimmern closes his book with an outline of the Peloponnesian war somewhat remarkable in that it follows Thucydides's statement of the *casus belli*, in defiance of Mr. Cornford and Mr. Grundy who have been insisting that Thucydides knew nothing about it.

The First American Civil War. First Period, 1775-1778. With chapters on the Continental or Revolutionary Army and on the Forces of the Crown. By Henry Belcher, Rector of S. Michael-in-Lewis, Sussex; Fellow of King's College, London; Chaplain to the Forces. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

It not infrequently happens that the traditional names used to designate great movements or periods of history are misleading, and it is rare that they are altogether satisfactory. Yet the substitutes which historians have sometimes ventured to offer for them are most often even more unsatisfactory. "Renaissance," for example, may not be exact, but at least it means something, and is therefore much better than "Close of the Middle Ages," which means nothing. And one may suspect that any attempt to replace "American Revolution" with some other name, such, for instance, as "War of Independence", or "American Civil War," will prove to be a failure also. It has often been pointed out that the American Revolution was not revolutionary at all, but the reverse—an attempt to conserve essential principles of English liberty. This is of course good Whig doctrine; and, judging from the title of Mr. Belcher's book, one might suppose him to be a good Whig, intent merely upon affirming for the thousandth time that American patriots joined with their brethren in England to thwart the despotic designs of George III and his Tory friends. But nothing, as it happens, could be farther from the truth. Mr. Belcher, a sound Tory himself, is grateful to George III for breaking the power of the Whig aristocracy, and has no end of clever sarcasms at the expense of men like Burke and Pitt, Hancock and Adams, whom American school books treat with so much respect. And so, while Mr. Belcher doubtless uses the term "Civil War" partly in order to emphasize the opposition between Patriots and Loyalists, one suspects that his title is after all only one of the many sprightly sentences which he delights to turn for the laudable purpose of shocking complacent American prejudice.

The American Revolution is one of those events which look large only when seen from some distance. Viewed in perspective its importance is seen to lie mainly in the great things that came out of it: it has the distinction of being the initial event in a series of events which within a century were to transform European society, and, more especially, it prepared the way for the most momentous experiment in democracy which the world has seen. So regarded, perhaps we may still call it a revolution. But in itself, one must confess, it does appear rather petty. It produced comparatively few heroic figures or great actions. Certainly it is not difficult to find in it much flimsy argument and fustian rhetoric, much base intrigue, much sordid motive, and cruel reprisal. Now, in dealing with the causes and general significance of the Revolution—something above half of the present instalment is devoted to the events before 1775—it is mainly upon these superficial aspects of the movement that Mr. Belcher fixes; the rioting and the smuggling, the tar and feathers, the wanton destruction of property, the possession of slaves by men who themselves so ardently desired liberty, furnish occasion for much wit, and sarcasm, and apt Latin quotation. The American grievances, he thinks, were slight enough—the pretexts used by smugglers and intriguers to further their own ends; and the erstwhile heroes, always excepting Washington, of whom Mr. Belcher has a very high opinion, are reduced to very small scale, indeed. Like S. G. Fisher, Mr. Belcher destroys without remorse all our idols, and, being a clever and well read man, possessed of strong prejudices, held in reasonable restraint by a sense of humor and the desire to be fair, a man to whom expression comes easily, and one who writes without fear and without too much research—why, he has produced a sprightly and entertaining if somewhat rambling and unorganized account of the preliminaries of the American Revolution.

Perhaps the central enigma for the historian of the Revolution to resolve is this: how, out of conditions that always seemed hopeless, success came at last. Now, our grievance against Mr. Belcher is not that he has dandled, so irreverently, all the cheap shoddy of our heroic age before our eyes, but rather that he has done so little to show how results of world-wide importance could have come from so much provincial small-mindedness. Of course, it is well to know that there was much smuggling; and that is well known already; but it is better to know—Mr. Beer's books would have helped Mr. Belcher here—why smuggling was so persistent and general a practice that it had ceased to be regarded as an offence. Every one knows, presumably, that the stamp tax was light; but the stamp tax is of less importance for an understanding of the Revolution than the Sugar Act and the Currency Act, neither of which, we believe, is mentioned by Mr. Belcher. "When the hurly-burly was over," we are told, "the little hypocrisies of Whig opportunism entirely vanished." But this is to miss the very important point that the conservative leaders worked throughout to prevent the radicals from dominating the movement: to maintain their privileges from British oppression on the one hand, and from the encroachments of the propertyless classes in the colonies on the other, was the principal dilemma of the "Whig opportunists." If Mr. Belcher had understood this he would have understood why Washington, for example, hated the Loyalists with so bitter a hatred; the Loyalists were hated not so much because they sided with England as because they first helped to get the colonies into a mess and then left them in the lurch. Until 1776 Peter van Schaack and John Jay worked side by side on the same committees in resistance to British measures. But Van Schaack, although convinced that the British measures were unconstitutional, was not willing at the last moment to resort to force to maintain colonial rights. Jay naturally regarded him as a traitor to his own principles, and thought that by his action he made it peculiarly difficult for Jay and his party to check the radical movement. It is not probable, but it is possible, that if the Loyalist leaders had never resisted British measures, or having resisted them had stuck to it, the war might have been prevented. It is certain that in that case there would have been less riding on rails.

Perhaps we have said too much about the introductory part of Mr. Belcher's work; for, as we may reasonably ex-

pect two more volumes covering the period from 1778 to 1783, it will be when completed primarily a history of the war itself. About one-half of the part now published is devoted to a description of the two military services and to an account of the military events from the campaign on Long Island to the Battle of Saratoga. Here Mr. Belcher is more at home, and his work becomes far more consecutive and better ordered. He desires to defend the British army against the charge of being the "scum of the earth," and he is reasonably successful in doing so. The chapters in which he shows from what classes the army was recruited, how it was organized and maintained, and those in which he explains the incredible failure of Howe to take advantage of his opportunities, are the best in the book. The explanation of Howe's actions follows the usual lines, although certain traits in his character and the personal animus of Germaine's conduct are emphasized more than is usual. Whatever the explanation, we are enabled to see once more that Howe might have ended the war almost any time from 1776 to 1778. This conclusion is made too absolute perhaps by discrediting the effectiveness of the colonial resistance. Even Washington—so great as a man—is not credited with exceptional ability as a general. The main point, however, is now well established, and certainly it is a point of cardinal importance in any attempt to explain the success of the American Revolution.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.

Among the reprints we welcome a sumptuous edition of "Tom Brown's School Days," with illustrations by Louis Rhead, who spent some time at Rugby making them, and with an introduction by W. D. Howells, who now seems to be sponsor for every famous juvenile published by the Harpers. E. Boyd Smith is quite the fashionable artist these days; he illustrates anything and everything, from the Century Company's tasteful "Æsop" to Capt. Marryat's "The Children of the New Forest" (Holt). We are glad to be assured that in no way is the text abridged, and the color plates, with their predominating delicate tones of blues and greens and reds, are full of action and excitement. Scarcely a season passes that another "Gulliver's Travels" is not placed upon the market. This time (Dutton) the cover design, all blue and gold, is very inviting, while the illustrations by A. E. Jackson are more stereotyped than fanciful, as they should be. We are assured by the title page that the text has been adapted for the young. "Robinson Crusoe" (Stokes) also comes to us in new dress, pointing to the fact that there is still sale for Defoe, notwithstanding the modern fiction flowing from the presses. This is an importation. The gentle face of George MacDonald appears on the wrapper of a new edition of his "The Princess and the Goblin" (Caldwell), a fairy tale that never stales and that defies imitation, like "Alice in Wonderland." The modern color pictures are not of the best, but with them are included the old woodcuts which add a delightful flavor to the book. Another MacDonald reprint is "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood" (Caldwell), which has the quality of appealing to the adult reader as well as to the child.

At last Andrew Lang has come to the end of his tether regarding the horde of folk-tales with which he has been regaling the young through a perfect rainbow series of books; by Mr. Lang we also mean his wife. In the same sumptuous form as heretofore, this year we have received "The All Sorts of Stories Book" (Longmans), wherein he competes with Dumas in "The Sword of D'Artagnan" and with Poe in the "Story of the Gold Beetle." There is the history of the true Robinson Crusoe, and "Monte Cristo" is shortened in dexterous fashion.

We turn with pleasure to a rich cover design bearing the title, "The Sunset of the Heroes" (Dutton), whose author is W. M. L. Hutchinson, and whose illustrator is Herbert Cole. In the prologue we are told how the apple brought war to Troy Town, and thereafter are narrated the dire consequences. Of heroic character and of service to the lovers of opera, as well as of interest to the older child, is Mary Blackwell Sterling's "The Story of Parzival: The Templar" (Dutton), based on the poem of Wolfram von Eschenbach. The author is ambitious to have her version used in the schools, for she not only explains the meaning of the story in an introduction, but she also gives a key to the six themes of Parzival, and points out the ethical teaching and the relation to ancient tradition. There are copious notes. And while we are on the subject of the opera, it were well to notice Anna Alice Chapin's "Königskinder; or, The Royal Children" (Harper), which has been very appropriately turned into a story for children. Lovers of the opera will find the music motives, which are scattered through the text, of especial interest.

There are never too many books of fairy tales, and "A Child's Book of Stories" (Duffield), fairly well selected by Penrhyn W. Coussens, and illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith, in charming color pictures, will be a sumptuous gift for any child of six or more. The assortment is historical in scope, including some of the best-known of Aesop, Grimm, Andersen, D'Aulnoy, and Perrault. The book is thick, and will bulk well on the Christmas tree. Anatole France, with the kindly assistance of Mrs. John Lane as translator, has written a fairy tale entitled "Honey-Bee" (Lane), and it is pleasant to find that his purpose is to counteract the want of imagination which generally confronts the youthful world.

Those who are on the lookout for plays will find several collections. Guy Pertwee is the author of "Scenes from Dickens" (Dutton), a timely volume for this season, and one wherein the original text is used as much as possible. Edwin Bateman Morris, with a thorough appreciation of the ways of college youths, has published a series of "College Comedies" (Penn), where he attempts to give some idea of the life in college during the four years. Millicent and Githa Sowerby have written some "Little Plays for Little People" (Doran), while Ruth Arkwright is the author of some charming playlets, "Brownikins and Other Fancies" (Stokes), containing music by J. W. Wilson and pictures by Robinson.

The "Go to Sleep" stories (Stokes), by Stella G. S. Perry, are full of somnolent matter, and Miss Ethel Brown's "The So-and-So Family" (Dutton) contains pictures which the artist drew when she was only nine years old. This latter book is one of the cleverest we have had this season and will please the adult reader. The realism is particularly striking. We recommend Lucy Fitch Perkins's "The Dutch Twins" (Houghton), with simple text and very soft drawings. This is an ideal book for the nursery.

There is only room to mention a few volumes of fiction. The deluge is enormous this year, and the series continue to the ninth and tenth degrees. For boys we would draw attention to Hayden Carruth's "Track's End" (Harper), the *édition de luxe* "Treasure Island," with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth (Scribner); Arthur Stanwood Pier's "The Jester of St. Timothy's" (Houghton), Walter Camp's "Old Ryerson" (Appleton), William W. Canfield's "The White Seneca" (Dutton), and countless stories by Barbour, Dudley, Stratemeyer, and Tomlinson.

For girls we would mention Etta Anthony Baker's "Fairmount Girls in School and Camp" (Little, Brown), Mrs. Wiggin's "Mother Carey's Chickens" (Houghton), Mrs. Burnett's "The Secret Garden" (Stokes), and many volumes of the series class issued by the Lothrop Co.

Notes

A translation of Wilhelm Boelsche's "Das Liebesleben in der Natur" has been announced by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Ellen Key's rejoinder to the critics of her theories of love and marriage is to be published immediately by Huebsch, under the title, "Love and Ethics."

Donald Evans's volume of poems, entitled "Discords," is promised for this week by Brown Brothers of Philadelphia.

The following new publications of Houghton Mifflin Co. are issued this week: "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy," by Oliver M. Potter, illustrated by Yoshio Markino; Vol. II, completing A. Maurice Low's study of "The American People," and "The Truth about Chickamauga," by Archibald Gracie.

Theodore Christian's "Other Sheep I Have," announced by Putnam, is written in the interest of church union.

To the series of Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, Putnam will shortly add "The Moral Life and Moral Worth," by W. R. Sorley.

The Henry Bradshaw Society of London has in hand the second recension of Quignon's Breviary; the Colbertine Breviary; the second volume of the Stowe Missal; a facsimile edition, by Edmund Bishop, of St. Willibrord's Calendar, in MS. 10,837 of the National Library at Paris, and an edition of the "Liber Festivalis."

"The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court" (Little, Brown), by Clare Jerrold, tells in a series of chapters the lives of the frail and beautiful women who surrounded Charles II, and whose portraits, painted by Lely at the command of the Duchess of

York, now hang in Hampton Palace. The anecdotal side of Charles's reign has been a good deal written-up of late, but the present volume goes over familiar ground with decent sprightliness. The portraits are well reproduced.

The episode of George III and Hannah Lightfoot is one of those exasperating legends that the regular historian hates to touch. That George, when Prince, did at a very early age have some flirtation or *liaison* with this girl of the people, a good many years his senior, there can be no doubt; but the nature of the relation, its consequences to George and to the lady, are so involved in loose and contradictory tradition that there seems, unless new documents come to light, to be no way of arriving at the truth. The story has been told at length by Mary L. Pendered in a substantial volume called "The Fair Quaker" (Appleton). All the evidence is here, all the conjectures, and an honest suspense of mind on the part of the author. The book is unfortunately much padded. The infamous Miss Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, has been much written up of late, and there was no need in the present work of retelling her life at length, simply because rumor has named her as the go-between in the Prince's escapade.

A. C. Benson's latest volume of essays, "The Leaves of the Tree" (Putnam), takes rather a new form for the author, and with advantage. Between an Introductory chapter and an Epilogue he gives eleven character sketches of men whom he has known more or less intimately. Owing to his associations as son of Archbishop Benson, dignitaries of the church figure largely in the collection, which contains four bishops —Westcott, Wilkinson, Lightfoot, Wordsworth—besides Charles Kingsley. All these sketches are interesting and cleverly turned. The chapter on Matthew Arnold is, in our opinion, decidedly the weakest of all, for Arnold was just the sort of personality that Mr. Benson is constitutionally incapable of understanding. This incapability extends so far that Mr. Benson does not even seem to be familiar with Arnold's works. Otherwise, he would not have called "Balder Dead" a play, nor, in the face of Arnold's great sonnet, would he have said that Arnold "did not care for Shakespeare." There is in this chapter, also, a touch of the common ineptness of the smaller critics who first deny the existence of standards and then proceed to criticise dogmatically by a standard of their own. Mr. Benson is at his best in the portrayal of such whimsical characters as Professor Newton and the librarian, Henry Bradshaw. Here he is delightful. The Introductory chapter and Epilogue are a little marred by the infusion of Mr. Benson's insipid piety.

The considerable amount of Andrew Lang's prose writings has tended to divert attention from him as a poet. Yet his verse, which has just been reissued in a convenient little volume ("Ballades and Rhymes"; Longmans, Green), shows a kind of vitality to which the present generation might well give heed. Some of it is graceful trifling such as Austin Dobson and Locker Lampson are expert in, and none of it has any apparent message other than to please; but in it all is a real poetic flavor coming as much as anything from the consciousness that poetic moments are rarely to be forced. Ever since Kipling hammered out his hard lessons the feeling has got abroad that poetry is real, is earnest, only if its tone is downright. Mr. Lang's appeal is all the other way, and is furnished by his complete assimilation of past traditions, especially the classics, and his dependence upon them to insinuate color and give perspective to the treatment of present themes. His verse is full of delicate echoes which are too well managed to sound academic. For him Apollo is still lyric and the world, at least of poetic feeling, still animated by the sunny sprites of pantheism. The success of his experiments may be taken as a warning that of all literary forms poetry the least can be rudely cut off from its traditional trend.

There is a fine futility in George Hamlin Fitch's "Comfort Found in Good Old Books" (Paul Elder & Co.), which discusses the "best sellers," from the Bible and Homer to Boswell and the "Rubaiyât." Intended for persons of an early defective education, the volume contains such sparkling bits of information as that "the great plays of Shakespeare are little read" in the same breath with the assurance that people "go to them for comfort and sympathy in affliction as they go to the great books of the Bible." Further on, the author counsels the recently bereaved to seek consolation in Omar Khayyám. The book should make a well-nigh universal appeal. Dante students, for example, will be interested to learn that the "Divine Comedy" was 'struck off at white heat," and foreign critics may be set agog by the question, "Who taught Dumas the perfect use of French verse?" However, the artistic press-work and illustrations make it a suitable holiday present for a lukewarm friend.

To write a book about Paris—old or new—and fail to convey its sounds, its *nerves*, its smells, is to transliterate a lyric and omit all rhyme and rhythm. This is precisely what G. Duval has done in his attempt to translate the glamours of the history playground of France ("Shadows of Old Paris," Lippincott). Shadows, in a literary sense, always connote impressions, colors, *nuances*. Parisian shadows above all others, when they pretend, like these, to glimpse the rambles of François Villon, the burlesques of Scarron, the peripatetics of Marmontel, and the Palais Royal of Louis XV, must fairly flow with the style and the passion that have rendered the word *gaulois* so inimitable and so eternal. It is in all these needs—and these alone—of a book on Paris, that the volume is wanting. Data there are a-plenty. The author apparently has studied and garnered, far and wide, with the result of an occasional contribution to the anecdotal storehouse. But the command of the author over the spirit of the facts he has so sedulously assembled, is non-existent. The best that the book can find to say about Maître Villon, for instance, is: "that rare and delightful poet, that incorrigible scalliwag (sic), the boldest and merriest of these impossible rapscallions." And in an attempt at atmospheric conversation at an old inn, the author commits the crime—typical of the entire book—of having the Comte Saint-Armand say to Voiture: "Odds fish, man, have a drink." The illustrations, by J. Gavin, are clever in technic and of sufficient atmosphere.

The conception of "A Concordance to the Poems of William Wordsworth" was announced less than four years ago by the Concordance Society. With the unpaid assistance of about sixty persons, in recording the quotations, arranging them, and reading proof, Prof. Lane Cooper has been able, in two years of actual labor, to prepare a volume of 1,136 pages, with double columns, containing about 210,000 references (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Everything depended on his method, and his method was admirable. Not the least part of his service is that he has described his plan in the preface, for the benefit of future compilers. The Concordance will be useful in large libraries, for readers who wish to identify quotations from Wordsworth; and no other English poet, except Shakespeare, is so often quoted. Certainly Pope no longer holds second place. It will be a help also to students of our language, for it is the largest systematized record of English words and phrases actually employed by one man between 1787 and 1847. And it will, of course, be especially valuable to readers who have a particular interest in Wordsworth. In examining the Concordance, one is struck more forcibly than ever before with the modernness and plainness of the poet's vocabulary. The fact stands out that after 1796 or 1797 he practiced very consistently his theory of poetic diction, avoiding archaisms and special forms. A whole chapter in literary history might be written on the basis of his use of the word *liberty*, as disclosed in the Concordance. At first it has a political significance, with definite revolutionary shading, but gradually he came to use it in a merely personal sense, or, at certain periods, as an attribute of English institutions. But whereas he uses *liberty* ninety-one times, he uses *nature* about 550 times; and to observe the meanings he attaches to this word is to learn much about his philosophy.

The compilers of the Concordance have done their work with a carefulness which is beyond praise. The list of *errata* is marvellously short, and many of them are but slight. An examination of about ninety references has failed to reveal others. The basic text is the one-volume Oxford edition of Wordsworth, a choice justified by the extreme accuracy of Thomas Hutchinson's editing. Mr. Cooper must have hesitated, however, before renouncing the advantages of a chronologically arranged text. He has wisely included not only the latest, but the earliest, versions of "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," and also several poems and the exquisite stanza from "Louisa," which Wordsworth rejected in his revised works. Mr. Cooper and his collaborers deserve great credit for the skill and patience with which they have performed their self-sacrificing task. Their enthusiasm must have been kept alive by the editor's animating belief that "the notion of discarding any large section of Wordsworth's writings as if they were of relatively little value, or unnecessary to the comprehension of the rest, is as pestilent an error as the same notion would be if applied to Lucretius or Plato."

Pierre Ponafidine, author of "Life in the Moslem East" (Dodd, Mead), is Russian Consul-General in Constantinople, and formerly held similar positions in Teheran, Tabriz, Bagdad, and Meshed, with a total of thirty-six years in

all of Oriental experience. Of the depth of his knowledge and the accuracy of his observation there can be no question, and he has produced a most informing and entertaining book, heartily to be recommended as an unpretentious study of various phases of life, religion, and custom in Mesopotamia, Persia, and Arabia. He knows Persia especially well, and in consular courts has learned that seamy side of life which tends to make pessimists of lawyers, Oriental or Occidental. Years of residence, too, in Meshed—a sanctuary of refuge—have not tended to lighten his views. He is especially strong on the woman question. Yet he has kept his balance fairly, in spite of the many startling and repulsive details of criminal and family law with which officially he has had to deal. A sense of humor and a liking for outdoor life have evidently helped. Thus, his chapter on Arab horses is full of vitality and the clear air of the desert blows through it. Scattered throughout, too, are quite valuable bits of recent history—concerning the brief empire of Ubeidullah the Kurd, the almost briefer tobacco monopoly which led up to the revolution, and a cholera epidemic in Bagdad. Unfortunately several chapters are included in which his knowledge is by no means firsthand. But an even greater drawback to usefulness is that the proofs have not been read by the author or by the translator, his wife, or apparently by any one who knew anything about the subject. In consequence the proper names and the scraps of Arabic and Persian are sometimes deformed out of all recognition, and can never be trusted. This carelessness has invaded the English text. It must be by misprints that an Arabic phrase (p. 18) which means "the chain of the saints of Allah" has been rendered as "the chain of the sacred gods"—something to give cold shudders to any Moslem. There are forty-one excellent and fresh illustrations.

As the feminine genius who incarnated the spirit of the French Revolution in its earliest, purest, and most idealistic stage, Madame Roland has always possessed a strong fascination for English-speaking peoples. Her personal beauty, her ardor and disinterestedness, have enhanced her prestige, and a legend has grown up around her which her sufferings and premature death by the guillotine have served to sanctify. Even the question of her attitude, involved in that of the Girondins, towards the September massacres and the execution of the King, has not been able to affect her popularity. Nor does M. A. I. Taylor, in his "Life of Madame Roland" (Brentano's), present much that will materially alter such heroine-worship, though he lifts it wholesomely from the slough of sentimentality, and presents a humanly passionate person. The labors of Claude Perroud, the latest editor of her Memoirs and letters, on which Mr. Taylor has largely based his own book, have done nothing to fasten upon either of the Rolands, man or wife, any responsibility for the excesses committed during the former's brief tenure of power. At most he was weak and incapable of strong resistance, while she, if anything, was too unpliant, too outspoken in the expression of her likes and dislikes. Had she been disposed to conciliate Danton, she might, Mr. Taylor thinks, have done much to change the course of events. It is on her private life that most light has been shed by later revelations. That she had a lover among the men who formed the inner circle about her husband and herself has always been known, or at least pretty strongly surmised. But precisely who this lover was has remained doubtful. We know now that he was François Buzot, the young, ardent, and visionary member of the Convention who was responsible for the idea or the principle of some of the severest repressive measures adopted by that body, if not for the measures themselves. To her husband, although she continued to live with him, she confessed her love for Buzot, and to the latter she wrote letters from her prison. Though maintained on a high moral and sentimental level, this passion for a man who has been described as a "younger Roland" strikes the one discordant note in Madame Roland's character. It is hard, after reading Mr. Taylor's account, to rid oneself of the impression that she needed the constant stimulation of a passionate love affair. Roland was old, and his wife, tiring of him, cast about for a new emotional prop or support. Such should seem to be the story in a nutshell. But much here must be attributed to the age, far more "advanced" in many of its ideas even than the present, for which spiritual freedom seemed as indispensable to individual self-respect as did political liberty to the dignity of mankind collectively.

George Macaulay Trevelyan has had the happy thought of selecting a volume of "English Songs of Italian Freedom" (Longmans). He has prefaced the anthology with an introduction, and notes at the head of the poems explain the circumstances under which they were written, or to which they refer. How keenly Mr. Trevelyan feels the present situation may be judged from the closing words of the introduction:

> The "red, white, and green" has become one of the least honorable of the "commercial assets" waving over a militarist and financial Europe. Yet sometimes, somewhere, for a little, ideals stir the masses of men, and at all times the tourist in Italy will do well to remember that but sixty years ago it was death to show these three colors, that the thought of the hidden flag was the sacrament of a great faith and of a pure and mighty brotherhood, and that English poets, the like of whom are no longer found in the world, felt their hearts throb at the sight of that foreign flag.

"The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims, and Its Place in the Life of To-day" (L. C. Page) is a well-written and tastefully made book. The author, A. C. Addison, has read the authorities industriously, and gives in small compass an attractive résumé of the essential incidents of the Plymouth settlement. To some extent he magnifies his subject. He knows that thirteen years before the landing at Plymouth, Jamestown had been settled, but apparently he has slight appreciation of the fact that the Virginia colony, too, contributed in important ways to the transplanting of Anglo-Saxondom to America. Though his interest in the men of Plymouth is a trifle excessive, it imparts a glow to his narrative. The life of the Pilgrims, in England and Holland, as well as in the new world is elaborately and graphically described. One vivid passage, Mr. Addison states, he wrote while locked in a prison cell, in which three hundred years ago members of the band were incarcerated. So far as possible the fortunes of each individual of the company are followed out, and the dates of birth and death assigned. The many illustrations have great excellence.

Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie, whose "Recollections of a Parisian" (Putnam) are edited by his daughters and translated from the French by Lady Theodora Davidson, was a notable medical practitioner in Paris during much of the first half of the nineteenth century. Born in the year 1789, in Périgueux, he came to the capital in the heyday of the Empire, and entered upon his professional career in 1815, at the time of the occupation of the allies. He boasts that he lived "under six sovereigns, two revolutions, and a republic," and his reminiscences of the events which he witnessed are interesting and often illuminating, as he mixed much with all classes of society. Of the great Revolution, he naturally remembered little himself, but he came from time to time in contact with many of its survivors, whose subsequent fortunes would make an interesting study in the mutability of human affairs. The wild Jacobin become a solitary eccentric living in a garret; the thief of a Queen's diamond necklace sunk to the position of ticket-taker in the Odéon Theatre; the bloody Barère, talking harshly of the Convention at a bourgeois dinner table—these are some of the transformations. Dr. Poumiès, being a good bourgeois, favored the Revolution of 1830, and deplored that of 1848, which overthrew his favorite monarch, Louis Philippe. Among the leaders of the second movement, he does not hesitate to affirm the dishonesty of such men as Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin, and the incapacity of Lamartine. Of the latter as a man of letters, he has little to say, save to deprecate the bad effects of his "Histoire des Girondins." Indeed, he evinces little sympathy with the major literary movement of the period. His favorite poets were the forgotten Lemercier, Jasmin, and the Abbé Delille. Vigny repelled him because of his excessive conceit. Sometimes these reminiscences reveal the author as a prosperous family practitioner, priding himself on his taste in literature and the soundness of his judgment in all matters. Many of Dr. Poumiès's anecdotes of the more exalted personages mentioned in his pages have the note of respectful distance, and some of them are credited as coming from friends of the great men concerned. But a sort of sublimated back-stairs gossip, as much of it is, the book is not without value as the record of a long life lived in exciting times, by a man of good heart, observant in his habits, and shrewd, within certain limitations of class prejudice, in his judgments of men and events. Dr. Poumiès died in Paris in 1863.

The "New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls) has reached Volume XI, which includes titles from Son of Man to Tremellius. The twelfth and final volume is promised early in 1912. The editors are Samuel Macauley Jackson and George W. Gilmore. They are maintaining the character of the work with even excellence. The articles record progress and convey information, but do not advance new theories nor extend knowledge. The spirit is tolerant and catholic, with a leaning to conservatism, especially in doctrinal theology and Biblical criticism. Noteworthy articles in the present volume

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are Sun and Superstition, by George W. Gilmore; Theological Education, by Ferdinand Cohrs; Theological Seminaries, by various authors; Swedenborg, by Frank Sewall, and Ecclesiastical Symbolism, by Stuart Chambers. In the article on Theological Libraries there is much valuable information as to where notable collections and important and rare volumes on religious subjects may be found in the various theological seminaries and universities of America.

"The Superstition Called Socialism" (Lippincott) declares its author, G. W. De Tunzelmanu, "appeals to the rational thinking man or woman, and is not addressed to the emotionally unstable individuals who are swayed from side to side by mere rhetoric." Yet the 372 pages that precede these words raise a doubt as to Lloyd George's title, bestowed upon him by the writer, as "the first gentleman in Billingsgate." "It would be an insult to the memory of men of the stamp of Ernest Renan and John Stuart Mill," Mr. De Tunzelmann exclaims "to refer, on the same page, to the ignorant and vulgar outpourings of men whose intellectual capacities are measured by the fact that the inconsequences of Karl Marx, and even more obvious sophistries, present themselves to them as rational argument." The present chancellor of the exchequer could scarcely hope to do better than this. Mr. De Tunzelmann rides, armed cap-à-pie, through many domains. His first feat is the demolition of Karl Marx; his last a castigation of the Asquith ministry. The materialistic determinists get it hot and heavy, and Prof. Haeckel is assailed with peculiar virulence. Our author strikes so hard and fast that it is not surprising that many of his blows fail to draw any blood. Yet his book is not wholly a bundle of futilities. Ever and anon one encounters remarkably shrewd characterizations.

The sixth annual congress of the Società Nazionale per la Storia del Risorgimento Italiano, held in Rome from the 23rd to the 25th of October, ratified the transfer of the permanent seat of the society from Milan to Rome, a step which places the society in close touch with the National Commission for Risorgimento History. The new president is General Pedotti, formerly minister of war. The most notable feature of the congress was the presentation of the first volumes of the Biblioteca Popolare di Storia del Risorgimento Italiano, a collection of biographies which the society voted to found four years ago. The first volume is a life of Vittorio Emanuele by Attilio Simione, the second a life of Cavour, by G. Bragagnolo and E. Bettazzi. They are published by L. F. Cogliati (Milan) in 16mo, are well printed, and well illustrated, contain about two hundred pages each, and are sold for one franc the volume. These first biographies have been written with substantial correctness, and because of their simple style should prove useful to foreigners.

The death is reported from Rochester of the Rev. Dr. Howard Osgood in his eightieth year. He was professor of Hebrew in the Rochester Theological Seminary, resigning in 1900; was a member of the Old Testament Committee on Bible Revision, and prepared Leviticus and Numbers for the Schaff-Lange Commentary. A number of articles in the *Baptist Review* bore his name.

William Max Reid, who died recently in Amsterdam, N. Y., aged seventy-two, was a member of historical and scientific societies, and wrote several books, among them: "History of St. Anne's Church and Queen Anne's Chapel," "The Mohawk Valley—Its Legends and Its History," "The Terrible Mohawk," and "The Story of Old Fort Johnson."

From St. Louis comes the report of the death of John Pierre Frieden, S.J., who was born in Luxemhourg in 1844, and came to this country in 1869. Since 1908 he had been president of St. Louis University.

The American Journal of International Law for October, just issued, opens with a noteworthy paper by Ernest Nys on Codification as applied to this particular branch of the law. It interestingly supplements other papers and addresses of recent date that have appeared in previous numbers and in the *Proceedings* of the society whose organ this quarterly *Journal* is. M. Nys goes back to Bentham, and cites his cooperation with the makers of the laws enacted early in the century by the South American republics after their achievement of political autonomy; it is a chapter in the life of the greatest of law reformers not generally known. He quotes from a discourse of Portalis, 1804, a criticism on codification as a whole that reads as though it might have been James C. Carter's text for the elaborate pamphlet he printed, several years before his death, in opposition to a codification of the general law, wherein he asserted that laws once codified always tend to remain; that they tend to rigidity, in spite of progressive ideas. In England, Bentham's own country, while consolidation of statutes has largely taken place, actual codification has been confined to the colonies, conspicuously to India. The final act of the last Hague Conference, cited by M. Nys, no doubt illustrates the tendency or drift towards the formulation of codes; it expressed the view that the preparation of regulations relative to the laws and customs of naval warfare should figure in the programme of the next conference.

There is also in this number a paper on Military Tribunals and Their Jurisdiction, by the late Gen. H. W. Halleck, which was discovered among his notes. Gen. Halleck, author of a work on international law which is so well thought of that in England edition after editon, carefully edited, has been issued, had considered the appropriate scope and jurisdiction of courts-martial and military commissions, especially in places remote from the field of actual military operations. His deduction was, that persons of whatever rank, profession, or occupation might, in time of war or public danger, be subjected by Congress for military offences to the jurisdiction of courts-martial; but that, though military commissions might investigate and report, might present facts and make recommendations, they never should impose any finding or sentence.

There could be no better way to put a check upon source hunting than for a former expert in the science to protest against its abuses; and Prof. R. E. Nell Dodge's brief sermon, reprinted from *Modern Philology*, will no doubt be listened to as authoritative. He gives a beautiful example of one of the half-likenessos which have lured to destruction many a neophyte. With the opening of Gray's "Elegy" in mind let the reader glance at the following lines from Robert Greene's "Menaphon":

> When tender ewes brought home with evening sunne
> Wend to their foldes,
> And to their holdes
> The shepheards trudge when light of day is done . . .

and he will see what snares are abroad. Mr. Dodge discovers that Sir Sidney Lee, for all his experience, sometimes yields to folly, as particularly in looking for the original of the fiery horse of "Venus and Adonis" in Du Bartas's "Semaines." But why, asks Mr. Dodge, should not Shakespeare have copied the horse found in Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore"? It, too, has its "ears pricked up" and a "hroad breast." And the moral is pointed that Sir Sidney in reading Pulci has done a little skipping. Mr. Dodge's sermon is, of course, welcome at this time, hut that it will not he entirely curative is proved by the evidence of his own practice. In correcting a slip made by Prof. A. H. Upham, he cannot refrain from urging a douhtful source of his own for the quotation cited.

Science

Elementary Aeronautics. By Albert P. Thurston. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This book belongs distinctly in the technical class. The author, formerly engineer to Sir Hiram S. Maxim, is now lecturer in aeronautics in East London College. The volume is for the most part a résumé of the results of experiments in an aerodynamic laboratory, presumably that of Maxim, although the name of the laboratory is withheld. Wherever the experimenting was done, it would have been better for the author to have made full acknowledgment, especially as some of the experiments are of no little interest, and for a description of them to have scientific value it is essential that every particular be made known.

In the first chapter, which deals with normal and inclined planes, there is an excellent table giving the pressure of an air current on a surface perpendicular to the direction of the current. The pressure is expressed in pounds per square foot for velocities from one mile per hour to one hundred and fifty miles per hour. The velocity is also given in feet per second and meters per second. The constant of air resistance used in forming the table, which is determined by experiment only, has a good average value, hence the air pressures given are at least approximately correct. This table should replace, in aeroplane calculations, the erroneous one of Smeaton, which is still to be found in so many engineering works. The second chapter contains a long discussion

relating to aerocurves and is illustrated by some remarkably interesting photographs. These show the stream lines in air when it is flowing past bodies of various shapes. In another chapter on manual and automatic control, the stability of the aeroplane is treated at some length with many drawings. The discussion of propellers is good; it is illustrated with more stream-line pictures, little jets of smoke having been photographed to show the drift of air in the neighborhood of turning propeller blades. A description of instruments and apparatus used in the aerodynamic laboratory, which follows, would be the most valuable part of the book if it were not so short. The various types of aeroplanes are shown in a manner little different from that in many other books.

The aeronautical engine is the subject of the closing chapter. The author has made some instructive classifications, among which is one relating to the means employed to reduce the weight of motors. Lightness in construction of the motor has been responsible for breakdowns which have caused many fatal accidents; the following summary explains how the weight can be lessened:

(1.) By increasing the number of cylinders.

(2.) Placing the cylinders radially, so as to reduce the length and weight of crankcase.

(3.) Forming the cylinders of turned and very thin steel tube.

(4.) Using spun metal or electrolytically-deposited jackets.

(5.) Designing the engine so as to be independent of a fly-wheel.

(6.) Using the highest grade materials with increased machining, and a general attention to design.

(7.) In some cases, combined inlet and exhaust valves are used.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "A Handbook of Health" is brought out this week by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Life in the Sea," by James Johnstone, is a forthcoming addition to the series of Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature (Putnam).

In a style unadorned, but clear and effective, "Science and the Criminal" (Little, Brown & Co.), by C. Ainsworth Mitchell of Scotland Yard, explains the uses of physical science for the capture and identification of criminals and the detection and verification of crime. Of systems of identification he thinks the finger-print system by far the best, and his account of the classification by which any finger-print may be readily identified is most enlightening, though it is also the one point in the book that is not finally clear. For the personal opinions of handwriting experts he has scant respect; their function, useful enough, is to point out the similarities and differences which would escape lay observation. Very interesting chapters are those on the use of the microscope to detect forgery, the composition of inks, and the use of chemical reagents to determine the age of writing; and, in particular, the chapter describing the serum test, discovered about 1900, to identify the several species of animal (including human) blood. The final chapter illustrates the complexities of food inspection. If the test of milk is high, many honest cows will be rejected; if low, all the good milk will be watered to correspond. Again, the maker of non-alcoholic wines faces this dilemma; if he uses preservatives to prevent fermentation after the bottle is opened, he violates the law; if not, he may be prosecuted for selling fermented liquors without a license. Altogether, the writer justifies his contention for the employment of a few men of scientific training in the detective department, while showing that we are far removed from the days when Lord Coke and Sir Matthew Hale charged their juries against disbelief in witchcraft, and an expert witness for the prosecution was the author of "Religio Medici."

We should have called attention before now to the handsome and admirable treatise of Dr. Ronald Ross on "The Prevention of Malaria" (Dutton), a book which even the laity will find instructive. The author is well known for his share in forming our present views of the part played by the mosquito in the spread of the disease, a matter which is somewhat insistently dwelt upon, although, it may be admitted, with ample justification. In the first part of the work we have an excellent account of the historical side of the question, together with the fundamental facts and observations on which medical men now base their attitude towards this disease. Then follow chapters giving in detail the effect of malaria on the individual, its influence on the community, and the preventive measures at our disposal. All this is well done, and, save in a few statistical spots, makes entertaining reading. Our only criticism would be that a little more should be said about the technical methods by which the plasmodium and its relations to the mosquito are recognized and studied. It is difficult for the reader whose experience is limited to regions comparatively free from the disease, to appreciate the importance of the malaria problem. Dr. Ross believes that between a quarter and a half of the population in many, if not, indeed, all, malarious countries, require medical treatment, and he starts his preface with the assertion that "malaria is, perhaps, the most important of human diseases." The estimate of the economical losses involved is appalling. These questions are discussed in the section on the relation of malaria to the community, in which the various conditions governing the amount of malaria are considered from many points of view, and with much ingenious argument. Considerably more than a third of the book is made up of chapters contributed by a score of special writers (Howard, Gorgas, Boyce, Celli, etc.), each describing the prevention of malaria in some limited region or under peculiar conditions, as in the military service (Melville, Fowler). These chapters to some extent renew the discussion of questions already treated in the main text, but often from rather a different point of view. In an appendix Ross makes some suggestions regarding a new terminology of cytogenesis and gives a list of all the "malaria-bearing anophelines" thus far recorded. He also gives an extended bibliography of nearly 260 titles arranged chronologically. There is no index, but this defect is measurably diminished by a detailed table of contents.

The purpose of "Aeroplane Patents" (Van Nostrand), by Robert M. Neilson, as he states in the preface, is to give useful hints and data concerning patents to inventors and to manufacturers of heavier-than-air flying machines. Mr. Neilson has had ten years or more experience in patent work; and though engaged chiefly with British patents, he also includes many United States patents.

Prof. George Davidson, for thirty years head of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey on the Pacific Coast and a member of the principal geographical societies of the world, is dead in San Francisco. He was born in Nottingham, England eighty-six years ago, and came to this country in 1832. He entered the Coast Survey Service in 1845. He was in charge of the transit of Venus expedition to Japan in 1874, and did much similar work for the Government. He wrote many papers on special topics.

Drama

JONSON'S COMEDY OF HUMORS.

English Elements in Jonson's Early Comedy. By Charles Read Baskervill. Bulletin of the University of Texas, No. 178.

Since 1850 much light has been thrown upon the "sources" of modern literature, notably of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Nor has this study been in vain; we certainly know the Elizabethan drama much better than the mid-Victorians knew it. Still it is very far from enough to be able to say that Shakespeare in his "Merchant of Venice" cunningly amalgamated two distinct stories, with traces of a third, or that Ben Jonson plundered the classics with uncommon dexterity. We need to know how poets and dramatists wrought, that is, under what impulses from without. In the case of Shakespeare we shall probably remain ignorant; our supreme dramatist had the supreme gift of keeping himself to himself. But Ben and his "tribe," ever in the limelight, caught up the movements of the age and carried them on. To study Jonson from this point of view, then, is the object of Dr. Baskervill's treatise. The plays carefully, perhaps exhaustively, analyzed, are: "A Tale of a Tub," "The Case is Altered," "Every Man in his Humor," "Every Man out of his Humor," "Cynthia's Revels," "The Poetaster"—in brief, Jonson's comedy of "humors." Our author's aim is to demonstrate that Jonson, admittedly the most "classic" among the dramatists of his age, was nevertheless thoroughly English in aim, spirit, method, following clearly recognizable national impulses, or trends, which reached their climax about the end of the sixteenth century. We lay stress upon the word

"trend"; it is the author's chosen term, haunting the entire volume and occurring no less than five times on the first page of the Preface. Doubtless it is the aptest word the author could have used.

What, then, was the particular trend which Jonson obeyed and carried to the limit in his "humor" comedy? To answer the question even in the broadest sense, one must sum up the Tudor age as a whole. It was an age of ferment, a bewildering medley of noble impulses and ignoble, of clear strenuous thinking and of extravagance, of grand creation and of melancholy failure. And amid this welter of seeking and finding and losing stand out three forces sharply defined and dominant: Material Science (in the sense of the discovery of new worlds and the readjustment of this earth in the solar system), the Renaissance, the Reformation. The discoveries of new continents with strange peoples and the re-discovery of Greek and Latin literature, art, and philosophy opened boundless vistas of sensuous or supersensuous ecstasy. One cannot read a page of Tudor imaginative English without catching the pulse-beat between the lines. On the other hand, the Reformation, through its rupture with the easy-going, mediæval church, set man in the immediate presence of his Creator, to answer, without help of priest and confessional, the searching question: Whither am I going? This conflict between sense and conscience is clearly expressed in Marlowe's "Faustus."

In England the conflict was peculiarly intense because of the innate disposition of the English mind toward seriousness. Even in the pre-Christian epic of "Beowulf," one feels, to quote an irreverent critic, the forty-parson power of King Hrothgar's lamentations. And all through Old-English and Middle-English literature, the abiding note is that of moral seriousness. English poetry of the Norman and Plantagenet reigns may be on occasion scurrilous, even coarsely blasphemous, but it never moves with the perfidiously smiling, nonchalant mien of French satire. As Neville of Geneva used to say of Rousseau's vicar: "Mais, Messieurs, le Vicaire Savoyard reste tout de même vicaire." The English poet in his worst estate remains the preacher. Only one exception is known to us, Chaucer with his Gallic *esprit* and his Italian *grazia*. To appreciate this, one has only to contrast "Troilus and Cressida" with the "Vision of Piers the Plowman."

To this sermonizing tendency let us add the mediæval liking for symbolism and allegory. In no other country did the love of allegory strike such deep roots or thrive so persistently. For the Tudor period a sure evidence is the vogue of the "moralities." For a later period there is the "Pilgrim's Progress," still the most cherished book, after the Bible, of all English-speaking peoples.

Before the end of the long reign of good Queen Bess things came to a crisis. The Renaissance was drifting into pedantry or into dilettanteism, the Italianate Englishman of fashion became a mere puppet of foppery or of sensuality, the Protestant became the Puritan. Foibles and vices were attacked with increasing severity by a swarm of critics ranging in worth from Wilson and Sidney to the Martin Marprelate pamphleteers. What Jonson did was to shift the centre of battle to the popular stage. Not that he was the first in chronological order; he was preceded by Lyly, Chapman, and the author of "Sir Thomas More." But he was the chief, by virtue of his knowledge, his power, and the courage of his convictions. In the matter of dramatic form and method he was, in consequence of his classic reading, directly under the influence of the "character sketch" as we find it in Theophrastus and kindred writers and of the stock characters of Plautus and Terence. Indeed, he took not a little of his substance from the classics. Nevertheless, his animus and his *motifs* were characteristically English.

It is our author's merit to have revealed for the first time with clearness and fulness Ben Jonson the Englishman by eminence. As reviewer we have merely tried to give to our readers a few very general hints in preparation for the first three chapters. We have not the space for the remaining chapters, which consist of a detailed discussion, one by one, of the six plays mentioned above.

In a work of this kind there is of necessity much repetition; the same fact or principle must be applied anew at each shift of scene. Yet the work as a whole is not tiresome, but rather stimulating. And painstaking accuracy is evident throughout. We might enter a correction here and there; but that would scarcely be worth the while.

Yet we do wish to enter most energetically one general caveat. Jonson being by eminence the dramatist of "humors," the word humor naturally recurs at every turn. Our author has been at great pains to discuss the origin and spread of the term and to define it in its plenary use. What, then, is a humor? Those of us who have read "Every Man in his Humor" have a general understanding of what is meant. But can we give an exact definition? No more than we can define a story, a drama, a ballad. Having read stories and dramas and ballads, we know them when we see them. Yet no sooner do we attempt to construct a formula than we discover some flaw. Even so is it with humor. No definition that we have ever seen but breaks down when tested. Granted that Bobadill is a humor, is Falstaff also a humor of "brag," is Othello a humor of jealousy, Macbeth a humor of ambition? Assuredly not, to our way of thinking; yet they might be, for aught we can learn from all the writers upon humorous drama. The question is too vexed and complex for adequate discussion here. We must content ourselves with indicating a few general criteria. First, a genuine humor play does not present real men or women but rather abstractions, types more or less allegorical or symbolical, *formelhafte Wesen*. Next, these types are nearly always, if not quite always, caricatures. Next, each type has its badge, its own peculiar phrase or action, which is for the reader or spectator the token of recognition. Further, this phrase or action is frequently repeated, sometimes *ad nauseam*. Lastly, the humor dramatist is always seeking to preach, or to teach, or at least to attack.

Now the genuine dramatist does present real men and women, creatures of flesh and blood, and he does not aim to teach. In the words of Hamlet, he merely holds the mirror up to nature. His teaching, if there be any, is only in the Aristotelian sense of Catharsis. At page 24 our author observes: "And yet, when this is said, we readily recognize the opposition of Jonson's work to all that Shakespeare stands for." True enough, yet it was Jonson himself who wrote: "He was not of an age but for all time." Shakespeare was and is for all time precisely because he created men and women who have found a home wherever there is soul and imagination, even in remote Japan. And with Shakespeare will stand—*longo intervallo*—Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, and others, whereas Jonson's didactic abstract humors have long ago been shelved in the curiosity shop.

Further, our author alludes in two places, pp. 28 and 68, to Chaucer's "Prologue" as consisting of "character sketches." The context shows that he has in mind "the character sketch of the so-called Theophrastan type." This we deny. True, the Tabard Inn Company is sketched rather than drawn at full length, and the individuals are characters in the sense in which we speak of the characters of any story or play. But that they bear the faintest resemblance to the abstractions of Theophrastus or to the standing types of Latin satire, is impossible. Chaucer's Knight and Squire, Clerk of Oxford, Prioress, Wife of Bath, are the most individual creations in modern literature before Shakespeare. They are not even class representatives, nor did Chaucer offer them as such. They are merely a group of real men and women, products of fourteenth-century English life.

In truth, the demarcation between the real and the symbolical, typical, conventional is all-important in literary evaluation, whether we deal with the

fourteenth or the sixteenth or the twentieth century. To illustrate with a living writer, Arnold Bennett, within the pale of the Five Towns, depicts the real; outside that pale he strays into the typical and conventional.

"Fröken Julie," a tragedy of naturalism, by August Strindberg, is translated by Charles Recht; Brown Brothers of Philadelphia will issue the translation, with the title, "Countess Julie."

In spite of the pretentious appearance given to it by its fine paper, broad margins, admirable type, and excellent illustrations, the "Great Love Stories of the Theatre" (Duffield), by Charles W. Collins, is no very valuable addition to stage annals, whether considered as literature or as history. It is well enough written, and shows an intimate acquaintance with standard and some less generally quoted authorities, but contains nothing new, and in effect is little more than a scandalous chronicle revised for the doubtful benefit of the hasty modern reader. In a brief preface the author says that each story has been chosen for its human appeal, or its psychological value; but the appeal, as a rule, is of a vulgar sort, of which the special psychological significance is not easily discernible. He has no fresh light to throw upon Nell Gwyn, Woffington, or "Perdita" Robinson, while it is difficult to see by what process of reasoning the crazy follies of the notorious "Becky" Wells could be rightfully included in any category of great loves. Nor is it easy to say what cause is served, save that of meretricious gossip, by insisting upon the least charitable construction of the discreet relations that existed between Anne Bracegirdle and William Congreve. There is more justification for retelling the sordid story of Maurice de Saxe and the Favarts, since comparatively few persons have much notion of the true character of the brilliant soldier whom Scribe glorified with a halo of romance in the popular play of which Adrienne Lecouvreur is the heroine. Unfortunately, such an exposure cannot be made without casting some damaging reflection upon the pathetic figure of the gifted Adrienne herself. A certain psychological problem, perhaps, is involved in the blind passion of Otway for the abominable Barry, and the reprint of some of the dramatist's letters confers some borrowed literary prestige upon this particular chapter. The truest woman in the book is Dora Jordan, whose histrionic genius and conjugal fidelity to her royal lover distinguish her honorably from almost all others in the long list of theatrical paramours. Hers is the one story which might profitably have been told more fully. The temporary enslavement of Alfred de Vigny by that coarse enchantress, Madame Dorval, is one of those uninstructive episodes best committed to a kindly oblivion. The title of Mr. Collins's volume is a misnomer. In it he has confused the meanings of "great" and "notorious."

In the past week, the Irish Players in Maxine Elliott's Theatre have done much to justify their claim to be considered a National organization. They are not skilled actors, their performances lacking the artistic finish necessary to the perfection of stage realism, but, if they sometimes fail to express the whole truth of nature, they never exceed it, and their representations, within the limits of their artistic resources, are wonderfully life-like. With the stupid conventional Irishman of the theatre, they have nothing in common and their public exposure of this myth is in itself a great service. In "The Building Fund," a humorous, but somewhat bitter comedy by William Boyle, they were very successful. The piece is a study of miserly cunning and heartless selfishness. Mrs. Grogan, an old widow with a little money, is at the point of death. She has been gripingly penurious all her life, suspects her son, who is as grasping as herself, and all her relatives and neighbors are plotting to rob her, and is tormented by the thought that she cannot take her wealth with her. Accordingly, at her last gasp, she bequeathes all to the priest, whom she makes sole executor. It is a sordid story, in which all the personages, even to a long-suffering niece who ministers to the old woman, are actuated by the basest motives, but it is told effectively in perfectly characteristic dialogue and is veracious in humor and situation. The acting was good—especially that of Sara Allgood as the old woman—but the piece left an unpleasant impression, while it often provoked laughter.

The "Kathleen Ni Houlahan," of W. B. Yeats has been played here before. It is a gem in its way, a bit of poetic allegory, simple but eloquent in narration, and glowing with patriotic spirit. In it the Genius of Ireland, symbolized by an old woman, enters a farmer's cottage (in 1798), and by the narration of her wrongs lures a lover from the arms of his prospective bride to join the standard of revolt. It is a stirring episode, well becoming the boards of a National theatre, and revealed a finely imaginative piece of acting on the part of Sara Allgood, who appeared as the mystical figure. "The Workhouse Ward," of Lady Gregory, is a bit of robust Irish humor, in which Messrs. Sinclair and O'Donovan were seen to great advantage. It is eminently Hibernian, but scarcely demands criticism. On Monday evening Synge's "The Riders to the Sea," which has been recently described in the *Nation*, was played with the simple and natural sincerity which is the chief charm of these performers. This is a work which would do honor to any stage. Although it is extravagant to claim a place for it among the great classic tragedies, it is, in its ever-deepening pathos and its constant sense of impending and inevitable catastrophe, as truly tragic, as it is, in its pregnant and imaginative diction, truly poetic. Moreover, it might be an actual page from the book of life. Fancy here is the slave of verity, whether in suggesting the wild terrors of rock and sea and storm, or in painting the quiet despair of the bereaved mother, who in receiving the corpse of the last of her six sons—all victims of the pitiless waters—has no more tears to shed, the fountains of grief having run dry. The whole history of these poor fishers is summed up with terrible point in that last utterance of Maurya: "A clean burial . . . a fine coffin . . . and a deep grave. What more can we want than that?"

"The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. W. Mason, which was produced in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening, has many more literary than dramatic merits. The dialogue is of excellent quality, and the characterization is well done, even when it is not altogether consistent. There is a scene of intellectual conflict between two lawyers, which is equal to anything of its kind in modern drama. But the character of the play and the personages is not always sympathetic. Stella Ballantyne, driven to desperation by her husband's brutality, kills him. A former lover, Mr. Thresk, a chance visitor, knows the truth. Afterward, in court, he suppresses part of it, and procures the wife's acquittal. By and by, Stella wins the love of a gallant young officer, and Thresk, when appealed to, repeats his former testimony. But when he learns that Stella is about to remarry and realizes that he still loves her himself, he tells her that she must confess the whole truth—that it was she and not an imaginary robber who killed her husband—or he will reveal it himself. She replies that she will rather commit suicide, but, in the end, she does confess, and as the young soldier is stanch, all ends happily. Thresk, who is the real hero, lies twice, and only becomes a stickler for the truth when his own interest is touched. The heroine, however virtually blameless she may be, persists, until she is driven to the wall, in acting under false pretences. Herein lies the real weakness of the play. Neither of the protagonists excites zeal. But there are several telling situations, a certain amount of suspense, and much bright talk. And the representation, as a whole, is uncommonly good, although the emotional requirements of the heroine are far greater than the artistic resources of Ethel Barrymore can supply.

A version of Thackeray's fairy-tale, "The Rose and the Ring," was given recently at Cambridge, England; it had never before been played on the professional stage.

Thomas Hardy's "The Three Wayfarers," in which London is much interested just now, was dramatized by Mr. Hardy in 1893, from the story in Wessex Tales entitled "The Three Strangers," first published in 1883. The scene of the shepherd's dancing party, whither the three wayfarers—the escaped sheep-stealer, the hangman who was to hang him, and the sheep-stealer's brother—come, one after the other, is said by the London *Times* to be "the high ground two or three miles to the north and northeast of Dorchester, beyond the Frome meadows, and not far from Slyers Lane.

Music

Two Hundred Opera Plots. By Gladys Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 2 vols. $2.50 net.

The Wagner Stories. By Filson Young. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Famous Operas. Edited by W. J. Henderson. "Aïda," "Carmen." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cents net each.

Mozart's Opera, The Magic Flute. By Edward J. Dent. Cambridge, England. 1sh. net.

Chapters of Opera. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

Only a few weeks ago, we commented on the surprising number of books containing the plots of operas that publishers evidently find it profitable to print. In the meantime, several others have been submitted for comment. Gladys Davidson has evidently aimed at presenting a larger number of plots than any of her predecessors and in this she has succeeded, but mainly by including a number of operas that are not performed now, and are not likely to be performed, in England or America—such operas as Gramman's "Melusine," Mannen's "Acté," Missa's "Muguette," Pizzi's "Rosalba," Adam's "Nuremberg Doll," besides others by Brüll, Bungert, Kretschmer, Förster, that are heard only in Germany and there very seldom. The story of Spohr's "Jessonda" has no practical value for opera goers to-day, nor has that of Schumann's "Genoveva," which has never been a success anywhere; yet a portrait of Schumann serves as frontispiece to the second of these two volumes! "The Girl of the Golden West," which is a *succès de Caruso*, is included, but not that of last season's real success, "Königskinder." In all cases, the plots only are given, without biographic or historic information, and in the table of contents the large type makes conspicuous such misprints as "Favourita," Lörtzing, Rubenstein. On the other side of the ledger must be placed the important facts that the plots, so far as we have examined them, are clearly told and accurate, and that the best light operas by Sullivan, Strauss, Suppé, and others are included.

Filson Young confines himself to Wagner. In England his book has already passed through six editions and it deserves this success, for his way of telling the plots of Wagner's operas, from "The Flying Dutchman" to "Parsifal," makes them exceptionally interesting. He tells them in the past tense, thus converting them into real short stories; and the narratives follow the sequence of events as they appear to the audience. Wagner often wrote stage directions in his scores which are not included in the poems, but which are necessary for a complete understanding of the situation, and these Mr. Young has not overlooked. The postscript includes an attempt to classify the operas and music dramas as to their poetic and musical merits—an attempt not entirely successful; also, an interesting eight-page chronology, in which the more important events in Wagner's life and creative activity are placed in juxtaposition with other interesting occurrences of the same dates in musical and general history.

Wagner was the first librettist who had the courage to publish his texts as bound books. If the present interest in opera stories continues, we may soon expect a general following of his example. From Dodd, Mead & Co. we have the bound poem of Horatio Parker's $10,000 prize-opera, "Mona," a consideration of which may be deferred till after its production at the Metropolitan. Bound as separate volumes also are what seem to be the beginning of a series of famous operas to be treated in this fashion, "Aïda" and "Carmen," both with introductions by W. J. Henderson. Mr. Henderson has at least a hundred times expressed his conviction that operas are far inferior in artistic work to concert music, but in these little books he is condescendingly amiable to the masterworks of Verdi and Bizet. The enthusiasm over them the reader himself must supply for the most part, but he will find much information concerning the creation of these operas, the circumstances attending their production, and their reception by the public and the critics. While the introductions take up only a score or so of pages, Mr. Dent has devoted nearly a hundred to another masterwork, "The Magic Flute." His little book has not the distinction of covers, but it is worth preserving. It was prepared in connection with performances of Mozart's opera to be given this month at Cambridge, and the author hopes it will eventually form part of a book dealing with all Mozart's more important operas. Mr. Dent is thoroughly posted on his subject. Considerable space is devoted to the Freemasonry which forms the groundwork of this opera. "It may well be wondered," the author remarks in conclusion, "why Mozart's Masonic brethren did not secure him a more dignified funeral; the reason probably was that owing to the disease (malignant typhus) of which he died, it was necessary to dispose of the corpse as quickly as possible."

Mr. Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera" appears in a new edition, which is not only more compact and more convenient to hold, but also contains an appendix of twenty-two pages, giving complete lists of the operas performed in the seasons 1908-1911 at the Metropolitan and Manhattan Opera Houses and at the New Theatre, as well as in Brooklyn's new Academy of Music. Brief comments are added, but the new operas are not described as the more important ones of preceding years are in the body of the book. Portraits of Destinn, Gatti-Casazza, and Toscanini have been added. Besides being an entertaining account of the history of grand opera in New York from its earliest days down to the present time, Mr. Krehbiel's book has an excellent thirty-page index which makes it invaluable for reference.

Macmillan has in preparation "Style in Musical Art," by Sir Hubert Parry, and C. L. Graves's "Post-Victorian Music."

One of the most interesting events of the musical season will be the concert to be given in New York on December 13 by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, under the direction of Frederick Stock. When Thomas died the first plan was to try to procure a European "prima donna conductor," at any cost, as his successor, but wiser counsels prevailed, and the orchestra was entrusted to Frederick Stock, who has justified the choice. The compositions which this orchestra will play are Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, Strauss's "Don Juan," and Brahms's second (and best) symphony. The soloist will be Albert Spalding, who will give the first performance here of Elgar's violin concerto. Concerning the conductor, the following further information will be read with interest:

Mr. Stock was born in Jülich, Germany, on November 11, 1873, the son of a bandmaster in the German army. Under him he began his musical studies, entered the Cologne Conservatory at fourteen years of age, was graduated as a violinist, and then took up seriously the study of theory and composition under Engelbert Humperdinck, Heinrich Zollner, Gustav Jensen, and Franz Wüllner. In 1895 he came to America to become a member of the Chicago Orchestra. Mr. Stock has written a considerable number of works in the larger forms—overtures, symphonic poems, a set of symphonic variations which have been repeatedly played in Chicago, and were brought forward by Franz Kneisel at the festival of 1906 in Worcester.

Art

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERIES.

LONDON, November 27.

Two recent events in the national galleries here are worthy of note. One is the loan exhibition of Alfred Stevens's work at the Tate Gallery in connection with the presentation to the trustees, on behalf of the Alfred Stevens Memorial Committee, of a bust of the artist by Lantéri and a cast of the great chimney piece at Dorchester House. The other is the opening of the Tudor and Stuart Rooms, which have been redecorated and rearranged, at the National Portrait Gallery.

Alfred Stevens is still comparatively little known in England, and hardly known at all anywhere else. It is a common mistake of the critic to confuse his name with that of the Belgian Alfred Stevens. It can scarcely be said that he received no recognition in his lifetime. There are many successful sculptors and decorators who might have envied him his chance at St. Paul's and Dorchester House. But, on the other hand, it is true that he never received what is regarded as official recognition in England. His neglect by the Royal Academy remains to-day one of the chief crimes counted against it, and he lived and worked in an age—he was born in 1817 and died in 1875—when the Academical hall-mark was all essential in the eyes of the average British patron of art. Besides, Stevens has left a very small amount of completed work—that is, work known to be his. His

poverty in the beginning forced him to do many things for which an artist rarely receives due credit himself. When he was young, during his student years abroad, part spent as assistant to Thorwaldsen in Rome, part in wandering from one Italian town to another, he copied old masters for the dealers. Later, on his return to England, he designed stoves and fire irons for a firm to whom they brought more fame than to him. Fate seemed against him in other ways. His delightful little lions that used to perch on the railings in front of the British Museum were long since removed with the railings. His Wellington monument was first erected and stood for years in the Consistory Court at St. Paul's, for which it was not designed but where it was immensely impressive; then, largely through the clamor of his admirers, it was set up in the place for which it was designed under an arch between the nave and the transept. Most of his other important decorations were for private houses where they have been seen only by the few. Even many people who knew and admired the Wellington monument and the British Museum lions had never heard of him as a painter, and I remember the astonishment and excitement of the critics one press day several years ago, when a fine portrait by him was included in the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. To-day, there is less excuse for not knowing his work. It has been much written about, examples have appeared now and then in exhibitions, and, better still, a characteristic series has been got together for the permanent collection of modern British art at the Tate Gallery. There he is represented by one or two portraits and cartoons, and by numerous drawings which give a good idea of his scope and powers, many being notes and studies for the great monuments he either executed or planned. To the present exhibition owners of his works have lent more paintings and studies and several models.

Nobody who sees this collection can doubt that Stevens deserves the wider recognition that is at last coming round to him. His work, in no matter what medium, has the distinction, the style, which the modern artist so rarely seeks, and so seldom achieves when he does seek it. It is too late in the day to describe the Wellington Monument, with the grave simplicity, the dignity that recalls Italian monuments of the Renaissance. There is likewise a feeling of the old masters in his portraits, in their gravity, their quiet color, their serenity, the ugliest Victorian fashions borrowing dignity from his treatment of them. And he is the old master again in his studies, the greater number in red chalk, which are really working drawings for his own use, and not done in the manner of the young old masters of to-day, merely to astonish by the cleverness of the imitation. The truth is that Stevens never got very far away from the Renaissance, though I believe the decorations in one or two private houses which I have never seen show the influence also of Pompeii. Many of the now most famous artists of the last century began by an equally close study and perhaps closer copying of the old masters; as it was said of them in Paris, their work smelt of the Louvre; but those who had anything in them developed from this stage of their art a distinct style of their own, their own manner of expressing what they had to say. Stevens, distinguished as he was, did not ever succeed in quite emancipating himself, though he was fifty-seven or eight when he died. The reason was probably because for so many years he could not devote his time to his own development, carrying the old tradition on still further, but was in the employment of others as designer or teacher. However, if his originality was less marked than that of some of his contemporaries, his accomplishment was great. He was a giant compared to the popular Victorians who are to-day forgotten, towering head and shoulders above the Academicians who could find no room for him within their ranks.

At the National Portrait Gallery, it is not so much the Tudor and Stuart portraits that call for special attention as their rearrangement. The portraits are as they were, as they have been described—except that some look unexpectedly cleaned up, or it may be the effect of the new decorations. As is well known by this time, they are as a rule of more value historically than artistically, though here and there are a few fine originals. They have been very well hung, the careful chronological sequence adding to their interest, and the different periods have been divided with some feeling for dramatic grouping. I believe the idea has been to make this arrangement as permanent as possible. But if the much-needed additions to the gallery, for which the pulling down of the old St. George's Barracks should give the chance, are ever made, it is to be hoped that there will be some rehanging; for, as it is, the walls in places are far too crowded for comfort to the student, whether of history or of art. But more striking than the new hanging is the new decoration. The director, who is young at his post, has evidently determined to do something that has not been done before, at least in London. He has had the intelligence to see the mistake of clinging to custom, as in that biggest of the Turner rooms at the Tate Gallery—which time so far has only made the more distressing—and also to avoid the commonplace of the new wall decorations in the new rooms at the National Gallery. But he has not had quite the independence to adapt boldly the better examples given of late years in some private galleries and big exhibitions both at home and abroad. He has escaped the official mistakes and commonplaces on the one hand, and, on the other, the risk of being accused of too close adherence to unofficial innovations, by painting or staining the walls black. Now black is far from being a bad background for the very early paintings; it seems rather but an extension of the black frames of so many pictures of their date. When it comes to the Lelys and Knellers, it is less in harmony. But, in any case, much depends on the quality of the black, and in this respect I can hardly make my compliments to the director. No matter how many coats of paint, or how deep a stain, he may have used to cover the panelling of the walls, the result strikes me as thin, not rich, while the mere fact that the panelling is so plainly revealed distracts the attention of the nervous, who see in it but an unpleasant reminder of increased danger in case of fire. Then, below the black is a wide line of white, which is repeated in the frieze and ceiling, and the violent contrast hurts the eye. It is all very well to rely upon time, with its power, to tone things down, but the tendency is to abuse this reliance in London. The big Turner room at the Tate shows that time, even in a town of dirt and fog, unless it has a good foundation to work upon, is not always kind. Experiment, I admit, is healthier than blind obedience to custom, but I am not so sure that the healthiest place for experiment is a national gallery where there is no money to spare when experiment leads to failure. How time will treat these new rooms remains to be seen.

N. N.

Dana Estes & Co. announce "A History of Painting," in eight volumes, by Haldane Maefall, with a Prefaee by Frank Brangwyn. The work is designed for the amateur rather than the technical student, and carries the subject from the beginning of the Italian Renaissance to modern times. It is to have two hundred full-page mounted plates in eolor, which, to judge from the samples we have seen, will furnish a notable example of the new style of illustration.

Royal Cortissoz writes an introduction to the "Annual of the Society of Illustrators" (Scribner). The eighty-five full-page illustrations, reproduced for the most part in two printings, with a tint block background, are arranged alphabetically under the artist's name, beginning with Edwin A. Abbey. As it happens there is no Howard Pyle in this number, the first of an intended series. The plan gives promise of some historical value in the study of American illustration.

In the Master Painters series Doran issues three volumes, "Titian," "Reynolds," and "Van Dyck." The texts are put together from the writings of Ruskin, and there are the usual reproductions in color of several of the artists' paintings.

A miniature edition of Turner's "Liber Studiorum" (Stokes) contains fascimiles of the seventy-three published plates and twenty-six additional cuts of unfinished plates or of drawings intended for that famous series. Since the small scale of the reproductions reduces these prints to tone, effacing the etched skeleton, the book will better serve as a pictorial index for those who know their "Liber" than as an introduction.

"Underground Jerusalem" (London: Horace Cox) is a translation of a brief sketch by a French archæologist, Père Vincent, of the work of the expedition of 1909-11 on the hill of Ophel. By means of its excavations the history of ancient Jebus can be traced back for 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. Burial caves have been discovered in which were tombs containing bodies, and, among other things, fragments of early Canaanitish pottery and some bullets for slinging. But the most interesting result was the bringing to light of the admirable work of Hezekiah, at the time of the war with the Assyrians, in supplying the city with water by means of a tunnel from the Virgin's Well to the Pool of Siloam. When the explorations are completed a full account of them will be published by Constable & Co., in which the names of the members of the expedition, now kept secret, will be given.

David C. Preyer's "The Art of the Vienna Galleries" (L. C. Page) is a well-planned book, and, save for slovenly proofreading, well executed. The Vienna galleries are strongest in the Flemish and Dutch schools. It is precisely here that Mr. Preyer's knowledge and enthusiasm are greatest. In the matter of contested attributions he goes farther than is usual in a manual of this sort and generally with good judgment. Besides the three public galleries, the Liechtenstein, Czernin, Schönborn-Bucheim, and Harrach collections are treated. The Lanckorowski, which contains interesting pictures, is omitted. Mr. Preyer's sympathies are obviously for realistic and romantic art, precisely the art most in evidence at Vienna. Outstanding prejudices and perfervid admiration take the book out of its perfunctory class Your reviewer reads with some amazement that Zurbaran is a "weak imitator of Caravaggio," and is not reassured at learning that Boecklin is "the greatest landscapist of the nineteenth century." Again Mr. Preyer's tenderness for the melodramas of Max Klinger is significant of a taste for extremes. On the other hand, it is precisely this gusto that makes our author a good critic of Rubens.

To the National Gallery at London the late Edwin A. Abbey has bequeathed his picture, Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem; to the Metropolitan Museum his drawings to illustrate Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies, his painting of Hamlet, and his portrait of his mother-in-law; and to the Boston Museum of Fine Art his original drawings for "The Deserted Village."

Important excavations on the Palatine were begun by Dr. Giacomo Boni early in October in the Palace of Domitian. Excavating was carried on here as long ago as the sixteenth century by Farnesi, but nothing important has been done since the eighteenth century. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century excavating meant principally stealing marbles with which to enrich museums; Dr. Boni's work is directed to discovering the whole plan of the palace, which was that of a typical Roman domus, enlarged to meet the requirements of the chief of the state. Work on the row of rooms forming the front of the Palace, corresponding to the vestibule, has revealed the system of drainage, and has turned up a large number of architectural fragments. In the atrium a huge octagonal basin has been uncovered, the existence of which was unsuspected. It measures sixty feet across, is two and a half feet deep, and was originally lined with marble. The bottom of the basin had been broken through by the excavators of earlier centuries in their search for marbles, and a mass of pottery from the priscan-archæological strata had been brought up and then thrown back as rubbish with which to fill in the whole. Dr. Boni has now taken it out, and will later carry on deeper excavations in this stratum. In the triclinium everything had been long ago levelled to the earth, but a beautiful marble pavement covering two hundred yards had been left undiscovered beneath a few inches of earth. Although the northern nympheum was already known, the pipes through which it was supplied with water have just come to light. The southern nympheum remains to be excavated; a part of it lies beneath the now abandoned nunnery, which was built upon the spot some forty years ago. This modern building must be demolished if the complete plan of the palace is to be determined.

Finance

THE MARKET AND CURRENT EVENTS.

No one can doubt that the past week has been a week of incidents; yet the peculiar fact about it is that financial markets have made virtually no response. Beginning with the speech of Sir Edward Grey on Anglo-German relations, on Monday of last week, and ending with Friday's extraordinary news from Los Angeles, Saturday's $6,100,000 deficit in New York bank reserves, and last Monday's application of the tobacco independents for the Supreme Court to reverse the decree of dissolution in the Tobacco Trust case, it was possible to say of all these occurrences that the markets did not know what to do about any of them. All of them, as a matter of fact, had to do with actual events long past, and this week's developments were less in the nature of new incidents in the chapter than of a clearing-up of facts regarding older occurrences, some of which were surrounded with mystery at the time. It is not always possible for markets to "reflect" such belated explanations.

Sir Edward Grey's speech, taken along with the German Foreign Minister's speech of two weeks earlier, shows exactly why Europe's financial markets were plunged into such disorder and apprehension in midsummer, and again in the early autumn. Whether war between France and Germany, or between Germany and England, was at any time actually imminent, will always remain a matter of debate. But that the situation in July was such that a Palmerston or a Napoleon III might have taken some step, after which war would have been inevitable, can no longer be doubted. The more cheerful present view is that war was averted, that the fact itself is proof of the improbability of such a war, even under aggravated circumstances, and that therefore the future is guaranteed. Yet the fact remains, and the foreign markets seem to recognize it, that bad blood has been stirred up by the story of last July's diplomacy—not less so when something not wholly unlike the lie direct is exchanged by the English and German Governments, in their respective versions of the incident.

The New York bank position is quite universally believed to be a temporary matter. The deficit in reserves—the first since the panic of 1907—was apparently due to requisitions for cash, over December 1, by outside banks which merely wished to reserve in that form, at New York, a part of their deposits with New York banks, so as to report it for themselves as "cash on hand." In any case, the "secondary reserve," in the shape of the large foreign credit balances of our banks, remained. The petition of the tobacco independents to the court of last resort was merely a step in obtaining what many legal and financial observers believe will be the final rejection of the request for establishing new and confusing precedent in the Anti-Trust law. None of these incidents admitted of positive "reflection" on the Stock Exchange. Still less was it possible for Wall Street to draw conclusions as to the financial bearing of the McNamara confessions. No clear-headed observer of preceding incidents, between the Los Angeles outrage and last Friday's startling news, has doubted the guilt of the two accused labor leaders. Their confession merely averted their conviction by the jury. But what the consequences, for good or ill, will be on the labor question itself, and how the public mind will on longer consideration be impressed by the marble-hearted cynicism with which these two scoundrels and their counsel publicly describe the crime, are not such easy questions to answer. But perhaps they are not problems for the market.

One other incident of the week, which the market passed almost without notice, deserves a word. It would probably not occur to most people that there was any connection between the bewildering plan, now under way to finance the New York Street Railway reorganiza-

tion, and the undoubtedly widespread public irritation over the Tobacco Trust dissolution plan as approved by the Circuit Court. There is, however, a very interesting connection. The intricate tangle in the affairs of the Metropolitan, and the rascally practices which inspired the wish for severer punishment for the Tobacco Trust and its managers, were the work of one and the same gang of unprincipled capitalists, who had very much to do, jointly and severally, with giving American finance its evil name of half a dozen years ago.

The intelligent man who re-reads the story of the successive street railway "combinations," "leases," "mergers," and "amalgamations," finds himself divided between the two impressions of the financial absurdity of the whole performance and its brazen unscrupulousness. An air of burlesque finance has certainly surrounded it, from the day when a $50,000,000 property was leased to a four-mile trolley concern in the Bronx, to the day when Ryan publicly stated that Metropolitan was bankrupted by the franchise tax (which it had never paid), and the later day when the reorganizers discovered that Metropolitan stock would have to be assessed, but that shareholders of the holding company could not put up the money, because their own shares were non-assessable. Each successive episode suggested Rollo in Wall Street, or high finance according to Bernard Shaw, or "Major Spilsbury" and "Beattie" in the Paris financiering of the Shipbuilding Trust.

But a sense of the financial absurdity of the whole affair is bound to be superseded by the just indignation which arises on every review of the manner in which these rich adventurers stripped the unhappy outside investor in the course of the undertaking. When it is further remembered that the same group of financiers was behind the sharp practice by which the original owners of the tobacco companies were cajoled into selling out to the Trust, and behind the outrages perpetrated in the trade itself, it is easy to understand why so many people have thought the penalty imposed on the Tobacco Trust inadequate. Yet this frame of mind, however excusable under the circumstances of the case, is not the safest in which to approach a problem of law and precedent. Mr. Roosevelt's demand for "complete disruption"—suggesting apparently that the collection of enterprises be somehow smashed to atoms—is a little like application of lynch law to corporations.

The case of the defendants is admittedly aggravated; feelings of honest men are revolted by the story. But the Anti-Trust law provides against just one thing—conspiracy in restraint of trade—and it nowhere intimates that dissolution shall be regulated according to the good or evil practices of the restrainers. The general rule of dissolution, fixed even for such a Trust as this, must be applied, in the ordinary course of judicial procedure, to all other Trusts which are found repugnant to the law. This is why perfectly right-thinking and independent men believe that the Attorney-General and the Circuit Court were right in fixing a form of dissolution for the Tobacco Trust which followed the principle established with Northern Securities and Standard Oil, and which would stand as a leading precedent if the Steel Trust were to be dissolved. That is the view of the matter which must be kept in mind, in awaiting the Supreme Court's decision on the petition of the independents.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, F. F. The Common People of Ancient Rome. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Arnold, M. L. The Soliloquies of Shakespeare: A Study in Technic. Col. Univ. Press (Lemcke & Buechner). $1.25 net.

Bailey, John. Poets and Poetry. Frowde. $1.75 net.

Basile, G. Stories from the Pentamerone. Selected and edited by E. F. Strange. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. Macmillan. $5 net.

Benedict, F. G., and Slack, E. P. Comparative Study of Temperature Fluctuation in Different Parts of the Human Body. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Bonham, M. L. The British Consuls in the Confederacy. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Longmans.

Bowen, C. R. The Resurrection in the New Testament. Putnam.

Bradford, E. S. Commission Government in American Cities. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Calvert, A. F. Sculpture in Spain. Lane. $1.50 net.

Cambridge Mediæval History. Vol. I. Macmillan. $5 net.

Cannon, F. J., and O'Higgins, H. J. Under the Prophet in Utah. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.35 net.

Case, E. C. A Revision of the Cotylosauria of North America. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XII, Philip-Reval. Robert Appleton Co.

Chen Huan-Chang. The Economic Principles of Confucius and His School. (Col Univ. Studies.) 2 vols. Longmans.

Classics of International Law. J. B. Scott, General Editor. Vols. I and II, by Richard Zouche. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Cleaver, Reginald. A Winter-Sport Book. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Conklin's Handy Manual of Useful Information. Revised census edition. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 25 cents.

Dalton, O. M. Byzantine Art and Archæology. Frowde.

Dandridge, Danske. American Prisoners of the Revolution. Charlottesville, Va.: The Michie Co.

Daviess, M. T. The Treasure Babies. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

Day, A. L., and Sosman, R. B. High Temperature Gas Thermometry, with an Investigation of the Metals by E. T. Allen. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Devine, E. T. The Spirit of Social Work. Charities Pub. Committee. $1.

Dickens's David Copperfield; Martin Chuzzlewit; Oliver Twist. Frowde.

English Songs of Italian Freedom. Chosen and arranged by G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans.

Gates, J. S. The Live Dolls in Fairyland. Illustrated. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25.

Greentree, R., and Nicholson, E. W. B. Catalogue of Malay Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. Frowde.

Gubbins, J. H. The Progress of Japan, 1853-1871. Frowde. $3.40 net.

Gunsaulus, F. W. The Minister and the Spiritual Life. Revell. $1.25 net.

Harris, I. The Significance of Existence. Longmans.

Heart Throbs. (Prose and Verse.) Vol. II. Boston: Chapple Pub. Co.

Herter, C. A. Biological Aspects of Human Problems. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Hillis, Mrs. N. D. The American Woman and Her Home. Revell. $1 net.

Hirst, F. W. John Bright as Statesman and Orator. London: Belvedere Ptg. & Pub. Co.

Hobhouse, L. T. Social Evolution and Political Theory. Col. Univ. Press. (Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

Hubbard, Kin. Abe Martin's Almanack. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Ibsen. Collected Works. Vol. XII. From Ibsen's Workshop: Notes, Scenarios, and Drafts of the Modern Plays. Trans. by A. G. Chater. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Ibsen. Viking Edition. Vols. I to IV. Scribner. $2 each.

International Critical Commentary. Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Obadiah, and Joel. By J. P. Smith, W. H. Ward, and J. A. Bewer. Scribner. $3 net.

Jones, P. L. Henry Drummond. A Study. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 25 cents net.

Kelley, W. V. Down the Road, and Other Essays. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

Laidlay, W. J. Art, Artists, and Landscape Painting. Longmans.

Lee, F. S. Scientific Features of Modern Medicine. Col. Univ. Press (Lemcke & Buechner). $1.50 net.

Lindsay, Forbes. Cuba and Her People of To-day. Boston: Page & Co. $3.

Linebarger, C. E. A Laboratory Manual of Physics. Boston: Heath.

Low, B. R. C. The Sailor Who Has Sailed, and Other Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.

McCormac, E. I. Colonial Opposition to Imperial Authority During the French and Indian War. Berkeley: University Press.

Manili Astronomicon. Liber II. Edidit H. W. Garrod. Frowde. $3.40 net.

Marks, Jeannette. A Girl's Student Days and After. Revell. 75 cents net.

Meredith, G. Memorial Edition. Final vol., xxvii. Scribner. $2.

Moore, George. Hail and Farewell. 1, Ave. D. Appleton.

Morrison, Sophia. Manx Fairy Tales. London: David Nutt.

Palmer, G. H. The Problem of Freedom. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Pervigilium Veneris. (Oxford Plain Texts.) Frowde.

Porter, W. N. A Year of Japanese Epigrams. Translated and Compiled. Frowde.

Prichard, H. H. Through Trackless Labrador. With a Chapter on Fishing by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy. Sturgis & Walton. $4 net.

Report of Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments of the City of New York, 1910.

Sanderson. Memoir and Papers of Sir John Burdon Sanderson. Frowde.

Scott, Mrs. Maxwell. Life of Madame de la Rochejaquelein. Longmans.

Scott's Peveril of the Peak; The Fair Maid of Perth. Frowde.

Seton, E. T. The Arctic Prairies. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Introduction and notes by W. Strunk, jr. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. 25 cents.

Shakespeare. Tudor edition. Henry IV. Part I. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Smith, E. F. Bacteria in Relation to Plant Diseases. Vol. II. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Southey, R. The Life of Nelson. Intro. by John Masefield, designs by Frank Brangwyn. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50.

Stanford, C. V. Musical Composition: A Short Treatise for Students. Macmillan. 90 cents net.

Stuart, J. E. The Education of Catholic Girls. New impression. Longmans.

Webster's New Standard Dictionary. High School and Collegiate Edition. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.75.

Whicher, G. M. and G. F. On the Tibur Road: A Freshman's Horace. Princeton University Press.

Winlow, C. V. Barbora: Our Little Bohemian Cousin. Boston: Page & Co. 60 cents.

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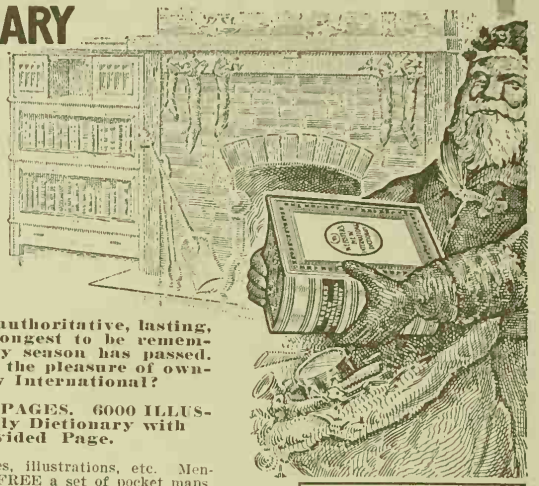

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1911.

The Week

It is not necessary to take too seriously the reported stampede to Roosevelt among the Republican National Committeemen in Washington on Monday, for, after it is all over, it clearly appears that Mr. Taft still holds the trumps. He controls the reorganized committee of arrangements of the next Convention, with a chairman favored by him, and a substantial majority of the whole committee support him. What is visible is the split in the party, the existence of which everybody knows; it is bound to be displayed at every party gathering from now on, and is, among other things, the best possible evidence that the process of freeing the Republican party from the domination of protected interests and politicians of the Mark Hanna type goes on apace. But, so far as Taft is concerned, not only does Mr. Taft control the Southern delegates, as Mr. Roosevelt controlled them four years ago, but those of free foot, who would like to be Insurgents, find themselves face to face with this sentiment from no less a person than Theodore Roosevelt (February 25, 1909): "No man of better training, no man of more dauntless courage, of sounder common sense, and of higher and finer character has ever come to the Presidency than William Howard Taft." Shall it now be solemnly confessed that Mr. Roosevelt was wrong and that the party blundered? Surely, his party could never be so false to Oyster Bay—and, besides, Oyster-Bay was never known to be anxious to run for office when everybody was prophesying its party's defeat.

Any man's declaration that he is not a candidate for President of the United States is like the plea of not guilty in a court of justice. The right to withdraw the plea and to substitute one of guilty with mitigating circumstances, is always recognized. Nothing, for instance, could apparently be more emphatic than Mr. Underwood's statement, "I am not a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and I am not going to be." But, without questioning the sincerity of Mr. Underwood's disclaimer, one may look back over the history of Presidential denials and find at least six reasons that will justify a change of heart: (1) The emergence of conditions which did not exist at the time the denial was made, and which, of course, put an entirely different complexion on the matter; (2) the unanimous demand of the people, before which every statesman must bow; (3)the vital interests of the party, which must always be placed above one's personal interests and inclinations; (4) ultimate, though not belated, recognition of the fact that no man is too big for the Presidency of the United States; (5) a stampeded Convention; (6) the act of God. The business of running for President of the United States is one of the few subjects on which a man may eat his words without ceasing to look his fellow-citizens in the face.

There is one paragraph in the President's message on foreign affairs which will stir the reader's mind to reminiscence. The paragraph has reference to a recently concluded commercial treaty with Japan. Japan? Where has one heard that name before? Ah, yes, that was some time ago when a Japanese fleet was stealing its way with covered lights into San Francisco harbor; when Japanese emissaries were taking soundings in the Gulf of Mexico, the Bering Sea, and off the Ninety-sixth Street pier in the North River; when the Japanese Government had bought up by secret treaty every available naval harbor and coaling station on the Pacific Coast of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, and had refrained from entering into a similar agreement with Bolivia only because Bolivia is very much like Switzerland. Where is Japan now? We sit now in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after and can only wonder at the nightmare panics and alarms that followed one another at intervals of a few months, without cause, without reason, without any other source than Capt. Hobson's and Mr. Hearst's mental and moral indigestion. To think now of war with Japan is laughable; yet there were times when men of sense feared the worst. Of such stuff are most international panics and perils made.

Besides the three conspicuous subjects of the parcels post, the postal savings banks, and the proposed readjustment of postage rates by increasing that on magazines and newspapers and reducing letter postage to one cent, the Postmaster-General's report touches on other matters of public interest. The recommendation is renewed that the franking privilege be discontinued, and that instead of this utterly vague and unlimited power to use the mails without charge there be substituted "the use of special envelopes and stamps in the free transmission of official mail, such envelopes and stamps to be furnished on requisition through the agency of the Post Office Department." This proposal of reform certainly does not err in the direction of being too radical; the franking system as it is bears altogether too close a resemblance to the flagrant free-pass abuses which have been got rid of in recent years. To show that the wiping out of the deficit was accomplished without curtailment of postal facilities, the Postmaster-General mentions a number of facts that are interesting, such as the introduction of carrier delivery in 186 additional cities, the establishment of 2,516 new rural routes, and a considerable increase in the average salaries of carriers and clerks. In the direction of improved administration, the most notable point made is the reorganization of the railway mail service, which has not yet been completed but of which, says Mr. Hitchcock, "the final result will mean a tremendous saving to the Government, accompanied by important benefits to the employees of the service." One of the features of the improvement is the recruiting of the railway mail service solely by promotion from among the trained employees of the post offices.

It is to be hoped that the New York Chamber of Commerce will give its emphatic approval to the project placed before it last week, looking to the establishment of an international commission on the cost of living, upon the initiative of the United States. The difficulty and importance of the inquiry alike make the coöperation of the leading nations of the world essential to its successful prosecution; and it was a

happy inspiration that led Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale to propose the scheme, and to sound prominent economists, in this country and Europe, as to the desirability of such a plan. His inquiries have met with the most cordial response on all sides. Some look forward to remedial governmental measures as a possible or probable outcome of the inquiry; but, irrespectively of any such prospect, it is felt that a really thoroughgoing research into the facts will be sure to prove of the highest practical importance, as well as of great scientific value.

The indications are that the meat-packers' trial in Chicago will witness a further extension of the great American principle of trying a case twice, once after the jury has been selected and once before. Of this principle, the proceedings in the Los Angeles trial, now happily brought to a close, offered an extraordinary application. When talesmen were being examined by counsel, they were asked substantially, "If we should argue that the *Times* building was blown up by gas, what would you do?" or, "If we should argue that the *Times* building was blown up by dynamite, what would you do?" Such questions reduce criminal practice to admirable simplicity, since it is an obvious advantage to begin a case with the knowledge that the jury is going to find for your client. And so in Chicago: Have you any views on Government regulation of commerce? Are you a farmer, and thus a natural enemy of pork-packers? Are you a salesman or small merchant, and thus an enemy of Trusts? Are you an ultimate consumer, and thus prejudiced against high prices? Such attempts to try the case while selecting the jury are all the more inexcusable because they are obviously ineffective. When quizzing and cross-quizzing have stopped, when challenges for cause and peremptory are exhausted, you get twelve men into the box whom you might as well have picked the first day or two, so far as their final verdict is concerned.

The statement by the officials of the Federation of Labor is cleverly written and takes certain positions that are to be commended. It puts on record an explicit expression of satisfaction in the vindication of justice in the case of the McNamaras, and declares that their "grave crime" teaches the salutary lesson of the "futility of resorting to violence." On the main question, however, of the violent championing of the McNamaras by the labor leaders, and their violent denunciations of all and sundry who thought the men might be guilty, the statement is necessarily labored and weak. No explanations after the fact can alter the mischief that was done before it. We are now told that "the most cautious reasoners" among the organized workers had convinced themselves that the *Times* building in Los Angeles was destroyed by an explosion of gas. But if they had been really cautious they would have waited for the evidence, and not have filled the air with cries about a "frame-up" and perjured testimony. They may have been cautious reasoners, but they were most incautious speakers. It is too late for them to assume a judicial attitude, and ask for a suspension of judgment. They did not suspend their judgment for an instant, and by their reckless folly marked themselves out as unsafe leaders. They now speak as men chastened by the event, and with their authority and even their official positions imperilled; and if the public does not now credit their solemn asseveration that they never dreamed that the McNamaras were guilty, whom have they to blame but themselves? Mr. Burns continues to assert that some of them long ago knew the McNamaras to be guilty.

Monday's estimate of this season's cotton crop, by the Agricultural Department, was for 14,885,000 bales. To appreciate exactly what that means, it must first be pointed out that 13,800,000 bales is the largest crop ever previously picked, and that even that crop (in 1908) had been underestimated by 900,000 bales in the Government's December forecast. This great "cotton year" has followed a series of years in which the cotton belt's story was curiously different. Not very long ago, the spinners of the world used in one season 12,400,000 bales of American cotton. That was obtained from the large crop of 1908; and it was then estimated by the late Thomas Ellison, the Liverpool statistician, that, under normal conditions of yield and price, the spinners would require 12,438,000 bales in the following year, and about 200,000 more in the next. But the American cotton crop of 1909 was only 10,500,000 bales; in 1910 came a more successful harvest, but with a yield of only 12,100,000. As a consequence, cotton went to 16 cents a pound in 1909, and in 1910 it sold at 20 cents, a figure never before touched in American history, except in the paper-inflation period and the wild-cat bank days of 1835 and 1836. The necessary outcome was hard times in the spinning trade, thousands of cotton-mill employees out of work in Europe and America, and high cost of clothing to the masses.

Such prices, in accordance with a rule of human nature, induced the South to plant in 1911 the largest acreage on record. The 15,000,000-bale crop, exceeding all others by a million bales, resulted. It is doubtless more than the spinners can consume in a single twelvemonth; indeed, up to the present date the New England mills have used less cotton than a year ago—unquestionably because the buyer of clothing has not yet forgotten the lesson taught him by the experience of the past two years, that it is possible to make the old suit of clothing last a good deal longer. But with cotton now at 9 to 9½ cents, instead of 20, a change in this regard is bound to come. In due course, the old way of doing things will be resumed by the consumer, mills will again run at full time, and prosperity will return to a great American industry. The other side of the matter concerns the cotton-producer, who complains that the fall in cotton prices has brought down the value of his crop almost to cost of production. Numerous expedients of relief have been suggested—most of them, we are sorry to say, so utterly repugnant, not only to political economy but to ordinary common sense, that they have been discarded as soon as proposed. We have seen only one which was practicably workable or economically defensible, and that is the tentative plan of the New York syndicate to arrange for such advances of funds to planters as should avert the necessity for a sudden and wholesale "unloading" of their crop, the moment it had passed through the ginneries. There are possibilities of beneficent reform in the cotton market, if this plan is made effective; but it would need the most judicious management.

The finding of the joint navy and army board which examined the wreck of the Maine in Havana harbor confirms the report of the Sampson Board and seems to establish beyond all cavil that the explosion was an external one. It will be remembered that several of the officers of the Sampson Board, including Rear-Admiral Chadwick, were convinced against their own prepossessions that it was an external explosion. He and his associates of that board must feel gratified that the laying bare of the wreck has clearly proved how careful on the whole was their work. By a process of elimination, they arrived at the conclusion that the disaster could not have been due to internal causes. They seem to have erred only in the exact location of the explosion, which appears to have been ten or twelve frames further aft than the Sampson Board had thought. Again, the Vreeland Board finds that the explosion was not caused by a torpedo, but by some "low form of explosive" which eliminates the possibility of a torpedo or some instrument charged with a high explosive, like nitro-glycerine, and points towards a submarine mine charged with gun-powder.

Beyond this, it appears, the Navy Department will not give out further details of the Vreeland report, and what it has published is, of course, of no value whatever in revealing the authors of the explosion. Apparently, the Maine's destruction bids fair to remain one of the world's great mysteries. If the Vreeland report is correct, the deadly mine must have weighed hundreds of pounds and required the efforts of many men to get it overboard and anchored in just the right place. Yet no one has ever been found who knew anything about it or saw anything suspicious. After thirteen years and the complete downfall of the Spanish power in America, no one has confessed anything and the United States is as much in doubt as to whether Cubans or Spaniards, officials or men in private life, were responsible as when the news of the disaster was received. If it was a conspiracy, it has been one marvellously well safeguarded by those involved, and with each year the chances grow less of ever obtaining the actual facts.

President Taft's refusal to interfere in the case of five young men dismissed from West Point for drunkenness ought to discourage a time-honored manœuvre. When a cadet or a midshipman is deemed by the authorities at West Point or Annapolis to have so far transgressed that nothing but dismissal is to be thought of, then, in the minds of his relatives and friends, the fight is only begun. The scene of conflict is shifted to Washington, and every appeal and form of pressure that can be conceived of is brought to bear upon members of Congress. In the present instance, no fewer than five United States Senators lent their influence against the upholding of discipline at West Point. The President's reply was comprehensive. He not only refused their request, but told them that he would veto any bill to restore the cadets. Doubtless the five Senators retired in good order, if not with all the honors of war.

To Mr. Andrew D. White's suggestion that the Russian Government be invited to debate the passport question before the Hague Tribunal, there is at least one weighty objection. Recourse to The Hague should be had when diplomatic measures have failed. If it were a question of going to war with Russia over the passport question or going to The Hague, right-thinking men would prefer the latter course. But that is not at all the alternative we face. As has been stated before in these columns, the argument of those who favor the abrogation of the treaty of 1832 is just this: the treaty does not justify Russia's treatment of the American Jew, but if Russia insists that it does, then do away with the treaty. It would be a question for The Hague if this country, while insisting upon all the benefits accruing to it under the treaty of 1832, nevertheless demanded that Russia should meet our views in the matter of passports. It is not a question for The Hague if this country decides to forego any advantages that may accrue to it under present conditions by bringing the treaty itself to an end. A denunciation of the treaty by Congress would supply the State Department with a powerful weapon for negotiation. During the year that must elapse before notice of termination becomes effective, Russia could undoubtedly be brought to see reason.

It is difficult to follow all the ins and outs of the new suffrage agitation in England, but one capital fact stands out. It is that, for the first time, a responsible and influential Minister of the Crown has come out squarely in favor of giving the ballot to women on the same terms as to men. Mr. Lloyd George did this in a speech at Bath, in which he linked woman suffrage with the humane causes which he has at heart, saying, among other things, that "if women by their presence on the register saved us from the infamy of a single war they would have justified their vote before God and man." What Lloyd George committed himself to was advocacy of an amendment to the Government bill for manhood suffrage, next year, including the vote for women. The Premier has definitely pledged himself, in case such an amendment is carried, to make it a Government measure along with the rest of the bill. The so-called Conciliation bill, which even the militants had agreed to accept as a payment on account, would have enfranchised about a million women; the amendment which Lloyd George now favors would give the vote to six or seven millions.

It is already apparent that, whatever may be the effect on his personal fortunes, W. Morgan Shuster's stand against Russia's throttling tactics in Persia has been of service to that country. Lord Morley's statement in the House of Lords last week makes it plain that the better conscience of Great Britain has been roused against slavish adherence to a compact which Russia seemed determined to turn into an instrument for undermining Persian independence. It is also not improbable that the British sporting spirit has been impressed by Mr. Shuster's single-handed fight against what professional diplomats have regarded as the inevitable. At any rate, while Lord Morley was still under the necessity of deploring Mr. Shuster's lack of tact, he joined with Lord Curzon in expressing admiration for the young official's energy and motives. It is hard to imagine that Russia's renewed assurances that she has no designs on Persian independence were not forced by recent events at Teheran. That is one distinct gain. Another is England's declaration that she will not sanction the ex-Shah's return to power.

THE "PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY."

Now that the Republican National Committee has met in Washington, there has been much talk about ways and means of getting an expression of "Presidential preference" from the voters of the party. This has been caused partly by the fact that the machinery for a Presidential primary has been set up by law in five or six States. And in Congress Senator Cummins has introduced a bill to bring about the election of all delegates to National Conventions by a direct primary. His measure fixes the date of such primary as August 1 in each Presidential year. This alone would make it certain that the proposal of the Iowa Senator is not intended to go into effect in 1912, since the Conventions will undoubtedly be called for a day in June or July. It is doubtful if Senator Cummins will even press the matter at this session. Indeed, the whole subject is thus far treated in a tentative manner only. As six-sevenths of the States have made no legal provision whatever for any such test of party sentiment on the Presidency, the National Committee cannot include the device in its "call" for next year's Convention. In Ohio it has been proposed to try the matter out by voluntary agreement, and the President's friends are said not to be averse to doing so; but even there the plan is enveloped in doubt, and except in the handful of States where the statutes have provided for a Presidential primary, we shall doubtless hear little of it as a practical matter.

Nevertheless, the movement has a genuine interest. It indicates an honest and growing dissatisfaction with the methods at present employed to elect Presidential delegates. And with the coming all over the country of direct-primary laws for the nomination of State and city officials, as well as Representatives and Senators, what more natural than that the nomination of a President, too, should be thought of as something about which it would be well to give the members of the party a more direct voice? The National Convention, as a means of placing candidates for the Presidency before the people, is plainly an improvement over the old way by Congressional Caucus. But the Convention, in its turn, has come to appear to many to have gone stale and to be losing authority, so that plans for freshening it up and restoring its prestige stand a good chance of getting a hearing. Of these, the suggestion of a Presidential primary appears to be most in favor.

A scheme for carrying it out was embodied in the reform legislation of New Jersey, enacted last winter. Section III of the Geran law provides that "all delegates and alternates to the National Convention of the political parties in this State shall be chosen at primary elections." The Secretary of State is to be notified by the chairman of the State Committee, "on or before the fifteenth day of April in the year in which a President of the United States is to be elected," of the number of delegates to be chosen, which number shall then be certified by the Secretary of State, before April 20, to county clerks. The latter are then to put the established primary machinery in motion. Candidates for the position of delegate may be grouped together, and "may also have the name of the candidate for President whom they favor placed opposite their individual names, or opposite such groups, if they so request in their petitions, under the caption, 'Choice for President.'" Moreover, the Geran law provides that in the Presidential primary, as freely as in that of the State, citizens can by petition get placed upon the primary ballot the names of independent or rival party nominees for delegates. How this plan will work in New Jersey, remains to be seen, but its intent is obviously to give the voters the opportunity to make their Presidential preferences known with more clearness and effect than ever before.

Some are confidently predicting that, by the time four years more have rolled round, the Presidential primary will have become universal. A good deal will depend, however, upon the success or failure of the method in the half-dozen States which resort to it this year. Perhaps even more will depend upon the way in which next year's National Conventions conduct themselves. If they are suspected of being boss-ridden, or are plainly manipulated, the impetus given towards an entirely new order of things will be marked. But, on the other hand, if the Conventions bear genuine marks of free conferring together and unforced voting, it will be generally thought that there is life in the old institution yet.

One report which came from Washington bears on the proposal to have Presidential primaries, in a way that may be malicious, but it is at least interesting. It is said that Mr. Roosevelt's friends are against the idea of primaries. This is not because they "distrust the people"—perish the thought! But if the Colonel's name were to be put forward in a primary as early as May or June, it would compel him to say explicitly whether he wanted it done or not. His friends feel that this would be awkward—for them. What they are figuring upon is a stampede to Roosevelt in the Convention. That could be much more easily engineered for an unwilling candidate than a primary campaign. We give the rumor for what it is worth, and will only remark that, if there is any truth in it, the result will be to make the Taft managers even more careful than they were in 1908 to see that their delegates can be guaranteed, not only to "stand hitched," but to be proof against a half hour's yelling for Teddy.

THE RAILWAY SECURITIES REPORT.

Much was expected from the very able commission which President Taft appointed to inquire into governmental regulation of the issue of railway securities, and its report meets the hopes inspired by the men. President Hadley and his associates, Messrs. Judson, Strauss, Fisher, and Meyer, have shown not merely that they know how to dig into a complicated matter, but that they can present the results of their investigation in an orderly, lucid, and convincing manner. The very style of the report is interesting. Seldom in an official publication does one meet with such pungent phrasing. There are many crisp expressions that tempt to quotation. For example:

> We are told that if it was possible to standardize food by a Pure Food law, it ought to be possible to standardize railroad securities by a securities law. It is possible —to the same extent and no more. The Pure Food law enables a man to know what he is buying. It does not certify that the thing he buys is good for him. That is left to his intelligence. The Government cannot protect the investors against the consequences of their unwisdom in buying unprofitable bonds, any more than it can protect the consumers against the consequences of their unwisdom in eating indigestible food.

It is, however, the substance of the report that is the main thing, and this is of great value. It goes deeply and

with expert knowledge into the whole question of railway financing and the relations to it of both Federal and State Government. With patience and close scrutiny it takes up one after another of the "happy-thought" solutions of the problem which have been offered, and shows in detail how they would be either unworkable or mischievous. To some this will seem the most valuable service done by the report. It disposes of many nostrums. What it recommends is done cautiously. It clearly sees evils and earnestly seeks remedies, but nowhere is it under the delusion that a vast complex of established interests, in which the future of the country is bound up, can safely be cut through by an improvised legislative sword.

One thing that stands out in it is its strong appeal to the States to do their duty in the matter of regulating the issue of railway securities. With only one important exception, all American railways are State-chartered. In reference to corporations of their own creating, the States may make any kind of laws they choose. If they desire stringent regulation of railways they can have it. They can, if they please, allow the issue of stock for less than par. They can dictate the bookkeeping of the companies; can compel them to the most absolute publicity. In all these ways and others, the States have powers which they have not exercised, and obligations to which they have not risen. The Commission's report is, in its way, as stirring a summons to the States as was Mr. Root's famous speech. In our opinion, it is made thereby the more wholesome.

The Commission, however, is not averse to an exercise of the power of Congress over interstate commerce. The diversity of State legislation being what it is, and the bringing of State railway charters and the methods of State railway control into something like uniformity being necessarily a slow labor, the report favors the invoking of Federal authority. Only, it would be very careful to draw the line between what can be done by statute and what cannot, between reasonable expectations and wild dreams. In the matter of the so-called "physical valuation" of existing railways, for example, the Commission points out that, if this is undertaken, it should not be with the idea of reducing the amount of outstanding securities or preventing new issues simply because the total "exceeds the physical value of their properties." The Commission declares that any attempt in this way to "scale down old securities" would be both illegal and inexpedient, would tend to great direct loss, and, by its destruction of confidence in American railway investments, would inflict indirect loss that would be "immeasurable." Moreover, it adds, "such a readjustment would become archaic almost from the outset, because an adjustment of securities based upon the values of to-day might be totally erroneous to-morrow."

What, then, would the Commission have Congress do? In a word, make all the stock and bond transactions of railways as open as day. It would not favor Government authorization of securities, because that would tend to create the impression of a Government guarantee of values, and this, as the report asserts, "no administrative authority can safely give." But every scrap of information relating to securities the railways can be compelled to turn over to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and this is the main recommendation of the report. It would have complete publicity given to actual facts regarding every share of stock and every bond—how they were issued, what was the consideration for them, the amount of the proceeds, and how they were used, the names of the parties concerned. Many other details and stipulations the Commission would insist upon having made public, as respects all the financial transactions of railways, including the disposition of surplus, the aim of the whole being to put an intending investor and the public in possession of the fullest possible knowledge. It is to this kind of systematized information that the Commission pins more hope than to any scheme of Government "standardizing" or guaranteeing of railway securities. We have but hinted at the broad scope of the report. It should be read entire by any who wish to see trained intelligence and perfect candor applied to a great governmental problem.

CANADA AND "CONTINENTALISM."

On this side of the line, the reciprocity proposal was viewed almost wholly as a question of economics. When Mr. Taft, opening his campaign of education in the notable speech he made at the press dinner in this city, spoke of Canada being at "the parting of the ways," the idea of firing the hearts of the people of the United States with the prospect of the absorption of their neighbor to the north was as far as possible from his thoughts. But with that want of sensitive imagination which has on so many occasions involved him in almost fatal embarrassments, he made use of a phrase eminently fitted to alarm patriotic Canadians, while all that he wished to impress upon the people of this country was that the opportunity for tariff reciprocity, if not seized at this time, might not again appear, owing to the possible or probable growth of the system of Imperial preference. But the speech was one that he had deliberately written and read; and *littera scripta manet.* When the time came for an appeal to Canadians to rally round their flag and reject the overtures of Yankeedom, Mr. Taft's unlucky phrase did yeoman service for the anti-reciprocity men. Fortunately for them, what the President's innocent words merely permitted them to infer by construction had been grossly bellowed out by the Speaker-designate of the House of Representatives; and the Canadian alarmists would have been either more or less than human if they had not taken the utmost advantage of these real or supposed evidences of the annexation spirit. Nor can there be any doubt that the appeal to the sentiment of Canadian individuality, as well as of Canadian loyalty to the mother country, was a decisive influence in bringing about the anti-reciprocity victory.

Whether annexation was really regarded by any considerable number of Canadians as a practical danger, as in any sense imminent in case reciprocity was adopted, it would be difficult to say. Probably many of those who made the greatest outcry about it would answer, if closely questioned, as one distinguished Canadian did who visited this country after the election. "Do you think there was really anything in the annexation cry?" he was asked. "There was nothing in it," was the reply, "but it was very useful." And yet the matter cannot be disposed of in an epigram. The case is not very different from that of the Channel tunnel question, which has been coming up in England, at intervals, for something like half a century. It would be a notable convenience, it

would be a considerable economy, and a great many people have demonstrated to their own entire satisfaction that it would not constitute any danger to England, as "compassed by the inviolate sea"; but so long as there is any standing-ground for the belief—and in the opinion of some very able judges there is—that the tunnel would, under conceivable circumstances, make invasion possible, Englishmen will have none of it. What the reciprocity campaign has really brought out is the unsuspected presence of this same kind of intensity in Canadian sentiment. Probably comparatively few Canadians really feared that reciprocity would bring annexation in its train; but hundreds of thousands showed their intense attachment to Canadian independence and individuality by rejecting a proposal which, rightly or wrongly, they felt would weaken its defences.

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, under the title "The Defeat of 'Continentalism' in Canada, from a Canadian Standpoint," this sentiment of Canadian patriotism is represented largely in the light of an extreme distrust and dislike of the United States, or rather of certain traits which are regarded as peculiarly characteristic of this country. According to the writer of this article, Rudyard Kipling's message to the people of Canada was the real keynote of the campaign. "It is her own soul that Canada risks to-day," Mr. Kipling declared. And he went on to speak of our enormous number of murders, of our "haste and waste" in dissipating our resources, of the inevitable result which must follow if Canada pawned her soul to us, in the shape of conformity to "the commercial, legal, financial, social, and ethical standards which will be imposed upon her by the sheer admitted weight of the United States." This message, says the *Nineteenth Century* writer, "was printed not as a paragraph, not as a column, but filled an entire page in many of the leading Canadian newspapers," and he ranks it as one of the most notable public utterances of recent years. What the writer himself thinks of Yankeeland, he makes no effort to conceal; it is quite plain that he regards us as eaten up with corruption, as wholly devoid of sentiment or idealism, and as given to lawlessness in a degree almost inconceivable in a civilized people. This state of mind diminishes, of course, the trustworthiness of his testimony as to what actually took place in Canada; but, after all allowance is made for this, one finds in the article only an extreme manifestation of what, in more reasonable fashion, must have been operative in the minds of a great number of Canadians.

How sensible Americans should feel about all this, and how they do feel about it, is an interesting question. For our own part, we strongly suspect that, take the whole population—even though it includes some few who are not sensible—the result of a campaign in which annexation of Canada was the issue would be very different from what the sapient Champ, in a recent utterance, confidently declared. He unhesitatingly asserted that in such a campaign the annexationist would beat the anti-annexationist ten to one. Our confidence in the sober sense of the American people forbids such a conclusion. We believe that every day of discussion would strengthen the hands of those who hold to letting well enough alone; who feel that we have enough to do to work out the problems of our present vast and diversified population and territory; who are conscious that, along with the qualities of which the nation is justly proud, there are others in regard to which it has ample reason for serious misgivings; who see no reason why a free, prosperous, contented, and progressive nation alongside our border should be asked to merge its individuality with ours, adapt its institutions and customs to our system, and throw overboard its own traditions and preferences. It is not necessary to subscribe to the indictment made by a prejudiced Britisher in order to recognize that we are not the model of perfection; and even if we were vastly nearer perfection than we are, the idea of recasting into our mould another people, having their own excellences, their own distinctive qualities, good, bad, and indifferent, would offer no attraction to a well-balanced mind. On the contrary, we have reason to rejoice that some variety of political and social development, some difference in the tone and temper of individual life, has been supplied by the accidents of history in this vast continental area covered by English-speaking people. An all-absorbing Continentalism is as little to be desired by the United States as by Canada.

THE REAL AWKWARD AGE.

Who nowadays has a kind word for the middle-aged man? In Chicago they have just organized a league to war against the cruel practice which makes it difficult for the man of forty-five to procure employment. Such a practice, if generally accepted, would be enough to condemn any economic system which made it necessary. And yet there is in it negative recognition at least of the fact that the man of middle age does exist. No such hint meets us in the general run of daily news, in science, in literature, or on the stage. In the famous controversy precipitated by Professor Osler, it was the armies of the young and the old that engaged in fierce combat. Dr. Osler having said that the world would be just where it is to-day if all the achievements of men above forty were wiped out, people immediately began to draw up lists of men who did great things when they were above seventy. Between lay a significant but unnoticed gap. The quarrel between youth and old age is constantly breaking out anew. One day youth scores with a Cabinet Minister of thirty-two. The next day old age comes back with a golf champion of seventy. The Sunday supplements alternate between women who are grandmothers at thirty and men who grow a new set of teeth at seventy-five. The romances of January and May are never-failing in the news. But the humdrum experiences of the middle-aged attract no one's attention.

Thus in the debates between crabbed age and youth the middle period has been virtually abolished. It is assumed that when a man ceases to be young he is old; when he ceases to be sprightly he becomes automatically venerable; when he ceases to be fiery and ambitious, he sits by the fire and bores people with his reminiscences. So, the modern stage and the modern novel know only two kinds of lovers, the young lover who is romantic, and the aged lover who is tragic. The middle-aged lover needs only to be mentioned to be ridiculous. His is the time of life when the hair begins to grow thin without assuming the prestige of gray locks or a fine bald forehead; when a man no longer expects to become president of the company and has not yet laid up a secure investment in stocks and bonds; when a man has lost his taste for musical comedy and has not yet

learned to read Carlyle's "French Revolution" by the family lamp. The middle-aged man to-day is in the awkward age.

And yet one need not go to the census figures to realize that there must be many men between the ages of forty and sixty living at the present time. The middle-aged man, like those other uninspired figures, the plain citizen and the man in the street, is the main burden-bearer of our civilization. He is the father of sons and daughters just old enough to make him worry over college fees and boarding-school bills. He is just old enough to have his sons and daughters scoff at his views as quite old-fashioned, but he is not old enough to impose those views on his youngsters without resorting to argument. He is the keystone of modern suburban development, being in a noticeable majority on the commuters' trains and at taxpayers' meetings. He is the man to whom the influence of gold production on prices is not an academic question. He is, in fact, at that age when few questions are academic. Youth can solve the Trust question with a beautifully comprehensive theory. Old age can discuss the question from the standpoint of history. But this common, middle-aged citizen envisages the problem under the concrete aspect of rent, grocers' accounts, telephone rates, and life insurance. Naturally, he is not a romantic figure. In an age where the grandfathers and the grandchildren divide the attention of the world between themselves, he is just the undistinguished, routine, bill-paying father.

If society takes so little notice of the middle-aged man, it must be because society to-day has little patience with anything that is not extremely one thing or another. To-day Conservatism is respectable and Radicalism is respectable, but if you wish to hurt a man's feelings you call him a Moderate; Mr. Shaw calls him a snivelling Liberal. In business, Mr. George W. Perkins has abolished the middleman. In the broader social field, Mr. Debs has abolished the middle classes. In society they have abolished the middle initial, writing H. Jerome Jones where we used to write Henry J. Jones. It takes a man of real courage nowadays to say a good word for the once popular golden mean.

FORMING PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

The number and variety of books found in the shops at this season must be the wonder of all beholders. Much might be said of the handsome editions, with their elaborate illustrations, some of them in color, many real gems, if others are tawdry—stretches of river and farmstead, glimpses into lovely old gardens, splendid ruins, some highly successful interpretations of symbolic poems, and new ways of looking at things all about us, such as Mr. Hornby's etchings of Broadway. But what particularly strikes us is the sheer extent of the output. Bewildering it must seem to many, and the doubt will be what to do with so many books. Taken together with those issued in recent years, they include, in convenient form, over and above a host of novelties and superannuated nothings, virtually every important work that survives since the world began; not only all the masterpieces of European literature, in the broad sense of the word, but a great many lesser books which are useful for sketching in the background of the various periods. The last few years have seen a brave attempt to reclaim the best thought of the Orient as well; in fact, it would be hard to mention a country some of whose works the bookmakers have not been concerned to bring out in English translations.

Much has been heard of the demoralizing effect of too many books, and we do not deny it. The deal of trash for every good book that appears cannot fail to do harm, mainly in diverting people from what is excellent. Yet there are rare possibilities in the present situation. The chance to form valuable private libraries was never so great as to-day. Generally it is thought that no library is a thing of pride which does not boast a rare first edition or so, a few curious old miscellanies, and, let us say, a volume of Horace's odes wherein an eighteenth-century ancestor has written his own translation of "Integer vitæ." On the other hand, many prized collections have had great gaps in them which would seem scandalous to-day. The fad of bibliophiles has put an undeserved cheapness upon modern reprints. True bookishness, in point of fact, is not always antiquarian; for the majority of mankind it ought to be enough that for moderate expense they can have beside them what the great minds of all ages have thought and felt. This, rather than any desire for the old or merely curious, was what spurred on Petrarch in his perilous journeys in quest of classical writings. To-day the labor of book-hunting is not what it was then, and yet there is often weariness of the flesh in it. Books come to us too lightly, and in our surfeit we let slip the chance to surround ourselves with what is truly good.

We suspect that many readers lack a library because they do not know how to make a beginning of it. The desire for it is often there, and plenty of pathetic cases still exist of men, like the brothers in "What Every Woman Knows," purchasing five yards of the world's best literature. Publishers are willing—somewhat too willing—to give advice. Strange to say, the masses have been better directed in this matter than those with thicker purses. But it remains for scholars to draw up longer lists of inexpensive but good editions of works, ranging from ancient to modern times, to which the library-builder may turn with confidence. A single public lecture has been known to start men reading. Yet too often the impulse is short-lived for lack of sufficient understanding of the implements. There are, of course, such inclusive series as Everyman's Library, but each year sees a number of new collections, and the reader's confusion grows. With expert assistance one ought to be able in a few years, at a very moderate expense, to assemble a general library of literature, philosophy, and history, and with a few science books to boot.

But would men read, once they had the proper books? Love of good books may be inborn, but in no small measure it can be acquired. Like one's fondness for pictures, it may grow from a habit into a very active enjoyment. Many will recall their puzzlement, even boredom, upon first visiting a gallery in Europe, and then from an increasing familiarity with the pictures the feeling of friendliness that came as if from old acquaintances. It would be hard to determine how much in the appreciation of art is genuine, or truly understanding, and how much rests upon manifold associations with the objects viewed. But the initial *rapprochement* is the main thing, and that is a mechanical process. Travel-worn business men are known to have thanked God

vociferously upon reaching a European town that owned no gallery; and yet to the galleries they do go, and willy-nilly carry away some knowledge. It is true, we believe, that this particular class knows more about pictures than about literature. Yet the book habit should be the easiest of all to form. We have no illusion that by artificial means people can be turned of a sudden into a clerk of Oxford who would rather

have at his beddes heed
Twenty hookes clad in black or reed,

than a comic supplement. There are nevertheless plenty of families whose capacity for good literature is not extinct, and who with the proper kind of help would take pride in having a library. And who shall say that with the knowledge that they had directly at hand the main ideas which have made their present existence what it is, they would not browse a bit, until from the habit there came a wholesome curiosity?

Correspondence

GREEK AT OXFORD AND IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of those who were present at the meeting of the Oxford Convocation on November 28, few will ever forget the occasion. Not only was the assembly of scholars impressive, but the number of members who had come up to vote on the proposed statute (intended to relieve honor students in mathematics and natural science from compulsory Greek at the entrance examinations) showed how deeply the graduates are interested in the subject. Since the matter had received much discussion in previous meetings and in the press, only four speeches were made, two on each side, all of exquisite moderation and urbanity. The fact that on previous occasions the motion has been opposed by scientists so distinguished as Sir William Osler, regius professor of medicine, is perhaps no less surprising than that yesterday it was supported by men of letters like President Warren, professor of poetry, and Sir Gilbert Murray, regius professor of Greek. And probably the failure of the proposed statute, considering the conservative tendency of convocation, was surprising only because of its decisiveness—a vote of 595 to 360. But perhaps the most striking characteristic of yesterday's meeting, as of the whole discussion in the press, was the attitude towards Greek almost universally expressed or assumed. Supporter and opposer of the motion alike are interested in the preservation of the Greek influence, and differ in tactics rather than in sentiment.

It is, of course, dangerous to suggest that Professor Murray, devoted as he is to Greek studies, is standing on insecure ground. Yet to many his exchange of questions with his interrupters seemed beside the issue. Obviously, as his hearers were ready to admit, he is at least as sincere as they in his wish to preserve the Greek influence. But granting, as most men who are acquainted with the science students would willingly grant, that a few months of compulsory Greek grammar is not conducive to anything like the "Greek spirit," is that a proof of the utter uselessness (to borrow a favorite word of the scientists) of Greek for the scientist? Professor Murray rightly maintains that the intellectual salvation of the illiterate man does not rest in Greek grammar, but in English—meaning, perhaps, that the science student is illiterate?

The real case for Greek for the scientist does not rest only in its occasional usefulness to him as a scientist, but on its constant importance to him as a man. In America we are a little too apt to regard Greek as the proper food for future teachers of Greek, and for them only; is it all a fallacy that the British Government finds its best candidates for the civil service among the students of Litteræ Humaniores? Though the great majority of science students and engineers, trained in the technical schools and in the newer universities of England, must of necessity be without Greek, it is not too much to hope that a small minority of them, trained in the two universities that have always supplied most of England's leaders, will have the benefit of Greek as well. If, as one of yesterday's speakers remarked, Greek is contrary to the spirit of the age, then let us have Greek as an antidote to the spirit of the age, or to that part of it which we cannot admire!

But here Professor Murray, playing unwillingly, as one feels, the rôle of devil's advocate, says with utter frankness and truth that a few months' cramming in Greek grammar is no antidote. In deference to his weighty authority, the question becomes a choice, not between Greek grammar for the science student and the lack of it, but between Greek grammar and some other method of approaching Greek. It is generally admitted that the Oxford "Greats School" (Litteræ Humaniores) owes its prestige largely to the fact that it requires, in addition to a knowledge of details, a mental grasp and power of reflection in philosophical or in historical fields. It should seem quite practicable to offer the science student who chafes at Greek grammar the alternative of a certain amount of this type of training, which may be acquired from the study of history and of English translations of classical texts. This type of work would appear, it may be noted, more congenial to the scientist's mind than would Greek grammar; it would give an elementary training of a humanistic nature (more than the present requirement can pretend to give); and since such training would best be given in the university, it would not debar scientific students from coming up from schools where Greek is not taught. Not the least consideration is the practical one. Professor Murray disclaimed the idea that his concession is "a sop thrown to an angry crowd"—*i. e.*, the threats of a royal commission to reform the University from without. Granting, with him, the inadvisability of retaining the stumbling-block of Greek grammar for scientific students reading for the honor degree, I venture to suggest that such a provision as I have outlined would have a very fair chance of finding favor with a royal commission.

For the question is not closed. There is no little measure of truth in the cry of the *placets* that the ranks of the *non placets* were swelled yesterday, as frequently, by large numbers of clergymen who came up from the country to vote—men of undoubted sincerity and integrity but men in less immediate touch with Oxford than the regius professor of Greek and Congregation (the resident body), both of whom are in favor of the change. Sooner or later the question will arise again if indeed it is not taken up by a commission. What seems to me to have happened is this: the non-resident members of the University have illogically blundered into a logical position from which a modification of the requirement of Greek for scientific students can be made. If Congregation had had its way, it is doubtful whether any form of Greek could ever again have been instituted for the science men. And though Oxford should and will develop strength in science, her scientists should be men of broader ideals than those who have merely a technical education.

For the American universities the matter is instructive. America's need for the Greek influence is as great as England's; but her methods must be different. The ideal of Oxford and Cambridge, for better or for worse, is aristocratic; it aims at the training of leaders, not of average men. For this reason, Oxford or Cambridge without Greek would be like a beautiful and ancient palace, hung with ancestral portraits, whose names the present occupants had not the curiosity to learn. It would be pardonable for the footman or even for the butler to know nothing about the deeds and the ideals of "the family's" forefathers; but on the family itself rests the responsibility of working out the ideals under which it has been brought up, modifying them as new conditions arise. In the American university, for better or for worse, the ideal is democratic. Leaders emerge from the ranks from time to time, but that is of secondary importance; we look to our universities for a force to raise the general level of the nation. If Greek is to be an influence in this force, it must come not only through the specialized work of scholars, but through a wider knowledge of Greek ideals among "all sorts and conditions of man"—not necessarily acquired by a first-hand acquaintance with Greek texts. Cannot the American universities find a larger sphere for Greek than the classroom of the specialist?

William Chase Greene.

Balliol College, Oxford, November 29.

GOVERNMENT BY EXECUTIVE DISPENSATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The scheme of government by executive permission or dispensation, in lieu of government by law, which was inaugurated by the combined action of the Steel Trust and President Roosevelt in the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter, is evidently bearing fruit and gaining in popularity. A novel and somewhat startling application of it is found in the following news item clipped from the telegraphic columns of the Detroit *Journal* of this date.

Louisville, Ky., December 1.—"I want a permit to kill my family and then commit suicide," was the unique request made to City Court Attorney Robinson recently by John M. McCord, No. 222 South Eighteenth Street.

Before Robinson could recover from his surprise, McCord continued: "My wife is ill and without medical attention. My chil-

dren are starving, and our landlord has ordered us out of our home. I can't get work and I guess we'd all be better off dead." . . .

Robinson turned McCord over to the police, who made an investigation and found his statements correct. The family will be amply cared for and McCord will be given employment so that the children may have a Thanksgiving dinner like other children. The sick wife will also be looked after and given proper medical attention.

In the instance here reported the reluctance of the authorities to assume such extraordinary functions resulted in saving the impoverished family from threatened extinction and in tiding them over the impending crisis.

Possibly a similar reluctance on the part of the President in the former case might have saved the Tennessee Company from being swallowed up, and at the same time have averted the threatened panic by less objectionable means. At all events, no one has ever explained satisfactorily why a loan to the embarrassed company would not have been quite as effective for the purpose as its absorption.

It is evident from even our slight experience with it that this scheme of granting governmental absolution from sins about to be committed, which is now being called for as a political panacea for existing ills in connection with the Sherman law, would not be entirely satisfactory, but would involve some peculiar difficulties of its own. Thus in the Tennessee case a President with only an ordinary degree of inspiration would be considerably staggered by the task of determining with certainty whether a panic was about to take place, how disastrous it would be, whether the proposed infraction of law would serve to avert it, whether the remedy would not be worse than the disease, etc., etc.

The fact is, we are not provided with a class of experts qualified to administer that kind of government. On the whole, notwithstanding the present clamor for it, the outlook for this peculiar scheme of government in this country is not promising, and the prospects are that we shall have to continue worrying along in the same old way for some time yet, submitting patiently to the inconveniences inevitably incident to all government by law.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, December 1.

COMPULSORY COMPOSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my judgment the opinion of Professor Lounsbury on the matter of "compulsory composition in colleges" deserves deep consideration. I can speak from experience of "English A" in Harvard University—one of the most exacting freshman composition courses in any college, and compulsory. At the time I thought it wholly admirable as just the training needed by young men (though most students disliked it cordially). I am since convinced, however, that my power of expression was no greater after the training than before, except as it would naturally gain with the wider scope come with college life and increased maturity. That spontaneity suffered I am certain, and I well remember the lapse of time that was necessary to outgrow the rigidity of style and dry rhetorical precision acquired in the course, where conscious form was everything and facility dwindled to the vanishing point. It is contended, I know, that the course is for *manner* and not for *matter;* that the manner shall furnish an effective vehicle at a (presumably) later time when one has something to convey. But in practice the reverse is true; and I found my adopted manner of expression to stand somehow in the way of ideas. Theories aside, this was the pragmatical discovery.

Facility of expression is all-important, and can be got, if ever, only by continual voluntary intercourse with good books and persons of cultivation; and by voluntary writing. This, or it must spring from the native need of expression which will find its way by the short cuts of talent and genius.

E. F. STAFFORD.

Boulder, Col., December 2.

A STRAW BALLOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The colleges of Ohio have been conducting, through their college papers for the past few weeks, a "straw hallot election" for President for 1912. The result of the halloting thus far is especially interesting for two reasons: first, because Ohio's Governor is one of the leading candidates for the Democratic party, and secondly, because Woodrow Wilson is the choice of the voters in all of the colleges that have thus far reported. The vote in Oberlin College has just closed as follows: Wilson, 261; La Follette, 82; Taft, 60; Roosevelt, 17; Harmon, 13; Hughes, Folk, Bryan, 2 each; a number of other candidates, including Clark, 1 each. There was no prescribed list of candidates submitted to the students. They were free to select their own, but were asked to give reasons for their choice. If the reasons for selecting candidates at the national conventions were always as intelligible as those given by many of the Oberlin students, the independent voter would go to the ballot box with a more honest enthusiasm than he often has on election day. The following is typical:

I vote for Wilson because he has a good political philosophy, is clean, honest, has made a good record as Governor of New Jersey, and commands the respect of the intelligent press and independent voters of the country. Moreover he is, what many of the "reformers" are not, sanely progressive.

G.

Oberlin College, December 3.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading a work of José de Acosta, a learned Jesuit of the sixteenth century, I chanced upon an opinion concerning the practicability of cutting a canal across Panama. It occurs in "The Natural and Moral History of the Indies," Bk. iii, chap. 10 (Seville, 1590; translated into English by Edward Grimston, London, 1604, and reprinted by the Hakluyt Society, 1880):

Some have discoursed and propounded to cut through this passage of seaven leagues, and to ioyne one sea to the other, to make the passage from Peru more commodious and easie, for that these eighteene leagues of land betwixt Nombre de Dios and Panama is more painefull and chargeable than 2,300 by sea, wherevpon some would say it were a meanes to drowne the land, one sea being lower than another. As in times past we finde it written, that for the same consideration they gave over the enterprize to win the Red sea into Nile, in the time of King Sesostris, and since, in the Empire of the Ottomans. But for my part, I hold such discourses and propositions for vaine, although this inconvenient should not happen, the which I will not hold for assured. I beleeve there is no humaine power able to heat and breake downe those strong and impenetrable mountaines, which God hath placed betwixt the two seas, and hath made them most hard rockes, to withstand the furie of two seas.

C. E. ANDREWS.

Amherst, Mass., December 5.

WILLIAM PENN AND JOHN TOLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of William Penn's indirect contributions to the advance of liberal thinking seems not to have been noticed by any of his biographers. In 1705 John Toland, whose "Christianity Not Mysterious" had appeared nine years before, and who had since been the object of much consequent abuse for the freedom of his opinions, was in unpleasant pecuniary straits. During the preceding year, Shafteshury, then exile for economy's sake in Holland, had failed to pay Toland the customary instalment of his pension. Toland, in some way or other, had formed the acquaintance of William Penn, and there is extant a letter which he wrote to the Quaker on June 26, 1705 (see Toland's "Miscellaneous Works," 1747, Vol. II, p. 337), asking for a recommendation to the lord treasurer, Godolphin. Penn, however, made his appeal to Harley instead, to whom he sent on August 24 another letter from Toland, with the suggestion that the Deist had been "kept too long upon expectations" (Hist. Mss. Com., Portland, Vol. IV, p. 230). The result of this was the almost immediate engagement of Toland to write "The Memorial of the State of England," and his long—though always somewhat precarious—attachment to Harley's service.

Toland was again in touch with Penn two years later (Hist. Mss. Com., Portland, Vol. VIII, p. 279), although there is no evidence that their relations were ever in any way close.

CARL VAN DOREN.

Columbia University, December 8.

Literature

SIX BOOKS ON CHINA.

Gleanings from Fifty Years in China. By the late Archibald Little. Revised by Mrs. Archibald Little. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

A Chinese Appeal to Christendom Concerning Christian Missions. By Lin Shao-yang. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Education of Women in China. By Margaret E. Burton. Illustrated. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

The Changing Chinese, the Conflict of Oriental and Western Cultures in China. By Edward Alsworth Ross, LL.D. New York: The Century Co. $2.40 net.

The Coming China. By Joseph King Goodrich, some time Professor in the

Imperial Government College, Kyoto. With 32 illustrations. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

China's Story in Myth, Legend, Art, and Annals. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

By accident, rather than by design—for that would have been a publishers' miracle—the autumn season has produced an unusual number of good books on China. Of the half-dozen selected here for review, none can be dismissed as trivial or unimportant, while a careful reading of all of them would constitute a fairly adequate equipment for any one who proposes to follow faithfully the course of the revolution. The essays contained in Mr. Little's "Gleanings" constitute the stray leaves of a busy Englishman's studies during a half-century of residence and travel in China. As a merchant, the author naturally gave his attention chiefly to the problems of China's material development, though some of the papers, which are literary and philosophical, show him to have been much more than a business man. He learned the language and went freely among the common people; in the course of many journeys, he probably obtained a better knowledge of the face of the country than any European of his time; and the outcome of this preparation provides information and reflections nowhere else to be found. Two features characterize this collection in a way that marks its chapters already as a little quaint: one of them, the reiterated complaint that the Chinese decline to accept the utilities of the Western world, and the other, the ogre of Russian predominance which looms up now and then, both serve to emphasize the change which has come over the Far Eastern situation since the fall of Port Arthur. As trade competitors, he regards Americans as more formidable to British primacy in the East than Germans—which is *not* the burden of our Consular Reports—though he cannot see "any necessary conflict of international interests in China; the field is so immense that there is room for the occupation of all the spare capital of both Europe and America for a century to come in exploiting the undeveloped resources of this huge empire."

Mr. Little has much to tell at first hand of the province of Szechuan, the Far West of China, where the present revolt first broke out. He made a notable attempt some score of years ago to introduce steamers into this region up the Yang-tse gorges. The effort ended in failure, but not in loss, for the Chinese, in order to end a troublesome matter, bought up the enterprising promoter's steamer and all his belongings. A magnificent water supply from the Tibetan Mountains renders this one of the richest districts of China. Its people do not, however, rank high in the estimation of cultured Chinese; they are mainly the descendants of immigrants who swarmed in during the seventeenth century from the lower Yangtse Valley, after the long wars following the Manchu conquest had depopulated the whole province. It gives us a new notion of the so-called "unchanging East" to learn that the whole population of this area, the size of France, is as recent in its origin as that of eastern Canada. Mr. Little's fair and friendly estimate of the value of mission enterprise in China is the only chapter of this volume which has never before been printed. Though deploring the tendency of missionaries to impose dogma upon the common people, he thinks well of the results of their work as a whole, and tells us out of an abundant personal experience that their converts are much the most trustworthy class to be found in the country. It is the example of Christian living, he concludes, rather than preaching, that counts with the natives, who are about the most shrewdly watchful folk on earth.

Mr. Little's opinions upon this subject are entitled to more respect than those of the Englishman whose "Chinese Appeal to Christendom Concerning Christian Missions," purporting to be written by a Chinaman, is a self-confessed deceit. "Lin Shao-yang," in a letter to the London *Spectator* last September, writes: "I plead guilty to the charge of being a European resident in China, and throw myself on the mercy of the court." His "Appeal," being a forgery in so far as it pretends to represent Chinese opinions, demands very slight consideration. Its author shows no knowledge of Chinese and little of missionary literature, basing his charges against all evangelizing enterprise upon the reports of one mission during a single year. There are plenty of criticisms of missionary methods to be made, especially if the mistakes of the past, which are now avoided by the great majority of missionaries, come up for review, but they must be presented by an honest man to command respectful notice.

A sufficient answer to the animadversions of this anonymous critic is Miss Burton's "Education of Women in China," a fairly comprehensive account of what has thus far been accomplished by mission schools for the instruction of girls in the Empire. The author, after a six months' visit in China in 1909, returned to this country to "learn from the best available authorities the character of such education for women as existed before the entrance of Western influences, and to trace the history of modern education, using, as far as possible, original sources." Her personal acquaintance with the country seems to have been limited to the eastern provinces, but, though a larger experience might have added to the value of her record, her knowledge of the subject amply qualifies her to write a book of considerable interest and usefulness. While we are inclined to distrust her conclusion, that there were virtually no educated women in the land a generation ago, the fact remains that they were few and that foreigners never came into contact with them. Until recent years missionaries met with much opposition in their endeavors to establish girls' schools, but the good sense of the people has generously approved of their efforts after some acquaintance with the results. One of the most striking evidences of the *volte face* in the China of to-day is the eagerness with which parents now seize upon chances to get their girls into school. Indeed, it threatens already to become a mania with the sex. The new woman, drunk with the wine of her new learning, has begun to reel a little and doesn't know where to stop. A pathetic instance of this is given in the story of a lady of high rank who could think of no better way to display her accomplishments than by singing the ragtime "Waltz Me Around, Willie" to a room-full of dignified and ceremonious guests. China's great need at present is a few central women's colleges to provide teachers for the schools which the Government has ordained but cannot equip with instructors.

The eagerness of the "liberty girls" in an awakening nation is, according to Professor Ross, more likely to be controlled by the mission than by Government schools. His "Changing Chinese" relates some fantastic anecdotes about the young females of the upper classes who have boldly claimed their right to be seen and heard in public, but difficulties of this sort are inevitable in a transition age. "Toward spring," he tells us in a happily chosen analogy, "the water of a frost-bound Northern lake becomes so deoxygenated that if a hole is cut in the ice, the fishes press so frantically to the life-giving air that some are pushed out on the ice. Nevertheless oxygen is good for fish. Just so when foreign example breaks a hole in the rigid custom that confines Chinese womanhood, the eager rush of young women toward the life-giving liberty and knowledge may leave some of them clear outside their native element." This book is the contribution of a trained observer. Without their advantage of long residence in the country, he surpasses even such admirable students of Chinese life as Mr. Holcombe and Dr. Arthur Smith, in applying the principles of sociology to a subject that has never, heretofore, been treated by an expert. He does not find the Chinese either antipathetical or peculiar. Here is a single sentence that is more to the point than most of the wisdom that has reached us from the whole aggregation of treaty-port residents. "The theory, dear to literary interpreters of the Orient, that owing to

diversity in mental constitution, the yellow man and the white man can never comprehend or sympathize with one another, will appeal little to those who from their comparative studies of societies have gleaned some notion of what naturally follows from isolation, the acute struggle for existence, ancestor worship, patriarchal authority, the subjection of women, the decline of militancy, and the ascendancy of scholars." Dr. Ross, who is a professor of sociology in Wisconsin University, has made these items the chief topics of examination in his survey of China as it is, and the result is one of the most informing and readable books of its kind that has thus far appeared.

A volume of somewhat the same sort, "The Coming China," by Joseph King Goodrich, deals with conditions in that country from the standpoint of a resident of long experience in the East. His summary of past history, while inadequate, reveals the essential causes of Chinese distrust of Europeans. As a merchant his unsparing condemnation of the opium traffic and its promoters—a business that has found plenty of apologists in his class—is notewortby, but it hardly seems necessary to commend Chinese at the expense of Japanese character. Here is a story of the real ambition of the latter, which leads to surmise:

> The writer has seen a map called "The New Great Japan," upon which the boundaries of that Empire are made to include Korea [it was drawn before the annexation], Manchuria, practically all of Eastern Siberia and to the west as far as Lake Baikal, and all the rest of the Chinese Empire. Since this map was not published secretly, it may well have come into the hands of the Chinese, who would naturally have their worst fears confirmed thereby, although it is unnecessary to say that it was not an official publication, yet things of this kind do not, in Japan, spring solely from the overwrought imagination of an individual.

While the greater part of this book reveals the use of fresh materials, there are a few chapters which must have been written some years ago and need revision. It is rather foolish at this date to quote Lowes Dickinson's "Letters from a Chinese Official" as the work of a Chinese. There are a few slips, such as placing Perry's second expedition in 1857, and an occasional failure to find the proper source of information, as revealed in his ignorance of Bland and Backhouse's remarkable "Life of the Empress Dowager," but the work has as a whole great merit and is written throughout in the best spirit for bringing Americans to understand China.

Dr. Griffis's "China's Story," compiled with the same admirable intention, is a volume of a more elementary sort by a student of Asiatic affairs who, though long away from those countries, continues his honorable record as an interpreter of their cultures. His moderation in setting forth some episodes in the history of the last century deserves high commendation. European readers might complain of a rather exaggerated appreciation of the part played by America in this record, but such criticism would not be likely to discover any actual misstatements in his narrative. An erroneous impression may result now and then from efforts towards extreme condensation. The return by America of her unexpended share in the Boxer indemnity, for example, was not made, as implied, at the close of the peace negotiations, nor was the "fund" invested by the Peking Government for the education of Chinese boys abroad; it is allocated as it becomes due. For an account of China which aims chiefly to be brief and readable the book may be described as a success. A number of well-selected photographs adds to the value of this useful little work of reference.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jean-Christophe in Paris: The Market-Place; Antoinette; The House. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Readers who hoped that these final chapters in the life of a German musician would not be so formless as the first four chapters published last year with the title "Jean-Christophe," have hoped in vain. The author sticks to his former plan of trying to present the inedited history of a soul. No spiritual adventure is too trivial to be remarked, and no sentiment that is sincere requires apology. The result to the reader is a world which seems strangely archaic and recalls that literary age in Germany when two men, having made the great discovery of a mutual sympathy, would look into each other's eyes and cry out in unison—so perfect was the sympathy—"I love you." As is generally the case with relentless explorers of the soul, M. Rolland is the victim of his thoroughness, and at no place more than at the outset of this volume. For even the musical soul of Jean-Christophe might be expected to summon some show of resistance from his admittedly robust body to the clangorous onslaught of Paris. The picture he makes on his first walk about the streets, with tears of sensitive revulsion running down his cheeks, his face twisted with grief, shows a human being, as it were, wrong side out. The problem of crystallizing the inmost workings of the soul even the ranging suggestion of poetry has not mastered without calling in a sturdy, variegated framework of outward facts: Subjective matter needs objective support, in literature as elsewhere. And in the account of Jean-Christophe the reader never ceases to retort that this is not the whole story. The point is best illustrated by the episode of Antoinette, a girl barely twenty, who for six years struggles for the sake of her younger brother's education. The author fixes attention entirely upon the struggle of her soul, and though her attic is near the Jardin des Plantes, she is never seen getting an instant of physical joy from its trees and flowers—all is suffering sustained by pluck, all is therefore melodrama. If M. Rolland, with his sure grasp of the least articulate of human feelings and his faculty of extracting romance from the pursuit of mere ideas, could only have collaborated with, let us say, Balzac or Flaubert!

The plot of the story is no plot at all: Jean-Christophe has reached Paris, having fled from his little town on the Rhine after an altercation with the police, and proceeds in his honest, downright way to take a reckoning of the intellectual and spiritual activity of the French. His own message is held in abeyance while with open mind he searches for great ideas in others—but in vain. Direst poverty fails to make him compromise with the truth, and after discovering that France is meretricious through and through, he is about to work out his salvation from within, when he comes upon Olivier, the brother of Antoinette, and it is revealed that they love each other. In Olivier's frail body dwells a subtler mind than the German's, though not less honest, and through him Christophe's notions are tempered to sanity. He is now in complete possession of his powers and his musical creations begin to grip the thoughtful.

The Beacon. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co.

The materials of which this tale is built are a trifle over-familiar to readers who are on easy terms with their Phillpotts. The *Nation* has often expressed respect and liking for his studies of life, as it is seen faithfully upon Dartmoor, and as it is thereby seen in the large. We cannot help knowing and delighting in this moor-country, its flat lands and quiet rills, its storm-swept tors, its mists and its passions. It is not a place to tire of, but its people, we now feel for the first time, are capable of becoming tiresome. In the present tale, as usual, Dartmoor, a high tor, a woman, and two men, stand in the foreground. Barely a pace or two back lowers a grisly ancient whose distinction (without real difference) is that he is even closer kin to primitive man than are the chief persons. Herein lies the charm of these moor folk. We are of like passions, the springs of our action are much the same, but we live under a mask. The rustic New Englander, for instance, is a relatively conventional person. He has the grimness and canniness of the moor people, but his inner experience is his

own—unconfessed even when betrayed by chance. The most striking trait of Dartmoor humanity, on the other hand, is its explicitness. If one man hates another, he tells him so, and gives his reasons. Or if he loves a married woman, he is equally unabashed. The most searching home-truths are habitually exchanged at the bars of these uncouth inns. And yet outward deeds of violence are rare. The desperate man, instead of shooting up the town, tells everybody what he thinks of them and of life, and, if he means business, quietly drops himself into a tarn, and there an end. Such is the fate of the grisly ancient in this tale—though he commits murder first, it is true, by way of marking his superiority to the Dartmoor rabble. Of the two other men the woman marries the weakling, and presently loves the strong fellow. Mr. Phillpotts has told the story before: this rendering of it is saved from superfluity by the extraordinary and moving dénouement—a consummation as striking as that of "The Whirlwind." In detail, the book has the usual excellences of clearness and picturesqueness. There are perhaps fewer than common of those passages of emotional prose in which the writer paints his favorite landscape. And, on the whole, one gets the impression of a hand which, without flagging, begins to work a little mechanically with a stiffening material.

Rose of Old Harpeth. By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In spite of the wholesome, not to say goody-goody atmosphere of this story, its chief interest is to the literary pathologist. It is symptomatic of two ailments prevalent among writers of rural romance—the proverb disease and the rustic-virtue obsession. The plot is hoary with years. Rose is about to give herself in marriage to the villain in order to prevent him from foreclosing a mortgage on the family farm. In the traditional manner she is rescued by the hero, who discovers that the soil of the estate in question contains enough cobalt to wipe out the mortgage and leave the family wealthy. Needless to say, he marries Rose. But to the development of this plot Miss Daviess gives little attention. Her chief concern is to portray the inhabitants of Harpeth Valley, their goodness and their wit. Undoubtedly they are good. Compared with the Harpethites, the farmers of New Hampshire as pictured by the late Denman Thompson, were monsters of vice. In Harpeth Valley there are no cynics, no drunkards, no angry men. The people talk in proverbs—not epigrams, not paradoxes—but clumsy platitudes framed with obvious and painful effort. On nearly every page occur such remarks as "Don't you suppose a piece of hemp twine would turn into a gold cord if you tied it around a bundle of true love?" "They are some women in the world, if a man was to seal up his trouble in a termater can and swoller it, would get a button-hook and a can-opener to go after him to get it out."

John Temple. By Ralph Durand. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A seldom trodden byway of history, the Portuguese attempt to conquer Southeast Africa in the sixteenth century, furnishes the background and much of the action of this novel. John Temple, an English adventurer, captured by the Portuguese in India, is compelled to join Francisco Barreto's expedition against the African prince Monomatapa. The "Sao Raphael," on which he sails from Goa for Mozambique, is wrecked on the African coast far to the south, and the survivors reach the Portuguese outposts only after terrible hardships. Temple distinguishes himself on this march and is rewarded by a captaincy in Barreto's army. He takes part in the disastrous expedition up the Zambesi, and as a solitary envoy to the court of Monomatapa, he terrifies that potentate into receiving him as an equal. A heroine and a love story are somewhat perfunctorily dragged into the action. In the "foreword" the author tells us rather naïvely: "I used the novel as my medium because the tale, though true, seemed too romantic for sober history. The reader will easily distinguish which is fact and which is fiction if he remembers this: that all that is best in the book is fact." The strongest part is the account of Barreto's expedition; here the author seems to forget all about his love story, and his narrative is spirited and effective.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

The Life of John Oliver Hobbes: Told in her Correspondence with Numerous Friends. With a biographical sketch by her father, Morgan Richards, and an Introduction by the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester. With portraits and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

As a remarkably intense, active, and confident literary performer in a lack-lustre period, Mrs. Craigie is a figure of interest. With Kipling, Louis Stevenson, W. E. Henley, she did her smaller part to keep alive the sluggish nineties, to show English fiction still capable of a gusto, and not a mere relic in the hands of the curious. She was not a great artist; but she was a real one, and her spark of genius was faithfully cherished to the end.

Pearl Richards was born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1867. A grandfather and both great-grandfathers were American parsons. Her father was a business man, and a business chance settled him in London shortly after her birth. Londoner she became. Americanism could never be more than a graceful sentiment with her. One might derive her vivacity or her religious sense from the American blood; but these, like her literary tastes, are more properly of French origin, certainly developed under French influences: so that where she is most un-English, she is almost equally un-American. Even her knack at advertising seems to have expressed rather the thrift of the bourgeois than the push of the commercial lady. In an early letter to her publisher, T. Fisher Unwin, she encloses a draft for an advertisement, and adds: "Instead of putting 'second edition,' why not put something or other *thousandth?* Stevenson and Barrie and Hall Caine and all those much praised people are advertised that way; and if it impresses the public, why not do it? I have no nice scruples about timidity in these matters. I write books—not for Art's sake—but because I want them to be read. They *are* read, and I do not see why I should make a secret of it." Very likely, if Mrs. Craigie had written for bread she would have been more squeamish about self-advertising—such is the paradox of authorship. Squeamish she never was about anything.

She was known and esteemed by those two survivors of a stronger time, Meredith and Hardy. For the rest her intimacies had to do with minor though more or less respectable figures—Edmund Gosse and Clement Shorter, and, more particularly, George Moore. With the last-named expositor of "realism" she not only had a correspondence of some length, but a collaboration in "Journey's End in Lovers' Meeting." This was a dramatic success, and undoubtedly whetted Mrs. Craigie's appetite for such success. The conjunction was not without its meaning. George Moore has never been a caterer to the "jeune fille"; and Mrs. Craigie, as wife and divorcée, had passed fairly beyond that category. Precocity had always been her portion; and it is impossible to ignore the fact that her nature held a strain of morbidness, whether physical or "psychological." She was born a decade too early to find acknowledged place among the ranks of the now popular "neurasthenic," but she had her affiliations with the Marie Bashkirtseff-Mary McLane sisterhood. Her self-consciousness and self-confidence approached morbidity. She firmly believed herself to stand among the hierarchy of literary art in her own generation, and she unhesitatingly predicted that her work would have its hearing from posterity. This form of heightened self-regard is not always a sign of genius: it very often accompanies the possession of little or no ability of any sort. But, other things being equal, it is a most powerful incentive to good work. Novels, plays, special articles, newspaper

correspondence, reviews, lectures, all belonged to her output; and for the last fifteen of her thirty-seven years there was not an instant's slackening in its flow.

Mrs. Craigie had the real passion for excellence. Large as her product was, it is that of a careful and often painful workman. But it is not perfect, and the workman should have been able to perceive its limitations and to welcome honest criticism. This Mrs. Craigie could never do. Consequently she hated critics as a class for their unreasonable habit of exercising their reason. Her letters are full of what professes to be contempt and is really a wincing regard for the judgments of the professional commentator. "The critics do not trouble me in the least," she cries. "They never did. I work for the public—not a little coterie. The *Times* man is, at all events, a student and a well-read critic." Which means that the *Times* man has praised her, and that the other critics have troubled her by failing to praise her—unreservedly. They are therefore to be sweepingly denounced as "illiterate and vulgar." Three of these critics of the London of 1899 were, we believe, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Walkley. The truth of the matter is frankly hit off in a letter to Mrs. Craigie, written not long before her death, by Mr. Moberly Bell of the *Times*. The *Times* reviewer, after giving high praise to "The Flute of Pan," had unluckily added: "but she can do and has done even better work than this." She at once writes a long letter of remonstrance to her friend Bell, who retorts: "There is one thing, and only one thing, that the Omnipotent has absolutely failed to create: He has made good women, bad women, clever women, silly women, selfish women, and heroines of self-sacrifice, but he has never yet made a woman who could stand—I will not say adverse criticism, but—one note of deviation from absolute and unqualified praise of any of her literary efforts."

It is not a happy life which is here recorded. Nor is it an altogether engaging personality which these numerous letters reflect. Mrs. Craigie's father, who contributes a biographical sketch marked by good sense and good taste, admits that "some people disliked her violently at first sight." Her nature was strongly outlined and colored. "No one could overlook her or be indifferent to her; she either instantly attracted or strongly repelled." Her work also is of this quality. Its virtue is mental rather than emotional: it is faceted with a hard brilliance, and its ray falls coldly upon the green and tender shoots which, in spite of crabbed seasons, are always budding forth on the gnarled stock of human nature.

Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria. By Morris Jastrow, jr., Ph.D. Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

This volume comprises six lectures, delivered on the foundation of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religion, and the eighth volume published by the committee, Professor Jackson's lectures on the "Religion of Persia," delivered in 1907-08, not being included in the publications.

Professor Jastrow is so well known as an authority on Babylonian-Assyrian religion as to guarantee the scientific value of any contribution which he makes on that subject. The present volume is less formally scientific and more popularly readable than his "Hand Book on the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," published in 1898. Like the German translation of that work, by the author himself, now in process of publication, this shows considerable advance on the earlier publication in general knowledge of the subject, due to discoveries made in the intervening period, both in the field and in the interpretation of documents already in hand.

The most valuable chapter is that on Divination, especially divination by the liver. Here Dr. Jastrow speaks as a master. The theory underlying liver divination was this: The liver is the seat of life, which is, or in which is, the soul. A god identified himself with the offering made to him. The soul of the god must, therefore, express itself in the liver of the animal offered. Being altogether materialistic in their conception of the life principle or soul, the Babylonians expected to find that expression in certain outward phenomena in the liver—peculiarities of form and appearance, lesions, abnormalities, or markings of any description. With mathematical exactitude, they built up a pseudo-science of the interpretation of these forms and markings, partly by using principles of interpretation familiar in sympathetic magic, the right side suggesting right or favorable omens, the left the opposite, a long hepatic duct, indicating length of life or reign, and the like, partly a series of observations, based on events on the principle of *post hoc, propter hoc*.

Professor Jastrow devotes his first chapter, entitled Culture and Religion, to a general survey of the development of civilization in Babylonia and Assyria. With regard to the Sumerian question and the Amorite theory, he adopts an attitude of compromise. With high compliments to Halévy, he yet does not think that this scholar has disproved the existence of a Sumerian language or of a Sumerian people; but, on the other hand, he does not believe that the Sumerians were necessarily older than the Babylonian Semites, or that they were the originators of the Babylonian civilization. The two peoples developed side by side, according to his view, the Sumerians predominant in southern Babylonia, the Semites in the north, and it was the interrelation of the two which produced the remarkable civilization of Babylonia. (We do not think this quite explains all the phenomena of script and religion. Attention should also be called to the evidences of other occupations and civilizations revealed by excavation.) Similarly, while not accepting Clay's view of the Western Amorite origin of Semitic-Babylonian civilization rather than the reverse, Professor Jastrow admits that "in accounting for the later and for some of the earlier aspects of the Sumero-Akkadian civilization this factor of Amurru must be taken into account" (p. 26); and, in support of this, points out the fact, already noted, that "the earliest permanent settlements of Semites in the Euphrates valley appear to be in the northern portion" (p. 27), suggesting an immediate connection with Syria rather than with Arabia. Assyrian civilization, as distinguished from Babylonian, he believes to have been largely influenced by the Hittites. In the matter of the new Astral-Mythological theory, represented especially by Winckler and Jeremias, Jastrow, with all courtesy, declines to compromise. The astral mythologists, be it said, are the men who would trace not only the myths and legends of the earlier chapters of Genesis to Babylonian-Assyrian sources, but also virtually all Hebrew traditions, including the legends of the patriarchs, and much if not most of Hebrew history. In the accounts of some of the greatest historical personages in the Old and New Testaments, among others David and Jesus, they find "reflections of an astral mythology and an astral theology which were developed in the priestly schools of the Euphrates valley" (p. 413).

In his discussion of the Pantheon (Lecture ii) Professor Jastrow seems to us to overlook the tribal and local nature of some of the Babylonian and Assyrian gods, all of whom he reduces to manifestations of the sun, moon, stars, and meteorological phenomena. This connection does, in fact, lie in some of the names, like *Shamash*, sun; *Sin*, moon, etc., and doubtless, as organized into a Pantheon, the Babylonian gods became largely, if not entirely, expressions of heavenly phenomena; but originally not a few of them were, we believe, merely tribal gods, without special astral or meteorological significance. Dr. Jastrow, it may be added, has carried this treatment of the Babylonian gods over into the Old Testament field. He continually refers to Yahaweh (by the way, he writes this consistently *Jahweh*, a vicious transference of a German transliteration which does not represent to the English read-

er the true sound of the letters) as a storm god. This, we submit, is not correct. Yahaweh was a personal, tribal god, who became the Hebrew national god. Various traits and attributes are ascribed to him, among others, meteorological traits and attributes; but he is not confined to those attributes, and is in no sense a personification of those traits, nor did he ever become so; in which the Hebrew religious development differs very much from the Babylonian.

The book is well and abundantly illustrated, a novelty in the volumes of this series. Dr. Jastrow has provided also, evidently with much labor, chronological lists, a study of which, as it seems to us, can only serve to convince the reader of the uncertainty of all things Babylonian. To begin with, Dr. Jastrow belongs to the very late school, so that all dates are placed at their lowest possible term. Down to 753 B. C. he prefixes a *circa* to every Babylonian date. Before the time of Hammurabi, "c. 1958-1916," he indicates an uncertainty not only as to dates, but even as to the order of the names on his lists, so that, for example, of the thirty-seven rulers of Lagash, from *circa* 3050 B. C. to *circa* 2200 B. C., which he enumerates, the position in sequence of seventeen is marked as conjectural. We doubt whether it is worth while to burden the student of comparative religion with a discussion of Babylonian dates, so long as the present uncertainty regarding them prevails, least of all in a popular work like this.

The book is well indexed, and, barring a little carelessness in proof-reading, admirably published.

Martin Luther: The Man and his Work. By Arthur C. McGiffert. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

The Life and Letters of Martin Luther. By Preserved Smith, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

It would be hard to imagine two books on the same subject, in similar compass, and written from essentially the same point of view, more unlike in their treatment than these two new volumes on Martin Luther. Professor McGiffert's book is the work of a practiced hand. It was written originally for the popular audience to which a great illustrated magazine naturally and properly addresses itself, and this original form is essentially reproduced in the handsome volume before us. It is furnished with numerous and appropriate illustrations very beautifully done, and adding really material interest to the text. The narrative flows easily from beginning to end, as if the author had thought it all out long beforehand and were simply telling his story out of abundant material completely in hand. There is not a reference to authorities, not even the slightest vestige of a bibliography. We are left wholly in the dark as to the author's special studies for this work, and are free to read it with the quiet assurance that he has studied widely and thoroughly, and made up his picture of the man and his accomplishment from more than a mere monographic research into this and that detail.

Dr. Smith's work, on the other hand, impresses one at once, as it was doubtless intended to do, with the extent and seriousness of the writer's special preparation. His introduction to the world of scholarship was a study of "Luther's Table-talk," prepared as his thesis for the doctorate in 1907, and his time since then has been largely spent in these more extended Luther studies. There is a fine spirit of youthful enthusiasm visible throughout. The effect of a long German training shows itself in a method which continually reveals the processes of the author's own researches. There is frequent reference to the sources of his narrative, though it is seldom that the page is overburdened with footnotes. There is an appendix of fifty pages in which, following the order of the chapters, are given a very elaborate bibliography and a brief selection of letters.

Precisely why this book should have been called a "Life and Letters" is not clear. One might fairly have expected from such a title an examination of Luther's extended correspondence, but nothing of the sort appears. The only fitness of the title seems to come from the considerable use of letters as a means of telling the story of Luther's life. This is by no means an original method. The letters have almost all been published in more than one edition, and Luther's biographers have never been slow to avail themselves of these treasures. Dr. Smith's selections are judiciously made, and the translations are refreshingly spirited. The author has sought to reproduce the spirit of the originals, serious where the subject is weighty, and vivacious where, as in the Table-talk, the overburdened mind of the great leader of men sought relief in playful humor or good-natured badinage.

Both the authors here in review have realized to its full extent the complicated nature of the man they are trying to describe. Neither of them can often be accused of falling into the vulgar error of seeking to explain or to defend him on the ground of individual utterances. They have seen clearly that there is hardly any accusation ever made against him which cannot be supported by some word out of his own mouth. Equally they are aware that every kind of laudation that has been so lavishly poured out upon him can be justified in the same way. The method of matching phrases seldom advances very materially our historical appreciation of any man, and never was this more true of any one than of Luther. In both books we are led on to see the development of his attitude towards the great questions of his time in its manifold reactions. From the thoughtful and contemplative scholar, shy and self-distrustful, yet from the beginning profoundly impressed with a few great truths, we see him advancing to the stage of positive assertion, then of defence, and then, as his word found a wide response in the hearts of his people, we are led to feel with him the burden of an ever-increasing responsibility. That was the time of trial, and the only wonder is that his great spirit so seldom found itself betrayed into self-contradiction or even into sophistical self-deception.

Comparing the treatment of several critical moments of Luther's life by the two authors, we get the best illustration of their different methods. Dr. McGiffert is concerned more with the general effect and the ultimate outcome. A careless reader might get the impression that he has smoothed his way too easily over the many difficulties that beset the conscientious scholar who wishes to do full justice to the mingling of motives here displayed. A more careful reading, however, dispels this doubt and convinces us that he has mastered the detail of controversy before venturing upon his narrative. Dr. Smith, on the other hand, gives us as full reference to the sources of opinion on the one side and the other as his space will allow. He fortifies his conclusions with interesting selections from Luther's own words and holds the balance fairly between conflicting opinions. If we take, for example, the two most difficult of all the episodes of this character, the Peasant War and the Hessian bigamy case, we shall be struck with the difference of method and yet similarity of attitude and conclusions. Neither author is willing to admit conscious lack of rectitude in Luther's action, yet both refuse to gloss over the obvious shiftiness and sophistry of his explanations.

We predict for these books pretty nearly the fortune their authors would wish for them. Dr. McGiffert's volume should take its place as the most convenient and trustworthy treatment of Luther which the general reader can now find in the English language. It should take its place by the side of Köstlin's smaller book, with the advantage that it is more free from confessional bias. Dr. Smith's study should find its place among scholars as a handy guide to further reading.

Venice and Venetia. By Edward Hutton. With fourteen illustrations in color by Maxwell Armfield, and twelve other illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This is another volume of the series which Mr. Hutton is writing on Italian

travel and which began with "The Cities of Umbria" in 1905. It is, in our opinion, the best of them all. The first chapter, in particular, is a masterpiece, sober, balanced, and logical, and presenting what is, in some respects, a new view of European history: so simply written that it offers no difficulty to the least learned, yet worthy of careful consideration by the professed historian. Its conclusions will probably be disputed, and rightly so, for truth is complex and elusive and can only be ascertained after long study and friction of various minds. If we accept its point of view, we can explain Venice to ourselves as a logical phenomenon, geographically, ethnically, and historically. Mr. Hutton has certainly never before written anything one-half so interesting to the serious student.

The remainder of the volume follows the same lines as did its predecessors, and is, in fact, a kind of glorified guide-book. Fourteen chapters are devoted to Venice and her islands, six to the lesser towns of the Veneto: Treviso, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and the rest. The work has been thoroughly done, even to the map at the beginning of the book, where the divisions of the *sestieri* are duly marked, a feature which we do not remember to have found in any other modern map. With all its charm of style and brilliant impressionism, this is, perhaps, the most complete guide to Venice ever published. The chapters on art, which, in the majority of books, appeal only to the connoisseur, are here made interesting to the general reader. The subject is not treated in a vacuum, but we are helped to understand the Venetians through their art. Take the following, for example:

> When Venice expresses herself, whatever language she uses, we realize at once that we are face to face with a living personality at one with itself. It is to this personality that we owe the Venetian School of Painting. Precisely what I mean will become evident if for a moment we glance at the Republics of Florence and Venice as personalities. We shall then see that the great men of Florence were always greater than their city, whereas Venice was always greater than her greatest men. Florence was incapable of absorbing, often of using, her greatest sons; she sends Dante into exile, she cannot keep Leonardo, Michelangelo she fails either to understand or to comprehend, Galileo she allows to be imprisoned. Venice, on the contrary, lets not one of her sons escape, she is so profoundly living that she absorbs their energies and they enrich her.

We pass on to deal with that which is bad in the book. We mean the colored illustrations. Illustrations ought to illustrate the work of the author; these contradict it. We have only to read some of Mr. Hutton's word-pictures and then to look at Mr. Armfield's brush-pictures to realize how deplorably. It is not that the artist lacks manual dexterity, but his painting is, apparently, a feeble imitation of the Japanese. Surely, Europe should be pictured for Europeans by artists whole-heartedly of European tradition. We should have supposed that Mr. Hutton was valuable enough to his publishers to enable him to have a voice in the choice of illustrations for his books. Until he asserts himself, the only salvation for his readers seems to lie in tearing out the colored illustrations and having the volume rebound without them.

Notes

The Putnams have in the press a student's edition of John P. Mahaffy's "What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?"

As agents of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "Studies in Fronto and his Age," by M. Dorothy Brock; "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Galatians," edited by A. Lukyn Williams, and "Life in Shakespeare's England," a book of Elizabethan prose compiled by John Dover Wilson.

A. D. Lindsay, a young Scotchman, has written a guide to "The Philosophy of Bergson" which Doran is bringing out.

William Allen Butler's "Retrospect of Forty Years, 1825-1865," announced by Scribner, is edited by his daughter.

"The Personality of Napoleon" is the title chosen by Dr. J. H. Rose for his series of Lowell Lectures to be given next spring at Boston.

Bunyan's copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" is an item in one of the sales being held these days at Sotheby's.

In our review, November 23, of "Following the Conquistadores," by H. J. Mozans, the price was given as $3 net. It should be $3.50. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The first £100 prize offered by the British Academy has been won by Walter de la Mare, who is the author of "The Mulla-Mulgars," "Verses for Children," and of a forthcoming volume announced by Constable, "The Listeners, and Other Poems."

Two more holiday editions of Dickens have come to swell the list of those already mentioned. One is an unpretentious but quite festive volume of "The Chimes" (Putnam). For this F. S. Coburn has furnished illustrations, some of which are reproduced in color and others, not the least charming, in line. The other volume is a large "David Copperfield" (Doran), with abundanco of full-page color-plates from pictures by Frank Reynolds, R. I.

"A Book of Winter Sports" (Macmillan) consists of introductory chapters of text by the Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttelton and Sir H. Lunn, followed by a series of clever pictures of tobogganing and other winter scenes by Reginald Cleaver.

Harper Brothers have reprinted in one volume the late Dr. W. M. Thomson's "The Land and the Book." By the use of somewhat thinner paper, this book of 1,200 pages has been made almost as handy as either of the former separate volumes. Outside of this, the only change is the addition of a colored plate and the displacement of a map. The book is something of a classic, and its republication, fifty years after its original issue, in this more convenient form, will be welcomed by all Bible students.

The wondrous flora of China and the suitability of nearly the whole of it to our Atlantic States is demonstrated in a very interesting manner by Ernest H. Wilson of the Arnold Arboretum in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November. In advocating the introduction of new plants he says that they may add in the near future millions of dollars to our wealth. "The possibilities are incalculable." A timely article is that on "Tripoli: A Land of Little Promise," by A. L. Vischer, who thinks that the accounts of her former prosperity are greatly exaggerated. The great Rainbow natural bridge in Utah, "the largest and most remarkable known," and now made by Government a "national monument," is described by J. E. Pogue, and some glimpses of Japan, with several photographs in color, are given by W. W. Chapin.

The author of the second part of "The Compleat Angler" and the translator of Montaigne is remembered in versifying for the malodorous "Scarronides," a burlesque of Virgil which Pepys found "extraordinary good" and which was, indeed, exactly to the taste of Restoration wits. But Professor Sembower, in "The Life and the Poetry of Charles Cotton" (Appleton), makes no comment on Cotton's prose style or his merits as a translator. His attention is directed to Cotton's lyric poetry, yet even here he is curiously reticent about J. R. Tutin's edition of his lyrics, issued so late as 1903. The biographical sketch in the first chapter of the monograph is expanded to sixty-odd pages by plentiful interlarding of already known facts with copious conjecture. Some interesting suggestions are offered concerning similarities between Cotton and French poets, chiefly Malherbe, de Viaud, and Racan, which may be of use to some future student ambitious of a doctor's hood, in his researches into the influence of French poetry on the English lyric in the seventeenth century. The present study will hardly draw this forgotten singer from the obscurity that has so securely hid him for above two centuries.

Sir Walter Runciman—not the Asquith cabinet minister, but his father—followed the sea in his youth and heard so often from old English sailors that "Boney was a d——d good fellow after all" that from his earliest years he became interested in the great Corsican. As his reading widened, his fervor increased, until at last, like the Psalmist, when musing on the wickedness of man, his heart was hot within him and he spake with his tongue. Hence the "Tragedy of St. Helena" (Stokes). It traverses much the same ground as Lord Rosebery's excellent volume, but with less insight and more vehemence. As the author contemplates "the atrocious crime of Napoleon's captivity," the enormities of Sir Hudson Lowe, "a monomaniac, pure and simple," and the odious incapacity of the Tory Government, he can only exclaim (p. 178), "What a gang of puffy, mildewed creatures were at the head of British affairs in those days!" Besides the chapters on the St. Helena episodes, the au-

thor devotes a chapter to Josephine, in comparison with whom Bonaparte is purity itself. In another chapter he discusses Napoleon's religious notions and quotes one of the Emperor's alleged St. Helena conversations which he regards as the most "beautiful panegyric on the divinity of Christ that has ever been pronounced!" To him all the St. Helena statements, so far as they are favorable to Napoleon, are trustworthy. He rejects the conclusions of recent critical scholars—"skeptics who were not only not there to witness all that went on, but some of whom were not born for many years after Napoleon and his contemporaries had passed on." Sir Walter wishes to praise Napoleon; unconsciously he has paid him the greatest tribute possible: he has believed everything that the great exile at St. Helena cleverly tried to make posterity believe.

"Behind Turkish Lattices" (Lippincott), by Hester Donaldson Jenkins, is a simple but pleasant little book of sketches. It covers such phases as babyhood, school life, marriage and divorce, housekeeping, amusements, occupations, religious observances, and, based as it is upon nine years of intimacy with Constantinople, it can really be trusted, at least for the things which Miss Jenkins has observed for herself. But unfortunately the observer in the East almost always goes on to ask questions, and takes the information then received as correct. That is a vain imagination; even among ourselves we do not look to the man in the street for sound opinions in theology or law. He would, probably, so confronted, say impatiently that he did not know, or derisively refer us to an encyclopædia. But the Oriental, most unhappily, always knows, and so the great ball of travellers' misinformation rolls up. In truth, gray hairs are no hindrance to prayer; the jinn, for Moslems, are far from non-existent—that is, not the obstacle to marriage with them; the Ottoman Sultan has not had fully legal wives for centuries; a woman may not marry immediately after divorce; making an image of a thing without life is not forbidden, etc. Miss Jenkins should read for herself some Turkish texts on these subjects. She knows too much not to know a great deal more. There are twenty-four very good pictures

"Social France in the XVII Century" (Macmillan) was apparently written as a thesis in fulfilment of the requirements of a higher degree, and it bears all the earmarks of a painstaking academic performance. The author, Miss Cecile Hugon, "Sometime Scholar of Somerville College, Oxford," offers a fairly comprehensive survey of the period in question, but she gives little that is novel in the way of facts or of their interpretation, although her avowed purpose is to combat the idea of a perfect unity, both social and intellectual, in the France of this seventeenth century. Nor is her acquaintance with first-hand authorities as complete as it should be. In dealing with country conditions and with the anarchy that ruled in certain of the provinces, the writer makes no mention of Fléchier's most valuable book, "Les Grands Jours d'Auvergne." Again, in treating the intellectual and religious life of the time, she seems not to know a writer so significant as Saint-Evremont. As to the arts other than literature and the theatre, she devotes a few paragraphs to painting and engraving, but says nothing of music, although the seventeenth century was the age of Rameau, Lulli, and of Couperin, whose star is now so much in the ascendant in Paris. In short, Miss Hugon's book gives little of significance that the reader of French literature could not extract as well from the better-known plays, letters, poetry, and memoirs of the period, or from standard studies on special phases of her subject. A word of praise should be said for the illustrations which are all made from contemporary paintings and engravings, the latter including a number of Abraham Bosse's delightful representations of the life of the Parisian bourgeoisie.

In the preface to the "Life of James Cardinal Gibbons" (John Murphy Co.), issued to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, Allen S. Will alludes to the difficulty of writing a biography while its subject is still living, but insists that in its preparation he found no obstacles of the kind that might naturally be expected to arise. It is fair to say that the impression produced by his book is such that the reader is inclined to believe Mr. Will. His experience in newspaper work has given him a saving sense of proportion and a true instinct for actuality. His book is pleasant reading, and sets before us a very human and likeable personality. It has been the good fortune of Cardinal Gibbons to enjoy through his long life as primate of the American hierarchy not merely the respect, but also the genuine good-will of his non-Catholic fellow-citizens. And in running through Mr. Will's pages the reason is easily seen. An all-embracing charity and tolerance for persons, a clear-sighted, uncompromising tenacity in purpose and principle, together with an utterly modern—perhaps one might say American—frankness and directness of speech and action, are qualities which appeal strongly to the ordinary man; and with these qualities Cardinal Gibbons has been liberally dowered from the first. If one were limited to a single adjective which should distinctively characterize his influence upon men and movements of his time, "eirenic" would come as near the truth as any. Priest at twenty-seven, bishop at thirty-four, arch-bishop at forty-three, cardinal at fifty-two, he has for a generation headed the Roman Catholic Church in America, and has in his lifetime seen its marvellous growth under conditions of a freedom with which he has many times expressed his unqualified sympathy. Many important phases of American Catholic history find place in Mr. Will's biography, of which the cardinal may truthfully say *pars magna fui*, as for example the Knights of Labor dispute, "Cahenslyism," and the controversy over "Americanism." Not the least valuable quality of Mr. Will's work is his accurate and authoritative use of original sources in dealing with these matters which were so fiercely debated twenty or thirty years ago. The account of the Conclave in 1903 which elected the present Pope is especially interesting, inasmuch as it is virtually first-hand evidence and also because it discloses the part played by Cardinal Gibbons in overcoming the reluctance of Cardinal Sarto to accept election. These things belong to history, but one is disposed rather to linger upon the many anecdotes in the book which fill in details of personality. As characteristic as any is the following:

It is related of him that on one occasion, when passing through the streets with a visitor, they came to the door of a beautiful church, from which a large congregation was beginning to emerge. Archbishop Gibbons was saluted so often and gave so many salutes in return that his companion was moved to remark:

"You seem to be well acquainted in this parish?"

"Ah!" he replied, "these are our Episcopalian friends."

In his preface to "Love and Letters" (Sherman, French & Co.), Frederick Rowland Marvin quotes some lines of Fletcher's to the effect that his library is a glorious court where he hourly converses with the "old sages and philosophers." Perhaps it is, but this is in a rather higher strain than the matter of the present volume will bear. The nearer Mr. Marvin comes to being serious, the nearer he comes to being mawkish and silly. His occasional attempts to express a thought rudely interrupt the amiable and irresponsible flow of his bookish chatter. A taste for "curious" literature and a habit of collecting odd scraps of information have made of him an amateurish follower of Robert Burton, without much modifying the pure Philistinism of his original endowment. So, after fiddling along for eighty-eight pages about the loves of the poets, the impotence of men of letters, morganatic marriages, Greek courtesans, etc., with every indication of keen relish in salacious detail, he bursts on page eighty-nine into a short paragraph celebrating the "Supreme Affection" worthy alone to be called love: "Resplendent with the golden light of the City not builded with hands, it wears upon its brow the ineffable smile of its Creator." This praise of marriage is doubtless well meant, but it seems in this connection a little indecent. Of tea, books, tobacco, and the moderate cup he discourses divertingly enough in spite of the dizzying incoherency of his style, but even here he is not secure from an occasional lapse into morality. This note of discord is due to a confusion in Mr. Marvin's mind between the intellectual dissipations of a well-domesticated epicurean and the fruits of culture.

Of the many volumes on sport in India, few are so well-balanced as "Stalks in the Himalaya" (Lane), by E. P. Stebbing. The sportsman of any land will delight in the details of the hunting expeditions, and the traveller in these regions will find his memory refreshed by the vivid descriptions. The author is animated by an admirable enthusiasm for scenery and sport, tempered with a desire for moderate and judicious killing. In these pleasant hunting tales he leads us from the hot, placid stream of the lower levels, the haunt of wild buffaloes and marbled cats, upward until the stream becomes a mountain torrent which foams, darkly shadowed, through the narrow valleys, skirting gigantic rocks. Here the Himalayan bears, the serow, and the pheasants quench their thirst. Finally the birthplace of the stream, where its waters gush from beneath two great arches of ice, marks the end of the glacier which stretches up to the summit of the highest peaks upon the earth. Here we meet the snow leopard, the Markhor goat, and that most magnificent of wild sheep, the bharal. The writer's many "thumb-nail sketches" of bits of

scenery and of animals are so crude as to be painful.

T. W. Rolleston's "Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race" (Crowell) is designed for the general reader for whom the heroic saga of the Celts looms vaguely as something one ought to know about. The fact is that few even of the very well-read could tell you offhand the story of Deirdre, the Irish Helen, and her ill-fated love for Naist, or of Cuchulain (Cuchuliin), the Irish Achilles, and this in spite of Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats, whose work in this field Mr. Rolleston does not mention. This vagueness about the Celtic heroes and heroines is due, of course, mainly to the fact that they have lacked a *vates sacer*. Tennyson's "Voyage of Maeldunc" is labelled "An Irish Legend," but it was too slight to impress that wonder-voyage on the popular imagination. Another cause for their obscurity is that their names are so hard to pronounce, and even the members of the Gaelic League do not seem to have agreed how they shall be spelled. Guinevere herself, as Gwenhwyvar, which is her real name, could not have become a household word. We are apt to forget what a service the Latins did the Greeks in making us feel at home with their names or something resembling their names. But perhaps the cause lies deeper in the character of the saga itself. It is almost always a fairy saga, teeming with monsters and transformations. One wearies, though the Celts never wearied, of all this magic and illusion, and like the Greek Odysseus in the society of Calypso, we long for the normal. Who would linger over the adventures of a hero whose Berserker rage is such that his followers must "plunge him in a vat of cold water which had been made ready, but the water boiled around him, and the staves and hoops of the vat were burst asunder?" This is the lad Cuchulain. For this reason we do not recommend a consecutive reading of Mr. Rolleston's exhaustive work. His divisions of the saga and comparison of Gælic and Cymric legend are clear and interesting. The Irish were never, like the Cymry, romantic or sentimental. Religion and loyalty were their two ruling passions. The Celtic heroines go into battle, and more often than not woo the reluctant heroes. Deirdre is the most womanly of them all, and if she could be put into an opera like Parsifal, she might yet be rescued from comparative oblivion. The heroic traditions do not go very far back. The adventures of Cuchulain are supposed to have taken place about the time of the birth of Christ. The Ossianic Cycle falls in the third century A. D., and the bardic literature that preserves it is said to have been composed about the ninth or tenth century. Mr. Rolleston provides a useful glossary and index. The illustrations are grotesque, rather than impressive, and might well have been omitted.

With rare selective skill, Don C. Seitz, the author of "Surface Japan: Short Notes of a Swift Survey" (Harper), has reproduced in full-page color-pictures the common aspects of Japanese life. Bordered pages carry thumbnail sketches from Hokusai, side by side with dainty vistas of flowery fields, tea gardens, rice-ditch irrigation, and toil by day and night. The happy boy with a slice of watermelon, the two kittens on the samisen (three-stringed hanjo), the tribulations of the baby that has put his hand in the cold bath, and the look of pity and amusement on the mother's face are inimitable. The text reveals a witty, whimsical, keen observer, who can appreciate a strange people, even while he prefers his own; he makes an old subject fresh and piques the interest even of the reader of many books on Japan.

"Pins and Pincushions" (Longmans) is the title chosen by the authors, E. D. Longman and S. Loch, for their serious study of the history of the pin from ancient to modern days. The word itself they try to derive from the Latin *spina*, a thorn, contrary to the usual opinion that it comes from the Latin *penna*. It is true, at any rate, that thorns were used for the purpose from earliest times, and it is interesting to learn that "quite recently, Gipsy Lee of Aldeburgh, in Suffolk (aged nearly a hundred years), wrote to her great-niece, living near Southwold, in the same county, asking her to send her some pin-thorns, as they were not procurable in her own neighborhood." Hairpins were not always bipeds, but became so, the authors think, when the fashion arose of "wearing the hair in curls close to the head." "In 1347, 12,000 pins were delivered from the royal wardrobe for one of the French princesses." About 1600, English pinmakers sent a petition to Lord Burghley asking for protection, since the cheaper varieties from abroad were throwing their men out of work. A little earlier than this we find that 1,000 white pins cost 8d., or about 75 cents. A chapter or so is given to the importance of pins in magic and witchcraft. A piece of bacon stuck full of pins was sometimes hung in the chimney to keep off witches, and the custom still persists in certain parts of England of trying to get revenge upon a person by sticking a waxen manikin with pins; earlier the same purpose was aimed at by using a poor toad. One of the ways to prove that a woman was not a witch was to prick her, in the hope that she might feel it—a method, be it said, that gave her greater chance of escape than the practice of throwing her into a pond and concluding that if she sank she was human, but if she floated she was the devil's own.

A book to prize is "Some Old Flemish Towns" (Moffat, Yard; $4 net), written and pictured by George Wharton Edwards. Coats-of-arms of the various cities, reproduced in color and reinforced against a rich dark blue background by artistic gilt lettering, make the cover itself a treasure. For some reason travellers are wont to pay less heed to Belgium than to Holland, feeling perhaps that it is neither one thing nor the other. Lying between the frontiers of Holland and France, it is often taken to be merely a mixture of French vivacity and Dutch picturesqueness. Mr. Edwards soon dispels such suspicions and reveals below the modern veneer of industrialism the ruggedness of the older civilization. As an artist who spent his student days there, Mr. Edwards knows the choice out-of-the-way bits and has the pride in their antiquity which is found to-day in the heart of every peasant. Fortresses and castles still stand that go back to before the ninth century, and popularly the towns retain their individualities. Dwellers for any length of time in that land will recall the song which reminds Ghent of its past glories and which the people sing lustily. The reader's interest is sure to be about equally divided between the gossipy text and the pictures. Some of these are in color, the frontispiece of a Flemish lady in the old costume being as pretty and decorative an insert as we have seen in a book for many a day; the majority are photogravures.

In "English Country Life" (McClurg) Walter Raymond tells how he settled down in a little village of Sutton to enjoy life and study rural types, and then treats us to a rare collection of anecdotes and character sketches. He is the true Spectator; but of the village tavern, instead of the London coffee house. He loves and understands nature without being sentimental about it, and he can sketch a vagabond with a touch of George Borrow's strange whimsicality. And there is over all an atmosphere of country freshness. The charm of the author's work is enhanced by the admirable printing and binding of the book, which contains also some tasteful illustrations in color.

As a rule, books of travel are interesting and novel in proportion as the author devotes himself to describing people and events, rather than landscapes, buildings, and the stock "sights" familiar to every tourist. Therein lies the secret of Borrow's charm, and Harry A. Franck, in "Four Months Afoot in Spain" (Century), has caught the manner of his predecessor. Only Borrow's religious cant is lacking, an omission which few will regret. For the rest, the formula is much the same. In his pages throng the muleteer, the torero, the hedge-priest, the blind beggar with his Lazarillo, and many another picaresque vagabond with whom he hobnobs with the freemasonry of the road. All these converse entertainingly and sometimes profoundly. They unwittingly lay bare the strength and the weakness of Spain. Those who have read "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" know with what resourcefulness the author solves his financial problems. To one who had earned his way through the Orient it was comparatively easy to spend four months in Spain on $172. It was merely a matter of denying himself luxuries which, for a traveller of Mr. Franck's stamp, would have deprived travel of all romance. Once on the way, neither pecuniary nor other worries disturb his care-free soul. Not even Kipling has better than he expressed the philosophy of the true "tramp royal":

> The joy of travel is not in arriving, but in setting forth, in moving onward; how fast matters little, where, even less, but ever on and on, forgetting, for the supremest satisfaction, that there is a goal to attain. Let a man wander away into unknown lands smiling with summer, his journey's end little more than conjecture, his day of arrival a matter of indifference, and if he feel not then the joy of the open road he may know for a certainty that he is a hug-the-hearth, and no gypsy and a vagabond.

In this happy-go-lucky spirit Mr. Franck traversed the provinces of Andalusia, Castile, Leon, the Asturias, the Basque country, Aragon, and Navarra, missing little worth the seeing. One thousand miles were covered afoot, as many more by train. The book contains ample evidence that its author is not always a vagabond, but one who in the intervals between his gypsy-like jaunts is a thoughtful student. But

on the whole it is plain that he better appreciates the art of the torero than that of the painter. Mr. Franck's style, if a bit too slangy, is vivid and picturesque. The accompanying illustrations are as unhackneyed as the text.

The death is reported from Paris, in his fifty-seventh year, of Maurice Montégut, who as a youth gave promise of literary power. Before he was of age he had published two volumes of verse,—"La Bohème sentimentale" and "Les Romans tragiques"—and a dramatic poem, "Lady Tempest." Since then he has written voluminously in most of the known types of literature.

Science

The Putnams, as agents of the Cambridge University Press, announce "Mathematical and Physical Papers," Volume VI, by Sir William Thomson, arranged and revised by Sir Joseph Larmor; Volume VI is devoted to voltaic theory, radioactivity, electrons, navigation, and tides.

According to a paper published recently by Marcel Baudouin, after a study of remains found at Vendrest in Seine-et-Marne, the ills of neolithic man were much what human ills are to-day. He discovered evidence of fractures, some of which had been set, cases of trepanning, deformed crania which were caused by the sort of coiffure then the style, and bone malformations. As might be suspected, the dental caries were only one-tenth as frequent as to-day.

The stockman's side of the dairy problem is well presented in "Dairy Cattle and Milk Production," by C. H. Eckles (Macmillan). The questions it discusses are as yet, over any given area, even near our cities, very imperfectly understood by the majority of farmers, but the book goes far to throw light on such subjects as the choice of breeds, the building up of a herd, the management of the cattle, and economic feeding. The tone of the book is scientific throughout, while at the same time its advice can be followed by any farmer with a little education and an intention to improve conditions. Presenting the experiment-station point of view and the results of research in clear and available form, this book should be of use to the younger generation of milk-producers.

In the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, C. P. Olivier publishes his studies of 175 parabolic orbits of meteors, a paper presented to the faculty of the University of Virginia for the degree of doctor of philosophy. The first observations were made in 1898, and above 6,000 are recorded, of which about one-third were made at the Lick Observatory. His results are painstaking and the summary announces proof of intimate connection between Halley's Comet and the Eta Aquarids. Stationary radiants appear to be rare, if they exist at all, and the change in position of the Perseid radiant from day to day is fully confirmed. He finds that the Orionids do not seem to have a stationary radiant, and that of the Leonids shows no appreciable change of position from day to day. Negative evidence seems to indicate that the existence of the so-called Alpha-Beta Perseids, except in August, is unconfirmed. By observing in a clearer atmosphere, meteors of the fourth magnitude are raised to the majority, while formerly more of the third magnitude were seen. Yellow meteors have the briefest visibility; red and orange somewhat longer times, while green and white are seen longest of all.

"Principles and Design of Aeroplanes" (Van Nostrand), by Herbert Chatley, is a pocket edition which gives the fundamental principles of the aeroplane in very simple language, and is useful for those who desire to know something about aviation without too serious study. The various parts of the aeroplane are shown and explained by diagrams and are discussed in short chapters; the chief fault lies in the fact that the information is almost too brief. Little books of this type should be encouraged in this country; in Europe they are far more common. There are doubtless many who would like to carry the information such a volume imparts to aviation meets or when travelling.

In a recent *Monthly Weather Review*, George W. Mindling and Andrew H. Palmer treat the question of artificial heating in its effect upon the climate of cities. Mr. Mindling's paper is founded upon statements by Reginald P. Bolton, president of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, as to possible modification of weather conditions by the enormous fuel consumption in New York city. His contention is that the rapidly increasing consumption of fuel has reduced the number of days with a temperature at zero or below, and has increased the number of cloudless days. He also thinks it has lessened precipitation, particularly in winter months, as well as relative humidity of the air—the latter about seven per cent. Mr. Bolton's computations show that the amount of heat artificially produced in the city is sufficient to raise the temperature of the air nearly five degrees, Fahrenheit, a mile above the whole city—326 square miles. Mr. Mindling examines each of these statements in detail, and concludes that it is not the heat produced within buildings which is chiefly accountable for the higher temperatures in the heart of cities. The materials used in walls and pavements are contributory causes, as are differences in drainage and surface character. Natural movements of the air are obstructed by the position of buildings, and reflection of solar energy from walls counts for much in sheltered spaces. Many other proofs are adduced; and careful tables are compiled to show that conditions in villages and small cities follow much the same variation as New York with its far greater consumption of fuel. Mr. Palmer finds that half a century ago Luke Howard, an early observer, wrote that the temperature of London must not be taken for that of the climate, partaking as it does of artificial warmth, "induced by its structure, by a crowded population and the consumption of great quantities of fuel in fires." He quotes startling statements from Eaton and others, as to the amount of heat liberated in the city, and its effect in raising temperatures of the free air. To challenge these remarks, Mr. Palmer has made careful studies of weather reports, particularly at Blue Hill, in order to find, if possible, any change in the climate of Boston, artificially produced. Such he fails to discover, and data from the archives of the Paris Observatory fail equally to show any heating effect from the increasing amount of fuel burned. Negative results are reached also in the matter of precipitation. And his conclusion is virtually the same as Mr. Mindling's, that, "judging from the evidence available, the heat generated by great cities is not changing their climates in any appreciable degree."

Under the comprehensive title, "Birds in Literature" (Worcester, Mass.: The Davis Publishing Co.), Miss Abby P. Churchill presents short quotations from many of our best-known nature writers concerning some hundred species of American birds. The arrangement is alphabetical with reference to the birds: for example, the list is headed with the American bittern, with a quotation from Torrey. Next comes the crow blackbird, about whose habits and voice we find pertinent paragraphs by Merriam, Parkhurst, Burroughs, Nuttall, Miller, Emerson, and Lowell. Although nothing could be more disconnected, and, for serious bird work, useless, the volume has a decided literary charm. After a perusal of several volumes of extracts from old-world avian literature, we are glad to realize that there is sufficient material among our American authors for a similar anthology. The dozen stiff-limbed, glaring-plumaged birds portrayed in color plates might well have been omitted.

Archibald Cary Smith, one of the best-known yacht designers in this country, died last Friday, at the age of seventy-four. He designed the Mischief and Priscilla, which contended for the America's cup, the Meteor for Emperor William, and a number of steamboats. He was also noted for his marine paintings.

Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, the surgeon and naturalist, died in London on Monday, at the age of ninety-four. In 1839 he accompanied Sir James Ross in an Antarctic expedition which continued until 1843. In 1847 he went to India to study the flora of the Himalayas, and later travelled as a naturalist through Eastern Bengal, Syria, Palestine, Morocco, the Rocky Mountains, and California. In 1865 he became director of the Royal Gardens at Kew. His writings include "Botany of the Antarctic Expedition," "Handbook of New Zealand Flora," "Himalayan Journal," "Students' British Flora," "The Rhododendrons of the Sikkim Himalaya, Morocco, and the Great Atlas," and "The Flora of British India."

Drama

Percy MacKaye's play in three acts, entitled "To-morrow," is promised by Stokes for January.

Louis N. Parker's comedy "Disraeli" has been published (Lane), and makes interesting reading. It is a great pity that Mr. Parker, with his gift of invention, his mastery of stage methods, and his considerable literary skill, should be so ready to sacrifice sense to cheap theatrical situation. With a little more thought, more respect for his subject, and more ambitious purpose, he might have written an historical comedy of dramatic and artistic consequence, instead

of a smart theatrical piece, in which much veracious detail is lost in a mass of almost grotesquely absurd incident. Many of his personages are deftly sketched, and his dialogue is often exceedingly good, with plenty of snap and point, and a fair sprinkling of wit. Some of Disraeli's utterances are so characteristic that it is exasperating to come across others so tricky, purile, or inane. In this case, the excuse cannot be made that the vulgarization of the hero was necessary to meet the requirements of the impersonating actor, for the temperament and style of Mr. Arliss, for whom the part was written, are far better adapted to the interpretation of intellectual acumen than of any sort of heroics.

"The Marionettes," an English adaptation by Gladys Unger, of a French comedy by Pierre Wolff, which is now to be seen in the Lyceum Theatre, is the rehabilitation of one of the oldest of theatrical themes according to modern French ideas, and is too essentially Gallic in spirit not to suffer in the process of transplantation. In London it profited greatly by the personal charm of Marie Löhr and the ripe and polished skill of Sir John Hare, who found a most congenial part in the character of a simple, kindly, shrewd old uncle, the good genius of the heroine. Here the burden of the play—which, however, is well enough acted—rests mainly upon the shoulders of Madame Nazimova. Briefly, the tale is of a devout, timid, little convent-bred country girl, married, by parental command, to a gay young marquis, who soon tires of her shrinking modesty, ends by detesting her, and seeks recreation among the gayer and less scrupulous beauties of his bachelor acquaintance. Then the marquise transforms herself, by some subtle feminine magic, into a dazzling butterfly, arch, brilliant, provocative, and implacable. She encourages a lover to the danger point, and, at the crisis, has the satisfaction of finding her husband, desperate, ardent, and humbly remorseful, at her feet. The inevitable reconciliation follows. The whole play, in spite of its cleverness, is hopelessly artificial and theatrical in its plot and its personages, and offers no opportunities for acting of the higher and sincerer sort. Nor does Nazimova succeed in giving plausibility to the part of the heroine, Fernande, who is a bundle of radical inconsistencies. But she does furnish another proof of her own wide versatility, her rare power of diverse impersonation. The romantic ability displayed in her assumption of the shy novice—a character utterly different from anything she has yet attempted—was extraordinary. Her whole personality was subdued to the new conditions. Her conception was, perhaps, too artful to be entirely natural, but the executive expression of it was perfect in the minutest detail. As the dashing coquette she was, of course, in her own artistic element, and in the love scenes, where she was required to suggest the conflict between the impulse of pique and the dictates of her better nature, she played with subtlety and genuine feeling. But her performance only demonstrated anew the rich variety of her theatrical faculties. Beyond doubt she is a wonderful and most interesting performer. Whether she is a great actress is a question to be settled hereafter, when she has grappled with the deeper and nobler emotions of humanity.

The Irish Players, now in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, were seen to uncommon advantage in "Mixed Marriage," by St. John G. Irvine. This proved to be an exceedingly realistic comedy—culminating in unexpected, artificial, and unnecessary tragedy—showing the mischief wrought in Ireland by religious bigotry, and urging the virtues of toleration. The principal male character is a Protestant workman, who is willing to ignore his religious prejudices, in forming a strikers' combination against employers, but becomes a raving fanatic when asked to consent to his son's marriage with a Roman Catholic. When the family has been broken up by his violence and obstinacy, in spite of the active intervention of his wife as a persistent peacemaker, the intended bride is accidentally shot and killed in a riot, which is the direct consequence of his conduct. Nevertheless, as the curtain falls, he declares himself unrepentant. The final tragedy is ineffective and inartistic, because it is manifestly an expedient, not logically dependent upon the action or conflict in the drama, but three-fourths of the play consists of a vigorous and humorous exposition of the follies and perils of bigotry, and a most veracious study of Irish character. It is the most significant drama and the most truthful and significant reflection of Irish life and character yet given by these players.

Charles Hawtrey is going to revive Richard Ganthony's notable play, "A Message from Mars," for the Christmas season at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London.

Gertrude Kingston, when she assumes the reins of management at the Little Theatre in London, means to start a theatrical school upon a large scale. Lectures by experts on dramatic literature, old and new, are to be a principal feature.

It has been announced already that Lillah McCarthy is to play the part of Jocasta in "Oedipus Rex," the first performance of which is to be given by Martin Harvey at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on January 15. Among other engagements are those of Louis Calvert for Creon and H. A. Saintsbury for Teiresias.

Among those English critics who are the most consistent supporters of the modern decadent drama almost any stick is good enough wherewith to beat a censor. Poor Mr. Redford, the Examiner of Plays, was vigorously abused for hesitating to grant a license for "La Vierge folle" of Henri Bataille, and abused worse than ever when he finally made up his mind to do so. This is the tale of an old married man—husband of a devoted wife—who seduces an innocent young girl, who finally kills herself with the pistol with which her brother would avenge her honor.

M. Trarieux's new play, "La Brebis perdue," which has just been produced at the Comédie Française in Paris, is a dramatization of Balzac's "Le Curé de village." Véronique Graslin, a beautiful and accomplished woman, has been married to a hideous old miser. She has the reputation of a saint. Actually, she is the mistress of a young peasant, Tascheron, who—at the end of the first act—tells her that he has borrowed a large sum of money, and makes arrangements to flee with her at midnight. But Tascheron has not borrowed the money; he has stolen it, and in stealing it has been the death of old Graslin and a servant. In the beginning of the second act, Véronique is a nervous wreck in her own home. Tascheron is in jail awaiting execution, and police are trying to discover the woman who has been his accomplice after the fact. Véronique's saintly reputation has been her shield against suspicion. Now she tries to save Tascheron from death, and even offers to marry the prosecutor if he will procure some mitigation of sentence; but her intercession is in vain. Then the Abbé Bonnet, the village priest who has been called to the murderer, enters her drawing-room, with the announcement that Tascheron is dead, after making full confession. What that confession was he dare not tell the friends assembled round the couch of the wretched Véronique. She knows; and the great moment in the play is when she stretches out her arms with a half-smothered cry of despair, and recalls the Abbé Bonnet as, last of all, he is leaving the room. A powerful scene ensues, in which the Abbé bids her to live and to devote the remainder of her life to real instead of conventional charity. In the presence of her little circle of devoted friends, she unfolds her terrible secret. Then she goes forth with the Abbé to labor among the poor in Tascheron's village, near Tascheron's grave on the hill.

Music

Musical Composition. By Charles Villiers Stanford. New York: The Macmillan Co. 90 cents net.

Among the hundreds of composers in this country there are not a few who might derive benefit from a perusal of this volume by one of the leading English (or, rather, Irish) composers. To the thousands of students in our conservatories, as well as in the increasing number of universities and colleges which are adopting music as a regular course qualifying for a degree, Stanford's "Musical Composition" will be invaluable; not as a substitute for the textbooks on harmony, counterpoint, form, and instrumentation now in use, but as complementary to them. For a quarter of a century Mr. Stanford has taught young men, some of whom have risen, and some of whom are rising, to eminence in their craft. In instructing them he has learned how to teach. He has also studied the methods by which the great composers were taught, or taught themselves, so far as the scant records permit; and he is thus enabled to present a series of illuminating chapters on technique, rhythm, melodies and their treatment, form, color, and the treatment of voices, different from those to be found in any other book.

Within comparatively recent times it has become the policy to put harmony before counterpoint. Mr. Stanford gives good reasons for his belief that the initial training should be horizon-

tal, and not perpendicular, and he gives illustrations showing the advantage of studying counterpoint (the interweaving of melodies) first, and through it of mastering harmony. Unliko most theorists, he not only states rules but explains why some of them are seemingly arbitrary; the forbidding of certain melodic steps, for example, being due to the fact that in early times such music was written only for unaccompanied voices which found it difficult to take such steps. While advising that students be made to study the strict model counterpoint, he relaxes sufficiently to urge the wisdom of letting them occasionally write music in any unfettered style, "to keep the engines of the brain oiled." For the study of rhythm he recommends as the best material the songs of Schubert, "which provide an amazing series of all sorts and kinds of figure in a short space."

The first attempt of a budding composer usually takes the form of writing song. He does not know that "to write a good song is one of the most difficult tasks which a composer can set himself." Sir Villiers gives his reasons for this statement—reasons which, if generally known, might have two much-desired effects: they would tend to reduce the excessive yearly output of new songs on the one hand, and on the other, they would emphasize the truth that musical genius is not to be measured with a yard-stick, and that there may be infinitely more of it in a short song by Franz, Grieg, or MacDowell than in a long symphony or oratorio—an admonition greatly needed, especially by musical critics and professional musicians in general.

Beethoven's sketch-books, in which one can trace his improvements in melody, rhythm, and harmony, in some cases through more than a dozen changes, are specially recommended by the author for study, and he finds a great deal to enlarge on in the advice Wagner puts into Hans Sachs's mouth in the "Meistersinger." Particularly interesting are the pages in which Wagner's indebtedness to Spohr in the matter of chromatics is dwelt on, as well as his gradual emancipation therefrom. The followers of Debussy, who are so proud of his use of the whole-tone scale, will not be pleased with what Sir Villiers has to say on this subject. For details we must refer to the book, but here is the substance:

> The student of some interesting modern developments will also speedily discover that the adoption of the so-called whole-tone scale as a basis of music is, except upon a keyed instrument tuned to the compromise of equal temperament, unnatural and impossible. . . . It is a curious commentary upon this question that Wagner, in the opening of the third act of "Tristan" (bars 6 to 10) experimented with the whole-tone scale, and drew his pen through it, as was to be expected from a composer whose every work proves the writer to have had the pure scale inbred in him.

Of the Liszt Centenary concerts so far given none has made a deeper impression than the performance of "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" by the MacDowell Chorus, under the direction of Kurt Schindler. The chorus had been increased by the addition of a boy choir; the soloists were satisfactory, and Kurt Schindler conducted the difficult oratorio with a skill and a deep insight into its spiritual and dramatic qualities that stamped him as a great leader. He had also wisely made some excisions, but hardly enough of them. As a two-hour oratorio, "St. Elizabeth" makes an entertainment equal in interest to any work of its class except the passions of Bach and two or three of Handel's oratorios. That it should have been neglected by local choral societies is hardly to be regretted in view of their usually slovenly productions. The MacDowell chorus is a new organization and from it we may safely expect performances which will ere long make the word oratorio cease to be a danger signal to those in search of an evening's entertainment.

When Sir Edward Elgar three years ago produced his first symphony, all England, with patriotic pride, proclaimed it a masterwork, and, in the number of performances it had in one season, it broke all symphonic records. By contrast, when he conducted his new second symphony, last May, there was a small audience to hear it, the critics damned it with faint praise, and little more was heard of it. Nevertheless, Walter Damrosch, who had placed the first symphony on one of his programmes and afterward repeated it, had the courage of producing, last Sunday, the second, also. He deemed it expedient to expatiate for nearly half an hour on the correlation of the whole symphony with one of Shelley's poems—an alliance which the composer himself, who is not a believer in programme music, had not intended or indicated, although he had chosen two lines of the poem as a motto. The conductor's talk served to interest the audience in the moods which the four movements were supposed to express, and also helped to distract attention from the poverty of invention which characterizes this score, as it does most of Elgar's works. Wagner complained a number of years ago that Berlioz, by teaching so many new tricks of orchestration, had made it possible for composers who have little or nothing to say, to do it with such brilliancy and variety of coloring that an audience is easily deceived and made to hail a shallow new piece as a masterwork. Elgar has learned this art thoroughly; he is a master colorist, and in listening to his music one cannot but enjoy the alternate delicacy and richness of his tints; but all the time one misses real inspiration. Were his gift of creating new melodies as conspicuous as his skill in orchestration he would be one of the great masters.

Only eight operas will be performed this season at the Scala in Milan, Italy's leading opera house. They are Humperdinck's "Königskinder," Wagner's "Meistersinger," Bellini's "Norma," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Mascagni's "Isabel," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Ivan the Terrible," Gluck's "Armida," the "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" of Dukas, and "Loreley," by Catalani. The Milanese will be lucky to hear Challapine in the Russian opera included in this list.

Art

THE PRESENT STATE OF ART.

Ethnologists have a handy way of classifying mankind by the longness or shortness of the head, and in the uncertainty that has beset me as a critic I have sometimes wished that so impersonal a test might be applied to artists. Spiritually at least, I am confident that the painters of the great periods would show a startling preponderance of long heads. Your Titians, Claudes, Rubenses, Constables, Millets, Wattses, Manets seem to have been patient, well-conducted men of a considerable shrewdness and intellectuality, at peace with a *bourgeois* world, and quite devoid of that cultivated instability which we too much dignify by the name of the artistic temperament. In fact, until very recent times the artistic temperament seems to have been proper only to the irritable race of poets. The troubadours had it, or at least so pretended, and the whole line of despairing rhymesters finds an authentic forefather in Petrarch. A kind of short-headedness, indicating a surplus of the moonshiny qualities, was permissible and even expected in poets centuries before the painters ventured to regard themselves as erratic geniuses. The first of this type apparently was the mercurial Leonardo da Vinci, yet he contrived to enlist wealthy patrons in his sublime vagaries with the astuteness of a new-style promoter. Mind is, after all, the ruling part of him. But let us accept him as the real transmitter of the artistic temperament, and we shall have to jump more than three centuries before we find his example generally followed. The full-fledged conception of the painter as a self-sufficing genius in a world unworthy of him is a dogma of quite recent romanticism, and, incidentally, the romantic apotheosis of the artist heralded some of the worst art the world has ever seen.

Of course, a kind of roundheadedness, a state in which impulse and intellect, because both are weak, balance comfortably, has ever been the rule. But the world has probably never produced artistic roundheads so generously as about two generations ago. For a time the demand kept pace with the supply: those were the golden days of the Institute of France, the Royal Academy, and the Hudson River School. Then came sudden revolt and disgust. It became imperative for the artist to detach himself from the roundheads. Unhappily, the tradition of longheadedness had been broken. That of shortheadedness

was still very much alive, and for a generation past most artistic heads of any account have been worn short.

I.

The reader who has had the patience to follow this phrenological metaphor will now understand the singularly isolated position of the modern artist. Rejecting the banalities of the schools, he paints as if he were the only man in the world. The rare critic or patron who looks in on him praises this individualism. The painter is warned not to compromise; he becomes ashamed to own a master or an influence. By single-handed effort he must not merely find what he has to express, but also discover for himself the immensely delicate and complicated procedures of his art. Contrast this condition of unaided individualism with that of those old artists who at a tender age fully commanded the traditional resources of their craft, and throughout served a general taste that they both shared and led. Surely, it is not surprising that we have so many bad artists; that we still have any good ones at all is an eloquent testimony to the indestructible vitality of the creative impulse.

I must repeat that the superiority of the old masters did not imply isolation. Their mastery of vision and execution made them better, not worse, interpreters of widely shared feelings. They got inspiration from pretty much the whole of the life about them. Only the poorer sort were specialists. What was Titian's specialty; or Rubens's? The modern painter, on the contrary, is generally a specialist in landscape. And here, I believe, his choice is often less temperamental than forced. Nature is the logical solace of the man who finds himself ill-adjusted to society, and landscape painting is in many cases rather an evasion and a retreat than a true vocation. Admitting that a deep concern with nature is characteristic of our time, the actual production of landscapes is out of all proportion to the real interest in the subject. Whoever doubts this wide discrepancy between the preferences of the artists and those of their natural patrons need only inquire, How many landscapes are painted? how many sold? Of this overproduction Eugène Fromentin justly remarked that it constituted "an extremely curious problem in political economy." I may add in sociology.

Finding himself shut off from the common concerns of his times, the landscape painter often attempts a still more radical evasion. Under the spell of bare vision and fearing to blunt the keen edge of impression with memory of any sort, the artist sternly isolates his times of seeing and painting. By a voluntary effort, the personality is all but reduced to a succession of visual and executive states without apparent coherence. The picture becomes merely the swiftest possible record of something momentarily seen. The slightest infusion of memory will spoil the picture. If the eye or hand for a moment flag, the creative spell is hopelessly broken. The artist may, to be sure, pull himself together, but that means only that a new picture has supervened. Painting of this sort inevitably savors of the sketch. There is no time for details, and painters of this type often profess to see and render not objects, but an all-enveloping irradiation of light. Such, of course, is the meaning of Monet's Haystacks and Cathedrals; they are mere recorders of evanescent effects of illumination. In fact, the essence of impressionism lies, not in technical recipes of any sort, nor yet in subject matter, but in this endeavor to isolate and enhance the creative moment, preserving at all costs the innocence of the eye and reducing the life artistic to a series of keen but disconnected emergencies.

This, I believe, has been the ideal and measurably the practice of most of the strongest artists since Edouard Manet. Lest I seem to impute unfairly this dogma of the isolated impression, let me cite a pair of witnesses. The etcher, Cadwallader Washburn, in a recent number of the *Print-Collector's Quarterly*, writes charmingly of his boyish appreciation of nature:

> My mind, clear, free, and deeply enthralled with Nature, was destined to receive impressions exceptional for the absence of affectation. Nature appealed to the impressionable boy with all her intimate charms, untrammelled by association of ideas or of preoccupation by Art and her attributes.

The difficulty is, Mr. Washburn continues, to maintain this ingenuous attitude. This confessional passage is confirmed by Professor Ostwald's parting counsel in that suggestive little book "Letters to a Painter." In words that Manet himself might have uttered, Professor Ostwald concludes:

> The artist must continually force his eyes and his consciousness to lay aside the habit of the mental transformation of visual impressions, so necessary for the practical side of every-day life. He must train himself to see only patches of color without regard to what they really represent.

Such is the modern theory of artistic vision. I have not hesitated to develop it at some length since it is fundamental, and productive of all the specific spiritual and technical qualities of our art. Clearly the painter, as executive minute-man, cannot be a traditionalist, and must make once for all the waiver of traditional merits implying, with reflection, delay. Among such jettisoned qualities are fine and complicated arrangement, and any grace of color not attainable by first intention. Patience in the past has meant the revision of first intentions. To the modern artist this would mean mixing several pictures on one canvas. His patience consists in the courage to abandon an unpromising beginning and start fresh. How consistent this attitude is appears from the fact that the need of swift and uninterrupted execution has evoked an appropriate technique—the much vaunted direct method. Here nothing is implied that need affright the layman. To paint directly is merely to lay colors alongside of each other and not on top of each other. The latter procedure involves waiting for the under coat to dry. Such delay is abhorrent to modern notions of the picture. Time is of the essence. Señor Sorolla is said occasionally to let the sun go down upon one of his big canvases unfinished, but not often. The innocence of the eye, swift execution, the direct method—these are our modern contribution to the theory and practice of painting. What is new, however, is less the doctrine than its formulation and general acceptance. There have been many swift and ingenuous painters in the past—Hals, Velasquez in certain phases, the fantastic Greco, the luminous Guardi. These precursors of the direct method are tactitly excepted from the ban that forbids traditionalism. In short, the new theory of the picture has naturally not been wholly rigid. Yet the tendency of the past generation, emphasized today by the Post-Impressionists, has been towards an individualism wholly self-sufficing and anarchical.

II.

The criticism of this theory involves a purely æsthetic and a merely technical inquiry—is momentary vision æsthetically the best? Is memory the foe of the painter or his friend? is the most satisfying art a composite record of many states subordinated to a single continuous intention? or is it the product of an isolated ecstatic moment? This is the line of æsthetic approach. The technical issue is simpler: is the direct method of painting—the method of Zorn and Liebermann, of Sorolla and Besnard, of Wilson Steel and Childe Hassam—essentially adapted to modern needs of expression and superior to the historic methods now disused? As if to answer these questions, Kenyon Cox has published the six lectures recently delivered at Chicago on the Scammon foundation.* For years nothing so clear and cogent on general principles of art has come under the eye of the present writer. Let me quote with occasional interpolations that definition of the classic spirit which is the arraignment of most modern painting:

> The Classic Spirit is the disinterested search for perfection [this would seem ambiguous—a Post-Impressionist could sail under that device], it is the love of reasonableness and self-control [the im-

**The Classic Point of View.* By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

pressionist might claim these qualities for his keen observations and swift notations], it is, above all, the love of permanence and of continuity. [Here we part company with the seekers for transient effects and studied discontinuity.] It asks of a work of art, not that it shall be novel and effective [presumably, however, the Classic Spirit is not committed to the *genre ennuyeux*], but that it shall be fine and noble. It seeks not merely to express individuality or emotion, but to express disciplined emotion and individuality restrained by law. [Such doctrine is poison to the neo-romantic artist.] It strives for the essential rather than the accidental, the eternal rather than the momentary—loves impersonality rather than personality, and feels more power in the orderly succession of the hours and the seasons than in the violence of earthquake or of storm. And it loves to steep itself in tradition. It would have each work connect itself in the mind of him who sees it with all the noble and lovely works of the past, bringing them to his memory and making their beauty and charm a part of the beauty and charm before him.

This eloquent *credo* of Mr. Cox leaves me little to do by way of further criticism of the modern theory of the picture. Memory, he insists, is at every point an enricher of art. Creatively, the work is the better the wider its associations. More surprisingly yet, Mr. Cox feels that such associations are as well a distinct aid to appreciation. Rankest heresy this. That the vision of the feeblest work of art should shut out all other impressions whatsoever is law and gospel among painters today. Why, the inevitable and clarifying analogies that come to a critic are frequently set down to lack of essential sympathy and culpable failure to keep his eye on the object. Mr. Cox's statement will seem violently reactionary. I expect to see him mocked as a hopeless academic. That will only show how far we are sunk to-day in neo-romantic individualism. To every great artist from Giotto to Constable such assertions of the dignity of traditionalism and the need of social approval would have seemed truistic. I know that Professor Saintsbury and other critics believe that in comparatively recent times we have made the momentous discovery of the self-sufficing human soul. I shall have more confidence in the value of that discovery when I find any anarchical genius display the depth, richness, and range of the least of the humble giants of the past. When I do find a modern of this breadth I find an avowed traditionalist. There is Delacroix delving in the Venetians and learning daily from that Rubens who, while repelling, enthralled; Watts sitting at the feet of Titian, Raphael, and Michelangelo; Millet bred out of Virgil and the Bible, adorer of Poussin and Correggio; even Manet, highest type of the individualist painter, craved recognition, and sobered his extraordinary vision in communion with Velasquez. And at home, if we especially prize the interiors of Tarbell, is it because he has tempered his irritably intense vision under the influence of such serene intimists as Chardin and Vermeer? Nor can I believe that the lovely spacing of Homer Martin was attained without some reflection on the designs of Claude. And carrying the theme into the field of letters, have we not all marked the waning of the anarchical star of Shelley and the steady ascendency of that devout traditionalist Keats? No, the individualists are of yesterday, and they have produced absolutely nothing to warrant the assumption that the relation of the artist to himself and his world has altered for the better. In fact, all visible evidence points the other way, and the fact that such evidently just and humane thinking as Mr. Cox's should be on the defensive is merely the sign of a general waiver of social standards and of a particular flaccidity of æsthetic opinion.

I cannot leave the dogma of the work of art as the vivid expression of a momentary state without noting that it is merely a tardy echo of a famous literary fallacy. It was Edgar Allan Poe who, with customary lucidity, made the logical application of the romantic doctrine of unchecked individualism. In the admirable lecture on "The Poetic Principle" Poe maintained that there can be no such thing as a long poem since the creative impulse is brief in the poet, and attentive ecstasy brief in the hearer. This brilliant generalization—on the whole, the most trenchant dictum of romantic criticism—had only the defect of identifying art with lyrism. Nobody will question the value of the lyrical mood, but no sensible person will follow Poe in tolerating the "Iliad," as after all a series of rather decent short poems. Similarly, it should be possible to admire the nervous beauty of a Manet without blindness to the thoughtful and elaborate perfection of Puvis's Wood of the Muses or Raphael's School of Athens. Moreover, if any comparison is to be made between the lyric and the epic perfection, the epic will appear more admirable as more broadly human, more various in appeal, and far rarer in occurrence. It was the enormities perpetrated in the name of the epic that exasperated Poe, and, concededly, lyrical failure is less appalling. But this obvious advantage that lyrism shares with all less ambitious emprises is more than offset by the fact that the epic *manqué* rarely fools anybody, whereas many of us spend our entire lives in a condition of emotional befuddlement by the false lyric.

III.

I hope I have not seemed wholly to condemn the current fashion of vivid isolated vision. On the contrary, I regard it as the beginning of artistic righteousness. I see, too—and here I could wish a more sympathetic attitude in Mr. Cox—that the recent fetishism of the retina was a quite natural and necessary reaction from a pitiful dispensation that had virtually forgotten how to see. But I am also convinced that impressionism in the broader sense is a juvenile phase—a means not an end, and that a really adult painter will regard the hard won innocence of the eye merely as one indispensable item in a comprehensive human equipment. There is no reason why the present neo-romantic individualism should not become a disciplinary stage to a genuine and idiomatically modern classicism. But before this ascent is effected, there must be much unstiffening of anarchical dogma, all the more stubbornly because unconsciously held.

Establish the spirit and it will readily find its own methods. Indeed, the present direct and opaque method of painting exactly meets the needs of him who has nothing more to express than what may be quickly seen and brusquely asserted. At all periods of oil painting, the direct method has been used for sketches. It is only of late that what are in conception and execution sketches have been offered as definitive works of art. On this whole matter of technique, Mr. Cox has an instructive chapter in which he analyzes the methods of Titian, Rubens, and Paolo Veronese. That we should return to some form of monochrome underpainting with transparent glazes above is his conclusion. It is noteworthy that Professor Ostwald, who approaches the question from the point of view of optics and maximum color effect, agrees with Mr. Cox that the finest qualities of oil painting imply building up with transparent colors upon a proper preparation. And, as if to confirm the view, the accomplished painter-critic, Roger E. Fry, has recently advocated tempera as more fitted than oils to the brittle method by which reflected light is now usually rendered. Actual experiment in England, Bavaria, and Austria seems to bear him out. Into these strictly professional mysteries, a layman must enter cautiously.

I cannot agree with Mr. Cox that the direct method is in itself flimsier than the double painting he advocates. In all of art, I can think of no painting more tonically satisfying as to mass and place than that of Manet. And I doubt if any weakling in the direct method would develop strength by adopting the perfect formula of Veronese. My eye agrees with Mr. Cox's in feeling much of modern landscape painting bleak and chalky in effect. The restlessness of the method is undeniable. I take something less than complete pleasure in such able work as that of Ernest Lawson, surely one of the most skilful devotees of impressionistic vision and the direct method—it is because I think he scores too many points in a picture and asserts trifles too brusquely. Here,

too, the method may not be at fault. Monet's London pictures and lily pools are of serenest charm, though directly painted. Still, on the whole, there is virtue in Mr. Cox's plea for painting in two stages. That would force delay, and at least open the possibility of reflection. It would revive certain lost beauties of transparent color, make for suavity, and offset the tendency towards strident assertiveness. That our few really imaginative painters have declined to live by the shibboleth of directness is significant. Albert Ryder, A. B. Davies, Brush, have experimented widely, and often build up the color, with the gradualness of a lacquer technique. Alden Weir shows in his latest and best work an interesting dualism. His landscapes, I believe, are directly painted; his figures show an elaborate interweaving and overlaying of color that cannot be described as a direct process. Cottet, as his art has broadened, shows a similar development. In short, the experimental period dominated by Manet and Monet is likely to end in more subtle and traditional ways of achieving the glow of broken color and procuring effects of specific illumination. The desire for a more complicated and thoughtful beauty will send men back to the approved and civilized technical formulas as it once sent Constable, Delacroix, Millet. And these examples sufficiently prove that an intelligent traditionalism is often the shortest road to artistic self-realization.

IV.

This essay would be incomplete without a word on the newest development in Paris, where a stale art is being violently rejuvenated.

The Post-Impressionists have carried the current dogma of æsthetic anarchy a point further, and thus have attained a logicality at once complete and absurd. Already art had been reduced to a vividly quick transaction between the individual soul and nature. Now nature is abolished and the soul communes spasmodically with itself. Color, for Matisse and his disciples, is no longer representative of anything in nature, but is an immediate symbolic expression of an inner emotion. Beyond this, the Post-Impressionists seek utmost simplicity and continuity of contour. They realize with Stendhal that the spectator has "only a certain quantity of attention," and they grasp at that modicum with resolute vehemence. Literalism of whatever sort is their abhorrence. Knowing this work only in fragmentary examples, I am loath to follow Mr. Cox in his sweeping denunciation of the movement. Matisse, whose more ambitious things strike me as so many gravely compiled puerilities, seems to me also a powerful and original draughtsman. I think he will so impress any person who is content to judge the work without prejudice: by its feeling. Gauguin, though pitifully uneven, had decorative moments of rare primitiveness and effectiveness. Cézanne, who hardly is of the group, in his grasp of mass and saturation of color had objective and undeniable merits of a high order. Yet, broadly speaking, the movement seems to me based on false and confused axioms and to have produced no works of art worthy of the accruing critical pother. The theory of immediate personal expression in unnatural color seems to be based on false analogies. A seraph is red, or a Tibetan love-god, for a sound ecclesiastical reason. The convention is social. Of conventions improvised in the void of isolated personality I am distrustful. Such symbolism partakes of caprice. It is at best mildly clever, like Arthur Rimbaud's famous reading of the colors of the vowels. And Post-Impressionism is not even constant to its own solipsism. It substitutes for the anti-traditionalism of the true impressionists a cult of barbaric simplicity. The outlines of neolithic cave-man, the paintings of the African Bushmen—these are the latterday Grecian examples. This cult of the primitive is, as Prof. Irving Babbitt has interestingly noted in "The New Laokoön," one of the plainest stigmata of romantic hypertrophy of the ego.

In its disgust with prevailing cheap naturalism I thoroughly sympathize with the new movement; I conceive it may revive some simpler and more energetic forms, but I fail to see in it any large hope. The ailment of modern art is isolation from the choicer social forces, and a consequent overvaluation of the mere idiosyncrasy of the artist. There have been good and promise in the impressionist movement only because the artist, though eschewing social discipline and support, yet has had the restraint of a fanatical fealty to certain natural appearances. This single remaining external discipline Post-Impressionism seeks to abolish. I need hardly argue that the cure for exaggerated individualism of whatever sort is not a more exclusive self-consciousness, but a generous conformity to the best feelings of our fellow-men. As Fromentin, surveying the art of France, nearly fifty years ago, wrote: "We must hope for a kind of miraculous purification in the atmosphere of society or in the air of studios." And possibly the studios must take the initiative, for while our society is merely ignorant and without standards, our artists, the average and the extreme alike, are largely committed to standards either partial or palpably false.

Frank Jewett Mather, jr.

Princeton, N. J.

"Meissonier" and "Puvis de Chavannes" will soon be added by Stokes to the Masterpieces in Color series.

"Memoirs of the Life and Works of Jean-Antoine Houdon," by Charles Henry Hart and Edward Biddle, will be brought out shortly by the De Vinne Press of New York on hand-made paper with plates. Two hundred and fifty numbered copies will be printed at a subscription price of $15 net—after publication, $20 net.

"Albrecht Dürer," in the Great Engravers series, edited by A. M. Hind (Stokes), is a squarish book neatly bound in cartridge boards and containing seventy-five good process facsimiles. Of these something more than a third are of woodcuts. A brief chronological note gives the main facts of Dürer's life. This attractive little album is equally eligible for the table of the amateur or the shelves of the young student.

The monument which Jacob Epstein is making for the tomb of Oscar Wilde will be erected next spring at Père Lachaise.

Thomas Ball, the sculptor, died on Monday. He outlived all the American sculptors who attained prominence in the last half of the nineteenth century, and reached a greater age than any of his contemporaries. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1819, and was the son of Thomas Ball, a house and sign painter. Mr. Ball first turned his attention to painting, and in 1851 took up sculpture, his earliest work in that line being a bust of Jenny Lind. From 1865 to 1897, he lived in Florence, being a member of the colony that included the Brownings and Hiram Powers. He then returned to this country, and in 1898 took up his residence in Montclair, living in a beautiful Italian villa. Mr. Ball's work as a sculptor is shown in many of the cities of the United States, the most notable examples being the equestrian statue of Washington in the Public Gardens at Boston, the Lincoln emancipation group in Washington, a statue of Gov. Andrew at the State House in Boston, a statue of Daniel Webster in Central Park, a statue of Edwin Forrest as Coriolanus in the Actors' Home, Philadelphia, a statue of Josiah Quincy in front of the City Hall at Boston, a statue of Charles Sumner in the Public Gardens at Boston, and a large figure of Washington in Methuen, Mass. Mr. Ball completed in 1905 a work of art on which he had been laboring for fifty-two years—a painting entitled "Christ in the House of Martha and Mary." This picture he started about the time he had decided to abandon painting for sculpture. The picture now hangs in the Couper home, as does a painting of Mr. Ball's mother. The sculptor wrote an autobiography, "My Threescore Years and Ten," which was his chief essay in the literary field, although he was the author of several lyrics and minor poems.

The death is reported from London of Adolph Grose, the sculptor and etcher. He was born at Dijon, France, in 1837, but went to England and became a British subject. For his paintings, Stoning of St. Stephen and Amende Honorable, he won medals at the Salon in 1867 and 1868, respectively.

Tony-Robert Fleury is dead in Paris; he was once president of the Société des Artistes Français.

Prof. Hugo von Tschudi, the director of the Bavarian National Galleries at Munich, is dead at Cannstadt, aged sixty. Until 1909 he was director of the National Gallery at Berlin. Among his numerous writings is a life of Mendel.

Finance

WALL STREET AND THE ANTI-TRUST LITIGATION.

Many signs of the day have indicated that Wall Street markets are as deeply interested as they ever were in the problems raised by the anti-Trust litigation; but there are also signs to show something like a change in attitude towards the question. No doubt the fact that Stock Exchange prices rose violently after the news of the Steel Trust prosecution, instead of breaking disastrously, is somewhat responsible for the more tolerant view of the Attorney-General's activities. This made it harder, at any rate, to make effective use of the Anti-Trust law as the bugbear of finance.

But this calmer mood also gave opportunity for the financial community to turn over again in mind certain former convictions of its own on the subject. The Wall Street of 1902, if one excepts the great promoting and banking interests, was hostile to the huge company amalgamations, both because of the disappearance, in the mergers, of prosperous independent corporations much favored by investors, and because of the enormous financial power acquired by individuals. The Wall Street of 1903 and 1906 and 1909 was genuinely mistrustful of them, because it saw the controlling interests engaging their corporations in the most dangerous sort of financial experiment, with exceedingly bad results. The Wall Street of 1908 was alternately perplexed and irritated at Judge Gary's theory that supply and demand ought no longer to govern prices of commodities, but that some one should fix them arbitrarily with the promise that prices should be fair. These reflections of the past are perhaps instinctively recalled, now that even the Steel Trust's legality has been challenged and the markets continued undisturbed.

Even more contributory, perhaps, to the changing view of the Anti-Trust law has been the final settlement of the question how Trusts must be dissolved. So long as the possibility existed that the Tobacco Trust dissolution might be so prescribed as to break the combination of companies into minute parts, and thus provide precedent for similar treatment of the Steel Trust, investors of every sort were bound to be uneasy. The independent tobacco interests urged such a form of dissolution unsuccessfully on the Attorney-General and the Circuit Court; last week they made their last application to the Supreme Court itself, presenting a petition for the reopening of the case, the review of the Circuit Court's decree, and the admission, as parties in the case, of the independent manufacturers known as the American Leaf Tobacco Board.

On Monday of the present week, the Supreme Court denied the independents' petition. The Chief Justice tersely stated the reason for that refusal, in the following memorandum:

(1.) One who is not a party to a record and judgment is not entitled to appeal therefrom.

(2.) The action of the court below in refusing to permit the movers to become parties to the record is not susceptible of being reviewed by this court, on appeal or indirectly, under the circumstances here disclosed by the writ of mandamus.

(3.) The general nature and character of the interest which the movers allege they have in the papers filed is not in any event of such a character as to authorize them in this proceeding to assail the action of the court below. This is more obvious in this case since the act of the court which is assailed has been accepted by those who are parties to the record.

A moment's consideration ought to show why this attitude towards such petitions is absolutely necessary. The tobacco independents had not sued the Tobacco Trust; they were neither plaintiff nor defendant in the case. The Government on the one side, and the Trust, its corporate members, and its individual promoters on the other, were the only parties formally in the case at any stage of the litigation. But if the Supreme Court were to set up the precedent of reopening, at the behest of outside parties, a suit which had been settled in the lower court, and in the settlement of which both plaintiff and defendant had acquiesced, an endless vista of irregular and protracted litigation, in a thousand other conceivable cases, would be opened.

Two arguments have been advanced in favor of stretching rule and precedent in behalf of the tobacco independents. One was that the Circuit Court's decree of dissolution did not create, as the Supreme Court had ordered, "a new condition which shall be honestly in harmony with and not repugnant to the law." The other was that the independents had had no other way to get a hearing in a decision affecting their own trade interests. To the first, the sufficiently obvious answer is that a court of proper jurisdiction and the prosecuting officer of the Government had agreed that the existing plan of dissolution is in harmony with the law. To the second, it must be said that any independent manufacturer had the opportunity, under the Anti-Trust law, to enter suit for damages against the Trust and to introduce all his evidence in that suit. And to this may well be added President Taft's remark of last week upon the subject:

> Those critics who speak of this disintegration in the Trust as a mere change of garments have not given consideration to the inevitable working of the decree, and understand little the personal danger of attempting to evade or set at naught the solemn injunction of a court whose object is made plain by the decree and whose inhibitions are set forth with a detail and comprehensiveness unexampled in the history of equity jurisprudence.

But whether Wall Street as a whole is or is not changing its attitude towards the Anti-Trust law, the attitude in certain circles of large finance has not changed at all. An interview with President Vanderlip of the National City Bank, on "What is the matter with business?" was published last week by the *Outlook*. It took the ground that all the present financial and industrial unsettlement is due to the anti-Trust litigation, and that very much worse conditions in finance and trade are immediately impending as a result of it.

It would be interesting, to Wall Street at any rate, to know when the interview was given—whether, for instance, in the last week of October, when the Steel Trust suit was entered and financial markets looked for a coming catastrophe, or three or four weeks later, when a rush of postponed orders descended on the steel trade, the stock market had risen 15 or 20 per cent., and when people began to say that business might be near the turn. This question would be unfair but for Mr. Vanderlip's flat assertion that "it is pretty generally agreed that business has ahead the most serious situation since you or I have been observers"—with the single exception made of the Bryan campaign of 1896. On Thursday evening, October 26, that was perhaps the actual opinion of the community, and it lasted just four days. As a statement of what was generally agreed in the manufacturing centres, in the distributing markets, or in Wall Street, four weeks ago, two weeks ago, or this present week, it is singularly beside the fact.

But President Vanderlip may be right, and people like Mr. King of the Jones & Laughlin, and Mr. Topping of the Republic Steel, may be wrong. We have often enough seen false starts in trade activity and senseless "bull movements" in Wall Street. The true philosopher, having fixed his own opinion of the future, stands on it, unmoved by such transient influences as these; and that may easily be the case with the interview in question. But it did not stop with this. It was its further statements—that the enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, beginning in earnest in 1902, "raised the sign 'No Thoroughfare' across the path of business"; that "vastly greater damage to the people and the country is resulting from the assault upon the economic laws of business," through the Sherman law, "than from any incidental restraint on the principle of competition"; that "to compel us to reduce the size of our industrial units would hopelessly handicap us in the race with our commercial rivals," and that the law would "force business to wheel around in its tracks

and return to the status of fifty years ago"—which caused in Wall Street, first astonishment and then something like derision, over Mr. Vanderlip's line of thought.

There was a Wall Street group in 1903, when Northern Securities was defeated in the suit but when a brilliant crop report was issued, whose immediate comment was, "What is the use of a bumper wheat crop *now?*" There was a probably larger group in 1907, when a world-wide panic, following world-wide overstrain on capital, had swept over Egypt, Japan, Chili, and Germany, and at last had broken on Wall Street, whose only explanation was that "Roosevelt did it all." When Mr. Justice Lacombe's two express-wagons (forgotten during fifteen months after the rendering of the opinion which referred to them) were revived to frighten the stock market of February, 1910, there was a similar group to cry out that no corporation, and no partnership, could escape prosecution under the law of 1890. But all that seems now as far away as the "Prosperity Leagues" and "Reëmployment Days" of 1908. None of it, even at the time, expressed the general sentiment of serious men, either in or out of Wall Street. Even the Stock Exchange grew somewhat sheepish afterward about its indulgence in such absurdities, and it gives the reader a curious feeling when he sees the same things in sober print to-day.

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Allin, C. D., and Jones, G. M. Annexation, Preferential Trade, and Reciprocity. Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.50 net.

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Davis, Horace. The Public Ministry of Jesus. Boston: American Unitarian Assn. 50 cents net.

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Fisher, S. G. The True Daniel Webster. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

Gracie, Archibald. The Truth About Chickamauga. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.

Hengler, Florence. Little Miss Daphne, and Other Tales. The Bookery.

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Lear. Later Letters of Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Strachey. Duffield. $3.50 net.

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Mills, J. T. The Great Days of Northumbria: Three Lectures. Longmans.

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Oman, Charles. History of the Peninsular War. Vol IV, 1810-1811. Frowde. $4.75

Phelps, E. B. The Mortality of Alcohol. Thrift Pub. Co. $2.

Phillipps, L. M. Art and Environment. Holt.

Rogers, J. E. Wild Animals Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.

Royal Historical Society, Transactions. Third series, Vol. V. London: The Society.

Shakespeare. Tudor edition. Henry VI, Part I. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Smyth, J. K. Religion and Life: A Year Book of Short Sermons. New Church Board of Publication.

Technology and Industrial Efficiency. Papers presented at the Congress of Technology, April, 1911. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3 net.

Wheeler, C. K. Critique of Pure Kant. Boston: The Arakelyan Press. $1.50 net.

Wiggin, K.D., and Smith, N.A. The Talking Beasts: A Book of Fable Wisdom. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

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The Week

Mr. Taft's action in the matter of the Russian treaty is characteristic. The terms in which he gave notice of our intention to do away with the agreement of 1832 yield no excuse for ill-feeling on the part of the Czar's Government. In stating that this country has completely outgrown the conditions prevailing at the time the treaty was framed, he gives temperate statement to an undeniable fact. To the man in the street, of course, there is a distinction without a difference in the method of the treaty's abrogation. But in diplomacy it is to be presumed that manner still counts. This does not mean that the observance of all the proper forms will leave the Russian Government quite content. In the spirit of its communications with our own Government, as in the utterances attributed to M. Sazonoff, Russia's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and other high officials, it is quite apparent that irritation does exist at St. Petersburg. And it is as well that it should be so. It is one thing to avoid unnecessary injury to the feelings of another Government; it is another thing to make it quite clear that we have a grievance, and that we are bound to have it rectified. As a matter of fact, results are in sight. M. Sazonoff is already credited with admitting that, while the present passport regulations cannot be changed, perhaps there *has* been injudicious application of those regulations on the part of Russian consuls abroad, who have refused their *visé* to "a large number of persons who in reality were acceptable."

The action of the House in passing the "dollar-a-day" pension bill, by a vote of 229 to 92, was a great folly, the chief responsibility and reproach for which must fall upon the Democratic majority. True, all the Republicans but eight voted for the bill, and eighty-four Democrats, including their leader, Mr. Underwood, against it, but the party in control of the House has the blame, as well as the praise, for what the House does. And this cowardly surrender of the Democrats to the pension machine, this breaking away of frightened or scheming members from the advice and example of the party leaders, this act so full of insincerity and recklessness and the lowest kind of politics, cannot fail to shake the belief in the sanity and firmness of the new Democratic control and injure the standing of the party with the country. It will be set down as the first great Democratic blunder, on a national scale, since the election of 1910.

Mr. Underwood may well be disquieted by the signs that the Democrats in the House are getting out of hand in the matter of extravagant appropriations. He has expressed his fear that, unless some check be put to present tendencies, this Congress will prove to be the most lavish on record. After $75,000,000 for pensions, it is now proposed to vote $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 for public buildings. Mr. Underwood's protest against this, when he appeared in person before the House committee, resulted in getting just two members on his side. The rest went with the Republicans in favor of going in for the old flag and a big appropriation. Yet there is no doubt that all these Democrats would be ready, at a moment's notice, to make glowing speeches in the House in praise of economy in the abstract. This makes a difficult situation for a leader like Mr. Underwood. It also points unmistakably once more to the viciousness of our system of financial control in Congress. There is no man or committee with power to say what money-bill shall be passed and what shall not. It was a fatal mistake to take away years ago from the Appropriations Committee the general control of the spending by the House.

The Vice-President's flag is gayly flung to the breeze in Tuesday morning's Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, setting forth the Hon. James Schoolcraft Sherman's desire and determination to be the Republican candidate for Governor of New York in 1912. His reasons for such desire, we must acknowledge, are ample and convincing. He is tired of merely presiding over the Senate's sessions, he is anxious to obtain an office which will make greater demands on his executive ability, he is seeking a vindication for the humiliation he received at Saratoga a year ago. The announcement, however, would have been more interesting if the reasons why the party should give him the nomination had been set forth, instead of the reasons why he wishes to get it. If parties were given to the practice of romantic magnanimity, a motive might be found in the circumstance that Mr. Sherman is one of the few men whose nomination would give Gov. Dix a fighting chance for a second term.

The Secretary of the Treasury's annual report, submitted to Congress on Monday, gives the first place of consideration to currency reform and the forthcoming Monetary Commission plan. Mr. MacVeagh is sanguine as to the prospects of early enactment of the pending reform proposals into law; he believes that the Commission's report will be so complete in suggestion and material that, "whether Congress shall adopt the recommendations of the Commission as a whole or not, there need be no further postponement of legislation." The country, he thinks, "has now largely and mainly agreed" on the direction of reform; "the nation has eradicated partisanship from this great business and social question," and "the persistent difficulties of monetary reform have almost entirely disappeared." In this statement of the case there is very much truth, and even people who doubt the probability of the enactment of such a law on the eve of a Presidential election, and who think that thorough and prolonged debate of any such measure is not only inevitable but most advisable, are aware that never since the Specie Resumption Act of 1875 has the outlook been so favorable for the judicious solution of this great problem within a reasonable time.

On one aspect of the contemplated legislation the Secretary has a weighty comment. "It is indispensable," he writes, "that the new law shall deny with great precision to any bank included within its provisions, whether national or State, the right to own stock in any other independent bank." He adds:

There is no immediate danger to be apprehended from such holdings; but now is the time to protect for the future the independence and individuality of the banks, and to forestall in their case the general tendency to the formation of undue combinations and Trusts.

Mr. MacVeagh might have gone so much further as to say that, unless a clearly prohibitory provision of this nature is inserted, the enactment of any law for the centralization of the banking resources of the country would be extremely doubtful. It is the imagined possibility of control, by a few strong banks or financiers, of the new system's extensive credit machinery, which has been the most formidable obstacle all along in the path of successful banking and currency reform. Such misgiving has found a voice not only among the people at large but among the interior banks, and the recent controversy over the holding-company device, whereby some of our powerful metropolitan banks held virtual controlling interest in a group of other banking institutions, was not calculated to allay it.

Secretary Meyer's advocacy of the sale or abandonment of nearly all the navy yards of the Atlantic Coast and their concentration in one great institution on Narragansett Bay can be readily defended on the ground of economy and efficiency. But already there is the greatest outcry against it on purely selfish grounds. The New York and Brooklyn Congressmen are "up in arms." The city of New York would like to get the navy yard out of the way, to use its valuable lands and docks for the purposes of peaceful commerce. The city badly needs more and better facilities for its ever-growing steamship traffic, and the navy yard as a yard has many disadvantages. But the Congressmen fear the political results of the move. Thousands of workmen might emigrate to Rhode Island, and think of the loss to Brooklyn trade which would result! It is a perfect illustration of the widespread popular attitude towards the Government so carefully fostered by the pension system and the protective tariff.

It is refreshing and decidedly wholesome to have the alleged economies of production by gigantic Trusts sharply and aggressively challenged, as by Mr. Brandeis last week before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. A great deal of easy-going assertion and slipshod thinking is current on the subject, and the air of superiority with which the assertions are usually put forward makes them go down with great numbers of people without any thinking at all. It is seldom that any attempt is made to furnish particulars which would substantiate the claim; and serious quantitative statements—anything that would even tend to show how great this alleged gain is, or whether the tendencies making for the gain were not already in full operation before the monopolizing process set in—are virtually never attempted. Moreover, there is an habitual confusion of thought—whether accidental or designed—between the issue of large-scale production as against small-scale production and the issue of monopoly against competition; to hear some of the Trust people talk, one would almost think that those who are skeptical about the necessity of the Steel Trust aim to abolish everything larger than the little old-time forge. Mr. Brandeis has plenty of competent economic opinion behind him when he asserts the underlying and permanent advantages of competition in spite of its admitted drawbacks, and earmarks the economic advantages of industrial monopoly as in large measure illusory, and also as in large measure transitory—calculated to be more than wiped out in the long run by the loss of that vitality which is an accompaniment of competition.

The stimulating atmosphere of Arizona is manifest not only in the enthusiasm with which the people of that nascent State embraced the idea of the recall of judges, but even in their way of eliminating that provision from their proposed Constitution. The vote to that effect, in the election just held, was almost unanimous; a result which, if it had taken place in the phlegmatic, if not effete, East, would be regarded as either a merely formal matter or as indicating a diminished devotion to the idea. Not so in Arizona. "The people of Arizona," says the Democratic State Chairman, "simply refused to endorse Taft's decision as to what kind of a Constitution Arizona should have, and while they voted to eliminate the recall from the Constitution, as they were obliged to do in order to gain Statehood, they showed that the recall would be placed back in the Constitution as soon as it possibly could be done." Just how this determination was shown does not appear; but presumably the unanimity with which the recall was cut out of the Constitution was a sign of the eagerness with which they look forward to Statehood as a means of getting the recall. So much may be quite true; but is it not drawing it a little strong to say that the people "refused to submit to Taft's dictation"? The President did his exact duty, and no more, in refusing his assent to a Constitution which contained among its fundamental features a provision which he regarded as pernicious; but he explicitly recognized the fact that the people of Arizona could do as they pleased about it after they had become a full-fledged State. In other words, he was not, in any obnoxious sense, "dictating" to them at all; and in so far as he *was* dictating to them, they did not refuse to submit, but on the contrary submitted absolutely.

Chicago's recovery of that portion of the lake shore long held by the Illinois Central Railroad is an event of more than local interest. A fair and amicable agreement between the city and the company will make possible the construction of a boulevard from Jackson Park north to Grant Park, the erection of the Field Columbian Museum in the latter area, and in general the development of a part of the city long neglected. Especially will the lake front, after land has been made by filling and waterways opened, be made as attractive as nature seemed to intend. The arrangement now arrived at is in pursuance of the plans long urged to beautify Chicago. The situation seemed hopeless, but the railway finally had the grace and business sense to surrender its riparian rights for the whole distance of between four and five miles south of Twelfth Street. Mayor Harrison is well within the truth in describing the event as the biggest thing that has happened in or for Chicago since the World's Fair, of which, indeed, it is in a large measure one result.

The rounding of Mr. Bigelow's long life with sleep is in the order of nature, but nevertheless brings its shock. So many had come to think of him as an invincible figure, flinging a dart at Death it-

self! His cheerful and buoyant bearing at a great age seemed to promise many confident to-morrows. Intellectually active to the last, hopeful, inquiring, far from being shut up to live solely in the memory of past days, still warming both hands at the fire of life, he showed us an old age with scarcely any of the melancholy and depressing features that often go with it. Living in the active present though Mr. Bigelow always appeared to be, he yet could not avoid being regarded as a venerable and representative type of another time. His distinguished though simple bearing, his scrupulous politeness, his somewhat formal modes of speech and writing, all had the stamp of an elder day upon them. At any time these past thirty years he would have sprung to the general mind as a specimen as fine as one could adduce of a cultivated American gentleman. Then, too, he was wonderfully identified with his city, of all of whose modern growth he had been an eye-witness. He was eminently a New Yorker. To have stood for no more than all this would have been a great achievement. But when we remember how Mr. Bigelow carried his grand manner into intellectual pursuits and public services which alone would have marked him off from common men, and when we recall the indomitable vivacity and high spirit with which he carried the burden of years, as gallant at ninety-four as another Dandolo, we begin to perceive how the loss of him takes on national proportions. When Webster died it was said that to think of America without him would be like thinking of it without Niagara. There was none of this titanic force about Mr. Bigelow, but there was a loftiness and even majesty in his character which will make his disappearance seem like the fading from a familiar landscape of a snow-crowned mountain-peak.

In the programme of a meeting shortly to be held by a learned society we note the following from a description of a paper on Nietzsche:

> The eternal value of some of his over 200 poems and the well-nigh inimitable excellence of his prose, added to his broad acquaintance with, and his original ideas on, art and history and philosophy lend to his criticisms an unnegligible if not indisputable authority. Yet Nietzsche's relation to philology in the uncommonally (*sic*) inclusive sense in which he used the term is a practically unworked mine.

There may be a deeper meaning in these words than first appears. Some of Shakespeare's most exalted if also most incoherent passages have inspired language like this, and "Sordello," along with other literary puzzles, has gone somewhat awkwardly to people's heads. But the present instance has avowedly to do with nothing more exciting than philology. Still, much can be wrought by patience, and already we begin to share the enthusiasm for the coming picture of a thousand times ten thousand scholars focussing their spectacles upon the magic of "Also sprach Zarathustra." The more one dwells upon the thought, the more one must feel that these words were all the time intended for philologists.

The House of Lords, in passing so promptly, without amendment and virtually without debate, the workmen's insurance bill, has not helped its standing with the English people. Just after the long and bitter fight for a Second Chamber with full revising powers over general legislation, we see the Lords incontinently refusing to exercise those powers. The opportunity was tempting and one might even say that the duty was plain. Lloyd George's bill, as it passed the Commons, was an infinitely complex measure, not all the provisions of which were clearly understood, and many of them had not been discussed. There was naturally a feeling among sober Englishmen that the Lords ought to go slow with so grave a piece of legislation. There is still a suspensive veto left to the Upper House, and men like Professor Dicey openly appealed for its use at this juncture. But all was in vain; and the Lords meekly did what they had previously done with the old-age pensions bill. Thus they give fresh point to the old taunt that they really have no intention of being a genuine revising body at all, but simply throw out what Liberal legislation they dare, and when a bill comes along which they fear is immensely popular, pass it without a murmur.

The coronation of George V as Emperor of India was signalized by the announcement of two highly important administrative changes, the virtual reconsolidation of Bengal under one Governor, and the transfer of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi. Something more than geography enters into both moves, although there are plenty of geographical reasons for the selection of Delhi. That city is situated almost exactly at the middle point of the base line of the inverted triangle which the Hindustan peninsula forms. It is a healthier city than Calcutta in the low-lying estuary of the Ganges, and much nearer to the summer capital, Simla, from which the government of India is carried on during a large part of the year. Historical associations also speak for Delhi, though the city did not come under British authority until 1803, while British Calcutta goes back to 1686. Delhi has the greater native prestige. It was the capital of the Mogul emperors under whom India attained its most brilliant development. At the height of its prosperity, Delhi contained two million inhabitants and was the most magnificent capital city in the world.

But it is the political aspect of the Durbar changes that is most important. The division of the old province of Bengal into the two provinces of Bengal and Eastern Bengal and Assam, effected six years ago under Lord Curzon's administration, was the definite cause of the outbreak of political unrest with which India has since then been troubled. The Hindu population was exasperated by the partition of what it regarded as its fatherland, and resentment against the British was accompanied by an upflare of racial animosity against the Mohammedans, who are numerically strong in Eastern Bengal. Indian agitation has centred among the Hindus, because this race supplies almost the entire educated native class from whom the professions and the native civil service are recruited. Consequently, it has been a part of British policy to win over the Mohammedan element to its support, and so to establish a counterbalance to Hindu disloyalty. The changes announced at the Durbar seek to placate both classes. In bringing the two Bengali provinces under a single head, an important concession has been made to Hindu sentiment. But in the removal of the capital to Delhi, the chief centre of Mohammedan influence, the non-Hindu element has been recognized.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR TAFT.

That there is ground for severe criticism of many of President Taft's acts may be admitted. That he has made thousands of Republicans lukewarm towards his renomination, and many actively hostile to it, is obvious. But even the President of the United States is entitled to fair play! And Mr. Taft is not getting it. During the past few weeks he has been subject not only to attack, but to gross misrepresentation. The process of belittling him has been carried to wholly unjustifiable extremes; and the result is really to belittle the men who are responsible for it. Distortion of the facts has been common, along with insinuation of bad motives. And there has been too much hitting below the belt, too much warfare against the President of the nature of sneaking ambush instead of a manly stand-up fight.

We are glad to see that something like a protest against these unhandsome methods has set in; and that a college professor has had the honor of taking the lead in it. At Madison, Wisconsin, on Saturday, Prof. A. B. Hall of the University called for fair play for Mr. Taft. Holding a chair in the department of political science, Professor Hall has to keep track of public events, and gives it as his deliberate opinion that never in the history of the country has there been an Executive who more rigorously enforced the law than President Taft. Himself a La Follette man, the Wisconsin professor has the decency thus to speak out against the kind of underhand misstatement and muttered fault-finding that have been current. Mr. Taft may not be a great President; it may not be wise for his party to nominate him again; but he is entitled, and the country is entitled, to have the case against him put fairly and openly. There has been far too much whispering and secret intriguing and cowardly assault willing to wound, but afraid to strike.

And it is now getting to be notorious, and the subject of comment in newspapers in various States, that it is the great clamorer for the square deal who is treating President Taft in a way anything but square. There are many and diverse speculations about Mr. Roosevelt's motives and possible ambition in seeking to undermine Mr. Taft. Into those it is unnecessary to go. His acts are sufficient. Take the matter of the anti-Taft meeting in Boston on Saturday night. It is known that the promoters of it had been in touch with Mr. Roosevelt. Before leaving Boston last week, he himself gave out a statement saying that he favored this movement to bring together the "Progressive Republicans" of New England, adding that it was not a question of putting forward any candidate, whether State or national. But does anybody suppose that Mr. Roosevelt is so simple-minded as to have believed that? He must have known exactly what would happen; that Mr. Gifford Pinchot would be the chief speaker and would say that Taft's nomination was impossible, and that the Progressives must rally to La Follette. The whole effect, and the whole intent, of the mass meeting was adverse to Taft, and this must have been from the first in the mind of everybody connected with it.

With this fact, however, we are not now so much concerned as with the implications of it. It does not stand alone. It goes with many other things to show that Mr. Roosevelt is deliberately allowing himself to be used against the President, and is allowing it ambiguously, equivocally, and not in the honorable and manly fashion which he has been forever advocating. No authorized statement has come from him further than an admission that he would not actively favor the nomination of Mr. Taft or of any other candidate; but there can be no doubt that his attitude goes beyond that, and is, and is understood by his friends to be, one of positive antagonism to the President. That in this he is perfectly within his rights, we do not for a moment think of denying. No one has uttered more glowing words in praise of Mr. Taft than Col. Roosevelt, but he has the right to withdraw them if he chooses to. It is not the question of his consistency that is disturbing, but of his fair dealing. Why does he not frankly state the grounds of his opposition to Taft? It is a public question. The debate is open. Let the Colonel come forward man-fashion, and tell us what he thinks. He surely cannot wish the country to believe him capable of a tortuous course, hinting a fault and hesitating dislike, and giving aid and comfort to men under cover, when all the while the square thing to do is to take a bold position in the open and meet all comers. One thing is certain, and some of Mr. Roosevelt's friends ought to apprise him of it, namely, that his present conduct is making the worst possible impression, causing many to believe, what they had never before been willing to credit, that Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of President Taft is so unfair and unmanly as to show that he is "in friendship false, implacable in hate." Some are even willing to complete the couplet and to add: "Resolved to ruin or to rule the state."

From all this, we think, President Taft's friends have little to fear except temporary embarrassment. The American love of fair play is not extinct. We go in for a great deal of political fighting, but we wish it to be with lawful weapons. In favor of any man persistently and wrongfully misrepresented and abused—especially if blows manifestly foul are dealt him—a reaction is certain to set in. Before the Presidential election is over, the people will pass upon Mr. Taft's actual merits. But for the time being there is warrant for the indignation which honest men cannot help feeling when they take note of the peculiarly despicable tactics which are employed against Mr. Taft.

RE-MAKING CITY GOVERNMENT.

The rejection of the commission form of government by Vancouver and Olympia lends emphasis to the evident suspension of judgment that has followed the first outburst of enthusiasm over the new system. This is the more notable since two of the largest cities in the State of Washington have been operating under the commission form for more than a year. It is a "home-rule" State, with a general provision allowing cities of 20,000 population and above to draft and adopt their own charters. To this law there was added by the last Legislature a general commission-charter law for cities of from 2,500 to 20,000 inhabitants. It is under this provision that the two cities named above have just refused to follow the example of Tacoma and Spokane. Whether the experience of Tacoma can be held accountable for the adverse vote it is impossible to say at this distance, but that city has not had a very happy time with its new form of government. The expenses of the city have gone up, and at a recent recall election not only the Mayor, but two of the four Councilmen, were retired. Spokane has been trying the com-

mission form for a briefer period, and it is too early to draw conclusions regarding its working there. But the results in Tacoma, particularly the eagerness with which its citizens have made use of the recall provision, have been widely published, and are undoubtedly among the forces that have brought about a pause in what for a while seemed a general turning to commission government.

At present, reckoning only the municipalities that conform to a fairly strict definition of the term, more than 160 cities have adopted the commission form. Most of these have done so in the last two years. Some account of the differences among them, and of the experiences that they have had with the system, is given in the last number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. From this report, it appears that at least five features are found in all the commission laws. The fundamental one is the exercise of both legislative and administrative authority by the same governing body. Then, each member of this body is placed in charge of a division of the work of the city. The board is small, never having more than ten members, and usually not more than five. All the members are elected by all the voters of the city, and not by wards. Finally, in addition to methods of publicity, one or more devices of direct popular control are ordinarily included, such as the referendum, the initiative, and the recall. But apart from these items, there are wide variations of faith and practice, so wide, indeed, that the term "commission form" has been found insufficient, and we read of the Des Moines plan, the Grand Junction plan, the Staunton plan, and the Lockport proposal.

One of the cardinal points of divergence among these "plans" is over the question of the joint or several responsibility of the Commissioners. In Grand Junction, Col., it is pointed out that the election of Commissioners in a body, with power to apportion the offices among themselves after the election, opens the way to log-rolling and strife; that it makes possible the choice of the most popular candidates, each of whom might be well qualified for a certain one of the offices, and no one for any of the others. "Our plan," say the Grand Junctionists, "is far more democratic." Each of the Commissioners is chosen separately as a candidate for a definite office, and thus the city gets the benefit of a corps of experts. This sounds convincing enough until one hears from Lockport, N. Y. Suppose, runs the argument, that the Commission, by a majority vote, has passed an ordinance providing for the repavement of the main thoroughfare. Suppose, further, that the Commissioner of Streets was not a member of the majority, and refuses to carry out its will. Is it not plain that nothing short of collective responsibility will solve the difficulty? And so Lockport has a City Council to act as a Board of Directors, with a City Manager, appointed by it, to look after the execution of its orders.

To the outsider this scheme has a squint backward towards the Mayor and Council organization. The Des Moines method in this matter of commission responsibility is still different, and its citizens do not display the certainty of success shown by the advocates of the other arrangements. The public in the Iowa city seem to have been actuated by opportunism, demanding, for instance, that a Commissioner should be allowed virtually unlimited right of selection of his subordinates when it had confidence in the men named, and taking an opposite position when the selections displease it. Obviously, this is an unworkable principle. The importance of the problem of collective or individual responsibility is indicated by the statement that the controversy over it has developed the most acute personal and political antagonisms that have arisen in Des Moines since the inauguration of the commission form.

To the inquiry, How has commission government worked? it is impossible to return a categorical answer. This is true even in the case of the first city to adopt it. New Orleans, as long ago as 1870, obtained from the Legislature a new charter, vesting the powers of the city in a Mayor and seven Administrators. It seems incredible that a government which went on for twelve years should forty years later hang uncertainly between a favorable and an unfavorable verdict of history, but no one can say, in the face of the conflicting evidence, whether the repeal of the charter in 1882 was wise or not. Nor is the experience of Galveston at all conclusive. As a local observer remarks, "Even without a commission form of government Galveston would necessarily have had a reform government after the storm." And in many of the later instances, success has apparently been due, in part at least, to the interest taken in the plan by the first Commissioners, who were among its most ardent advocates, while failure is attributed, in some measure, to the "bad start" given it by unfortunate choices at the initial election. There is complaint that "neither the electorate nor the Council are sufficiently impressed with the great necessity of efficiency in the selection of men for public positions." Little help is got from the saying that "much will depend upon the intelligence, the alertness, the ideals of the electorate," or in William Penn's generalization that "there is hardly one frame of government in the world so ill-designed by its first founders that, in good hands, would not do well enough; and story tells us, the best, in ill ones, can do nothing that is great or good." We must wait for more definite results of the experiment.

EFFICIENCY IN THE ARMY.

The first report of any new Secretary of War is always read with interest by the service, usually in order to see how far that official has been taken into camp by the powers that be in the War Department. Tremendous is the influence of the Chief of Staff and the Adjutant-General; they are firmly intrenched; they know the army from A to Z; they are masters of red tape and have resources of information and experience at their command to overwhelm the doubts of any gentleman who quits his law-books in Tennessee or the pastime of sending bank-wreckers to jail in New York in order to head, for a more or less brief period, the military machine. Rarely is it given to one like Mr. Root to think for himself and to see with his own eyes. Usually it is the voice of the Chief of Staff that is heard, and not that of the Secretary. It is interesting to note, therefore, in Mr. Stimson's report, whether it is due to the Chief of Staff or to the Secretary himself, that his attention has evidently been drawn to some of the real weaknesses of the service, and particularly to its costliness.

It has long been noted by observers within and without the service that in

the construction and location of army posts the one aim and object of Congress has been to place them where they will do the most good politically. Next, the object of the War Department has been to construct posts entirely unlike any other army stations that we have ever heard of. Elaborate suburban villages are created in the outskirts of great cities, planned, according to one of the most brilliant officers in the service, "exclusively for the benefit of the camp-followers"—the women and children. It being the people's money, such a thing as economy has been unknown, and the real objective—the hardening and training of soldiers—has been entirely lost sight of.

Mr. Stimson estimates that fully $94,000,000 has been spent upon our present "ineffective and expensive" system of army posts. He sees clearly that to strike at it is to invite the same political enmity which Secretary Meyer is encountering in his efforts to consolidate the navy yards. As Mr. Stimson puts it: "The source of profit which each post furnishes to neighboring communities causes a local pressure against any change in location and brings constant influence to bear towards further expenditures in that locality." Nevertheless, as he says, some steps are being taken—to save a few pennies where millions could be saved. Thus a waste of $245,000 has been cut off by changing for the third time to a system of territorial divisions for administrative purposes—a form of concentration and decentralization. The amazing discovery has been made that cavalry cannot drill in winter in the deep snows of Montana and the Dakotas, and—with almost scientific intelligence—it has been similarly discovered that if the cavalry were stationed in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, they could use their horses throughout the year. Finally, Mr. Stimson points with pride to another discovery—that those officers and critics were right who have for twenty-five years insisted that weak companies were a source of military weakness and economic waste, and that large regiments mean "tremendously increased morale, interest, and enthusiasm."

After this striking demonstration that the world does move, even in the War Department, is it too much to hope that later on Mr. Stimson will give us still further and more radical recommendations for cutting out waste? Some army officers believe that the cost of the service could be reduced 50 per cent., and the efficiency at the same time increased. Thus, Mr. Stimson may yet come to the conclusion that regiments should be in barracks in cities, and that the Government should not concern itself, except at foreign stations, with the housing of women and children. The necessity for this passed away with the building up of the West and the ending of the Indian wars. It has already been brought to Mr. Stimson's attention that by a conservative estimate we pay "for effective riflemen between two and five times as much as any first-class Power on the continent of Europe . . . after excluding from the comparison the higher pay and subsistence which our soldiers receive." Again, in his endorsement of the efficiency or scientific management introduced at the Watertown Arsenal, Mr. Stimson puts his finger on somewhat the same evil which has aroused Secretary Meyer in his administration of the navy. And his endorsement of the long-urged consolidation of the Quartermaster's, Subsistence, and Pay Departments into one supply department is also noteworthy.

But when all is said and done, the Secretary of War himself can do most to bring about that spirit throughout the service which will regard Government money as trust funds. In establishing a committee in the War Department to coöperate with the central Washington Commission on Efficiency, Mr. Stimson has taken perhaps the most important step towards reform. Like some of his predecessors, he has found that army retiring and examining boards do not do their duty by the Government, but consider what they think are the "vested rights" of officers rather than the welfare of the service. If he will go a little deeper into the matter he will find that this laxity is in the last analysis due to the fact that politics in the War Department has often so flagrantly overruled the findings of such boards as to give the officers composing them, quite naturally, a false idea of the trust imposed upon them. This can never be eradicated until the War Department is itself beyond the reach of influence and without respect for the "vested interests" of the politicians. So in regard to efficiency and the saving of money; the example must come primarily from the War Department itself, not from the individual officer, nor even from Congress. The powers of the Secretary of War are enormous. Let him grapple with his swollen estimates himself and insist upon his bureau chiefs cutting them far down; let him end the waste of unnecessary officers—so many of whom are now on recruiting details, detached duty, and instructing schoolboys—to mention only two of many matters that lie at his elbow. Then he will quickly find that officialdom as a whole will respond to the example of economy.

WORKINGMEN'S INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

Under the title, "The Practical Results of Workingmen's Insurance in Germany," Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg, lately retired as president of the Senate in the Imperial German Insurance Office, has published a brochure which is nothing less than an amazing indictment of the working of the system. References to it have already appeared in the cables, but the complete translation made by Dr. Louis H. Gray, which lies before us, is even more sweeping that we had been led to expect. Dr. Friedensburg plainly writes, not to injure the service from which he has just honorably retired, but with the purpose of pointing out certain grave evils which he desires remedied. That the Reichstag, at its recent session, passed some legislation amending the existing laws, is in itself proof, were any needed, that the system so often heralded as beyond criticism is very far from being so.

No amendments can ever go to the psychology of the situation, or alter the fact that the establishment of this pension system, with its demoralization and pauperization of those classes to which it applies, is on all fours with our own military-pension experience. We are inclined to say that every kind of pension fraud known in this country is paralleled in Dr. Friedensburg's exposure. It seems to be in the nature of public pensions to make liars of all who have to do with them. As Dr. Friedensburg tells the story:

> Pension lies unblushingly involve even family life. Attempts are made, ever and again, to transform the wife into the employee of her husband, and the husband into the employee of his wife, as circumstances may demand; brothers and sisters become servants; and even children not yet four years old are alleged to be regularly employed in agricultural pursuits. In

his old age the man who has retired from active life again becomes a ploughboy, and the mother-in-law who has been received into the household is metamorphosed into a nurse-girl. This latter transformation became especially popular since, when the invalid and old-age insurance law went into effect on January 1, 1891, persons who had already reached the age of seventy could receive pensions only after proof that they had been engaged in an occupation entitling them to insurance within the three years previous.

Every child killed, Dr. Friedensburg reports, was the "sole support" of his parents, "gave his parents every pfennig he had, and himself lived on air." A farmer injured going to church to pray for rain insisted that he was engaged in an agricultural pursuit, and therefore entitled to a pension. A peasant who had infected a finger while undressing her child insisted that the undressing was an agricultural pursuit, since the child kept the geese!

Every possible device is thought of to obtain pension money. Precisely as with us, the pecuniary condition of the pensioner is not touched upon; he may, after the loss of one eye, be as well paid as before, but he draws his pension just the same, as do our millionaire military pensioners. Naturally, the cost of pensions has gone far beyond anything dreamed of. In 1886 the accidents reported were 100,159, and damages were awarded in 10,540 cases; in 1908 these figures were 662,321 and 142,965, respectively. Between 1888 and 1908 the cost of the indemnities rose from $1,475,000 to $38,775,000. To administer this vast business there were in 1909-10, in addition to a president and two directors in the Imperial Insurance Office, sixty-three high officials, besides an army of clerks, while the number of associate justices had risen from four to ninety-nine, the cost of the Imperial Office alone being $650,000. As in the Pension Bureau in Washington, the tendency is to stretch every possible point in favor of the applicant:

Documents are searched—or, at least, should be—with the utmost meticulosity, on the chance that some point may still bear "interpretation" in favor of the insured; expert opinion is heaped on expert opinion, often with the additional requirement of tedious hospital observation of the person alleging injury, especially in the case of one of the many neuroses which it is so much the fashion to claim to be the results of accidents.

Not unnaturally, the sober business men of Germany—those who are responsible for her wonderful industrial progress—are appalled at the increasing pension burdens of a country which is staggering under the heaviest military burdens in Europe. It must soon, according to the Essen Chamber of Commerce, "reckon with a burden of about $312,500,000 each year laid upon [her] industrial activity simply and solely for purposes of social insurance." Elberfeld and Lübeck are other towns that see in the excessive character of these insurance burdens a growing menace to Germany's vast foreign trade. Moreover, Dr. Friedensburg reports, there is nowhere left a trace of that fine glow of social and philanthropic enthusiasm "which once greeted the new institution." Everybody who possibly can do so endeavors to escape from the burdens of insurance. There is endless red-tape, and endless officials travel up and down the country inspecting, "controlling," and being controlled. Insurance has developed "to an incredible extent the German evil of bureaucratic formalism." In the provinces the best voluntary social workers "have withdrawn in disgust."

Convictions for pension frauds are as rare in Germany as in this country. To try everybody who makes false claims would mean the trebling of the courts and prosecuting attorneys, and the juries as it is are untrustworthy—one has acquitted, on the ground of "involuntary" falsehood, a magistrate who perjured himself on the promise of obtaining part of the pension, to the justice of which he certified. Politically, too, the parallel with the United States seems perfect. There are increasing promises from several parties that they will "perfect" workingmen's insurance—always by widening its basis and letting down the bars, although what has been done has by no means accomplished the social revolution its authors believed certain. Social unhappiness and unrest are greater than ever before; and the workman, of course, feels the effect of the enormous financial burdens. Incalculable good, Dr. Friedensburg insists, has been accomplished; he still believes in the policy. But, as he puts it, the underlying legal, ethical, and material considerations have been hopelessly confused, and at the root of all is the way the pensions have become "an all-pervading cancer that is destroying the vitals of our state."

SCIENTIFIC WORTHIES.

To those who are whirled along in the maelstrom of politics or business, the contemplation of a life like that of Sir Joseph Donald Hooker, who died on Monday of last week at the age of ninety-four, can hardly fail to bring a pang of envy. A life of consistent and loving devotion to the pursuit of knowledge in a field to which he was drawn by the strongest predilection, and which, in the particular case of Hooker, was rendered doubly attractive by association with the work of his distinguished father; a life of tranquillity and serenity so far as regards all human relations, and yet of stirring experiences in travel and adventure, of stimulating participation in a great intellectual movement that has affected the thought of all the world, and of large and signal achievement attained through strenuous labor in his own particular domain; a life of beautiful friendships, of elevating associations with the finest minds of his time—such a life, extending from earliest manhood almost to the rounding out of a century, is surely one of the happiest, and one of the most substantially satisfactory, that the world affords.

Not long ago—in connection, we believe, with the celebration of the centenary of Charles Darwin and the semi-centenary of the "Origin of Species"—the question was mooted, and discussed in many quarters, whether America was producing a Darwin. The question, we take it, was essentially whether the conditions in our American colleges and universities, and in American life generally, were such as to favor the maturing of a great intellect and a great idea through quiet and patient brooding, through labors and aspirations independent of the mechanism of ordinary reward and recognition, through that kind of direction given to intellectual interests and to intellectual striving with which routine arrangements, however admirable, have nothing to do. But it is not only with reference to the development of a world-leader like Darwin, or the production of an achievement like the "Origin of Species," that this kind of question is pertinent. Within little more than eighteen months, three English men of science of high eminence have died, each of them at an age not far from four-score and ten—Huggins in his eighty-seventh year, Gal-

ton in his eighty-ninth, and now Hooker after passing the age of ninety-four. No one of these men belongs to the class of Darwin or Newton; but each of them made highly important contributions to the progress of science. And each of them was born to circumstances of ease and plenty, and followed, according to his own bent, with no artificial stimulus and without the spur of necessity, the researches to which his own nature impelled him. The same thing is not literally, but is essentially, true of Alfred Russel Wallace, who shared with Darwin the honor of the promulgation of the doctrine of natural selection, and who now, at the age of eighty-eight, is the last, or almost the last, survivor of that group of scientific writers and thinkers which contributed so much to making the mid-Victorian era a glorious period in English history.

The type that such men represent is one whose value to the world, as well as the felicity and satisfaction of their own lives, it is not the fashion of our day to appreciate. Partly in the sense in which Emerson meant it, and partly in a different and a more worthy sense, "things are in the saddle, and ride mankind." Not many years ago it was the dazzling achievements, or supposed achievements, of the "captains of industry," that filled the public imagination, at least in this country; in more recent times there has been a remarkable awakening to the needs of the poorer classes of the community, and attention has been centred upon the possibilities of ameliorating their situation both through governmental measures and through private exertions. But in all this—and it would be idle to imagine that the fierce pursuit of wealth and luxury and capitalistic power has surrendered its place to the cultivation of humane endeavor—the centre of attention is immediately tangible benefit, or at most a not very remote good of a distinctly material character. The most worldly and the most spiritual-minded alike have their thoughts bent on aims which make the serene though strenuous pursuit of knowledge for its own sake seem pale and ineffectual.

It is a fine tradition of which the great botanist who has just passed away was one of the finest illustrations; and it must be the hope of every man of breadth and culture that the type which he represented, and which has had many worthy representatives of lesser note, will be continued and cherished, whatever changes these new times may bring about.

GIDEON WELLES AND HIS DIARY.

It has long been known to writers on the history of the Civil War that Gideon Welles kept a diary, but it is doubtful if any of them ever had free access to it. When, two or three years ago, the *Atlantic Monthly* began to print extensive portions of it, public interest was at once aroused. Naturally this disclosure of about one-fourth of the diary did not satisfy scholars, many of whom urgently called for the whole in book form. Unfortunately, this has not been fully granted, for there are above seventy omissions in the "Diary" as here published—it begins in 1862, the second year of Lincoln's Administration, and extends into the first year of Grant's, in 1869.* Whether these suppressions are in the interest of the diarist or of the persons referred to, has not been vouchsafed to us; it is certain that they have not been made in the interest of history, for history abhors concealments, as nature does a vacuum.

I.

If the commonly accepted theory is correct, that a man without special technical training but with certain natural aptitudes and administrative ability, is best suited to be Secretary of the Navy, then Gideon Welles was well equipped for the position to which Lincoln appointed him. There were prodigious tasks for the War, the Treasury, the Navy, and the State Departments. The War Department was the most difficult to administer, and the Navy Department came either second or third. Although not the ablest of the four Secretaries, Welles was the best administrator, and, in proportion to the difficulties, the most wisely resourceful and least deserving of criticism.

His experience and talents give portions of his "Diary" great value. He had edited the Hartford *Times* for about ten years and had served seven years in the Connecticut Legislature; then in turn he was Postmaster of Hartford, State Controller, chief of the bureau of provisions and clothing in the Navy Department, Republican candidate for Governor, member of the Republican National Committee, and otherwise prominent in the councils of the Republican party from its formation. He had improved his opportunities to study public men and public questions. He was master of a style that is always clear and forceful and, in antitheses and epigrammatic criticism, is often brilliant. He was incapable of falsehood or trickery; was wholly detached from selfish schemes and unworthy ambitions; and he loathed jobbery, political spoils, and the demoralizing pleas of politicians. In these respects Seward, Chase, and Stanton were not to be compared with him, and Lincoln himself was not his superior.

On account of his strict constructionist principles, his mental integrity and freedom from opportunism, he and Seward were often in sharp conflict. In the few cases where he went wrong it was because he could not escape an almost universal contagion of passionate thinking. The popular outburst of applause of Wilkes's action in the Trent affair was too much for Welles to withstand. And more than once he was as wild as Seward in his readiness to go to war with Great Britain, although our resources were already overtaxed. He favored closing the Southern ports, instead of blockading them, so as to avoid the question of belligerency. But after the blockade was declared, he opposed making any exceptions to its strict maintenance, there must be no special privileges to pass it, and when blockade-runners were captured, if they carried the mail bags of a foreign country, these should be sent to the prize courts as a part of the evidence. He stood firmly and successfully against the wish of the Secretary of State to issue letters of marque, for he believed that they would be both useless and dangerous. His logic more than once defeated Seward's superior adroitness and special pleas of expediency. Because he held so rigidly to his principles, he was often spoken of with semi-ridicule; and if we add, rightly so, the paradox will soon become clear.

These qualities bespeak the moral man, but not the statesman, especially in time of revolution, when success is so desperately needed that principles must often yield to expediency, as laws yield to arms. While Welles kept his own counsel and resented interference, he had a prying curiosity and a ready criticism if it was not satisfied. Although wholly lacking in the philosophical and imaginative faculty to put himself in the place of others, he daily acted as if he understood their motives as clearly as their spoken words. Charity and humor were alike foreign to his nature. In his world of rigid morality, the two things that were of supreme importance were his principles and his conscience. Whoever disagreed with these was instantly condemned as being wrong knowingly and for a base purpose.

II.

Happily his attitude towards a few persons and many subjects was not much affected by these peculiarities. Presidents Lincoln and Johnson escaped for the double reason that they were his superiors and he had scapegoats for them. Except as affected by the chang-

**Diary of Gideon Welles.* Three volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $10 net.

ed circumstances, the Lincoln of the "Diary" is the crude, resourceful, sympathetic, and ingenious Illinois lawyer-politician described by Herndon, and very different from the Lincoln of tradition and of the over-wrought canvas of Nicolay and Hay. His strong and his weak qualities are about equally apparent. He often hesitated and sometimes vacillated. At one time he would shun responsibilities and allow others wrongly to assume them; then when others were most timid, he feared no responsibility or risk. He was conspicuously lacking in system and administrative ability. Instead of having, as Bates urged, a telegraph operator and military and naval aides at hand to supply the latest news and relieve him of all possible details, he often went about calling on his Secretaries and Generals Scott, McClellan, and Halleck, and more than once begged in vain for withheld information. When important battles were expected or were fighting, he spent long hours of anxious, idle waiting at the War Department, as if dependent on the favor of the all-thundering Stanton and the subtle pretender, Halleck. But his honesty, his eager openmindedness, his frankness in explaining his perplexities, his simplicity, his charity, and his wonderful acuteness when his natural lassitude was overcome, explain why he is the best loved of our heroes.

It has rarely been possible to define the often very important influences resulting from Cabinet councils. Were the leading ideas and policies of an Administration original with the President or with one or more members of his Cabinet? Except in the diaries of John Quincy Adams and of President Polk, there were but relatively few full accounts of Cabinet meetings, save when written opinions were asked for. The chiefs of the departments are indeed the President's advisers; but it is optional with him whether he shall call for their advice or even consider it if called for. The purpose of giving the President a Cabinet was to increase his resources. Lincoln was bound to find a method by which the wisdom of his seven Secretaries could be fused with his own. The tangle of circumstances was a good excuse for a time only. Seward and Stanton each often acted on the theory that it was important for him secretly, and without a real consultation even with the President, to develop and carry out plans of the greatest importance and leave his colleagues to blunder in darkness. If these chosen wise men were not wise enough to keep secrets and be helpful, Lincoln should have disciplined them or reorganized his Cabinet. Each Secretary, especially in a period of excitement and frequent changes, also needs advisers. The President and the Cabinet, on account of common interests and public welfare, should be the safest advisers to one another. Without this coöperation the whole Administration will suffer.

Both Lincoln's and Johnson's Cabinets perfectly illustrated what is inevitable when there is no master to gather the different reins into one strong, dexterous hand. It may shock our pet traditions, but it is true nevertheless, that President Polk was masterful and effective in his Cabinet councils, whereas Lincoln was often haphazard and ineffective with his. At first the Secretary of State, instead of the President, called the Cabinet meetings, and at odd times. After regular days were appointed, the proceedings were often a mockery. At least three of the seven Secretaries were commonly absent, and any who came might whisper with the President or with a favorite colleague about the most important questions and leave as soon as it suited his whim. Again and again Seward, Stanton, or Chase was alleged to have remained away because he wished to prevent the Cabinet from knowing his plans. We may not say that Seward was a law unto himself—but only because he was so lawless. Stanton's semi-barbarous energy and indomitable will might have been twice as successful if he had been compelled to formulate his plans, and hear them criticised in a genuine Cabinet council. This might even have lessened his violence and improved his manners. Because all the Secretaries suffered from lack of sympathetic criticism and help, they were almost constantly saying and doing injurious things that otherwise would have been hardly possible. The Cabinet crisis precipitated by the attempt of Republican Senators in December, 1862, to induce Lincoln to get rid of Seward, because he was held responsible for the lack of an harmonious and vigorous policy, was at least partly caused by the notorious complaints of Secretaries. Lincoln and one or more of the Cabinet denied the charges. The "Diary" gives ample evidence that the charges were believed by at least several Secretaries. One entry just after the crisis speaks for itself:

> Montgomery Blair is confident that Stanton has been instrumental in getting up this movement against Seward to screen himself, and turn attention from the management of the War Department. There may be something in this surmise of Blair; but I am inclined to think that Chase, Stanton, and Caleb Smith have each, but without concert, participated, if not directly, by expressions of discontent to their Senatorial intimates. Chase and Smith, I know, are a good deal dissatisfied with Seward and have not hesitated to make known their feelings in some quarters, though, I apprehend, not to the President. . . . Stanton is, by nature, an intriguer, courts favor, is not faithful in his friendships, is given to secret, underhand combinations. His obligations to Seward are great, but would not deter him from raising a breeze against Seward to favor himself. Chase and Seward entered the Cabinet as rivals, and in cold courtesy have so continued. (I. 203.)

Our diarist gives scores of glimpses of absurd Cabinet meetings and of the bickerings and almost slanderous gossipings among the Secretaries. Welles's talent for criticism and his fondness for receiving and recording evil reports were besetting sins. Every member of the Cabinet, excepting Seward, at one time or another, and some of them often, poured out his unfavorable opinions of his colleagues, and Welles strove to preserve them as if they were fine wines of ancient vintage. Montgomery Blair—who to Welles seemed to be a political knight-errant, and whose intelligence gave him the remarkable distinction of being the only member of the Cabinet who from the first had correct opinions about holding Fort Sumter and in regard to surrendering Mason and Slidell—was Welles's most generous fountain. Whenever they chanced to be by themselves they straightway fell to berating their associates. Blair despised Seward, but he loathed Stanton, and never hesitated to repeat his reasons, which would have been good if they had been as true as he believed. After he and Welles had joined in a sympathetic dialogue damning Seward and Stanton, they usually added a few touches for one or more members of the Cabinet, not neglecting the President, as evidence of their impartiality. Then Welles heroically burnt the midnight oil, making a precious record of it.

III.

One of the great objections to war is that brutality and his gluttonous brother, corruption, both thrive by it. The general facts are notorious, but the details are hard to get at. Welles presents specially valuable information and observations on such subjects as the corrupt jobs associated with the enormous and necessarily hasty naval contracts, the practices of high public officials in removing opponents and permitting the levy of forced partisan contributions on officeholders. Whenever the navy had a large contract to make there was a swarming of politicians seeking by special pleas to gain favors for their clients, their city, or State. In the hurlyburly it was impossible to detect perhaps more than a very small part of the corruption. But Secretary Welles was determined and relentless. No sooner had he gathered conclusive evidence and started to prosecute the greatest scoundrels than he became the object first of all sorts of pleas, then of warnings, then of threats, and finally of the most bitter and unscrupulous attacks. There is a fellowship and freemasonry in politics that is often carried to an extent that closely resembles the fellowship of lawbreakers and plunderers. By misrepresentation and indirection, by reminders of services rendered or by hints of oppo-

sition in the future, men of the highest supposed character were enlisted to shield the worst offenders. So strong did the united influences become that Lincoln himself sometimes felt that he had to compromise in order not to hazard interests which were really more important to the public welfare.

During political campaigns there was a constant swarming of State delegations and of members of political committees first requesting, then demanding, the removal of good and responsible men from their positions in the navy yards, so that the politicians could put their political vassals in the places of competent mechanics. If Welles's positive and indignant "no" drove them off, they soon returned with reinforcements. As the fears of Democratic success increased, these spoilsmen—of whom Henry J. Raymond is pictured as the most shameless, but perhaps only because of his conspicuous and responsible campaign position—came closer and closer, even asking a $500 contribution from the Secretary himself and insisting on countless removals and forced contributions. If Welles then in any manner yielded with his left hand, his right hand was not allowed to record it. Only during the last years of his Secretaryship, when sympathizers with Radicals were imagined to be as unfit to hold office as the secessionists of earlier years, did Welles allow some proscription. But probably the cases were so few, and perhaps not without excuse, that they do not seriously damage his earlier example.

IV.

Lincoln, Johnson, Foote, Farragut, Preston King, Senator Doolittle, the Blairs, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox, were about the only persons Welles really approved of. His sketch of Farragut is written, as Wendell Phillips would have said, with a pen dipped in truth and sunshine; it leaves nothing to be desired. Farragut was his pride, his lasting enthusiasm, his friend, and the honors were mutual. The references to President Johnson are most enlightening. Although there are but occasional sentences, and now and then a paragraph, scattered through four years, they make a vivid impression. If we focus these scattered lines and contemplate the figure, until it takes on life and renews its struggles, and if we then honestly, generously, imagine ourselves, with Johnson's antecedents and limitations, subjected to his trials, we get a new conception of the man and see perhaps the most pathetic character in American history. He was a strange mixture of strong and of weak qualities that doomed him to failure and temporary infamy. Throughout Johnson's Administration, the "Diary" continues to give interesting details of Cabinet doings and failings. And there are full and vivid pictures showing what Johnson and his Cabinet thought of the various phases of Reconstruction and of the impeachment trial.

Unfortunately Welles's narrow and unphilosophic mind usually caused him to sketch his political contemporaries with the pen of a pessimist. Except in such cases as have been noticed and when he communed with his conscience, contemplated his own high purposes or heard the grateful praise of a few close friends—and in none of these did any vain illusions lead him from the path of truth—his "Diary" indicates that he regarded this as a world of the worst possible politicians. He could not conceive of circumstances and an honorable point of view different from his own. What was his greatest weakness he believed to be his greatest strength—attributing and then judging the motives of others. Consequently his judgments were often outrageously unjust. His castigations of John P. Hale, Dahlgren, Wilkes, DuPont, Halleck, Chase, Seward, Stanton, Greeley, Raymond, and the New York press generally and individually, Sumner, Colfax, E. B. Washburne, Seymour, Weed, and many others, would more become a ranting copperhead than a dignified Secretary.

The heroic period of denunciation was when the radical devils of the impeachment trial were dealt with in "a crescendo movement of vituperation." And as for their leader, Thaddeus Stevens, he is represented as a physical and moral monstrosity, a prodigy of iniquity. But from first to last, the two favorite objects of Welles's insatiable hatred were Seward and Stanton. In the course of his service with Seward, throughout two Administrations, and almost as long with Stanton, he had hardly one unstinted commendation for either. Each of them early in Cabinet days seriously intruded upon the rights of the Secretary of the Navy. Later Seward and Stanton at least occasionally interfered with or slighted him. He waxes more and more frantic until he displays what might be called literary rabies. Was Seward absent when the impeachment trial was about to begin? It must be to escape responsibility, for he was always running off when danger arose. But, in fact, he was in New York to gather money needed to help pay President Johnson's lawyers. Even while he was patiently working out his greatest diplomatic success and the best possible solution for one of the hardest problems of his Secretaryship—the peaceable expulsion of the French from Mexico, notwithstanding our army unanimously desired war with France and the American people would have applauded it—Welles had nothing but slurs and pessimistic criticisms.

V.

The pathetic climax of Welles's almost suicidal weakness was shown in his attitude towards Grant. His early judgments were accurate. But when the angry contest between Johnson and the Radicals was at its height and Grant was an unwilling lever for the removal of Stanton from the War Department, Welles discovered more and more base qualities in the Lieutenant-General. Unfortunately, Grant did not keep his promise to give Johnson due notice before surrendering his position as temporary substitute for Stanton, after Stanton had been suspended. Welles was quite incapable of understanding how Grant's natural dulness, simplicity of character, and impressionability made it possible for him to do what men of greater intelligence could not have done without warranting some of Welles's charges. Grant's violation of his promise does not involve one-tenth the turpitude that is alleged. As Welles had made a record of Grant's almost childish notion that every law of Congress must be obeyed regardless of the Constitution, he should have foreseen that Grant would side with Stanton, instead of Johnson, if any persuasive friend like Washburne should maintain that Johnson was violating the Tenure of Office act. Welles, much more than the President, showed uncontrollable anger; and his unabridged dictionary of epithets was inadequate as he painfully watched Grant rise in the favor of the Radicals, receive the Republican nomination for the Presidency, succeed at the election, and approach the day of inauguration. And the President-elect shunned all social obligations towards the President. Johnson's feelings must be partly imagined: Welles's are altogether known.

Because of the notorious mutual hatred the committee of arrangements decided that instead of the usual procession from the White House to the Capitol, on the fourth of March, there should be two processions, side by side. But how could the outgoing President in any way countenance the incoming President without stultification? And how could President Johnson's Secretaries do less than abandon their posts at noon on March fourth? Of course, Seward and Evarts were not of that school of logic. Secretaries McCulloch, Browning, and perhaps others desired to act in harmony with the dignity of their office—to remain at their posts until their successors were appointed, then call for them with their carriages, bring them to their Departments, introduce to them their subordinates, and offer all possible assistance and good wishes before withdrawing. Thus supported, Johnson's better nature would probably have triumphed had not Welles kept alive old resentments. On the final morning Johnson balanced between going and not going to the Capitol, while Evarts and Seward in different ways suggested, and McCulloch's en-

dearing smile gently pleaded, that it was time to start. And so the last minutes of the last hour passed. As the clock struck twelve the Secretary of the Treasury sadly remarked to the Secretary of the Navy, "Well, you have carried your point."

It was a wretched incident, but typical of Johnson's Administration, so crowded with disappointments increased by persistent resentments.

VI.

Here was a period of eight years, if not of revolution, at least of revolutionary temper. It is hard to estimate, or even to overestimate, the value of a copious diary kept at such a time by a Cabinet officer. If he fails to do justice to this person or that event, it is quite likely that the failure will be due in part to contemporary influences. Thus a passage that is without value for the purpose for which it was intended—as was the case with most of the references to Grant—may truly reflect something else and become valuable in spite of itself.

One further anomaly in regard to Gideon Welles and his contributions to history: although his judgments of persons recorded in his "Diary" are usually biassed, it may well be doubted if any contemporary did so much as he to bring out important facts that would otherwise have been overlooked or distorted. During the last years of his life he wrote about a score of carefully wrought articles for the *Galaxy*. One series dealt with Lincoln's Administration in general, with additional articles on some of its special features. Short series described some important naval expeditions, and the minute history and close relations between Lincoln's and Johnson's policies of Reconstruction. Less impartial, but thoroughly effective and possessed of lasting historical value, were three articles, published in book form in 1874 under the title of "Lincoln and Seward," in answer to Charles Francis Adams, sr.'s, eulogy of Seward, which with like absurdity exalted the Secretary of State and depreciated the President. All these articles have a wealth of vivid and precise details and are most lucid and convincing.

Because it was not known that their author had kept a diary or elaborate memoranda, the fact that he gave dates, quotations, minute descriptions of conversations, and the time and place of many incidents which no memory could be trusted to retain with accuracy, his articles seemed discredited by their own rarest excellencies. Many persons must have read them with equal surprise and pleasure, and in perplexity exclaimed, "Important, if true!" Because authorities were not cited, cautious writers dared not use important statements of the truth of which they were personally convinced.

The explanation of it all was, of course, that the articles had been written directly from the "Diary," reinforced by documents and a trusty memory. But the really objectionable features of the "Diary" were wholly left out, as if its passion had been repudiated on mature reflection. The times had changed, Gideon Welles's temper had changed with them, and his wildly prejudiced judgments were gone like names writ in water. FREDERIC BANCROFT.

Washington, D. C.

Correspondence

PEREANT QUI ANTE NOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The remark made by Professor Alden, in the interesting preface to his "Readings in English Prose of the Eighteenth Century," to the effect that most of the ills thought to be characteristic of the present age were also subjects of complaint in the writings of the period represented in his book, is capable of repeated illustration. For example, any one who is slightly familiar with the tracts of the Elizabethan period knows that the present hue and cry over the high cost of living is a mere echo of many a complaint voiced in those magazines of an older age. The mood which has led to the moral upheaval of recent years is accurately reflected in that passage in the "Colloquies" of Erasmus, in which he observes that "He that steals a little money must be hanged; but they that cheat the public of their money and impoverish thousands by monopolies, extortions, and trickery and cheating are held in great esteem"; while the scandal about the "embalmed beef" supplied to our soldiers and the agitation that has led to the enactment of "Pure Food" laws would have served as illustrations for the text, "They that poison one person are hanged for it, but they that poison a whole nation with infectious provisions go unpunished." In lighter vein is the anticipation, in the "Colloquies," of the modern suffragette. A convention of women is called, at which Cornelia presides and complains that men have (political) organizations but not women. In her speech she is constantly interrupted by other women, whereupon she loses her temper, though in the next paragraph she argues with unconscious humor that since men always disagree or fight over politics the time demands that women shall show how such things may be managed peacefully. The true inwardness of this early movement for the emancipation of woman is seen in the provision that no woman should be permitted to mention her husband.

Other parallels suggest themselves, but one of the most amusing, in these days of attacks upon our Germanized scholarship, is to be found in that delightful compound of irony and wisdom, Erasmus's "Praise of Folly":

> Thus when their employment is only to rehearse silly stories and poetical fictions they will yet think themselves wiser than the best experienced philosophers. . . . Add hereunto this other sort of ravishing pleasure: when any of them has found out who was the mother of Anchises, or has lighted upon some old unusual word . . . or can, after a great deal of poring, spell out the inscription of some battered monument, Lord! what joy, what triumph, what congratulating their success, as if they had conquered Africa or taken Babylon the Great! When they recite some of their frothy bombast verses, if any happen to admire them, they are presently flushed with the least hint of commendation, and devoutly thank Pythagoras for his grateful hypothesis, whereby they are now become actuated with a descent of Virgil's poetic soul. Nor is any divertisement more pleasant than when they meet to flatter and curry one another; yet they are so critical that if any one hap to be guilty of the least slip, or seeming blunder, another shall presently correct him for it, and then to it they go in a tongue combat, with all the fervor, spleen, and eagerness imaginable.

This violent attack must have been written near the end of a college term, a time when the discouraged professor finds satisfaction neither in his efforts to make scholars of freshmen nor in his own "original contributions to scholarship," undertaken, according to his critics, primarily to win promotion for himself. Only the passage about reciting original verses needs excision to fit the satire for present use, for, of course, professors who are ambitious for scholarly reputation condescend nowadays to no such "popular" employment as writing verse.

The one ray of comfort to-day for the struggling fraternity who live by literature is that the present output of the presses is so great that only a few searchers for doctoral dissertations know that everything has been said long ago. One trembles at the thought of what might happen were publishers and editors to find out that any material they need, from a muck-raking article to a sentimental novel, might be found in ancient books, refurbished as to style and proper names, pointed with local allusions, illustrated by some famous contemporary artist, and published and advertised in modern style, thus saving all expense for author's fees and royalties.

E. A. GREENLAW.

Adelphi College, December 10.

COMMERCIAL REFORM AND LEGAL JUGGLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: Recently the president of the National Civic Federation, Mr. Seth Low, sent to twenty thousand representative business men of the country a list of questions concerning their views on corporation legislation. The purpose of the inquiry is to procure suggestions looking towards the enactment of constructive laws, dealing with the business situation as it relates to the Sherman Anti-Trust act.

And what will be accomplished? Statements touching abuses sought to be remedied, and requests for individual opinions as to how best to correct them, make it certain that the Federation will collect a great variety of original matter; it will discover, in all probability, that it has gathered more than it can thoroughly sift, and, when the end comes, will find itself more confused, concerning the subject in hand, than it is at the present time.

"Too many men in public and business life," writes the editor of a daily journal of high standing in the middle West, "are blindly endeavoring to find some way to adjust to the Sherman law corporation con-

ditions which have grown up within the few years last passed. They are trying to so arrange matters that fictitious capitalization may be continued, and mergers and extensions made on this basis. Probably the National Civic Federation would like to have legislation which would not interfere too seriously with the development of big holding companies."

No reform in corporation business will ever come about until there is an end made of watered stock—this may be set down as final. When each and every share of stock in a corporation is made to represent actual value, we shall have fewer holding companies, and less opportunity and desire for monopoly. When money invested in an industry must be employed in that industry, instead of in speculation on the future of the business, then there will be few complaints regarding the scope and size of corporations—nothing can be clearer.

As to legal jugglery, it is out of this that commercial indirection and dishonesty has grown, and continued to grow. DeQuincy, I believe, wrote of murder as a fine art; the United States, it should seem, treats it as a means of testing legal acumen. In almost every State in the Union an indictment for murder—or any other indictable offence—contains words enough to fill a column of an ordinary sized newspaper, and sounds like the incoherencies of an imbecile. Here is an example:

That the said A. B. C. a certain pistol then and there charged with gunpowder and leaden bullets, which said pistol he, the said A. B. C., then and there in his right hand had and held, then and there unlawfully, purposely, and of deliberate and premeditated malice, did discharge and shoot off to, against, and upon the said D. C., with the intent aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the force of the gunpowder aforesaid, by the said A. B. C., with the leaden bullets aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, then and there shot off and discharged as aforesaid, him, the said D. C., in and upon the upper right side of the back of him, the said D. C., then and there . . .

The example is genuine, and isn't quite as meaningless as it looks; it expresses, in part, the theory of justice alluded to above, which turns a murder trial—or the trial of any weighty cause—into a game of skill between opposing lawyers. The slightest variation from statutory form loses the game, and no fact is better known than the fact that crimes of the most heinous character have many times been set aside solely on account of trivial verbal omissions in the indictment.

In Canada they do things differently—and the doing stands to their credit. An indictment there reads like this: "The jurors of our lord the King present that A. B. C., on the tenth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and ten, at the city of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, murdered D. C." Here the procedure concerns itself with the offence, not with the possibilities of legal sport.

J. H. Rockwell.

Springfield, Ill., December 9.

JOHANNES VAHLEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On November 30 there died, full of years and honors, Johannes Vahlen, professor of Latin at the University of Berlin. Countless Americans have sat at his feet—he continued his lectures to within two weeks of his death—and it seems, therefore, proper that the passing away of one of the greatest classical scholars of our time should receive becoming notice in the columns of the *Nation*.

Vahlen was born of humble parents in the university town of Bonn, September 27, 1830. When only eighteen years of age he matriculated at the University, and at once came under the inspiring influence of Ritschl, then in the plenitude of his powers. While still a student, Vahlen's extraordinary abilities excited the wonder of his fellow pupils. At the age of twenty-four he edited fragments of Ennius, and in the same year he became *Privatdozent* at Bonn. In 1856 he was called to Breslau as professor extraordinary, two years later he went to Freiburg as full professor, and in the very same year to Vienna, where he remained for sixteen years. On the death of M. Haupt in 1874 he became his successor at Berlin. In 1893 he was elected permanent secretary of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, a post which he relinquished only a few weeks ago. He was also a member of the famous *Ordre pour le mérite* and *Dr. iuris honoris causa* of the University of Berlin. On the completion of his seventieth birthday his pupils honored him with a volume of essays, and on the occasion of his eightieth anniversary a marble bust was presented to him, the funds having been provided by friends and pupils in Europe and America.

His lectures covered a wide range of authors, preferably Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plato, Aristotle, Theocritus, Cicero, the Elegiac poets, and Catullus, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Juvenal. They were exclusively exegetical and text-critical, apart from the elaborate introductions, but were stylistically so carefully elaborated as to be a source of perpetual delight. Many of the accompanying translations were so admirably done, in verse and prose, that we hope to see them printed for a larger public.

But the chief influence upon his pupils Vahlen wielded in his seminary, which for nearly a generation was unmatched in Europe as a philological training school, save that of the Bonn Dioscuri, Bücheler and Usener, fellow-students of his under Ritschl and his lifelong friends. Since G. Hermann, certainly no European scholar spoke and wrote Latin with equal purity and facility, but quite unlike that great philologian, Vahlen also wrote his native tongue with singular grace and lucidity.

Especially distinguished among his numerous publications are his editions of Aristotle's "Poetics," with the famous commentary separately published, and his Ennius, which in its revised issue will remain the definitive edition of this author, unless perchance Herculaneum should some day yield up something more than mere fragments of the father of Latin poetry.

If it be asked what was the specific achievement of his life work, we may say that he was the foremost champion, if not the inaugurator, of the conservative method in textual criticism, which insists on a penetrating exegesis of the text, in form and content, as the condition precedent to any justifiable conjectural restoration. In proof whereof he demonstrated with matchless skill and acumen that numerous so-called emendations generally accepted and, indeed, quite dazzling at first glance, often flagrantly violated the author's meaning or were incompatible with his well-ascertainable stylistic usage.

Vahlen was withal a philologist of the old school, fast disappearing, if, indeed, he may not be called its last illustrious representative. The classics were to him a vitalizing force, elevating their devotees and enabling them to rise triumphant over the sordid and materialistic tendencies of our day. He clung with an almost pathetic fervor to the ideals of his youth. Though not blind to the fact that "times change," the sequel of the adage he deliberately refused to accept. And I believe he was right. For had he yielded to the strong anti-humanistic pressure exerted upon him, had he compromised with opportunism, certainly the inspiration of his life work would not have been bequeathed untarnished to so many pupils.

Alfred Gudeman.

Munich, December 4.

THE CONCORDANCE TO WORDSWORTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your sympathetic review of the "Concordance to Wordsworth" (*Nation*, December 7) could not fail to gratify those who helped to prepare the volume, or the members of the organization that helped to publish it; yet several of the statements seem to be misleading. The work was not originally announced by the Concordance Society, but by the editor, in an independent paper read before the Modern Language Association. The Society did not undertake to provide its share of the subvention until the copy was ready for the printer. The reference to the reading of proof is likewise inexact. The burden of examining the proof-sheets fell upon the editor, who was aided in the verification of references, however, by paid assistants of his own. Three friends each generously re-read about one-sixtieth of the whole, by way of testing the accuracy of pages already corrected.

At no time was the thought entertained of adopting for the purposes of the Concordance the order of any of the texts in which a chronological arrangement of Wordsworth's poems is attempted—for the reason that, judged by a scientific standard, such attempts thus far have been failures. When the excerpting was begun, and as Professor Dowden agreed, the only possible choice lay between the last edition issued by the poet himself and the edition of Mr. Hutchinson which was selected.

Wordsworth uses the word *nature*, not about 550 times, but 395 times. The reviewer probably includes the possessive *nature's* in his estimate. But confining ourselves to the singular number, we may note that Wordsworth uses *soul* 401 times, *mind* 540 times, *man* 696 times, and *love* 761 times. So far as such statistics show anything, they go to prove that Wordsworth's main interest was not external nature, but the mind of man. The inference is borne out in many ways; for example, by the sub-title of "The Prelude," namely, "The Growth of a Poet's Mind."

Lane Cooper.

Ithaca, N. Y., December 11.

[Professor Cooper's first point is well taken. In regard to proof-reading, however, it was not clearly evident from

his Preface just how that labor had been divided among himself, paid assistants, and volunteers. It was not suggested that he should have used a different text of Wordsworth. And the reviewer mentioned the number of times the word nature occurred, not for the purpose of indicating that the poet was more interested in external nature than in man, but merely to illustrate how the Concordance might help a student of Wordsworth to trace variations in the poet's usage.—The Reviewer.]

RETIRING TEACHERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There has been an unseemly attack by a New York newspaper upon a distinguished scholar in public life, who some time since withdrew from the presidency of one of our leading universities, and, after twenty-five years of educational work, presented to the Carnegie Foundation an application for a retiring allowance. As is well known, the trustees of the Foundation, until some months ago, granted such retiring allowances to any reputable teacher who had completed twenty-five years of service at an accepted institution, and who for any reason had withdrawn from active educational work.

One reason alleged for the recent advance of the age of retirement to sixty-five years, except in cases of disability, is that the number of applicants for retirement on the old plan would impose too great a burden upon the resources of the Foundation. That is a question of fact with which at this moment we have no concern. But there is in a good many quarters a feeling that the administration of the Foundation is somewhat lacking in flexibility. The average college teacher in America is held very closely to his work, and is obliged to sacrifice many of his scholarly ideals to classroom routine. Teachers of this kind may be capable of producing in their riper years scholarly work of lasting value, but they are commonly debarred from bringing it to a conclusion, for the reason that they have not the leisure to devote uninterrupted effort to the task. If they must wait till they are sixty-five, they are likely to be too petrified to produce much that the world would care to preserve.

Very few college teachers can save much out of their salaries, but they may, perhaps, succeed in putting aside enough to maintain a modest existence for a few years; and more than one would doubtless be glad to live on a pittance for the sake of finishing the scholarly work to which he had devoted his scanty leisure.

Why could not the Carnegie Foundation encourage scholars of this type by telling them that after they have completed twenty-five years or more of service they have in effect earned a paid-up life insurance policy, entitling them after reaching the age of sixty-five to an annuity for the remainder of their days? In the vast majority of cases the best work that a college teacher does in the classroom is done in the first twenty-five or thirty years of service, and before the age of sixty. He should, at all events, have the choice at that age as to whether he will continue in ordinary college work or devote himself to the further investigation of the subject to which he has given his life.

This aspect of the situation has received far too little attention, and may well be considered by the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation. Why Not?

Middletown, Conn., December 13.

Literature

ROMAN LADIES.

The Women of the Cæsars. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

The Empresses of Rome. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4 net.

Ferrero's brilliantly constructed volumes on the "Greatness and Decline of Rome" have been widely read and enjoyed for their literary quality; but it is well known that in his attempts to undermine the work of ages of careful German, French, and English scholarship, he has carried with him no large portion of those whose knowledge of the subject goes deep enough to give special weight to their judgment. In "The Women of the Cæsars" the characteristics of his previous method are readily apparent—his assaults on troublesome statements of Tacitus, Suetonius, or Dio, his occasional perversion of their text to serve his purpose, and his constant putting forth under the outward guise of well established fact statements for which there is no historical evidence whatever. The characters in which he goes farthest from the traditional estimate are Julia, the daughter of Augustus, the two Agrippinas, and Messalina. In the case of Livia, wife of Augustus, he denounces as absurd the suspicion transmitted by Tacitus that she had guilty connection with the successful removal of those who stood between her son and the throne. True, Tacitus does not indicate his own belief in these fugitive accusations, but before we discard them utterly we need to take a more careful account of the difference in the times than Ferrero apparently does. Most of those who take the trouble to read what ancient authors really say about Livia, rather than what a few of later date think, will be convinced that Caligula had a momentary gleam of insight when he characterized her as "Ulysses stolatus," Ulysses in petticoats.

Ferrero's estimate of Julia will be best understood in the light of a passage from the closing volume of his "Greatness and Decline of Rome": "The horrors related of Julia are undoubtedly fictions invented by her enemies. It should first be noted that such terrible accusations will seem in themselves improbable to all who believe that the average of mankind, under average conditions, are neither particularly good nor particularly bad." The closing statement may be true enough, but to take it as of any weight in determining the truth or falsity of charges against any individual is neither more nor less logical than it would be to appeal to the mortality tables of life insurance experts to settle the question whether Terentia, the wife of Cicero, a woman given to severe attacks of rheumatic gout in her thirties, lived to the age of one hundred and three, as there is some evidence to indicate. Ferrero's positive admissions as to Julia's offences go far enough to establish the entire possibility of all that he denounces as absurd and unthinkable, and he should have been content to say, what all will admit, that particular incidents in the story may be exaggerated or invented. The real ground for sympathy with Julia lies not in denying or minimizing her faults, but in recognizing the probability that a woman of keen intellect, brilliant wit, and great possibilities as a social leader, fell finally as a moral victim to the heartless way in which her person was made a mere pawn in the game of imperial politics.

As regards Messalina, the author follows the lead of Merivale in basing upon a passage in Suetonius the theory that her culminating offence of marriage with Silius was preceded by a divorce from Claudius. But Merivale's account has at least the merit of quoting *in full* the text of Suetonius upon which it rests. There is no real difficulty in the construction of the words of Suetonius, as Merivale thinks, or in determining his own attitude towards the version of the famous occurrence to which he alludes. It was simply a story that Claudius was influenced to believe that certain portents threatened danger to the husband of Messalina, and thus assisted in giving her, *technically*, another husband, in order to avert the danger from himself. The *illud omnem fidem excesserit* of Suetonius, in its context, ought to settle at once the fact that he did not believe the story, and every existing authority confirms the traditional account, which is that the marriage with Silius was actually carried through to its consummation, while Messalina was still the legal wife of Claudius. Even with Claudius a half-imbecile and Messalina a wild wanton, we may find such action hard to explain; but before we construct a new Messalina based on the rejection of this and other attested offences of her brief career as grossly improbable, we should duly consider the question whether there is not a still grosser improbability in the supposition that the uncontradicted account of her given by various writers whose fathers' lives had spanned the whole extent of her own, is nothing but a tissue of malignant falsehood.

Ferrero's estimate of the elder and the younger Agrippina tallies pretty closely with that of Baring-Gould's "Tragedy of the Cæsars," substantially interchanging the traits of the mother and daughter in important particulars, as compared with the accounts which have come down to us in the ancient texts. His handling of those texts may be illustrated by one or two references to the account which Tacitus gives of the trial of Cnæus Piso for the alleged poisoning of Germanicus, and other offences. "All the enemies of Tiberius . . . even began to repeat," he tells us, "that Piso possessed letters from Tiberius which contained the order to poison Germanicus." What Tacitus says is that he had personally heard from elderly men that during the trial Piso had in his possession a document said by his friends to contain *literas Tiberii et mandata in Germanicum*, which comes far short of an "order to poison Germanicus." As to the specific form in which the charge of poisoning was made against Piso, Ferrero asserts that "Tacitus himself says that every one thought this an absurd fable." Possibly they did, but the *every one* is of Ferrero, not of Tacitus. He simply says *absurdum videbatur*, and the tense of the verb, with no dative case to indicate anybody else, leaves the author's view unstated, and must normally be taken as referring the opinion to the Senate, before which the trial was held. Such matters may seem of little importance singly, but they represent a method the persistent use of which must hopelessly vitiate the historical credibility of any author who indulges in it. The younger Agrippina Ferrero easily acquits of every serious charge and seats upon a pedestal of honor as one of the noblest women of imperial Rome. This we are to accept not on the basis of positive evidence, for he adduces none, but simply because it is absurd to believe anything else!

We have dwelt upon the fictions of Ferrero until there is little space left for the more extended volume of McCabe, who strives for completeness even to the extent of fumbling amid the tumbling ruins of the Western Empire for shadowy "Empresses" whose very names he cannot discover. In general, he makes no such attempts to reverse historical evidence as we find in Ferrero, though he too regards as "absurd" many alleged occurrences which, while they may possibly not be true, are not without numerous parallels in every age of history. Have these writers forgotten that one of the most persistent human traits is to do the absurd? His frequent attacks on Tacitus for using the memoirs of the younger Agrippina lead one to wonder how much longer the nonsense of that particular indictment is to be allowed to clog the court of serious historical investigation. Tacitus mentions these memoirs just once, as containing a statement that the elder Agrippina had asked Tiberius to arrange for her a second marriage. We are absolutely without proof that they are the basis of any of his estimates as to events and characters of the age of Tiberius, nor, on the other hand, have we any proof that he would have been seriously misled if he had used them. We simply know nothing about them but the one statement above mentioned, and the statement in the elder Pliny, *Neronem pedibus genitum scribit parens eius Agrippina.*

Tacitus had his likes and dislikes, and they were strong. Further, his adverse judgments have led careless readers still farther afield, and to overlook his own statements of counterbalancing fact which often furnish the necessary corrective. Thus the somewhat radical revision of opinion concerning Tiberius which has slowly made its way during recent decades finds its soundest basis right in the pages of Tacitus, which would not have been the case if he had not deliberately striven after fairness. If his historical structure could but be razed to the ground, one readily sees what fine building sites would exist for "True Neros," "Real Messalinas," "Actual Agrippinas," etc. But Tacitus will be demolished only by heavier missiles than have yet been thrown. In the meantime, it is more profitable to understand him than to assail him, and to accept his estimates, with due allowance, in preference to those of modern theorizers who base their conclusions largely on their inner consciousness.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Elsmere case twenty years after is virtually the theme of this long story. The widow and daughter of that defeated enthusiast appear again; and his shadow is always dimly perceptible in the background of the action. Evidently, Mrs. Ward's deep interest in the condition of the English Church has grown deeper since the writing of "Robert Elsmere." She believes that the past century has been "as pregnant with the germs of new life as the wonderful hundred years that followed the birth of Christ." She does not profess to foresee what the outcome for the Church of England is to be. "Whether the old bottles can be adjusted to the new wine, whether further division or a new Christian unity is to emerge from the strife of tongues, whether the ideas of modernism, rife in all forms of Christianity, can be accommodated to the ancient practices and given a share in the material possessions of the State Church"—these are the larger themes she here attempts to deal with. But, of course, the interest of the story, as a story, depends on the vividness with which she may have been able to depict the play of human character in contact with these problems. One almost always feels of Mrs. Ward that, in this respect, she fares better than her intent. Here, for example, if we are to take her preface at its face-value, her conscious preoccupation is with her theme and not with her people. She speaks of the rapid and fruitful development of ideas in religion and philosophy during the twenty-two years that have passed since the writing of "Robert Elsmere." And she hopes that the American readers who welcomed that book "may be drawn once again to some of the old themes in their new dress." We suppose that "Robert Elsmere" owed its American welcome, not to the accident of its theological atmosphere, but to the feeling that real persons were concerned in the action. Of this book the same thing would be true. In so far as it is to be taken as a sugar-coated treatise on the Modernist movement in the English Church, the ordinary American novel-reader would regard it with tolerance or less. But the fact that Richard Meynell and several others who have their being between these covers are persons worth attending to, is the important matter.

Meynell is merely a country rector in the ecclesiastical scale; but he is at once a scholar in the modern sense, and a minister in the early Christian sense. His parish lies in a mining district, and he is the ungrudging servitor of villager and miner alike. But the creeds and forms of the English Church are dead to these people, and he sees the need of infusing new life into Church observance. He is in the van of Modernism, but believes that the national church ought to have room for all who love and serve Christ—or the ideal of which Christ is the symbol. The English preoccupation with the question of property rights comes into it all to a degree rather odd from the American point of view. That is, while Meynell is not concerned to retain his right to live at the expense of the Establishment, and has indeed long renounced that right, he is very much concerned that the magnificent possessions of the church shall not be sequestered from the use of those who are merely endeavoring to keep that great institution healthily alive, through inevitable processes of change. In Elsmere's day the whole situation had been different. The natural thing for him to do, with his opinions, was to leave the church. Meynell purposes to stay in and fight it out in the name of the thousands of Englishmen who share his modern views. His character, that of Mary Elsmere, and that of the bishop, have a good deal of life and charm. The rest of the

personæ represent one sort or other of priggishness, and are hard to bear with before the last of these six hundred pages is reached. Apart from the incidents of religious conflict, the plot is both sensational and conventional.

Mother: A Story. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Mother" has been a favorite heroine among novelists recently, from Gorky to Kato Douglas Wiggin. On the whole, she has fared none too well, figuring for the most part either as a hopeless and thankless drudge, or as a sort of ever-blooming household fairy such as never was. The "Mother Carey" of Mrs. Riggs's recent tale, for example, belonged to the latter class. The "Mother" of the present story is a far more natural person, presented, as she is, without attempt at decoration. She is the busy centre and life of a respectable village family which has been brought up to "scrimp." The father is a sufficiently amiable little weak man whose only distinction is his office of pater familias. The children, half grown up, are not markedly better or worse, cleverer or less clever, than the ordinary group of children in their position—with the exception, perhaps, of the oldest daughter, a beautiful and potentially brilliant girl, ambitious socially and otherwise, who at the moment the story opens has reached the point of rebellion against the limitations of village life. To her at this critical moment comes a wonderful being in a motor-car, a famous leader of New York society. This great personage takes a fancy to Margaret Paget and engages her incontinent as private secretary. The rest of the tale, so far as it is a tale, has to do with her gradual enlightenment as to the hollowness of the world of fashion and her discovery that the humble mother she has left at home knows more of happiness than her fashionable and elaborately idle employer. And, of course—for this is a human book—there is a nice young man in reserve for Margaret, whom she has met in the great world. It is he who really opens her eyes to the relative value of things. He is a very nice young man, and beautiful Margaret is lucky enough to be chosen of him. But it is not their little affair which gives the story its oddly pleasant savor. It is the fact that Mother, with what she stands for, supplies the atmosphere, clear and enfolding, for whatever event may chance among her own people.

Interventions. By Georgia Wood Pangborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If the purpose of the short story is to furnish a temporary escape from the real world into a pleasantly remodelled one, most of the tales in this collection are distinctly successful. The world to which we are introduced is enough like reality to make us feel at home, and enough better to give us a refreshing change. It would be ungracious to complain that some of the "interventions" seem strikingly like those of the god from the machine. Poor little "Rasselas Johnson," born to millions and boredom, escapes over the spiked iron fence that bounds the Happy Valley. In real life he might not tumble into the Vegetable Kingdom of the Princess Inez, whose father is a poet; they might not fall in love and marry to live happily ever afterward. So much the worse for life, and so much the better for the story and for Rasselas. The reader will enjoy the stories for what they are—pleasant romantic narratives told in a style at times a little sentimental, but usually simple, graceful, and restrained. Occasionally he will come across a memorable character such as old Van Ander in "Turned Out to Grass," or a strong dramatic situation such as that of Dr. Winthrop in "At Ephesus."

BROADWAY.

The Greatest Street in the World. By Stephen Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

To try to think of Broadway as "remote from the business parts" of New York is to impose an unwonted strain upon the imagination, but such are the words which its historian uses in defining its position, geographical and other, in the days when, as one of the two principal cowpaths of New Amsterdam, it was known as the Heere Straat. Indeed, so late as the early years of the nineteenth century, the idea was entertained of doing away with Broadway. One patriot designated it as "an accidental thoroughfare," and the Commission which laid out the city as far into the wilderness as One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street were driven by the resulting merriment of their fellow-Knickerbockers into apologizing for their optimism. In 1664, when the Dutch flag gave way to the English, and the Heere Straat exchanged the name it had borne during the forty years of its humble existence for the one by which it is known all over the world, it extended only the short distance between the bowling green just outside Fort Amsterdam, newly re-christened Fort James, and a point a little way beyond the palisade that marked the upper limit of the town, which it reached through the "land gate," situated opposite the site of Trinity Church. From Bowling Green to Wall Street is less than a third of a mile, and if Broadway had continued to creep northward at the pace that satisfied it then, it would now be displaying an ambition to reach the vicinity of Astor Place in time to celebrate its three hundredth anniversary—which, with a spurt, it might accomplish. Its growth during the remainder of its first century, however, did not promise any such achievement, as by the end of that time it had arrived only at what is now City Hall Park. During the century and a quarter preceding 1850, it exhibited something of the spirit that has animated it increasingly since that date, advancing to its junction with the Bowery at Sixteenth Street at the apex of the present Union Square. In the past sixty years it has added to its domain a stretch of closely-built territory more than twice the extent it gained in the first two hundred and twenty-five years of its existence.

All this is Broadway in New York city. Mr. Jenkins's account traces the street all the way to Albany; although the part north of the city line receives only 114 of his 468 pages. His plan is to take the street in sections, beginning at the southern end, a simple arrangement made possible by the generally northward trend of its development. In its upper portion, however, this union of geography and chronology is much less perfect.

The book is historical, but hardly a history. It is more than annals, but it is not closely enough knit to be, or to leave the impression of being, a story. It contains little generalization and less style. More positive faults are an overquoting of Irving, and statements of familiar and irrelevant facts. The most glaring instance of the latter occurs in conection with the mention of a statue of Seward, regarding whom the follower of Broadway's progress is regaled with the information that "He was the favorite of many of the delegates to the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1860, but Abraham Lincoln beat him for the nomination. Lincoln made him his Secretary of State, and he held that position during the Civil War." Perhaps the explanation in the Introduction, that the volume is the expansion of a lecture "to book size," may account for these bits of erudition. The New York *Evening Post*, *pace* Mr. Jenkins, is not located "at present at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway." The possibilities of proofreading are exemplified now and then, the almost incredible error being made at one place of a reference to "Alfred Edward, Prince of Wales (the late Edward VI)".

But the volume is a repository of historical facts and illustrations, to which a copious index furnishes a ready key, and which is supplemented by an excellent bibliography. There are many anecdotes in the pages, but not too many, and six very interesting maps. One would like to know more exactly when and what different parts of the street became successively the centre of its activities, to be able to trace more surely the northward prog-

ress of New York. But it would be as ungracious as unjust to fail to recognize what Mr. Jenkins has done for his readers in bringing together a great mass of detail, and so arranging it as to exhibit, in a large way at least, that impressive advance.

Monopoly and Competition. A study in English Industrial Organisation. By Hermann Levy. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

Professor Levy's studies in English, German, and American capitalism have been of such high merit that an English translation of his brilliant essay "Monopole, Kartelle und Trusts" is most acceptable. It will bring to a wider public an acute analysis of a problem upon which, at present, too much light cannot be thrown.

The first half of the book is given to the early history of English industrial organization, in which the author disposes of the commonly accepted doctrine that the "freedom of industry" of the eighteenth century grew directly out of the restrictions of the old guild system. On the contrary, there intervened between the local trade monopolies of the guilds and the economic liberalism of the age of industrial revolution, a century of nation-wide monopolies with a distinct capitalistic impress. The competition of the eighteenth century was a revolt against the monopoly of the seventeenth. Of particular interest is the author's investigation of the Newcastle Vend, a combination in coal mining which existed in various forms for two hundred and fifty years, and finally gave way in 1844 before a competition coming from the development of transportation. This portion of the work will have an especial interest for economic historians, and in its succinct treatment will form an admirable supplement to Dr. Scott's elaborate study of joint-stock-companies to 1720.

But the general reader will rather turn to that section of the essay which bears upon present day conditions in England. Here Professor Levy's purpose is to show the peculiar influences that have shaped the development of English industrialism as it appears today, and his method is inductive throughout.

It is a striking fact that in England, where modern industrial organization was cradled, lasting monopolist combinations have developed very much more slowly than in Germany, France, or America, and are just now beginning to assume any importance. The psychological explanation, that this is due to the prevalence there of the doctrines of extreme individualism, Dr. Levy summarily rejects, and while admitting that the nation as a whole still believes that it has won free competition in industry for all time, shows by historical evidence that it was not through any lack of disposition on the part of manufacturers that they have not imitated their confrères across the seas, nor was it because their consciences have been troubled by thoughts of economic freedom. The explanation of the lack of concentrated organization must be sought in the conditions of production and sale of the commodities which are still subject to competition and of those which are not. And here a brief summary of the author's conclusions must suffice.

In the first place, in mineral deposits, from which in all parts of the world Trusts have so often got their supremacy, Great Britain has no monopoly at all. Neither in the world's market nor at home does there exist a monopoly of any mineral of importance to industry. In the case of coal, stone, and earths, manifold sources of production and facility of transportation have prevented any combination. In iron ore, dependence to some extent upon foreign supplies and the ease and cheapness of transport, which robs home ore of the protective effect of freights, make monopoly impossible. Monopoly is consequently excluded from the sphere in which it has been most marked in other countries.

Secondly, as to the "finishing trades." Free trade is a sufficient explanation of the non-existence of Trusts in a large portion of the industries producing manufactured goods, and with this should be taken into account the fact that the protective effect of freights, which is of real significance in many countries, can to an island with but a small inland area, be of little or no importance in the case of high-priced goods shipped often only short distances by water. But in many trades, independently of freight influences, competition continues to prevail, and the persistence of competition lies in this. As compared with other countries, especially the United States and Germany, the size of undertakings is relatively small, due to the fact that the need for vertical combination or "integration," as we call it, is less. And the need for integration is less, because of the failure of monopoly in raw materials, and hence of the freedom of the manufacturer from the danger of extortion on the part of furnishers of his raw products. It is easier to start competing works in England, because the amount of capital necessarily involved in an industry embracing all processes from raw material to finished product is not required by the manufacturer.

Under what circumstances then are Trusts found to exist? In the first place, the industry must be free from foreign competition, owing either to the low cost of production, reliance upon some natural facility like a water-power, the manufacture of some special quality in steady demand, traditional dexterity, or international agreement. But even then profit has a tendency to be relatively small, and there can be no bolstering of prices through the aid of monopolized raw materials. Hence even in the absence of foreign competition, a successful monopoly can only be established when the number of competing firms is relatively very small, and when fresh competition is not to be expected, except after a considerable period. Concentration of works and undertakings is the foundation of English trusts.

While Professor Levy will not pronounce a general verdict on the economic effect of actual prices obtained by English monopolist organizations, deeming such a verdict impossible in a country free from the influences of a protective tariff, he has no doubt of the monopolistic trend of these combinations; he declares that they raise prices above the competitive level and that they reveal their tendency in their practice of dividing markets. His most significant contributions to our own Trust problem are his complete demonstration of the monopolistic influence of a protective tariff, and of the control of raw materials. We may well ponder the following statement:

> A great many industries in which at present concentration has very largely reduced the number of firms, but in which foreign competition has so far prevented a monopolist combination, would under a tariff straightway be in a position to found cartels and trusts.

Moses Coit Tyler, 1835-1900. Selections from his letters and diaries. Made and edited by Jessica Tyler Austen. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.

An instructive example of how not to prepare a biography is furnished by the life of Moses Coit Tyler, the historian of early American literature. The reader's attention is rivetted by the necessity of piecing together bits of diary and correspondence, while his agility is tested in leaping long gaps. Time and again, however, he is asked to linger over edifying New Year's resolutions or the intimate reflections inspired by a birthday anniversary. In fact, one suspects that the heterogeneous mass of material is designed to lengthen the labors of some future biographer.

The career of Professor Tyler is typical of that generation of self-made scholars of which March and Rolfe were conspicuous exemplars. Born at Griswold, Connecticut, August 2, 1835, he in early childhood began a migration westward with his parents which closed at Detroit in midwinter, 1843. The last stage of one hundred and twenty-five miles he made tucked into a sleigh with six other members of the family, behind the incomparable horse Pompey, while an older brother, afoot, drove the cow. Even as a boy he was "determined to be a scholar at all events." But on receiv-

ing an A.B. degree from Yale in 1857, he studied theology for two years and served as a Congregational minister till his health failed. For the next three years he led a precarious existence, chiefly in England, lecturing on physical culture and other topics. In all likelihood it was his letters to the *Independent* while abroad that, in 1867, a few months after his return, helped him to a professorship of English in the University of Michigan. His professorial labors did not keep him from meditating a history of the United States, toward which he continued to read during an eighteen months' venture into journalism. His work on the *Christian Union* under the editorship of Henry Ward Beecher proved so "distasteful, exhausting, and ungrateful" that he "marched out of the office with the joy of a prisoner out of the penitentiary," more than glad to return to teaching.. But the unruffled existence at Ann Arbor was disturbed in the summer of 1875, when Putnams induced him to undertake the preparation of a history of American literature for the centennial year. He soon found the subject an "unexplored territory," and determined to survey it thoroughly. "The element of time," he wrote, "is unspeakably inferior to the element of thoroughness." When two volumes came out in 1879 he noted in his diary, "It giveth me huge satisfaction." Thereafter he worked more leisurely. He dabbled in local politics—thought it "fun to dip into real life once in four years." Yet his true ambition is revealed by the fact that when called in 1881 to a professorship at Cornell, he hesitated for fear the position would hinder too much his "work as a student and writer of American history."

At Cornell he settled down for the rest of his days. The duties of his department were arduous. Many new lectures had to be prepared. His health grew more delicate. He became deeply absorbed in his religious welfare, was ordained priest in the Episcopal Church, and longed to devote all his slender energies to preaching. At the same time he lost interest in his literary researches, recounting that he "would gladly work in general American history and, above all, in ethics and theology." His life of Patrick Henry, published in 1887, did arouse him—his eyes were moist as he wrote the death scene —but thereafter he came near giving up the yet uncompleted labor for a novel or a tragedy on Bacon's Rebellion. Had not his slight volume on "Three Men of Letters" (1895) been favorably received, it is doubtful whether he would have completed the "Literary History of the American Revolution" (1897), which is now his monument. When he died on December 28, 1900, he felt that much of the things he had toiled for in life were "mere froth and scum."

Remarkable indeed is the singleness of his interests as they are revealed in the forty years of this fragmentary autobiographic record. He lived through a period of the most profound and impressive change, yet the movements of national development drew from him no expression of concern or exultation. He studied minutely the formative period of our great republic, yet the political significance of events in that epoch received scant consideration. He wrote an exhaustive history of our early literature, yet therein appreciation of literature as an art is purely incidental. In short, he seldom lingered in the world of ideas. He had a strong liking for personalities, but, conscientiously as he strove for a pleasing style, his preoccupation in intellectual matters was the scholarly ideal of thoroughness and accuracy in the establishment of fact.

The Glory That Was Greece: A Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilization. By J. C. Stobart, M.A., late Lecturer in History, Trinity College, Cambridge. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $7.50 net.

The author of this sumptuous book has brought industry, enthusiasm, and skill to the difficult task of giving within moderate compass a survey of the civilization of Ancient Greece from the earliest traceable period to the absorption of that country into the Roman Empire, with less stress laid upon conflicts with foreign or domestic foes than upon the development of civil government and the arts of peace. He has produced (to use his own words) a kind of history of Greece "with statues and poems taking the place of wars and treaties." The book has the following divisions: A brief introduction—perhaps too brief—on Hellenism: The Land and Its People; chapters on Ægæan Civilization, The Heroic Age, The Age of Transition, The Grand Century, The Fourth Century, The Macedonian World; an Epilogue, a Glossary, a selected Bibliography, and a fairly copious Index. The bibliography, it may be said at once, would be better for the addition of the date of publication of each work mentioned, even though the names of the publishers are given; and the omission of Mr. and Mrs. Hawes's "Crete, the Forerunner of Greece" (1909), H. R. Hall's "The Oldest Civilization of Greece" (1901), Fowler and Wheeler's "Handbook of Greek Archæology" (1909), Adam's "The Religious Teachers of Greece" (1908), and Gilbert Murray's "History of Ancient Greek Literature" (1897), is, to say the least, strange.

The book in the main shows commendable soundness of judgment. The much-discussed "Ægæan" civilization ("Mycenæan" or "Minoan" or "Cretan," as it has been variously called) receives careful treatment, and the relations of this type of culture to the "Homeric" civilization are well and clearly brought out. While the author recognizes the impossibility, so long as the Cretan pictographs and linear scripts are undeciphered, of proving the "Ægæan" civilization to be the achievement of any of the ethnic stocks that afterward entered into the composition of the Greek nation, he believes that "the people (Cretans and other Ægæans) whose culture we have been describing were essentially the same as we know in historic times, and of course Indo-Europeans." (Does this mean that he still holds the now discredited theory of an "Indo-European race"?) Here and there occur slight slips which might easily have been avoided; for instance, the brother of Hesiod is thrice within two pages called Persis instead of Perses. At times the always lively style comes dangerously near to flippancy; and such a sentence as "It is astonishing to find the Cretan of 1911 B. C. writing, as we write to-day, with pen and ink" is likely to mislead the unwary layman into supposing that we can date the Cretan remains as accurately as that. The literature of the several periods, when it has once emerged from the darkness in which its earlier history is still, and probably ever will be, shrouded, is for the most part skilfully and sympathetically treated. The author's leanings are evidently towards the sort of interpretation of which Prof. Gilbert Murray is the chief spokesman.

Mr. Stobart has made his selection of the very numerous and varied illustrations with excellent judgment, drawing from a very wide range of sources. A few specimens are included that have not been adequately published elsewhere, or at most in works not easily reached by the layman; for example, the contemporary marble copy of the "Agias" of Lysippus recently found at Delphi, and the reliefs, now in Boston, which correspond with such curious exactness to those on the famous "Ludovisi Throne" in Rome. In excellence of mechanical execution the illustrations differ greatly; those from photographs are generally admirable, but the drawings are hardly up to the proper standard for such a work. Some of the plates in colors are excellent, but in at least two reproductions of vases the color is far too pinkish.

On the whole, this work ought to fulfil its purpose of imparting to those who cannot read Greek, and have neither the time nor the preliminary training for detailed antiquarian and archæological study, a rational conception of what is really meant by "Ancient Greek Civilization." And even the professed scholar will find it not at all unworthy of his attention.

Notes

Publications of Frederick A. Stokes Co. announced for next spring include in fiction: "Vane of Timberlands," by Harold Bindloss; "Cap'n Joe's Sister," by Alice Louise Lee; "Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan; "A Painter of Souls," by David Lisle; "To M. L. G.," anonymous; "A volume of short Stories," by Edna Ferber; "Eve's Other Children," by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke, and "Stover at Yale," by Owen Johnson. —Miscellaneous: "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole," by Matt Henson; "The Boys' Book of Airships," by H. Delacombe; "The Curtiss Book of Model Aeroplanes," by Glen H. Curtiss, and "Scientific Pedagogy," by Maria Montessori.

Dr. Knut Stjerna's "Archæological Essays on Beowulf," translated and edited by Dr. John R. Clark Hall, will be brought out early next year by the Viking Club of London.

Books shortly to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. include: "The Way of Peace," a volume of talks by Reginald Wright Kauffman, and "Foam Flowers," a volume of verse by Stephen B. Stanton.

"Deutscher Humor aus vier Jahrhunderten," edited, with notes and vocabulary, by F. Betz, is in the list of D. C. Heath & Co.

Among the spring juveniles announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. is Louise Jamison's "The Real Fairy Book," illustrated.

We have received from Luzac & Co. of London notice of a volume to be issued at Christmas, entitled "Hinduism: Its Formation and Future," by Dr. Shridhar V. Ketkar of Cornell; it is the second work in the History of Caste in India series.

Early in the new year the Century Company will publish a new novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, entitled "Tante."

It is pleasant to see a third edition of H. O. Taylor's "Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages" (Macmillan). Three pages of Addenda to the Bibliographical Appendix are to be noted.

A critical study of Machiavelli manuscripts, the Italian editions, and the translations of Machiavelli in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been made by A. Gerber. The work was begun in a series of articles in *Modern Language Notes* in 1906 and 1907, and when complete will be illustrated with 147 facsimiles and numerous extracts from the texts. Readers who are interested in this undertaking, of which the first part, including the facsimiles and the comment on the manuscripts, is now ready, can communicate with Mr. Gerber by directing to the poste restante, Göttingen, Germany.

The Putnams, in this country, in conjunction with Dent of London, and Jean Gillequin & Cie of Paris, have begun the publication of a series of cheap volumes which are designed to include "tous les chefs-d'œuvre de la littérature française." It is, in a word, to be a companion library to "Everyman." The five volumes now in our hands include "La Chanson de Roland," traduction nouvelle; Voltaire, "Philosophie," extraits; Amyot, "Deux Vies parallèles," Alexandre le Grand and Julius Cæsar; Balzac, "Le Père Goriot"; Rabelais, Œuvres, tome premier.

In a paper reprinted from the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, Dr. Frederick W. C. Lieder of Harvard undertakes to fill some of the important gaps in the chief bibliography to-day of Goethe literature in England and America—that by Eugene Oswald, 1899; second edition revised and enlarged by L. and E. Oswald, 1909 (Publications of the English Goethe Society). Dr. Lieder finds the volume especially deficient in the treatment of periodical literature; titles are missing of many articles "that first helped to make Goethe known to the American public"—among them those by Edward Everett and George Bancroft, in the early numbers of the *North American Review;* by C. C. Felton and F. H. Hedge, in the *Christian Examiner;* by Margaret Fuller, in the *Dial,* and by G. H. Calvert, in *Putnam's.*

The second volume of "A Cyclopædia of Education" (Macmillan), edited by Paul Monroe, includes titles from Church Attendance to Fusion. Articles on the American College, College Attendanee, College Boards, College Graduates, College Requirements, and related topics occupy sixty-eight pages, a larger space than is devoted to any other subject. The general historical introduetion to the subject of American higher education is by President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University. A large amount of information concerning college curricula is presented by President William T. Foster of Reed College, and Prof. Adam Leroy Jones of Columbia University. The extensive studies of the General Education Board, which have not heretofore been published, are summarized in a concise article, with accompanying map and table, on the geographical distribution of colleges and college students in America, by Dr. Eben C. Sage of the Rockefeller Foundation. The studies of Dr. Sage show that in proportion to the population the States of the North Atlantic division have the fewest colleges, while the Western division has the most. Dr. Sage includes only colleges with one hundred collegiate students or $100,000 endowment devoted to strictly college work. There are 261 such institutions in the United States, out of about 800 so-called colleges or universities. The table of the ratio of the students to population contains some interesting facts. In Massachusetts it is one to 607; in New York one to 935; in Tennessee one to 2,148; and in Louisiana one to 2,211. In discussing the problems of the college, the statement of the *Nation* that "the college is the least satisfactory part of our educational system," is quoted with approval, but it is asserted that the undenominational small college "has a place so secure and so important that all the tendencies to-day in large colleges and in professional schools are serving only to strengthen it against its real and supposed dangers."

Tho point of view of this cyclopedia is specifically American. No mention is made of Clare College, Cambridge, or the University of Cordova, although apparently no American institution is so humble as not to have a separate title. The educational progressive, the radical school superintendent who has no patience with Greek in a public school, and who is zealous for technical and vocational training, will find much to his mind in these pages, while the scholar of the old school will often be surprised at omission of topics which he has been trained to regard as of some educational importance. It is significant that four columns are devoted to Dancing, while two suffice for the discussion of Cicero; that Desks and Seats are allowed eleven columns, while Demosthenes, Democritus, and Euripides are not so much as mentioned. It might have been well in a publication of national scope to give greater weight to the point of view of other institutions than those with which the editor is connected; from these he has selected five times as many contributors as from the institution furnishing the next largest number of contributors.

Certainly Mackenzie Macbride, in his "Arran of the Bens" (McClurg), has said everything there is to say about that island. He extols the beauty of its scenery, declaring it to be more varied in charm than that of Italy; he traces its history all the way from the shadows of mythology, conjuring up the old Ossianic heroes and the patriots of later times who have trod its wind-swept shores and sought refuge in its caves; he deseribes every block of ruin, every chapel and sacred landmark, every vestige of prehistoric remains; he even ventures into geology and ethnology, discussing the mineral structure of the island and the racial origin of its inhabitants. But in all this he appears to be writing solely as a Scotchman and for Scotchmen. Some of Mr. Macbride's statements about this little island (twenty-four miles by seven) make us think of the old Dutchman who said to the tourist from over the water: "Yes, you have North America and South Ameriea, just as we have North Holland and South Holland." Each of the sixteen exquisite illustrations in color by J. L. Wingate deserves to be framed.

Abbé Félix Klein's "America of To-morrow" (McClurg), translated by E. H. Wilkins, is one of those friendly, good-natured bits of apprceciation, bubbling over with good humor, at which even the most provincial American could not take offence. The author, a French Paulist father, already favorably known by his volume entitled "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," sets down in an informal and even desultory fashion his observations made during a brief lecturing tour which took him from New York to San Francisco, by the northern route, with Chautauqua and the University of Chicago as two important stopping-places. He chats about the achievements and ideals of the Roman Catholic Church, praises our universities and schools, notes with hopeful concern the pressure of the race problem on the Pacific Coast, lets politics alone, and avoids, with true French address, most of the well-known pitfalls, such as cooking, hotels, and the American voice, into which English travellers are prone to stumble.

Hugh Stokes's platitudinous assurances in the preface to his book on "Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times" (Lane), that because Paris harbored a few poisoners in the seventeenth century, France was not altogether bad, hardly predisposo the reader in his favor; yet the pages that follow give one of the liveliest and best-informed accounts of French society and civilization during that period with which we are familiar in English. Moreover, the

author's ordonnance of the lengthy and complicated story which he has to unfold, is admirable. He does not become confused in handling the tangled skeins of a mystery which has never been cleared up in all of its details, and each figure in the dual series of events involving the Marquise de Brinvilliers and the receiver-general of the clergy of France, Pennautier, is presented with life-like distinctness. The story shows a continuous increase in interest and suspense up to the final scene in which the unhappy woman expiates the guilt of her terrible triple crime. It holds the same fascination for us to-day as for contemporaries who, like Madame de Sévigné, used to write accounts of the progress of the trial to their correspondents. This is partly because the poisoned breath of the Italian Renaissance is upon characters and events. The author compares Madame de Brinvilliers to a beautiful snake. But she was none the less human. However little of ordinary femininity may be detected in the creature who poisoned through hate, she suffered like a woman, and no mean woman, but one who, though she owes something, perhaps, to the genius of her confessor, the Abbé Pirot in his marvellous account of her last hours, found somehow and somewhere within herself the capacity for true tragic expression. As she passed from cell to torture chamber, and thence, in the mean tumbril, to the parvis of Notre Dame for her public penance, and so on to the block, she might have been some barbaric queen, rather than the meanest of murderers. Turn by turn she was torn between the threats and menaces of her spiritual adviser. She suffered far more in her terrible pride than in her racked limbs and in her conscience, and though from time to time she seemed to soften and yield at thought of her salvation, there was ever the return of the tigress mood which made her intermittent concern for her soul seem half-ironic. We are to-day much more apt to appreciate this spectacle in all its quality of profound spiritual drama, than were the onlookers in the seventeenth century, who were principally impressed by the apparently pious end of the repentant poisoner in her prayers upon the scaffold.

Wayne Whipple's "Story-Life of Washington" (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.), like the same author's "Story-Life of Lincoln," is a collection of anecdotes and descriptions, some five hundred in number, chronologically arranged, and giving a kaleidoscopic view of Washington's career from birth to death. The list of authors drawn upon is catholic, ranging from Parson Weems to Henry Cabot Lodge, with particularly heavy reliance upon Irving. A few extracts from Washington's journals, letters, and state papers are also included, and a considerable number of well-known historical pictures are reproduced. The scheme of the work is not at all a bad one, and has been skilfully carried out; and while the volumes are no substitute for history, a reading of them ought to gladden the heart of any one who is still a boy.

Prof. George Cross of the Newton Theological Institution has placed English readers of theology in his debt by his "Theology of Schleiermacher" (University of Chicago Press). The central portion of the book is a paraphrase or condensation of Schleiermacher's greatest work, "Der Christliche Glaube," which has never before been translated. In 175 pages he seeks to present the argument of the original, which runs to some 1,200 pages in the best known German edition. Complete success would be too much to expect, and one who has found himself unable to understand the sketch of some philosopher in a history of philosophy, until he studied the original, may repeat the experience with this paraphrase. It is doubtful if the most studious reader would do justice to Schleiermacher's celebrated definition of religion as the feeling of absolute dependence from the page or two in which it is condensed in this exposition. On the other hand, Schleiermacher's views on less difficult subjects, *e. g.*, his critique of the doctrine of the trinity and of the two natures in Christ, are clear and forceful in Professor Cross's paraphrase. The historical and critical introduction is well written, and the presentation of the merits and limitations of Schleiermacher's system is discriminating and just.

Teachers of English as well as of French literature should be interested in J. Bezard's "De la Méthode littéraire: Journal d'un Professeur dans une classe de Première" (Paris, Vuibert, 1911). In this volume, as in his previous "La Classe de français," M. Bezard claims to give an almost stenographic report of what actually goes on in his own classes in French literature at the Lycée Hoche. Perhaps the most striking feature of the "method" is its extreme vivacity. "Notre explication," says M. Bezard, "consiste en un dialogue, où les plus bruyants éclats de rire, les observations partant comme des fusées, les plaisanteries, mêmes faciles, sont admises et recommandées." The teacher of literature in France at present evidently cannot afford to neglect any fair means of exciting interest. M. Bezard is not alone in feeling that ever since the sweeping reform of secondary education in 1902, with the immense impetus it gave to scientific and utilitarian studies, the humanities have been on the defensive. The deeper causes of that "unjust and dangerous disdain of tradition," of which M. Bezard complains, are of course international; he himself recognizes that other countries have their equivalent of the "crise du français" about which so much is being written, a crisis, M. Bezard would say rather, "of taste, of finesse, of feeling, of art itself, in a word of the most precious virtues that a civilized man possesses."

One feels throughout M. Bezard's volume the preoccupation, not to say obsession, with the *baccalauréat*—the final success or failure of his students when they appear before the examining board of the university. This preoccupation, as well as the commotion which takes place in a French family when one of its members comes up for the degree, is natural enough when we reflect how much more the *baccalauréat* means for the career of a young Frenchman than the A.B. for that of a young American, and also how much harder it is to get. Of the total number of candidates last year only 44 per cent. passed. (M. Bezard mentions with pardonable pride that 66 per cent. of his own students were successful.) Teachers of literature in this country will derive valuable hints less from what is distinctively new in M. Bezard's method—its adaptation to the present conditions of the *baccalauréat* and its conversational vivacity—than from the features of it that are more or less traditional. Ever since Rollin, not to go further back, the best French teachers have, like M. Bezard, known how to vitalize the study of literature with ideas and to train their pupils in the perception of the finer qualities of form; like him, they have refused to encourage the student in premature attempts at originality and self-expression, but have insisted on his doing his writing in connection with the careful study of masterpieces. American readers will be somewhat disconcerted by the assertion, in a passage quoted by M. Bezard without correcting, that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on "la côte baignée par l'Hudson"; also by his own picture of "une jeune puritaine de Virginie, encore rose d'une partie de baseball."

John Bigelow died at his home in Gramercy Park, New York city, on Tuesday morning. From his eminence of ninety-four years, he looked back upon almost as many years of active life in a variety of capacities equalled by few, if any. Lawyer, diplomat, public officer, journalist, and indefatigable author, he had worked with three generations of men, at home and abroad, and continued working and taking part in affairs until the last. To many he was America's first citizen, her "grand old man." He was born in Malden, Ulster County, N. Y., November 25, 1817, the descendant of an Englishman who settled in Watertown, Mass., in 1642. After graduating from Union College, in 1835, he chose the law, and soon built up an exceptionally good practice. Even at that early age, he began to write notable articles in such papers and periodicals as the *New York Review*, the *New World*, the New York *Evening Post* (of which he was later an editor, from 1849 to 1861), the *Plebeian*, and the *Daily News*. His articles on constitutional reform, published from 1845-46, in the *Democratic Review*, a political journal, published by John L. O'Sullivan, were reprinted in pamphlet form and largely circulated. Those entitled "Executive Patronage" and "Constitutional Reform" were of particular interest, and led to contributions to the *Pathfinder*, edited at the time by Parke Godwin. Mr. Bigelow became literary editor of the *Plebeian*, and increasingly prominent in the newspaper field. At the beginning of his connection with the *Evening Post* he was particularly concerned in resisting the extension of slavery into the new Territories, and found a congenial field for the exercise of his remarkable powers. In 1861, President Lincoln appointed him consul at Paris; in 1864 he became chargé d'affaires, and then envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Empire. His mission to France closed in 1867. By the will of Samuel J. Tilden, one of his closest friends, he was appointed in 1886 a trustee of several million dollars, to be applied to the establishment of a public library in New York city. At the time of his death he was president of the Board of Trustees of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. In his long life, Mr. Bigelow made many voyages to Europe, and had interesting acquaintance with such men as Gladstone, Thackeray,

John Bright, William Hargreaves, Laboulaye, Montalembert, and Dumas. In politics, Mr. Bigelow was a strong free trader; in religion a Swedenborgian—he was one of the founders of the first Swedenborgian church in New York city. He was a corresponding member of the Massachusetts, New York, and Maryland Historical Societies, and had received the LL.D. degree from Union College, Racine College, and New York University. Besides occasional contributions to journals, his published writings include: "Jamaica in 1850, or the Effects of Sixteen Years of Freedom on a Slave Colony," "Life of Fremont," "Les Etats Unis d'Amérique en 1863" (Paris), "The Wit and Wisdom of the Haytians," "Monograph on Molinos the Quietist," "France and the Confederate Navy," "Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden" (two volumes), "Life of William Cullen Bryant," "Life of Samuel J. Tilden" (two volumes), "Life of Franklin" (three volumes); also edited "Franklin's Works" (ten volumes); "The Mystery of Sleep," "The Supreme Court and the Electoral Commission—a Reply to the Hon. Joseph H. Choate," "Lest We Forget—Gladstone, Morley, and the Confederate Loan of 1863, a Ratification," "The Useful Life a Crown to the Simple Life," "Some Recollections of Edouard Laboulaye," "Our Ex-Presidents —What Shall We Do for Them? What Shall They Do for Us?" "Peace Given as the World Giveth," "The Proprium, or What of Man Is Not His Own," "The Panama Canal and the Daughters of Panama," "Correspondence and Literary Memorials of Samuel J. Tilden" (two volumes), "Recollections of an Aetive Life," and "The Folly of Building Temples of Peace with Untempered Mortar."

William George Aston, whose death at the age of seventy is reported from London, is known as a writer of popular and scholarly treatises on Japan, among them grammars of the spoken and written language, "Shinto: The Way of the Gods," and a "History of Japanese Literature."

The death is announced of Canon Thomas Teignmouth-Shore, aged seventy, whose two books, "Some Difficulties of Belief" and "St. George for England, and other Addresses to Children," have passed through many editions; the latter has been translated into French, German, and Italian.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, who died last week at her home in Boston, was born in England in 1838, but came to this country early in life. For more than twenty years she was a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education. She was the author of "In the Clearings," "Miss Curtis," "Two Modern Women," "About People" (essays), and "Little Dick's Son."

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, the novelist, known by her pseudonym of John Strange Winter, died in London on the 14th inst. She was born in York, England, in 1856. She was the first president of the Writers' Club, in 1892, and later presided over the Society of Women Journalists. Among her numerous publications we note "Bootle's Baby," "Army Society," "Cavalry Life," "In Quarters," "Houp-la," "A Blameless Woman," "Heart and Sword," "A Blaze of Glory," and "The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker."

The Rev. Moses S. Schreiber, a Hebrew scholar, died in New York on Saturday of last week. He was born in Russia in 1832, and, after living in England, came to this country in 1870. The last few years of his life he devoted to writing on religious topics.

Dr. Johannes Vahlen, the noted classical scholar, is dead in Berlin, in his eighty-second year. We print in this issue of the *Nation* a letter of eulogy which reaches us at the same time as the news of Professor Vahlen's death.

Science

Semple's Influences of Geographic Environment: On the Basis of Ratzel's System of Anthropo-Geography. By Ellen Churchill Semple. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4 net.

This is a remarkable book, one of the few products of American contemporary science which may safely challenge the best that has been put forth in this field by any foreign scientist whatsoever. Let us add, without any condescension, that it places Miss Semple among the handful of women the world over who are the peers of the foremost men of science. Miss Semple herself gives all credit to Friedrich Ratzel, her master at Leipzig, of whose "Anthropo-Geographie" she intended at first to make simply an English paraphrase. But she has done much more. Ratzel's work, although a landmark, is, she admits, "difficult reading even for Germans." Instead of translating, therefore, she wrote a book of her own, for which, in addition to the material assembled by Ratzel, she has collected independently a vast mass of evidence. Her work is a model of logical arrangement and clear statement, and from first to last she displays unfailing control over her subject. She has so coördinated her stores of knowledge that facts take on new significance. She draws from four great sources—geography, anthropology, history, and economics—and it is a pleasure to see her lay bare the causal relations between one and another of these.

The outcome is a work which, if we are not mistaken, will have a deep and permeating influence. It is such a work as Buckle dreamed of, only he limited his vision to the geographic influence on the history of a few so-called civilized races; but Buckle lacked the great body of evidence, and possibly also the dispassionate temperament, that Miss Semple commands. She shows, too conclusively to be gainsaid, that geography —in which are included all the natural factors of environment—determines human conditions. The materialist and the fatalist will hold that their contentions are established by her manifold demonstration of the rigid interrelation between man and his habitat; but the idealist will recognize that the riddle cannot be solved in that crude fashion. We need expect no such outbursts against Miss Semple as greeted Buckle half a century ago.

After a general introductory chapter in which she discusses the operation of geographic factors in history, she proceeds to classify the various kinds of geographic influences, and then to examine the relations of society and the state to the land. A fourth chapter, on the movements and migrations of peoples, concludes what is the more general part of her work. Thenceforth she treats in detail, with a wealth of aptly chosen and convincing illustrations, the influence of each special geographic factor—rivers, plains, mountains, oceans, and climate—upon the people subjected to it. One element—time—she bears constantly in mind, differing therein from less penetrating students, who imagine that when they have formulated the tangible factors—earth, air, and water—they have done enough. Miss Semple understands that the same valley or island may exert very different influences upon its inhabitants at different stages in their development.

A brief abstract of any chapter will illustrate Miss Semple's method. Take, for instance, her account of island peoples. She proceeds in the most rational way, from generals to particulars, stating first the relation between islands and peninsulas. She has a remarkable page on England which, through its isolation, stored up for centuries the characteristics of many European peoples, and became the home of conservatism, and then, by what seems a paradox, sent her sons to all parts of the earth, to lead "the world's march of progress." Japan has played a similar rôle for Eastern Asia, as Crete did for the prehistoric Ægean civilization. Miss Semple next examines the variations in fauna and flora, in human population, language, and customs, according as islands are large or small, isolated or in groups, near continents or remote. She cites the fortunes of Iceland, Ceylon, and Japan to show how far isolation, by protecting, may at one time promote civilization, but at another, by checking healthy intercourse, may retard it. She even does not overlook the use to which islands have been put as penal stations. She describes the effect of physical geography and climate on the products of their inhabitants. The tendency of islands under favorable conditions to become overpopulated, she discusses at length, and shows that the remedies are emigration and colonization in the case of the virile and resourceful British, while the teeming tribes of the tropical archipelagoes resort to cannibalism, infanticide, polyandry and other artificial checks.

The total impression left by this chapter, and the others, is that of completeness. Miss Semple turns from generals to particulars so quickly that the read-

er does not feel troubled by conjectures. She is alert to discover the two, three, or more causes that contribute to any given effect, whereas many investigators take the easier way and magnify a single cause, to the exclusion or neglect of the others. She is always careful to distinguish between fact and opinion, and to state frankly, as the true scientist should, the present limits of science in her field. For this reason, she refrains from summing up her immense investigations in the form of a general law, but it is certain that whoever may later formulate such a law will be incalculably indebted to her.

But the final distinction of Miss Semple's work is its style. She not only thinks clearly, but writes clearly. Whatever help symmetrical exposition can give, she gives. And though it might be hard to mention a scientific book which contains more facts on a page than hers, she puts her facts so agreeably, with so much variety, that one does not experience the weariness which comes from the mere accumulation of facts. One feels, on the contrary, that she is perpetually vitalized by ideas, to which her facts serve as markers. Possessing imagination of a high order, she visualizes principles as well as things and processes, with the result that her style is often enriched by memorable phrases. So noble a book cannot fail to sink deep in many minds.

"Dry-farming" and its application in Northern Africa is the subject of the leading article, by A. Bernard in the *Annales de Géographie* for November. A detailed account is given of what has been accomplished by it in this country where it originated. The interest in it aroused in France is shown by the fact that the Algerian Government sent a delegate to the fifth American Congress of Dry-Farming at Spokane, and that the recent work upon it of President Widtsoe of Utah Agricultural College has been translated into French. Among the other subjects treated are topology and topography apropos of a work by Gen. Berthaut, the region of the Hardanger Fjord by C. Vallaux, and the railways and foreign commerce of China, a condensed summary of facts.

Suggestive hints on the selection of food, with special reference to the relative importance of heat and energy producing values, are offered in T. C. O'Donnell's "The Family Food" (Penn). There are tables giving the chief elements of our food stuffs, the daily amount of each required, menus arranged to preserve a proper balance, and other data.

In his "Medical Science of To-day" (Lippincott), Dr. Willmott Evans of London endeavors to explain in simple language the more important advances in practical medicine and surgery in the last sixty years, or at least, what will seem most important to the general reader quite unfamiliar with these matters and little heedful of the more purely scientific question involved. This endeavor is thoroughly successful, and the result is a very entertaining and attractive book of about three hundred pages. Many topics are touched on, some of them barely skimmed over, but Dr. Evans knows how to skim for cream, and has great facility in getting at the essentials and presenting them briefly and clearly. The pictures—there are thirty-one of them—are helpful, and sometimes very striking, as, for example, the X-ray photograph of a toy bicycle stuck half-way down a childish gullet; but three full-page plates of crystals of hæmoglobin is almost too much of a good thing. Our only regret in reading the book is that the opportunity is not used to teach more distinctly the lesson of all lessons which the public needs to learn concerning medicine, the lesson, namely, that the scientific side of medicine is at least not less important than its practical and obvious successes, and that prevention of disease and hygienic measures, in which the public must coöperate, form, perhaps, the most important part of the medical progress of the future.

Drama

William Winter's "Shakespeare on the Stage" is announced for immediate publication by Moffat, Yard & Co.; also by the same house, "Neptune's Isle and Other Plays for Children," by John Jay Chapman.

In the spring Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out Ben Greet's arrangement of Shakespeare under the title "Shakespeare a Child Can Read and Act," and "Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act," by Lillian E. Nixon; both will be profusely illustrated.

M. B. Leavitt's "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management" will be issued shortly by Philip Mindil.

Gorki's play "The Lower Depths," sometimes known as "The Night Asylum," was produced recently before a London audience in a translation by Laurence Irving. The part of the old tramp is said to have been rendered effectively by Holman Clark.

A performance of "Alcestis," in a new version by Francis W. Hubback, was recently given at the University of London under the direction of William Poel.

"The management of the Scottish Repertory Theatre would have been abundantly justified in producing Henley and Stevenson's 'Macaire,' says a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*, "if for no better reason than that in their company they have an actor in whom the bizarre, flamboyant rogue finds almost his ideal exponent—Mr. Kenelm Foss threads his way through the final scenes of Macaire's tortuous journey with an abandon and a fervor which would have delighted 'R. L. S.'"

"The Price of Coal" is the name of a one-act play by Harold Brighouse, which has just been produced in the London Playhouse. The peculiar traits of the characters (Scotch) are brought out by the suspense created by a serious accident in a mine. The scene is laid at the pitmouth.

The Morality Play Society of London has just made its first production, Mrs. Percy Dearmer's "The Soul of the World." Time, Eternity, and the Virgin Mary are among the characters.

When, some fifteen years ago, Arne Garborg called the story which made him a conspicuous figure in the literature of the century's end "Müde Seelen"—Weary Souls—he coined a term likely to outlive his own memory. For with such souls is still concerned the greater part of European drama and fiction, and Arthur Schnitzler has become their master analyst. Being himself the son of a generation blighted by cynicism and a physician interested only in the abnormal, his latest play, "Das weite Land" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is an excursion into what seems to him a wide realm, but fortunately for the human race is merely a segment of real life. After all, only a small fraction of humanity sees in the mating instinct the main issue of existence, and spends its allotted span of life in drifting from one "affinity" to another. That the author calls his drama a tragi-comedy suggests his ironical point of view. The central figure of the play is Friedrich Hofreiter, a master-egotist, who, in the language of a young woman who is his counterpart in modern cynicism, "gets what he needs out of every individual he meets and ignores the rest." At the rise of the curtain one of the friends he had thus exploited had just been buried, and callers at the Hofreiter villa discuss the possible causes of his suicide. Alone with Hofreiter, his wife Genia hands him a parting letter from the dead friend, which proves that he had loved her and that she had refused to listen to his plea. Instead of being moved by her loyalty—which would be hopelessly old-fashioned—Hofreiter shrinks from a virtue which has cost a life, and, going off on an excursion to the Dolomites, rushes into a desperate and dishonorable love affair. During his absence the neglected wife passes through a dangerous emotional crisis and accepts the love-offering of young Otto Meinhold. Hofreiter returns in time to discover her transgression and kills the youth in a duel. Around the chief actors in this quadrangular intrigue, drawn with admirable firmness, are grouped a variety of characters whose interplay is as fascinating as it is enlightening. Among the most suggestive scenes are those between Genia and the mother of her lover. This woman had not borne so patiently the infidelities of her husband, but at the first trespass had divorced him, gone on the stage, and become a great actress. Genia cherishes an ideal of filial love and stakes her hope upon her son, a boy of thirteen at school in England; Frau Meinhold is sophisticated and squarely faces the fact that sons are more or less removed from their mothers on coming into manhood. The scenes between Hofreiter and the divorced husband of Frau Meinhold and Natter, the Jewish banker, with whose wife he has just severed relations of long standing, also prove the author's amazing insight into the tainted souls of his world. Among them the figure of Hofreiter, repulsive though it be, stands out with a compelling force of personality, almost typifying the spirit of his class and his period. Unpleasant as the drama is in subject-matter, it is an exceptionally fine example of the author's manner.

Percival Pollard, the author and playwright, who died in Baltimore on Sunday in his forty-second year, was born in Greifswald, Pomerania, of English-German parentage. He collaborated with Leo Ditrichstein in "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott," which had a successful run at the Astor

Theatre in 1907. He also wrote several volumes of fiction, and "Recollections of Oscar Wilde."

Music

One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations. Edited by Granville Bantock. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Ceremonial Songs of the Creek and Yuchi Indians. By Frank G. Speck. Philadelphia: University Museum.

Album of Songs. By Charles Wakefield Cadman. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Many excellent volumes of songs and pianoforte pieces have been printed by the Ditsons in their Musicians' Library, but none of them is better than the collection of one hundred folksongs made by Granville Bantock. The editor is one of the leading English composers of the day, and he has made a specialty of folksong studies. His field of research not only covers all Europe, but includes other continents. America is represented by a Pawnee war-song, a Dakota Indian serenade, and by "Old Folks at Home," "Tenting on the Old Campground," and "Dixie." Our distant neighbor, Japan, makes a pretty showing with a cherry-bloom song and a New-Year tune, in which the editor has arranged the accompaniment to suggest the national instrument, the Koto. Most captivating to those who love the exotic in music is the Chinese "Jasmin-Flower," which the editor has ingeniously arranged as a two-part canon—a canon which would appeal, one fancies, to the Chinese themselves, since, though a European device, it actually enhances the Orientalism of the tune. India, Persia, Arabia, and Egypt are laid under contribution, and so are Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco. Nor does this end the Oriental contributions which constitute a unique charm of this collection. Syria, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, contribute some gems, nor are the six Russian tunes included any less Oriental. Incidentally, one notes how many of their beautiful folksongs have been embodied by Russian composers in their orchestral works.

Rubinstein once wrote that a folksong which moves to tears those to whom it belongs may leave natives of other countries cold. This is true, but we are becoming more and more cosmopolitan in our taste, and Mr. Bantock's choice samples of musical exoticism therefore come at the right time, and will be sure of a cordial welcome. Besides collecting the songs, he has provided brief but interesting notes on all of them. In one of these notes, written for a Norwegian melody, he remarks that "Grieg has undoubtedly made a free use of his native melodies, and a comparison between the present song and his well-known Solveig's Song will afford interest to many." This is misleading. The resemblance is there, but, as Grieg himself has attested, this is the only one of his songs in which he borrowed a fragment of a folktune. His arrangements of such tunes are mostly for the piano, and are clearly marked as such. Norwegian music is still somewhat exotic, but Sweden and Denmark come nearer the normal European manner. Mr. Bantock has shown admirable judgment in his choice of German and Austrian folktunes (how exquisite are the Tyrolean!), as well as of characteristic specimens of Italian, Spanish, French, Hungarian, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English songs. Nor is it merely for his judgment that he deserves special praise. He has succeeded in making the piano parts interesting without marring the simplicity of the melodies—a very difficult feat. Of great value also is the bibliography, which covers no fewer than seventeen wide columns. A further reason for welcoming this volume is that it will help along the "back to melody" movement in music. Mr. Bantock's predilection for Oriental tunes (which he has manifested also in some of his compositions) points at one way in which modern melody can be varied.

To folktune in its crudest form is devoted Mr. Speck's monograph, the latest contribution to the study of the red man's music. The Creek songs were sung for him by a prominent leader and shaman and were all recorded on the phonograph. No attempt is made in this volume to discuss the internal qualities or comparative characteristics of the music itself, the purpose being merely to assemble the material for some one else to study; which can be done at the University of Pennsylvania Museum, Mr. Speck's treatise being No. 2 of Volume I of the museum's anthropological publications. But while the music is merely presented to the eyes (approximately, in our own notation), there are interesting pages devoted to information regarding the musical performances and the dances of the Creek and Yuchi Indians. A paragraph is devoted to the strange use of nonsense syllables. Musical illustrations are given of the fish dance, the alligator dance, the rabbit dance, the leaf, buffalo, duck, skunk, horse, buzzard dances, besides the steal-each-other dance, the drunken or crazy dance, and so on. Special interest attaches to the medicine songs and formulas. When a Creek Indian is sick he consults the shaman, who decides what animal is to be held responsible as the cause. He then collects his medicines, steeps them in a pot of water, and, in the secrecy of his private quarters, sings a magic song, the virtue of which is thought to be transferred into the medicine. Thus result the hog the cause, beaver the cause, snake the cause songs, with others in which deer, fish, turtles, raccoons, etc., are held responsible. Mr. Speck's pages include twenty of these "cause" songs.

To return to the white man, Mr. Cadman's Album includes eleven *Lieder*, which, while not folksongs, approximate them in so far as melody is their most important ingredient. This young man is indeed the most melodious (which means the most promising) of American composers who have come forward since the death of Edward MacDowell. One of the most encouraging things about him is that he has taken MacDowell as a model, as is shown particularly in "Could Roses Speak" and "My Lovely Rose." Though MacDowell was the most individual, he was also the most American of our composers since Stephen Foster, and in thus following in the footsteps of these two men Mr. Cadman is helping to build up an American school of composition. What he needs to be warned against is writing too many songs, and publishing those in which the melody is too obvious. MacDowell never did that. The temptation to do it is great in one who has written at least one song, "The Land of the Skyblue Water," which has already become so popular that audiences greet it with applause as soon as the opening bars are played.

The Schirmers have already printed the vocal score of Horatio Parker's prize opera; and two other novelties of our season, Wolf-Ferrari's "Suzanne's Secret" and "Inquisitive Women," are in press. The same firm has in preparation a complete edition of Bach's organ works, edited by Charles-Marie Widor, and Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing concerning the career of the Austrian composer Anton Bruckner, is the fact that among his pupils were no fewer than six young men who subsequently became famous orchestral conductors: Nikisch, Mottl, Mahler, Schalk, Muck, and Stransky. Notwithstanding this great advantage, and the fact that all these leaders admired Bruckner as a man and a composer, his symphonies have been surprisingly slow in making their way in Europe, and still more so in America, although all of the conductors named have been active here too. In New York city there had been only seven Bruckner performances (although he wrote nine symphonies) before Joseph Stransky, at the last Philharmonic concert, conducted the fifth, which had never been heard here before. Possibly repeated hearing might reveal strokes of genius in it; but this performance, which was admirable in every way, gave the impression of a disjointed, uninspired work, which ends, however, with an imposing climax, in which sixteen extra brass instruments, placed on a platform above the rest of the orchestra, make the desired effect.

The climax of all the Liszt Centenary concerts will be that for which the Philharmonic Society has been preparing since

October, and which will be given this evening, with the usual repetition on Friday afternoon. Arthur Friedheim will play the A major concerto, and the orchestral numbers will be the splendid symphonic poem "Ideal," and the "Dante," which will be given with the aid of the MacDowell Chorus. This work, which on account of its difficulty is seldom performed, is regarded as the most inspired of Liszt's compositions. Richard Wagner, after hearing it, exclaimed: "There is much that is beautiful in music, but this music is divine." To his "Dante" and his "Faust," wrote Weingartner, "Liszt gave all the best his nature contained. They mark the zenith of his creative power, and, excepting those of Berlioz, they are the most perfect examples of truly artistic programme music in existence."

Contrary to all expectation, Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" is proving a success in the cities of Italy. Rome, Lucca, Brescia, and Treviso heard it, some time ago. Then it won a big success in Turin, followed by a bigger one in Naples.

"Rigoletto," with Renaud in the title rôle, Miss Lyne as Gilda, and Harrold as the Duke, has made such a sensation in London that Hammerstein is giving it twice a week.

Bayreuth is following the example of the Metropolitan Opera House in raising its prices. Seats which ever since 1876 have been $5 will hereafter be $6.25. This, indeed, is going further than the Metropolitan, for it applies in Bayreuth to all seats in the house, whereas in our opera house it is only in the parquet that the price has been raised.

Weingartner is composing a new opera, "Cain and Abel," the text written by himself.

Alberto Randegger, whose death is reported from London was born at Trieste in 1832; he was a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy. In 1880 he was chosen conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, and for many years was conductor of the Norwich festivals and of Covent Garden. His compositions include music for the 150th Psalm, "Fridolin" (a drama cantata), and a "Singing Primer."

Art

The second edition of Frank P. Stearn's "Midsummer of Italian Art," a mediocre book hardly worthy of revival, bears the imprint of Richard C. Badger, Boston.

"Florence and Her Treasures" (Macmillan), by Herbert Vaughan, is an excellent pocket guide especially adapted to the needs of a leisurely tourist. Besides the usual information there is added a sort of historic "Who's Who," and there is rather more architectural matter than is usual in such books. A couple of pages given to walks and drives about Florence would have been useful. To omit the Church of Sant Ambrogio seems a pity. The delectable little Church of San Giovanni degli Cavalieri is ignored by this as by most guides. Michelangelo's Madonna in the Uffizi is erroneously described as unfinished. On page 164 Verrocchio is credited with a portrait where Lorenzo di Credi is clearly intended. The bulk of the decoration of the Spanish chapel may safely be ascribed to Andrea da Firenze. An original interpretation of Botticelli's Primavera will hardly supplant the views of Dr. Warburg and Mr. Horne. Despite such minor blemishes, the book may be recommended for its abundance of well-ordered information.

A useful series of "Little Books About Old Furniture" has begun to be issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company. The authors are English, J. P. Blake and A. E. Reveirs-Hopkins. The first two volumes are entitled, respectively, "Tudor to Stuart" and "The Period of Queen Anne." Their aim is "to offer suggestions and a certain amount of information to that large and increasing body of persons to whom old pieces of furniture are more interesting than new, and to show that no extraordinary income is essential to making a collection." For American readers the books have the defect of their insularity. They will, at all events, prove valuable to the amateur collector about to spend a summer in rural England, where, for five or six pounds, it is still possible now and then to pick up an interesting article of furniture made before 1750. The half-tone illustrations are drawn from British public and private collections. The Victoria and Albert Museum, in especial, has supplied many examples. The authors' indebtedness to more ambitious and expensive furniture books, by Macquoid, Rowe, Foley, and others, is obvious and freely acknowledged. They rightly, for the purposes of their following, emphasize the evolution of each article of domestic furniture from Saxon times onward, and relate the design of each period to the prevailing standards of comfort and taste, enforcing their generalizations with well-selected quotations from the great diarists and other British classics. Unlike most recent manuals for collectors these works contain no special chapters on "faked" furniture.

G. Griffin Lewis's "Practical Book of Oriental Rugs" (Lippincott) is a very complete compilation for the collector and practical buyer, the latter being most regarded. There are tables of weaves and of the elements of design, prices per foot, advice as to cleaning and preservation, etc. Color-plates and halftone cuts are plentifully supplied. All in all, it is a safe and sensible guide. The table of weaves contains fifty-eight entries. Other tables offer more than sixty, but in the uncertainty of the trade nomenclature it would be hazardous to assert that Mr. Griffin's table is defective. We miss from it and from all others we have examined an interesting type of Caucasian antique which has extraordinarily fine wool and knotting and most characteristic autumnal colors. Dealers often call these rare mats Georgians.

One reads in Fred J. Melville's "Chats on Postage Stamps" (Stokes) that there are collections worth nearly a million dollars each; one is that of King George, and in addition to those of private individuals, there are various large national and city collections. Mr. Melville had previously written some twenty volumes on the subject, but in the present case he has either avoided technicalities or labelled them plainly, giving up most of his space to readable matter relating to the early history of stamps, to the great collections that have been made, to stories of advances in prices that seem almost fabulous, and to some noted instances of forgeries of valuable issues. There are seventy-four photographic plates showing rare stamps, and some of the roughly made devices that preceded the use of the regular postal labels.

"The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and Other Collections of Philadelphia" (L. C. Page; illustrated), by Helen W. Henderson, is oddly distinct with local flavor. The author does not hesitate to chide painters who have made unamiable likenesses of prominent Philadelphians. The glory of the Pennsylvania Academy is its unrivalled series of Stuarts and Sullys. In this field of early American portraiture our author is an excellent cicerone. Beyond this, her taste and knowledge are far less certain. Her wholesale scorn of the old masters of the Wilstach gallery is by no means warranted by the facts. It is the only place in America where any number of important Italian and French examples of the seventeenth century can be seen, and if this art is not the most inspiring, at least the gallery nicely supplements better known collections. Like its companion volumes on the Boston Museum and the Metropolitan, this book meets a real need. But the publisher who would issue albums of large plates from American museums, with a minimum of text, would do a far more substantial service to both students and amateurs.

"Frank Brangwyn and his Work" (Dana Estes), by Walter Shaw-Sparrow, is a large octavo with twenty good color plates and a number of collotypes. It gives an interesting record of a career that, beginning on a sailing ship, soon reached international renown in painting. Brangwyn has applied in pure color Manet's doctrine of the *tache*. The result is an impression of singular energy and immediacy. He is versatile, a fine decorator and etcher, the celebrant at once of romantic and Oriental themes, and of modern English labor. About him there is something fresh and impulsive. Few who saw The Buccaneers blazing amid the mediocrities of a Salon of about twenty years ago will ever forget the impression. Yet many of those early admirers will feel that Mr. Brangwyn has failed to temper the defects of his ardor. Much of the work has a wriggling aggressiveness that catches at first, but does not improve on acquaintance. Still Brangwyn's career has been both distinctive and distinguished, and arouses a legitimate curiosity that Mr. Sparrow's book will go far to satisfy.

Finance

PREDICTION AND INFERENCE.

Two incidents of the past week or two have stood forth from the other financial happenings of the day, not only as matters of immediate interest, but as matters with a definite and important bearing on the longer future. One of these incidents was the sudden outburst of enthusiastic prediction, in and out of the steel trade, over the prospects of that industry. The other was the Gov-

ernment's very large estimate on the cotton yield. Very great interest has been bestowed by financial markets on the first of these two incidents and very little on the second. That, however, was merely because the one was not expected and the other was. It may conceivably turn out that the industrial situation foreshadowed by the cotton estimate may prove in the end the more important of the two.

The prophecy of a "steel trade boom in 1912," ascribed to Henry C. Frick, Mr. Carnegie's old partner and an important director in the Steel Trust, had to Wall Street the peculiar interest which would naturally attach to an exceedingly "bullish" judgment on the outlook, by a prophet not less intimately associated with the stock market than with the steel trade. Undoubtedly, the first inquiry of many Stock Exchange listeners was not so much, what does this mean regarding the country's industry, as what does it show to be the attitude of a powerful financial group towards the stock market? That is as it may be; but the position of the steel trade is the matter of real concern, and Mr. Frick's opinion on that is interesting.

Wall Street's version, that "1912 will be the biggest boom year in the steel trade's history," took a good many things for granted. There are some obstacles in the way of accepting this version, even with the qualification that the avenue of such expansion would be the foreign trade. It has been so easy for prophets to lose their heads these past dozen years. But one thing is certain beyond dispute. Whether a "trade boom" in a Presidential year is usual or not, and whether Europe and the neutral markets are or are not in shape to take American steel on the increasing scale of 1897 and 1899, the American trade itself is starting rightly for a movement of expansion, and is in the right position for the maximum of achievement.

Whatever is to be said of the argument that the demoralization of steel prices, in 1911, resulted from loss of control of the market by the Steel Trust (or from the Government's attitude towards the Trusts), these facts are now wholly incontestable—that the policy of refusing to lower prices in hard times stood squarely across the path of the kind of trade revival now predicted, and that the breakdown of that policy was certain. At the present moment, the industrial atmosphere is clearing. So much nonsense has been uttered about this question of after-panic markets, and such complete ignorance of economic history and economic law has been displayed in the whole discussion of the Trusts, that people are only now beginning to understand that the markets have been following, step by step, the course of events which has followed every great financial crisis, and have been finding their own way out, exactly as they found their way out of 1893 and 1873 and 1857. Practical captains of industry like Mr. Frick and Mr. King are perfectly well aware of this; perhaps the public at large will be more ready to recognize the truth, when the after-depression of 1907 is really over.

It is high time, also, that some plain common sense should be talked about the cotton crop. The attitude of a good part of our people in that matter, even up to the present week, has been one of lamentation that Providence has been so good to us. Having shrunk with dismay in June from the possibility of another ten or twelve-million-bale yield and another 16-cent market, they have been shaking their head forlornly, in December, over the certainty of a fifteen-million-bale harvest and a 9 or 10-cent price. With all that is said—and much of it reasonably—about the hardships of a narrowing margin of profit to the planter, it must be frankly added that this attitude regarding the meaning of the season's cotton crop to American industry, American commerce, and American prosperity, is ridiculous.

We have had two years in which not enough cotton was raised to clothe the world; in which the exorbitant price pressed cruelly on the poor; in which mills at Fall River and Manchester ran on half-time, with laborers by the thousands out of work, and in which, more than all, we were told that the fertility of the American cotton belt was exhausted, and that worse things were in store. There is an end of that, at any rate. The consumer has a fair chance again, and America again stands forth as the beneficent arbiter of the world's industrial fortunes. Exactly what and how much the actual outcome of the season will mean to American prosperity in the nearer future, it is still a little early to say. But when the long-postponed replenishing of exhausted supplies gets under way in the cotton goods trade, as well as in the steel trade—the obstacle of high prices having been removed in both—and when all the wheels are turning again in Northern and Southern mills, all of us will be studying the larger bearing of the movement.

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Abbott, C. G. The Home-Life of the Osprey. Brentano. $2.

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Almanach de Gotha. 1912. Lemcke & Buechner.

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Annual of the Society of Illustrators. Introduction by Royal Cortissoz. Scribner.

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Baumgartner, E. F. A. Medley of Birthdays. Cambridge (England): Heffer & Son.

Bible. Revised Version. Divided into Verses as in the 1611 Edition. Frowde.

Björkman, Edwin. Is There Anything New Under the Sun? Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Blackwood, A. The Centaur. Macmillan. $1.35 net.

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Greenwood, A. D. Lines of the Hanoverian Queens of England. Vol. II. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

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Harrington, G. W. Beyond the Twilight: A Book of Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Harvard University Catalogue, 1911-12. Cambridge, Mass.

Hayes, J. R. Old Quaker Meeting-Houses. Philadelphia: Biddle Press. $1 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1911.

The Week

Senator La Follette's speaking tour in Ohio is preceded hy a flat repudiation, on the part of his friends in that State, of the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, Mr. Brown. This seems queer, for Mr. Brown had announced himself as a progressive of the progressives. He ardently desires a Presidential primary, which is good La Follette doctrine. The difficulty arises, apparently, from the fact that Chairman Brown declares himself for Roosevelt, and gives it as his opinion that the Colonel would sweep the primaries in Ohio. It is for this that he is disowned and denounced by the La Follette partisans, who point out that Brown is playing into the hands of the reactionaries by dividing the opposition to Taft. If the Ohio Progressives are lured into splitting up their votes for delegates between the Wisconsin Senator and the New York Colonel, the result might easily be to give a plurality to those favoring Taft. Hence Chairman Brown's open reading out of the progressive fold.

On the subject of the efficiency of labor, and its relation to high wages, the Tariff Board's report on Schedule K presents some interesting data and conclusions. The highly significant statement is made that the careful determinations of productive efficiency made by the Board "show wide differences in efficiency and cost, but indicate in general that the lowest labor costs per pound were in mills paying the highest wages." But it should be clearly understood that this statement refers to comparisons within our own country, the mills there under consideration being all American. While there can he no doubt that a similar relation holds over a wide field of comparison between American and foreign production, and that the efficiency of American labor and machinery is a dominant cause of the high rate of American wages, yet it should be mentioned that in the woollen manufacture, for reasons set forth in detail, the Board does not find this to be the case. It appears that 87 per cent. of the machinery used is imported; and of the labor a considerable portion consists of "unskilled immigrants with no previous experience in manufacture," this population being often of a very fluctuating kind, so that the manufacturer is "obliged continually to break in a new set of inexperienced operatives." If, however, all this is so after fifty years of high protection for this infant industry, it does not look as though the American people ought to be compelled any longer to forego the privilege of huying woollen wearing apparel and blankets at reasonable prices.

Whenever the Senate makes a Wegg-like drop into art, there is apt to be trouble brewing for culture. Last week Senator Root introduced an innocent-looking bill authorizing the American Academy at Rome to enlarge its scope and to increase its holdings of property up to $3,000,000. He made a brief explanation of its purposes, and requested immediate consideration, but the eagle eye of Senator Bailey perceived the lurking danger to American ideals. The Texas Senator had, first of all, grave Constitutional doubts about any action taken by this Government "looking to the promotion of art or science outside of the United States." Even granting that these scruples could be overcome, Senator Bailey took the broad position that "until every hill in America is crowned with a public school," he could not conscientiously endorse the outlay of millions to "educate our countrymen in a foreign land."

Senator Bailey's simple eloquence was rudely broken off by another Senator from the South, Mr. Reed of Missouri, who desired to be and promptly was "shown." We quote the frigid account from the *Congressional Record:*

> Mr. Reed—Mr. President, I desire to get a little information from the Senator from New York. As I understand, this bill only authorizes a corporation to increase its holdings, and does not take any money from the Public Treasury?
>
> Mr. Root—The Senator is correct. The bill merely authorizes the corporation to hold more property given to it by others.
>
> Mr. Reed—And am I correct in further understanding that the institution is not run for profit, but purely for the promotion of education in the lines of art?
>
> Mr. Root—Precisely.
>
> Mr. Reed—That is all I desire to know.
>
> The bill was reported to the Senate without amendment, ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, read the third time, and passed.

The purpose of Senator Kenyon's bill forhidding interstate common carriers to transport liquor the shipment of which would be in violation of the laws of the State, Territory, or district into which it was shipped, is one that should command the approval of right-minded persons, whatever their views on the question of prohibition. Nobody denies the Constitutional right of a State to enact prohibitory laws on the subject of liquor; and it ought to he the desire of honest men, if they admit this, to let the States have a fair chance to carry out such policy as they may deliberately adopt. If, as many opponents of prohibition are convinced, the rigorous execution of the law, without such mitigation of it as comes from the facilities which interstate commerce affords for its nullification, would demonstrate the intolerableness of the State's policy, this would be sure to lead to repeal; if, on the other hand, the people found the result satisfactory, they are entitled to have their way.

In the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the action of the new Commerce Court in enjoining the Commission's so-called "inter-mountain rate order" is sharply criticised. The Commission, it will be recalled, had given a hearing to complaints against the practice whereby transcontinental railways would charge, for shipments from Eastern points to inland markets along the Pacific Coast, the full rate to the Western ocean plus the return rate from the Pacific to the interior destination. It had decided last July that the Commission's supervisory powers under the "long and short haul clause" ought to be applied, and had therefore ordered revocation of the discriminatory rates. The order stipulated that no higher charge should be exacted for shipment to any intermediate point than for shipment to the coast, and made some more or less arbitrary rulings as to maximum differences. The railways argued that the rates to intermediate points were remunerative but that rates to the coast were not; the latter having been forced

down by water competition. On these grounds, and on a further Constitutional argument, the Commerce Court on November 9 enjoined temporarily the Commission's order, which was to go in force November 15, and on November 11 it made the injunction permanent.

Appeal was forthwith taken to the United States Supreme Court, in whose hands the matter now rests. The Interstate Commerce Commission's annual report speaks resentfully of the Commerce Court's action. It repeats the arguments for its own decision; of which the main point was that since the Commission may by law fix maximum but not minimum rates, there was no other way of guarding shippers from gross discrimination. We have held all along that there is great force in this contention, but we cannot follow the Commission's report in its further declaration, that since "the fixing of reasonable rates is a legislative function," delegated by Congress to the Commission, it is "not subject to review by the courts." Counsel for the railways, in their appeal to the Commerce Court, had not merely asserted that the Railway Law of 1910 was itself unconstitutional, but had alleged that the order, in its specific provisions, was confiscatory and equivalent to taking property without due process of law. It is quite possible that neither contention will hold when reviewed by the Supreme Court; but the Interstate Commerce Commission's argument against the jurisdiction of the court in such matters seems to us ill-founded.

In a brief circular letter, the American Association for Labor Legislation puts with unanswerable force the case of the pending bill to prohibit the use of poisonous phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. Two circumstances make the inaction of Congress in this matter nothing less than disgraceful. The first is that the fearful, and absolutely preventable, disease of "phossy jaw" is, as the Association says, "now an American disease," other civilized countries having prohibited the use of white phosphorous "while we have been talking." The second is that—as was widely noted at the time—the Diamond Match Company, commonly spoken of as the Match Trust, generously and promptly acceded, long ago, to President Taft's request that it should cancel its patent, so that other manufacturers might have the opportunity to use the harmless form of phosphorus of which it had exclusive control.

Gov. Hooper of Tennessee appears to be going about the business of improving prison conditions in a spirit of intelligence and firmness, as well as of humanity. So far as we have observed, he gives no countenance whatever to sentimental notions undermining responsibility on the part of the convicts, or confusing the mind of the public in regard to the foundations of the system of criminal justice. His endeavor to introduce methods which would offer an incentive to good conduct and genuine endeavor on the part of convicts is in sbarp contrast with the preposterous distribution of pardons that marked the career of his predecessor in the Governorship. Some form of the indeterminate sentence and of the parole system, and the devotion of part of the value of the prisoners' work to the support of their families, are among the improvements the Governor seeks to obtain by new laws; but he finds that there is plenty of room for improvement in practice, under the law as it stands.

An adaptation of the Wisconsin Legislative Bureau has been planned for Chicago. At its head is to be an expert statistician, whose duty will be to establish a library of books relating to municipal affairs, to arrange for supplying the Mayor, the Aldermen, the department heads, and even inquiring nonresidents, with information on city problems, and to promote the prestige of the city in all proper ways. This last purpose savors more of local patriotism than of efficiency, but need not interfere with the primary objects of the project. The plan has apparently aroused no opposition, but its adoption has been seriously delayed by the attempt of the spoils-loving section of the City Council to make the new organization a "department," instead of a "bureau," department heads being appointed by the Mayor, while bureau heads are under the civil service law. Moreover, department heads, being "officers," must live in Chicago, and consequently no expert could be brought in from outside to give the innovation the benefit of his experience. It can hardly be more than a question of time before the Bureau of Publicity and Information is added to Chicago's system of government. But no one will hope for much effect from its activities upon the relics of the boodle Councilmen of a decade or so ago.

Just what the heavy figures of outgoing steerage passengers, and the light figures of incoming ones, for the year now closing, signify, may be difficult to judge; but the publication of the figures may well serve to draw attention to the fact that the tide of immigration, with which we are sometimes represented as being submerged in these latter years, has been by no means as formidable for a number of years back as most people imagine. During the year 1911, the net immigration—excess of arrivals over departures—will be less than 300,000; and the average for the four preceding years, 1907-10, was about 525,000. This is very different from the million that is usually spoken of; and, while the showing tor these years is undoubtedly in large measure to be ascribed to the check which American enterprise received through the panic of 1907, it should, on the other hand, be remembered that at the height of the boom before that panic—namely, in the calendar year 1906—the net immigration did not exceed a million, the exact figure given by the returns being 996,084. Half a million—the average for the past five years—it should be remembered, too, is only half of one per cent. of the present population of the country.

CHICAGO, December 20.—The ten packers charged with violating the Sherman law sprung a surprise on the prosecution this afternoon. Motion to strike out counts 2 and 3 of the indictment, charging the packers with criminal violation of the law, and to set aside certain other allegations, as not coming within the three years covered by the indictment, forced a sudden postponement of the trial.

These particular motions were promptly disposed of last week, but the mere offering of them, after the unconscionable delay that had already taken place, is a pointed illustration of an intolerable evil. This everlasting lawyers' game of springing surprises, and discovering pitfalls, and making mountains out of molehills, causes the business of enforcing ordinary common-sense law to be carried on under such handicaps as almost to paralyze the nation in any endeavor to institute far-reaching reforms. "I have talked of the necessity of im-

proving the criminal procedure before every bar association that gave me a chance," said President Taft the other night, in his speech at the Young Men's Republican Club; and, to his honor be it said, he has more than once used words as strong as the English language affords to express his conviction of the enormity of existing conditions and practices.

By the highly dramatic manner in which he acknowledges defeat, Gen. Reyes has more than undone the harm he brought upon his country. For the surrender of Reyes means not only the collapse of the movement with which he was personally identified, but the collapse of the various sectional insurrections that have been sputtering on in the hope of a decisive turn of fortune against Madero. Reyes was the only man upon whom an insurrection could centre that did not on the face of it bear the most sinister motives; now that he is gone, there is no one for Madero to deal with but petty local chieftains obviously out for plunder. It is to be regretted that the assurance of peace in Mexico should come only after the total discrediting of one who for many years was regarded as the rising hope of the republic. Certainly, the conduct of Reyes has latterly been quite away from the rôle of a popular saviour. Towards Diaz, when the latter was still in power, Reyes showed only timidity. When the revolution broke out, he refused to take sides, and gave himself to the enjoyment of a leisurely vacation in Europe, while the fate of the country was under decision. When Madero had won, Reyes came back to make trouble. The half-hearted way he went at the business suggests the possibility that in this matter he has been the tool of secret enemies of Madero, and not a very willing tool at that.

If the Irish get Home Rule, what will they do with it? This old and taunting question is answered by Mr. Redmond in the first number of "Home Rule Notes," to be issued periodically by the Home Rule Council. One of the first things to which an Irish Parliament would give attention, declares Mr. Redmond, is the reform of the Poor Law. In it certain changes were strongly urged in a report by a commission appointed by the Viceroy, six years ago, but the Parliament at Westminster was too busy to take the matter up, and it was dropped. This by itself was an argument for putting the Irish in charge of Irish affairs. Then there is the whole question of Irish railways and waterways and drainage which is pressing for consideration, while agricultural problems of capital importance are waiting for Irish legislators and administrators to solve. It is an ambitious programme of economic and social reform which Mr. Redmond sketches—certainly extensive and difficult enough to keep an Irish Parliament busy for a long time to come. There will doubtless be squabbles in the new governing body—Ireland would not be Ireland if there were not—but there seems to be, with the prospect of Home Rule, a settling down of the people to its serious tasks.

The debates in the French Chamber confirm the impression resulting from official declarations in the Reichstag and the House of Commons, to the effect that Germany's attitude in her negotiations with the French Government was by no means so provocative as it was generally supposed to be at the height of the crisis. There was some hard bargaining over the Congo, but that is legitimate enough; actually it seems to be established that Germany's demands in the beginning were not much above what she finally obtained. This only brings out once more the unfortunate manner of German diplomacy. The dispatch of a warship to Agadir was apparently done for the purpose of protecting German interests in south Morocco. But the world at large, and the German people as much as any one else, regarded the act as a challenge. The imperialistic spirit in Germany was immediately inflamed, and the Government found itself forced into an attitude of menace it had never planned. So, too, in Great Britain, public opinion forced Sir Edward Grey's hand and led to the famous speech of Lloyd George, for which, as it now appears, the direct occasion did not absolutely exist. And thus is once more exemplified the danger of playing with fire and how the diplomats' "game" may assume very bitter reality.

The submission of Persia to Russia's demand for the dismissal of W. Morgan Shuster from his post as Treasurer-General closes an episode, but not an epoch. For the time being, Persia is beaten to her knees; but the young American's bold stand against the two "protecting" Powers who have now protected Persian independence out of existence has served its purpose in a three-fold way. It has forced both the Russian and British Governments out of the jungle of diplomacy into an open avowal of their unhallowed motives. It has roused the better conscience of the nations, not excluding Britain herself, where a powerful minority has raised its voice in protest against the co-partnership of robbery with Russia. Finally, it has brought forth the latent resources of the Persian people, whose attitude, as voiced in the Parliament at Teheran, has been altogether admirable, even to the point of venturing the trial of battle with Russia's armed millions. For the time being the people of Persia must yield to *force majeure;* but the stirring of the subject races the world over is warrant for the belief that Mr. Shuster's fight for the preservation of the rights of an ancient people will have its results in the future.

Another Russian statesman utters the refrain, "We cannot change our internal legislation to please the United States." But Russia has not been asked to change her laws of domicile or any other regulation affecting the status of various races within the Empire. The claim has not been put forward that Jewish-American citizens shall be allowed to enter Russia for the purpose of taking up residence there. The claim has simply been made that any legitimate purpose which sends a man travelling abroad under the protection of an American passport shall receive recognition at the hands of the Russian Government. At the present moment Russia admits foreign Jews who come in the capacity of commercial travellers, and it is not on record that Jewish anarchists, revolutionists, and other enemies of society have taken advantage of this loophole to force their way into Russia; or, if they have, why does the privilege remain? If a Russian-born Jew has emigrated to this country and prospered, and is moved by sentiment to revisit the country of his birth, to revive old scenes and old friendships, how does the question of his admission into Russia become a domestic problem and a menace?

TAFT'S KIND OF "PROGRESSIVENESS."

The message which President Taft sent to Congress on Thursday of last week covers many routine governmental matters, but contains a few striking proposals of new legislation. Mr. Taft comes out strongly, for instance, in favor of the establishment of a parcels post, and urges Congress to make immediately at least a beginning of the system. The President also recommends the enacting of a bill defining anew and more humanely the liability of employers for accidents to their workmen, together with the passage of pending measures to do away with some of the mischiefs of delayed justice in the courts. His most advanced and significant position, however, is taken in connection with the civil service. Mr. Taft goes further than any of his predecessors in urging that all local Federal offices throughout the country—collectors of internal revenue and of customs, commissioners, and marshals, together with postmasters of all four classes—should be by law placed in the classified service, and that the whole mass of patronage involved should be destroyed.

This proposal is so quietly made by President Taft that its radical and far-reaching nature may easily be overlooked. In reality, it lays the axe to the root of a hoary abuse. Mr. Taft frankly points out the exact nature of the existing method under which the President is supposed to appoint these Federal officials. They are, in fact, dictated to him by Senators and Representatives. The motives for their appointment are political; they are simply rewarded for past party services; and their main allegiance is not to the public service but to their patrons. All this is set forth by the President explicitly, who also speaks with emphasis of the immense and needless "burden" placed upon the Executive by this distribution of patronage. His time, with the time of Congressmen, is eaten into by the incessant demand for appointments to office, with all the wearisome canvassing of "credentials" and weighing of "influence." What the President calls for is the casting out of the whole system, bag and baggage, so that there may be, on the one hand, an assured career in the public service for those who enter it by examination and are promoted for merit, and on the other more freedom and opportunity for the high officers of the Government to spend their strength on really important tasks. If the recommendations which President Taft now makes were to be carried out, we should have an extension of civil-service reform going beyond the fondest dreams of the earliest advocates of that cause in this country.

To the need of a fresh advance in improving conditions in the Federal service attention was sharply called at the recent meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League in Philadelphia. In the address by President Eliot statistics were given to show how large a number of Federal offices are still in the unprotected class. The rosters of employees swell year by year, and constant vigilance is necessary to prevent the spoilsmen from getting the upper hand. Then there is the evil of having officeholders engaged in politics. Representative Norris of Nebraska has just dwelt upon this in a public speech. He showed that in one Southern State, out of a Republican State Committee of forty-six members, forty-four were Federal officials. On this point President Taft makes a remark in his message, to the effect that rules to prevent it are treated as "hardly worthy of respect" so long as the officeholders know that their tenure depends upon continued political service in behalf of the Congressmen or others who originally appointed them. This cannot be called a vigorous utterance. The President could undoubtedly issue orders to Federal officials to abstain from partisan activities under penalty of removal, and could enforce them. Such was the course followed by Hayes and Cleveland, and Roosevelt made a show of following it. Mr. Taft has not, but it is clear that he is ready to go on to a more thorough remedy for the evil. He would have the entire service reformed in such a way as to take away from appointees the motive to do work for their political chiefs. We repeat that the President's plan is the most sweeping ever urged by an American Executive. There has been in Congress much grumbling about Mr. Taft's use of patronage. But now he throws down the square challenge: Join me in doing away entirely with the great bulk of the patronage.

For the response the country will watch with much interest. Meanwhile, we may see in the President's proposals the sort of progress which appeals to him. He sets his heart on legislation. To get definite bills enacted is with him the main thing. Ways and means and machinery he cares less about. And it must be confessed that he drives at his practical results with a great deal of directness and force. If he were to succeed in getting his legislative programme carried out, it would do a good deal to break the charge that he is not "progressive." All the reforms which the progressives advocate—direct primaries, the initiative and referendum, even the recall—are designed to improve our political machinery so that we may have better laws and better administration. But the means must not be exalted above the ends. For some of those ends—particularly the rescue of the public service from the politicians—President Taft has now shown that he will go as far and work as hard as the next man. That is his idea of "progress," and nothing can be said against it—if only the progress be actually achieved.

EDUCATION FOR THE MASSES.

The daily press gives frequent evidence of the fact that there are still many who cast wistful glances at the good old days when the acquisition of the three R's was the supreme object to which the schools for the children of the masses were supposed to be devoted. That those necessary rudiments of education are less successfully imparted to the average child nowadays than they were in the olden time we do not believe there is any good reason to think; on the contrary, there is a great deal of evidence that the opposite is the case. However this may be, every one who stops to think must recognize that any limitation of the present activities of the schools to this narrow scope, or to anything like it, is out of the question. Against such proposals, two powerful factors operate irresistibly; in the first place, the manifest needs of the present era, and secondly the obvious fact that education in the common schools extends, in the case of a preponderant portion of the population, over a far greater number of years than was the case half a century ago.

And it is not only in the ordinary school curriculum itself that a broadened conception of the function of the

public school, and of the relation of the State or municipality to the diffusion of knowledge and education throughout the community, is manifested. In New York city there has been maintained now for twenty-two years, as part of the public school system, an institution which has quietly done an inestimable amount of good in this direction by opening to adults an opportunity for instruction, and for improving entertainment, in almost every field of human interest. We refer to the public lectures given under the auspices of the Department of Education, in every section of the city, and chiefly in the public-school buildings. A glance at the report of the supervisor, Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, cannot fail to impress any thoughtful person with a sense of the enormous benefit which, at relatively very small expense, is thus obtained for the masses of the people. During the year 1910-11, 5,411 audiences were addressed by 716 lecturers, the average size of the audience being 176. Not the least of the merits of the system is the participation of local committees in determining the choice of the subjects to be treated at the several lecture centres; and one of the incidental benefits attained is the quickening of the interest of parents in the schools, through being brought into contact with them by attendance on the lectures. It ought to be highly gratifying to New Yorkers to know that the initiative of their city has found imitation throughout the country. The movement reached the Pacific Coast last winter, when public lectures based exactly on the New York system were successfully instituted in San Francisco.

But one does not need to go beyond the effect on the auditors themselves to feel that this extension of public education is amply justified. When thousands of hardworking men and women gather, after the day's toil, to listen not only to lectures on travel, or, "current topics," or so intensely practical a subject as first aid to the injured, but to long courses of consecutive lectures on the development of fiction and on the nature of poetry, there needs no argument to show that the seed is falling on good soil. Of the two last-mentioned series, Dr. Leipziger says that they have proved among the most successful of all, and that he has received from unknown auditors letters giving ample proof that many lives have been enriched through listening to these courses. But the range of subjects is comprehensive; competent lecturers deal with leading questions in economics and government, with the great themes of physical science, pure and applied, with history and geography, with music and painting and architecture. It is precisely by the spreading of such opportunities for cultivating interests other than those of the daily grind for subsistence, that it must be made possible for the toiling masses to escape from the sordidness under which the pressure of life constantly tends to submerge them.

When this project was first instituted, it doubtless seemed to many a strange innovation, and one to be looked upon with a certain misgiving. But in reality it is entirely consonant with the general trend of the development of public education. It is to be noted that at the other end of the scale of population—in the hamlets and country districts—a movement has been gaining a foothold which shows that "the little red schoolhouse" is no longer regarded, in the more progressive rural communities, as fulfilling the needs of the people; by a combination of economic forethought and educational aspiration, the idea has been worked out, and acted upon, that free transportation of the children to larger centres will give more and better education for a given expenditure of money than could be got in the old way. And throughout the country, in big cities and in small towns, the free library has come to be regarded as an indispensable part of the intellectual facilities of the people. Our complex civilization has many drawbacks as well as immeasurable advantages; and we shall not do our duty by the masses of the people if we do not see to it that, so far as possible, they are placed in a position to profit by the general diffusion of opportunities for self-development. Modern conditions make these far more necessary than they were in simpler days, and at the same time the providing of them is made easily practicable by modern concentration and modern resources.

OUR FUTURE EXPERTS.

There has evidently come a reaction in this country against the mere expert—that idol of yesterday. In the future he must be something of an all-round man. Already there is discontent with the football player who can only kick, with the statesman who has no hobbies, with the scholar who knows only his Gothic, and with the preacher who can merely preach. Not only must a pastor expound Holy Writ, he must tell his flock what to think of every flying straw, and sometimes how to vote. No one person has wrought this change of feeling. For instance, the rage for specialization was never so great as when a certain other type of man was talking French to Pastor Wagner, writing reviews of Celtic sagas, establishing endurance tests for army officers, helping out reporters, and holding high office. It is to be noted, however, that foreigners like to reckon a finger in every pie as typically American.

At the present moment at least the danger which seemed to have fastened its roots in us appears to have been only a mushroom. For there has always been a great difference between foreign and American specialization. A family of watchmakers unto the fourth and fifth generation or a restaurant keeper who all his life has raised his own ducks, does not strike our people as particularly admirable. The American expert, to win applause, had to appeal to a larger imagination, had to be potentially a man of the hour. An electrical engineer because he might bring rescue to a sinking ship, an out-and-out business man because he might some day dine with an emperor or receive the freedom of a city, an agriculturist who could perform the miracle of a blossoming desert, or a prospector who might live on apples of gold in pictures of silver—these were our heroes. It is hard to recall a single programme of preparation which did not hold out the chance of a broad notoriety. To say that this was inherent in the mere hugeness of our industries, is only to show the real difference between American and European specialties and motives. It comes out more clearly still when we reflect upon our manner of rewarding experts. A criminal lawyer who succeeded in a spectacular trial at once received offers to try cases of all sorts; a man who had cornered the wheat market was asked for his opinions on the future welfare of the country; the experimenter with guinea-pigs was expected to hold the secret of the census for the year 2000. Narrow grubbing there has been, but only that one

might later be set upon the pinnacle of the temple and be told to adjudge our possessions.

American versatility was all along too much a part of our traditions to be seriously threatened by specialization. The picture of the well-to-do householder being able at a pinch to mend a dripping faucet or build his wife a cupboard, as well as the foreign assertion that the American millionaire could carry parcels as naturally as a messenger boy, has always tickled our fancy. Whither, then, are we tending to-day? The signs of the times require as delicate scrutiny as a patient's thermometer, and are not so trustworthy. Yet it begins to look as though our big prizes would be bought more dearly in the future. In many spheres of activity we have indeed reached a point where some breadth and depth of nature are necessary parts of the competition. In business it is markedly so. The thought that one could easily turn to a new enterprise if the first one failed is replaced by the belief that efficiency will bring to the front many abandoned enterprises; and efficiency is taken to mean not only smoothness in mechanical processes and systems, but a wide range of human faculties playing upon a product of whatever sort. For the man who would be successful there are whole sermons in rolling-pins and axle grease. Or take the professors. It used to be that a dull stripling might be the recognized authority—for lack of any rivalry—on the phonology of low Latin. But to-day, for aught we know, there are congresses of low Latinists, and it is seen that if low Latin is to be raised to its proper level, it must be learned from eloquent lips. And in many other ways emphasis is settling upon the personality of the teacher and his method of imparting, rather than upon the mere substance of his knowledge. This latest tendency, in so far as it serves to keep cheapness from expertness and to require that the latter be the product of sound reflection quite as well as of digging, is, of course, wholly admirable. It was always a bit trying to worship any "greatest living authority" whose ideas on most matters were negligible.

And yet the present test of broadmindedness carries with it the usual dangers inherent in reactions. There is a time to laugh and a time to dance and there is a time to weep; and it may be that everybody should have done them all. But there is no command that they shall all be done at once, or that one shall be expert in each of them. Likewise there is a great difference between vital learning and versatility. By all means, for example, let us have professors whose broad preparation and rich life give an inspiring reach and background to their specialties. But just as emphatically let us not expect them to be dandies and social favorites. Nor is it necessary that a preacher, to be accounted human and broad, shall dispute the decisions of the Supreme Court. If sticking to what one thoroughly understands is, according to the newer attitude, dull pedantry, we trust that our leaders will have the courage to be dullards. We believe, however, that we are moving in the right direction and that our experts of the future will attain to something of that mellowness which in the older countries of Europe has long rendered men in the public eye interesting to all.

THE FALLIBLE INTERVIEWER.

Maurice Maeterlinck, according to the latest dispatches, has given up his contemplated visit to this country. Fear of the American reporter is still strong upon him. It seems odd that a man who has gazed steadfastly into the depths of Destiny, of Death, and of other unfathomable mysteries, should be afraid to meet the eye of so unpretending a person as the American newspaper man. But if M. Maeterlinck's state of mind is such that it is a question of entering this country uninterviewed or not entering it at all, he has acted wisely in deciding not to come. The idea that he could evade our interviewers by coming in disguise, or by way of San Francisco, Montreal, or Juarez, is preposterous. The distinguished author might dress up as a Dalmatian peasant and come by way of Ellis Island; he would only find that his bunk-mate all the way from Trieste was one of Mr. Hearst's young men. At the present moment M. Maeterlinck is probably under constant surveillance; and his fate may ultimately be like the unhappy victims of the third degree. Surrounded day and night by the disguised emissaries of the Associated Press, the Belgian poet will end by engaging the royal suite on the Lusitania and summoning the reporters to meet him at Quarantine. There he will cry, "I am here. Take me. Interview me. I can bear this no longer!"

But there is an alternative. Provided he can hold out for six months, M. Maeterlinck can attain his ambition and land among us unnoticed. In six months his challenge to the reporters will be forgotten. In six months the opera season will be over, the theatres will be closed, the "Blue Bird" will be stale news, and the minds of men will be taken up with the puzzling condition of "Matty's" pitching arm. Let the distinguished Belgian then board a vessel for New York, without disguise and without ostentation, and enter his name upon the ship's list as plain "M. Maeterlinck." He will pass the interviewers without arousing suspicion; or, if to some one among the reporters the name Maeterlinck may bear a familiar echo, a few discreet and kindly words will satisfy the man. If the distinguished Belgian has any doubts on the subject, let him think of Dr. Wilhelm Bode. Two years ago, Dr. Bode and his $50,000 wax bust by Leonardo da Vinci held the front pages of the newspapers for weeks. Had he landed in New York in 1909, he would have been interviewed to a shadow. But Dr. Bode came to the United States in 1911, and the first intimation of this visit to most of us was a cable from Berlin giving Dr. Bode's impressions of America. What happened to Dr. Bode is happening all the time to distinguished foreigners in this country. Men devoid of immediate news value are thereby rendered invisible to the all-seeing eye of the press.

In planning a mid-summer trip such as we have described, M. Maeterlinck might take the additional precaution of engaging passage on the same boat with a theatrical manager returning from Europe with a long list of new attractions for the approaching season; or with a party of young women from the Middle West who have been victors in a newspaper educational contest in which the first twelve prizes were a choice between a trip to Europe and a grand piano; or with a prosperous business man from the same Middle West who has been enjoying the hospitality of Europe's effete but exceedingly likable aristocrats and royalties. Against such competitors it would need a very obtrusive man of fame, indeed, to win much attention in the public prints. First place, of course, would go to the

young women from the Middle West, with a group photograph, individual impressions of tho Vatican, the Louvre, the Tower of London, and the Rhine, and a general chorus of satisfaction at getting back to what is, after all, the finest country on earth. For second place there would probably be a close race between the theatrical manager with two hundred theatres, thirty stars, and unnumbered plays at his finger-ends, and the business man from the West, with his highly interesting views on the present state of European politics and civilization.

We confess to a particular fondness for this sturdy self-made gentleman from the West whom a single trip across the Atlantic renders an authority on the profoundest questions of contemporary interest. We read:

Mr. W. B. Sands of Milwaukee, who arrived yesterday on the Ruritania, after a two months' stay abroad, in the course of which he was introduced to the Grand Duke Michael at a luncheon at Monte Carlo, declares that never was the condition of the Russian Empire as satisfactory as it is at present. The Russian peasants all love the Czar and the Czar is constantly working for the welfare of the peasants. Mr. Sands declared that there is no basis for the rumors of a secret treaty of alliance between Russia and Japan.

We read:

It is the firm opinion of Henderson W. Sloggs of Omaha, who arrived yesterday on the Cetacean, that Italy's measures in Tripoli are regarded with extreme dissatisfaction at Berlin and Vienna. At the same time, Mr. Sloggs insists that Italy was justified in acting as she did. Tripoli is a land of infinite promise and in the course of time can produce enough wheat to feed half the world. Mr. Sloggs's sojourn abroad was confined to Paris, London, and the Lakes of Killarney.

We read:

W. Dexter Jones, one of the lumber-kings of northern Michigan, when seen on board the Wilhelm, at Quarantine, said that during a two-days' stay in Berlin he became convinced that Ibsen had lost his hold on the German people. While at Berlin Mr. Jones took in three musical shows and the circus.

With so much news in the air, M. Maeterlinck would stand a very good chance of escaping notice.

PELATIAH WEBSTER AND THE CONSTITUTION.

In an article in the *North American Review* for August, 1907; in a memorial presented to Congress in May, 1908, and printed by its order; in his recent book, "The Origin and Growth of the American Constitution," and in several newspaper communications, Mr. Hannis Taylor has announced the discovery that Pelatiah Webster, a pamphleteer of the Revolutionary period, was the true designer or architect of the Constitution of the United States, having previously proposed the convention which constructed it. The claim must be treated seriously because of the importance of the subject and because Congress has given it currency by publishing it.

In the *North American Review* article Mr. Taylor says:

He [Webster] it was who first proposed in a public way the calling of the convention in which the present Constitution was made.

Again:

It is beyond question that Pelatiah Webster, in his financial essay of 1781, made the first public call for a convention to create an adequate system of Federal government.

In the memorial he adds:

Having thus taken the first step, he set himself to work to formulate in advance such an adequate system as the convention should adopt, whenever it might meet.

The "adequate system" was formulated in a pamphlet issued in 1783, which derives much of its force, according to Mr. Taylor, from the pamphlet of 1781 which paved the way for it.

I.

Mr. Taylor's authority for stating that Webster proposed a Continental convention in 1781 is the following paragraph by James Madison in his sketch of the origin of the Convention, first printed in 1840 as an introduction to the "Madison Papers," edited by Henry D. Gilpin:

In a pamphlet published in May, 81, at the seat of Congs. Pelatiah Webster, an able tho not conspicuous Citizen, after discussing the fiscal system of the U. States, and suggesting among other remedial provisions including [a] national Bank, remarks that "the Authority of Congs. at present is very inadequate to the performance of their duties; and this indicates the necessity of their calling a *Continental Convention* for the express purpose of ascertaining, defining, enlarging, and limiting, the duties & powers of their Constitution."

Madison further states, in the same sketch, that on April 1, 1783, in Congress, Alexander Hamilton said he wished to see a general convention called and would make a motion for that purpose in view of the recommendation of the New York Legislature; and Madison cites as his authority the "Life of Schuyler in Longacre" (Madison's Writings, Hunt, Ed. II, 401, 402). The citation is incorrect, however, the action of the New York Legislature being given in the sketch of *Hamilton* in Longacre ("National Portrait Gallery," Vol. II).

So is his statement of the authorship of the pamphlet of 1781 incorrect, for it was written by William Barton, and not by Pelatiah Webster. The title is, "Observations on the Nature and Use of Paper Credit," and it was "printed and sold by Thomas Aitken, at Pope's Head, three doors above the Coffee House." All libraries which have it attribute it to Barton, and it appears under his name in Hildebrun's "Issues of the Philadelphia Press, 1685-1784." Our interest, however, is not in knowing who wrote it, but who did not write it, and the proof that Pelatiah Webster was not the author is overwhelming. It is written in a flowing, scholarly style, and every principle advanced is supported by quotations from contemporaneous economic authorities, whereas Webster never quotes, and his simple, homely diction shows in every line the practical and shrewd mind of a man who studies his subject untrammelled by books. Webster reprinted most of his papers in 1791 and did not include this one among them. His essays are on kindred subjects, they follow one another in orderly array, and they refer to one another. That he should have written this essay and not spoken of it in some other essay is highly improbable. Moreover, he did not agree with the main proposition advanced in the pamphlet. It urged the establishment of a national bank, the funds to be raised by a lottery, to be immediately governed by fifty men chosen by Congress and to be controlled by a committee composed of one member named by each State. One searches in vain for an allusion to such a scheme in Webster's essays. In only one does he discuss banks—that of February 10, 1786, on "Credit; in which the Doctrine of Banks is Considered." Here he says a State or national bank "would tend immediately and directly to tyranny in the Government, because it would give the minister or ruler the command of a vast sum of money," and suggests that a State and private bank might be combined. His ideas do not remotely resemble those set forth in the pamphlet of 1781. It can be asserted with positiveness that no unbiassed mind can read Webster's pamphlets and this pamphlet without being certain that Webster did not write it. Madison's sketch in which the error of attributing the pamphlet to Webster occurred was written by him in extreme old age, and was not one of the papers which he prepared for posthumous publication. It is an exceedingly rough draft, was never revised, and was endorsed by him, "a sketch never finished nor applied" (Writings, II, 391). He remembered only in a general way the subjects on which Webster had written, more than fifty years had passed, and, finding the pamphlet on "Paper Credit" in his collection, he erroneously attributed it to Webster.

It is not so easy to understand how Mr. Taylor followed this error and used it as part of the foundation on which

he builds his panegyric of Webster. In his article in the *North American Review* and in his memorial he quotes, from George Bancroft's "History of the Constitution," the remarks on Webster's pamphlet of 1783 which occur on page 86 of Volume I; but he ignores Bancroft's remarks on the pamphlet of 1781 made on page 23 of the same volume, where Bancroft says:

In a pamphlet dated the twenty-fourth [of May, 1781] and dedicated to the congress of the United States of America and to the Assembly of Pennsylvania William Barton insisted [and so forth, as in Madison's quotation].

In a footnote on the same page Bancroft adds:

Not by Pelatiah Webster, as stated by Madison. . . . First: at a later period, Webster collected his pamphlets in a volume, and this one is not among them, a disclaimer which, under the circumstances, is conclusive. Secondly: the style of this pamphlet of 1781 is totally unlike the style of those collected by Pelatiah Webster. My friend F. D. Stone of Philadelphia was good enough to communicate to me the bill for printing the pamphlet; it was made out against William Barton and paid by him. Further: Barton from time to time wrote pamphlets, of which on a careful comparison, the style, language, and forms of expression are found to correspond to this pamphlet published in 1781. Without doubt it was written by William Barton.

Mr. Taylor does not completely ignore this statement in his book, however. Here he welds the pamphlets of 1781 and 1783 together more strongly than ever, so that when one falls, the other must have a precarious standing, and in a note (p. 27), dismisses Bancroft thus:

No attention should be paid to Bancroft's vain attempt to discredit Madison's statement. "History of the Constitution," I, 24, Note 3. Apart from Madison's great accuracy and Bancroft's well-known inaccuracy stands the fact that the call of 1781 was a natural part of Pelatiah Webster's initiative as now understood. Madison was on the ground and knew the facts; Bancroft's inference is based on flimsy hearsay nearly a century after the event. Bancroft never grasped the importance of Webster's work.

The logic of this remark is that the pamphlet of 1781 must have been written by Webster, in order to sustain the theory of long premeditation for the pamphlet of 1783. Mr. Taylor will find it hard, however, to make any one agree with him in thinking that a circumstantial averment like Bancroft's can properly be dismissed as an inference based on hearsay.

II.

After the primacy claimed for him in calling for a Convention, it is in order to examine the weakened claim that Webster designed the plan which the Convention adopted, but space limitations make it necessary to deal with only two or three points; they are, however, the strongest that can be brought forward for the claim. The pamphlet, in which the plan was given to the world is entitled "A Dissertation on the Political Union and Constitution of the Thirteen United States of North America." It was first published in 1783 and reprinted in Webster's collected pamphlets in 1791. It contains only two features which also appear in the Constitution—the power of Federal taxation and the bicameral Legislature—and there were no two principles of government better understood in the States at the time Webster wrote than these. The one had been discussed in and out of Congress for years; the other was an accepted policy in the States from the time of the Declaration of Independence. Lack of Federal power to tax without State intermediation was universally recognized as the great cause of the inefficiency of the Confederation. As Madison said:

But the radical infirmity of the "Arts. of Confederation" was the dependence of Congs. on the voluntary and simultaneous compliance with its Requisitions, by so many independent Communities, each consulting more or less its particular interests & convenience and distrusting the compliance of the others. (Writings II, 395.)

On February 3, 1781, Congress asked the States to vest power in it, to levy a duty of five per cent. on imports. On the same day the resolution was printed as a broadside and passed on to the street.

The taxing power was much debated in the convention of 1787, and, finally, emerged with restrictions. There were half a dozen members of the convention who had been members of the Congress of 1781, and nearly all the members had been in other Congresses, where the subject of Federal taxation had been discussed before and after Webster wrote.

A bicameral Legislature was proposed in the Virginia plan, presented to the Convention as soon as it had a quorum, and two days later agreed to without dissent, except from Pennsylvania, which was the only State that did not have a Legislature of two chambers. Edmund Randolph explained to the Convention on May 31 that the object was to guard against "the turbulence and follies of democracy." On June 7, John Dickinson said he wished the Senate to bear as strong a likeness as possible to the British House of Lords. We need look no further for the Convention's reasons in agreeing at once to a Legislature of two chambers.

IV.

Webster deliberately omitted from his plan recommendation of a Federal judiciary, and so far as we can judge from his writings had no conception of such a one as the Constitution provided for. Here it is my duty to call attention to a carelessness of quotation and statement on Mr. Taylor's part of so grave a character that it has given an entirely incorrect idea of Webster's meaning. In his *North American Review* article, he gives what purports to be a connected quotation of a passage from Webster's pamphlet, but a sentence has been interjected in it from a different part of the pamphlet, a vital word has been changed in the most important sentence and from this sentence a qualifying clause has been omitted. The *Review* article does not, of course, print Webster's pamphlet, which the reader would have to consult to detect these errors and the pamphlet was not then readily accessible. Following is the passage as quoted in the *Review*, italics indicating the misleading portions:

These ministers [of state] will of course have the best information, and most perfect knowledge, of the state of the Nation as far as it relates to their several departments, and will of course be able to give the best information to Congress, in what manner any bill proposed will affect the public interest in their several departments, which will nearly comprehend the whole. The Financier manages the whole subject of revenues and expenditures—the Secretary of State takes knowledge of the general policy and internal government—the Minister of War presides in the whole business of war and defence—and the Minister of Foreign Affairs regards the whole state of the nation, as it stands related to, or connected with, all foreign powers. *To these I should add judges of law and chancery. I would further propose that the aforesaid great ministers of state shall compose a Council of State, to whose number Congress may add three others, viz., one from New England, one from the Middle States and one from the Southern States, one of which is to be appointed President by Congress.* (Vol. 185, p. 820.)

There is nothing here to indicate what is the fact, that after the sentence describing the duties of the Ministers, a whole paragraph about the Secretary of State has been omitted; but that is not important. The sentence about judges of law and chancery has been changed by substituting the word *should* for *would* and by leaving off half of the original sentence, and the sentence which follows had nothing to do with this part of the argument, but has been inserted from a different part of the pamphlet.

What Webster really said, after speaking of the Ministers, was (italics marking the variation from the passage given by Mr. Taylor):

To these [*i. e.*, the Ministers of State] I *would* add Judges of law and chancery; *but I fear they will not be very soon appointed—the one supposes the existence of law, and the other of equity—and when we shall be altogether convinced of the absolute necessity of the real and effectual existence of both these we shall probably appoint proper heads to preside in those departments—I would therefore propose,*

3. *That when any bill shall pass the second reading in the house in which it*

originates, and before it shall be finally enacted, copies of it shall be sent to each of the said ministers of state, in being at the time, who shall give said house in writing the fullest information in their power, &c. (Edition of 1791, p. 214.)

Seven pages further on in the pamphlet, as the sixth of his main propositions, occurs the sentence about the Ministers of State, "I would further propose that the aforesaid great Ministers," etc. The plain truth is that Mr. Taylor has made Webster propose a Federal judiciary when he did not do so.

V.

In his memorial which precedes the reprint of the pamphlet, and in his book, Mr. Taylor treats this part of Webster's plan somewhat differently, but hardly less recklessly. There he connects Webster's statement that "the supreme authority" should be vested with power to decide controversies between States with the "judges of law and chancery," and finds the entire judicial system distinctly outlined (p. 18 of the memorial); but Webster's "supreme authority" was nothing but Congress, and he meant to continue in it the authority which it already had with reference to controversies between States. He gave it similar authority when he provided that any one who should disobey the "supreme authority" should be "summoned and compelled to appear before Congress."

VI.

Not only did Webster have no discernible part in framing the Constitution, but he did not understand it after it was framed. His own plan had kept all power in Congress, as it was under the old government, and he did not grasp the fact that coördinate and coequal branches had been erected beside Congress. He seems to have thought that the President was a third house. In his essay, published October 12, 1787, in reply to the address against the Constitution issued by sixteen members of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, he says:

> 2. Their next objection is against a *legislature consisting of three branches.* This is so far from an objection that I consider it an advantage. The most weighty and important affairs of the Union must be transacted in Congress; the most essential counsels must he there decided, *which must all go thro' three several discussions in three different chambers.* . . . At any rate I think it very plain that our chance of a right decision in a *Congress of three branches* is much greater than in one of a single chamber. (Edition of 1791, pp. 404, 405.)

An impartial reading of his essay "The Weakness of Brutus Exposed," published November 4, 1787, and on the "Seat of Federal Government," published September 21, 1789, shows that he had not yet shaken off the habit of thinking of the Federal Government as simply and solely Congress.

I disclaim any wish to detract from the merit of Pelatiah Webster, who was a sound thinker and a patriotic man. Undoubtedly, by his essays on financial subjects, he influenced his time in favor of a stronger central government. Probably his essay on the Federal Union had a general influence in the same direction, although few of the propositions he advanced found a place in the Constitution and none because he had made them, and his plan, as a whole, was completely ignored. GAILLARD HUNT.

Washington, D. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the final volume of the Memorial edition of Meredith, just published, is included a list of the errata observed by Mr. Esdaile and me in the three volumes of poems (Vols. XXIV to XXVI of this edition). This list, having been prepared in England, and being identical in the volume printed there by Constable and in the United States by Scribner, naturally does not include notice of the errata peculiar to the American volumes. For the patriot must acknowledge with chagrin that many printer's errors have crept in this side the Atlantic of which the British text is innocent. Leaving out of account matters of punctuation, and apart from obvious typographical accidents (such as may be found on pages 108, 146, and 191 of the third volume of poems), there appear in the American volumes at least a score of perversions in the forms of words, some of which might be serious stumbling blocks to the reader. The following are those which I have observed: In Vol I, line 7 of page 129, *Scarccably* for *Scarcely;* 15 of 171, *enemy's* for *enemies';* 11 of 186, *women* for *woman;* in Vol. II, line 1 of page 6, *hunting* for *haunting;* 15 of 115, *Reason's* for *Reason;* 4 of 154, *noonrise* for *moonrise;* 10 of 195, *then* for *than;* 4 of 197, *stuck* for *struck;* 12 of 270, *damned* for *dammed;* in Vol. III, line 13 of page 90, *Like* for *Liker;* 12 of 106, *illumine* for *illume;* 22 of 106, *has* for *had;* 20 of 120, *an* for *on;* 20 of 123, *mid* for *amid;* 17 of 146, *the* for *her;* 7 of 154, *of* for *the;* 23 of 181, *words* for *word;* 32 of 196, *labyrinth's* for *labyrinths;* 25 of 203, *earthly* for *earthy;* 12 of 205, *needs* for *deeds.*

In reference to the Memorial text of the poems as it appears in the volumes of Constable, as well as Scribner, the reader should heed this further warning of a set of errors more important perhaps than the verbal errors resulting from misprint. These mistakes concern the division of the irregular strophes, or groups of lines, in such poems as the "Empty Purse." In a large number of cases there is in the Memorial text no indication of this strophic division; no break is made in the continuity of the text on the page. To specify: there is no break indicated after any of the following lines, of which I give in each case the last word, each of which was intended by Meredith for the last of a group: In Vol. I, line 23 of page 4, *churchyard;* 1 of 8, *no;* 23 of 8, *infantwise;* 12 of 151, *fountain;* 19 of 256, *floor;* in Vol. II, line 8 of page 200, *Helios;* 21 of 252, *herb;* in Vol. III, line 16 of page 15, *wave;* 12 of 16, *sing;* 20 of 28, *brayed;* 19 of 37, *sped;* 31 of 38, *touched;* 21 of 39, *elect;* 2 of 43, *Fiend;* 15 of 46, *knell;* 19 of 50, *stream;* 9 of 53, *voice;* 30 of 53, *calf;* 21 of 54, *accursed;* 20 of 125, *forcdoom;* 15 of 129, *instrument;* 7 of 130, *lie;* 21 of 135, *scourged;* 27 of 138, *sky;* 11 of 152, *dirt;* 9 of 160, *flanks;* 13 of 166, *assigned;* 12 of 180, *victory;* 15 of 190, *break;* 16 of 200, *sang;* 24 of 202, *swayed;* 6 of 206, *range;* 22 of 206, *youth;* 28 of 206, *goals;* 18 of 239, *believe;* 21 of 250, *day.*

The occasion for most of these errors is simple enough. In the majority of cases the line cited comes at the bottom of a page in the Constable Library edition (Vols. I-III of the poems in 1898, Vol. IV in 1910), upon which the text of the Memorial edition is based. And as there is nothing to indicate that the first line of the succeeding page does not belong to the same group, no break is indicated in the text of the Memorial edition. In a few cases of lines which do not come at the end of the page in the Library edition, no break is indicated in that text, because in the texts upon which it was based, the lines did come at the end of the page without indication of break. In two cases the Library edition is unfaithful to the earlier text for no apparent reason. A case by itself is the "Centenary of Garibaldi" (III, 243), in which there is no division indicated between the first and second quatrains. And, conversely, breaks in the text have been erroneously introduced after line 25 of III, 42 (first introduced in the Library edition), and after line 16 of III, 48.

Meantime the Memorial edition has followed the blind practice which chiefly gave rise to this confusion,—that of making no indication of the strophic division when the last line of a group falls at the end of a page. The reader has no indication of the strophic division at the bottom of pages 83, 105, 258, 259 of Vol. I; pages 68 and 205 of Vol. II; and pages 25, 28, 34, 35, 37, 39, 45, 47, 48, 50, 70, 96, 127, 128, 153, 156, 160, 161, 162, 179, 190, and 202 of Vol. III.

We should note, before leaving this subject, that we have now the key to the curious grouping of the stanzas of "Love in the Valley" as it appears in the popular two-volume pocket edition (Constable and Scribner). Here, save for the first and last, the stanzas are printed in groups of twos separated by lines of periods. This grouping, which has no relation to the sense, has been the source of great bewilderment to at least one reader; and it is a relief to find it merely the result of misunderstanding. In "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," 1883, Macmillan follows each stanza of this poem with three asterisks, as the stanzas of the poem in its earlier form were separated by short horizontal lines in the 1851 "Poems." In the Constable Library edition, however, only those stanzas are followed with asterisks that do not fall at the bottom of the page. But as every other stanza, beginning with the second, does fall at the bottom, it evidently remained in doubt thenceforward whether it were separate from, or to be connected with, the stanza that follows; and in the pocket edition the wrong interpretation was made. Hence endless confusion, no doubt, to numerous readers of what is probably Meredith's best-loved poem.

The general reader will be contented to feel that he has, in the Memorial edition, a handsomely printed and comprehensive col-

lection of the poems (as well as the prose writings) of the great novelist. The more scholarly reader will note that he has yet to look for an edited and authoritative text at least of the poems.

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THE ETHICS OF BUSINESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The continued prosecutions of the Trusts have drawn the attention of the community to the peculiarities of the problem without suggesting any explanation of its existence, beyond an hysterical insistence upon the personal depravity of the promoters of Trusts. We have, indeed, been told that the Trusts are manifestations of economic forces beyond the control of legislation, and we have been assured that remedies are, therefore, useless; since the true remedy must evolve from the action and interaction of the same forces which gave birth to the problem itself. But the problem is by no means entirely economic. The facts really difficult to explain are oftener psychological, and relate to the attitude of business men to one another and to the community. To the unprejudiced observer it is puzzling to see a sane, clear-headed man, who is in private life an admirable father, a sincere Christian, and a "pillar of the church," break completely in business the bounds of fair dealing, and rob and ruin his fellow men, not against the law, but through its forms. He would believe himself a thief if he took a silver spoon from his neighbor's dinner table; but he will steal his neighbor's whole fortune in Wall Street through some stock deal, and, *mirabile dictu*, be proud of it. This consciousness of rectitude, this attitude of injured innocence, which the business man assumes when his dealings are questioned, is the hardest thing of all to explain.

Yet in searching for our remedies for "big business" we have been too prone to credit the Rockefellers and Morgans with intentional wrong-doing, and too forgetful of the fact that their defence rests upon the traditional notions of the race about trade. Our remedies have been futile because ill-directed. In fact, the business ethics which supports the Wall Street gamblers and stock-waterers, finds its origin in the primitive conception of trade. The commonest defence is this: what you say is all right in every-day life, but in business it's different. We are dealing, in other words, with the existence of a double standard, one at home and one at the office. Moreover, that double standard is one of the oldest things the legal world knows about, for the earliest notion of a merchant is that he is not like other men, and that his actions are therefore governed by a special law. The Law Merchant was for centuries in England and other countries a special law governing exclusively the relations of merchants with one another, and had courts, judges, and procedure of its own. They were not amenable to the ordinary law of the land. If one merchant robbed another, the common law was not concerned. So the centuries during which all merchants and business men were governed by their own courts completely absolved, so far as business went, from the regular judicial hierarchy, laid, little by little, but firmly, that fundamental modern notion that somehow business need not accord with ordinary morality and legality.

The notion of the modern "muck-raker" is equally old. So far as concerns the relation of the merchant to his customer, all primitive law is based on the conception that merchants are thieves and steal from the rest of the community when they can. In fact, the early law looks on trade as only a species of stealing, and all its first regulations are aimed at preventing the merchant from getting an undue advantage of the purchaser, always providing that the latter is not himself a merchant; for the early law is concerned only with thefts and broken contracts between merchants and other people. When, therefore, a new form arises in the business world like the Trust, whose operations seem strange and unaccustomed, two notions at once are fathered by the primitive ideas about trade: first, the idea in the makers of the Trust, that their proceedings are perfectly legitimate; secondly, the idea of the consumers, that the Trust was formed to rob them. The battle waged between the two is, however, peculiar. The Trusts plead their "privilege," their exemption from the operation of ordinary law. The people plead the ordinary law, and declare that the burden of proof lies on the Trusts, for, according to all precedent, they are assumed to be thieves, and must prove their innocence. Here again the real defence of each lies too deeply imbedded in the past to be dislodged by statutes or prosecutions. The courts may apply the ordinary law, the people may apply the "ordinary" code of ethics, and certain men may be punished or deterred from action; but the real difficulty, the double standard, the idea that business has an ethics of its own, will not be eradicated so easily. We are concerned to-day, not with the remedying of forms and phrases, but with the gigantic problem of sloughing off the *thinking* of primitive men, with the immensely difficult task of making the thoughts as well as the clothes of the community modern.

ROLAND G. USHER.

Washington University, St. Louis, December 16.

POETS IN MEXICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It might appear from the amount of poetry, rhymed and unrhymed, that adorns the pages of most of the public prints to the south of us, that conditions in the Spanish Republics were particularly favorable to the production of that commodity. But even there the course of poesy does not always run smooth, as is shown by a very remarkable recent happening in Mexico. The Spanish "Society of Covadonga" had announced a prize of five hundred pesos for the best poem in honor of the Mother Country across the ocean. The announcement brought twenty-one eloquent responses; but alas, when the twenty-one hopeful ode-builders and their friends assembled in the Teatro Principal of Mexico City on the evening of October 31, they were thunderstruck to learn that all the poems submitted were "so deplorable, so far beneath the grandeur of the subject, so insignificant, that the jury found themselves reduced to the sad necessity of refusing to award the prize."

Among the twenty-one slighted bards was one whose proud Castilian soul refused to bow to the decision of even so august a body as the Junta Española of Covadonga. He presented his case, a few days ago, in the columns of the leading Mexico City daily, *El Imparcial*, with all the eloquent fervor that so glorious—and lucrative—a cause demands:

> The lofty amplitude of the standard set by your important daily, and the unforgetable gallantry with which your columns have honored my name, impel me to ask your noble hospitality for this letter and for the poem which accompanies it.
>
> I should be unfaithful to the tradition of civic courage which I have established in the past, if on this occasion—as never happened on any occasion during my long literary life on the Old Continent—I were to fail to step into the breach and furnish a needed personal example. . . .

Why, continues this literary Arnold Winkelried, should the jury, not satisfied with refusing a pecuniary reward to filial virtue, add insult to injury by impugning the intellect of Spain's eulogists? Why, if no one poem was preëminently meritorious, should they not have divided the sum equally among twenty-one not too prosperous versifiers? What right has such a jury, anyway, to set an arbitrary standard of excellence when their business is neither more nor less than to ladle out five hundred pesos? How would it be possible, moreover, for twenty-one bards to sing of so inspiring a subject and not one wander, even by accident, into a melodious and stirring strain? And in conclusion:

> I feel impelled, by way of protest against the offensive tone taken by this jury, to do something positive. The only way to prove whether the jury was justified in insulting these unrewarded poets—not content with refusing to reward them—is to publish the compositions which were presented. So, to set the matter in motion, I publish mine. . . .
>
> Thanking you, Señor Editor, for your kindness, it is a particular pleasure to me to reiterate that I am your most earnest friend and reliable humble servant, who hereby kisses your hands.
>
> FERNANDO DE ANTON DEL OLMET,
> Marquis of Dosfuentes.

Then follows the poem, an enthusiastic effort, indeed.

If the jury had been rewarding superlatives, they should have been compelled to give some recognition to the Marquis's eulogy—which really has some fine lines, for the reader who is able to Latinize himself sufficiently. Friends of the Muse will watch the columns of *El Imparcial* to see if the other poets follow this spirited example.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Norman, Okla., December 7.

FOREIGN AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one reads the account of the riotous demonstration which broke up the peace meeting at Carnegie Hall on December 12, perhaps the first aspect of the affair which impresses one is the grim humor of the situation, as illustrating the unforeseen difficulties which the friends of peace are likely to encounter among their own fellow-citizens, before their plans for

international amity can be accomplished. On further consideration, however, the amusing features fade out of sight, in comparison with a real and formidable danger which the incident suggests. This has nothing to do directly with the fate of the peace treaties. The efforts to obtain their ratification will proceed to their ultimate success or failure, irrespective of what Mr. Koelblo and his German-American Citizens League think about it. But what of the future influence upon the solidity of our nation, resulting from groups of citizens who, upon such a public occasion, act not as Americans, but as qualified Americans? This is not the first time that bodies of citizens have acted upon motives inspired by alien affiliations, nor will it be the last. Almost exactly four years ago, when New York was endeavoring to establish a more quiet Sunday, there were emphatic protests from large gatherings of German-Americans, who felt that their rights were infringed upon. From time to time other groups of what somebody has called hyphenated Americans have come to the front with opinions or claims dictated by racial considerations rather than by the needs and welfare of the nation. The character of the reception accorded to the visiting Irish players within the last few weeks has been influenced, in some important instances, by Irish-American societies. If, for any conceivable reason, the United States should be drawn into the Italian-Turkish controversy, she would find that a large number of her citizens would take an attitude determined by Mediterranean racial ties rather than by American citizenship. The Russian passport controversy presents a somewhat different aspect, inasmuch as the discrimination in this case is made by a foreign nation rather than by any body of our citizens. Yet it illustrates forcibly the problems which may be thrust upon this Government through the existence of heterogeneous groups of population in its body politic, and it is easy to imagine a situation where the diversity of interests might be emphasized by Hebrews within our own borders rather than by a foreign country.

Thus far in our history this danger has never assumed serious proportions, partly because our qualified Americans have mainly been of two or three principal races—the Germans, the Irish, and the Scandinavians—all of whom have inherited, for generations back, sentiments, principles, and habits of mind similar in the main, and which, in the persons of the early settlers of this country, made America. But when the time comes, visible in the not far distant future, when, in addition to these, we shall have large and influential groups and organizations of Italian-Americans, Croatian-Americans, Russian-Americans, and a host of others, each with its own set of racial and national prejudices and interests, the solidarity of the nation will be in a precarious position. If these adopted elements of our population wish to win and keep the sympathy of the American people as a whole, they will wisely refrain from exhibiting, publicly at least, views and opinions based on any other allegiance than that of an American citizen.

HENRY P. FAIRCHILD.

New Haven, Conn., December 18.

"A CHINESE APPEAL TO CHRISTENDOM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review in the *Nation* you refer to the volume "A Chinese Appeal to Christendom concerning Christian Missions," as demanding "very slight consideration" on the ground that it is a "forgery and a self-confessed deceit." Your reviewer writes further that "criticisms must be presented by an honest man to command respectful notice."

We suggest that the contentions submitted in a volume like this (or for that matter in any volume), might more justly (and more usefully as far as the readers of the review are concerned) be described or criticised on the basis of their intrinsic value rather than to be dismissed because the author has not put his own name on the title page.

A dismissal of a volume as "fraudulent" and as not entitled to consideration, on the ground that the author had hidden his personality behind some pseudonym, or that he had on the title page assumed a nationality to which he had no claim, would include in a similar condemnation a long series of books from "Les Lettres persanes" of Montesquieu, and "The Hindu Studies of Sir Alfred Lyall" to the "Letters from John Chinaman," by so recent and so widely accepted an author as Lowes Dickinson.

At the time we brought into publication the American edition of the "Chinese Appeal," it was our own understanding that the name of Lin Shao-Yang on the title page stood for that of a Chinese writer. The author took pains to inform us later that Lin Shao-Yang was a *nom de plume*. He explained, however, that he had been for many years a resident of China, and had come into close sympathetic relations with Chinese circles, both of low and of high degree. He asserted further that, while the pen was that of an English writer, the thoughts, feelings, and protests presented in the book were those of Chinese friends, associates, and acquaintances, who had asked him to be their spokesman to the outer world. A volume, written in this fashion, is not to be classed with the "foreign correspondence" of a "Jefferson Brick," conducted in the home office of a New York journal. In any case, if the book be an honest statement, and an accurate description of opinions and conditions of which the author has personal knowledge, it is, we suggest, not in order to dismiss it as "of no importance"; while the classification of the book as a "fraud" and "a deceit" because the author, in assuming a foreign name, has followed a long series of famous precedents, constitutes, we maintain, a literary injustice.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

New York, December 18.

[There is a distinction in kind between such a book as that in which Mr. Dickinson under a thin literary disguise compares Eastern with Western civilization, and the attempt of a writer to undermine a particular set of men and a particular movement in China by pretending to speak as a Chinese.—THE REVIEWER.]

CRIME AND SENTIMENTALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial remarks on the relation of sentimentalism to crime, in recent issues of the *Nation*, have caused me to notice instances of this sort of thing in the daily press. The following, from the *Wisconsin State Journal* of Madison, is typical of half-a-dozen such instances:

A fellow named Samenfink was arraigned before Judge August Backus at Milwaukee for killing a companion in a saloon fight. Judge Backus said, "You are sentenced to support the widow of the man you killed," and has taken steps to see that Samenfink does this.

Lawyers will laugh heartily over this, for the statutes describe crimes and prescribe the penalties therefor, and the penalties all say that the guilty man shall be locked up where he can be of little good to himself or any one else. The killer's great offence is that he has done some more or less indirect injury to society, and that there is possibility of reparation to widow or orphan doesn't enter into the matter at all.

Evidently, Judge Backus is no great shucks as a lawyer, but just a man of hard sense, with a fine idea of substantial justice. Occasionally we find one of that sort on the bench.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

Madison, Wis., December 18.

Literature

PALESTINE TO-DAY.

Palestine and Its Transformation. By Ellsworth Huntington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrations and maps. $2 net.

Among books on Palestine and Syria this, by dint of its suggestive and persuasive originality, should take a leading and permanent place. In it a professed geographer for the first time approaches a definitely connected series of historical and cultural Biblical problems. We have had the theologian interested in geography, the Orientalist interested in theology, and even the geologist with memories of the Bible. But now the comparatively new science of geography—new, at least, in this country as a university discipline—vindicates its claim to a separate and real existence. For this book is specifically different from all its predecessors on Palestine. And the earth, to Professor Huntington, is no dead thing on which men walk and with which they do as they will, but it has its breathings and pulsations, as though it were in truth an animal by itself as the old geographers dreamed.

But though everywhere this freshness of touch appears, it is in the latter half of the book that Professor Huntington's principal contribution is made. When applied baldly to topography the formulæ of the geographer and geologist do not seem to the layman, at least in themselves, to lead us far. It does not sound convincing as an explanation of the history of Judea to hear that it is a peneplain broken up into a dissected plateau, and it is really Mr. Hunting-

ton's own luminous descriptions and analyses which carry off his technicalities. He makes us see the uniquely isolated plateau of Judea, the heart of the country; the accessible Samaria; the difference between Philistia and Phœnicia; the tremendous trench of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and the wilderness of Judea sloping to the great dry land of the south.

Then he passes from this examination and description of the land, geographic district by district, to a consideration of the climate and its mutations, and applies the hypothesis of pulsatory changes of climate, already stated in his "Pulse of Asia." Here he is on ground peculiarly his own, and is facing the great problems not only of this land but of many others. It is an unescapable fact that Palestine once supported an indefinitely larger population than it does at present; that its surrounding deserts were traversed again and again by great armies along routes now, for lack of water, virtually impassable, and, save for handfuls of hungry Bedawin, uninhabitable; that in the desert beyond Jordan there were great cities with sufficient abundance of water to supply baths and naumachias; that trade routes were in regular use which can now be attempted only by a few travellers at the risk of their lives and of half of their beasts, or not at all. For all this the history of the rise and fall of Palmyra is most significant. By the gradual drying and closing of routes across the desert to the south, it grew for a time to be a town of wealth and importance. But, later, the route which it commanded became in its turn impassable; the caravans went still further north, and Palmyra sank in drought and hunger.

But the change was not uniform; it seems often to have been spasmodic. Why does the population of the desert overflow, with more or less permanent results? And when the desert thus moves, it is certain that nothing can turn it. It is evidently driven by hard economic necessity which knows no restraint and fears no barrier. Of two such great migrations we definitely know, and beyond question there were others. Tribes, among whom were the Hebrews, came out of the desert and threw themselves on the more fertile surrounding lands. Much later, the Arab tribes under the banner of Islam did the same. Forced by what law did they move?

To answer these questions, Mr. Huntington rehearses the various theories of climate. Some have held that climate, except for small, regular variations, is uniform, finding their explanation of the difference between the present situation and the past in bad government—an explanation which does not explain. Government in the East cannot fill the wells of the desert and make naumachias possible in the barren plateau beyond Jordan any more than a Republican administration here can insure good crops. Others find the secret in deforestation; but it is at least as certain that forests grow where there is water as that rain falls and water is preserved where there are forests. Further, Palestine, with its population, can never have been so densely wooded as really to attract rain. Thus this hypothesis does not sufficiently explain the general situation and completely fails when applied to such an individual case as Palmyra. A third view accepts a change in climate, but makes it a comparatively steady process of drying, extending from the glacial period into historic times. In this there is undoubtedly much truth, but it does not meet all the facts; especially it does not meet the evidence that there have been recurrent dry periods in the past. In consequence, there is much to be said for Mr. Huntington's own hypothesis of gradual drying, combined with considerable temporary fluctuations. That is, on his curve of climatic change, he would insert several large "humps" and an infinity of smaller ones, yet all tending gradually towards dryness.

The "humps" he then endeavors to bring into agreement with the known movements of history. When there was rain enough and crops prospered, there was peace in the lands; but when rain and crops failed, the pinch came, the peoples were restless, and if the drought were long continued, there were great migrations. That such causes were contributory to the greater popular wanderings no one can doubt. Questionings can rise only when we try to establish elaborate synchronisms between hypothetically plotted curves of climate and the accepted eras of history. In this book, three great eras are found, both of climate and of history. The first, the primitive historic, ends about 1200 B. C., with a sudden dip to dryness and the chaos of the Aramean migrations. The second spans the life of Israel in Palestine, of the Greeks in their islands and peninsula, of Italy in the west and Assyria and Persia in the east, and ends about 600 A. D. in another dry period and in the movements of the Muslim armies on Asia and Africa and of the barbarian hordes on Europe. The third runs to our own time and may, in its turn, end in drought and movements of the peoples.

How Mr. Huntington works out his synchronisms cannot be treated in detail here. In that connection, he has an elaborate and exceedingly interesting examination of the strands of the Dead Sea with Caspian parallels and a geological suggestion as to the site of Sodom. Another chapter of extreme interest is that contributed, as to its facts and opinions, by Prof. H. C. Butler of Princeton. That the physical conditions of Syria as a whole have altered greatly since the early part of the Christian era he is convinced, and he here gives the archæological evidence for it, the most striking part of which, perhaps, is a chronological curve of inscriptions, according to their number, showing the variations in architectural activity and presumably in prosperity.

Of course, much in all this is conjectural, and some few points are open to immediate correction. Thus, when Douglas Carruthers of the British Museum (quoted on p. 331) was told by the Shararat Arabs that their tribe, driven by a seven years' drought, had migrated in the days of Mohammed through Egypt to Tunis, the statement must be regarded as a legendary reflection of the historical raid by Bedawi tribes on Egypt and north Africa in the eleventh century A. D., reflected otherwise in the Beni Hilal romance. On the historical basis for this raid, reference should be made to Hartmann's article in the *Zeitschrift für afrikanische und oceanische Sprachen*, IV, pp. 311 ff. But, all in all, Mr. Huntington's book marks a new and definite departure in the investigation of the history of the civilization of Syria.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Likely Story. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

By far the most amusing part of this book is the "Apology in Confidence" which brings up its rear. "An Affair of Dishonor" was not received with enthusiasm by either Mr. De Morgan's critics or his audience. Not only were reviewers unanimous in the opinion that the book showed a sad lapse from the writer's standards, but lay admirers besieged him with letters of regret and condolence. Mr. De Morgan here delivers a whimsical apology for having given the public what it did not expect of him. "He cannot free himself from a haunting sense that he was guilty of a gross neglect in not giving them fuller warning that the said fifth volume was not Early Victorian, either in style or substance." He is aware of the great principle that an artist is rightly expected to produce, at regular intervals, "a picture or a volume on all fours with the work from his hand which has first attracted public attention." In order to justify that expectation, he himself should have offered in his fifth novel not only something Early Victorian, but something Suburban. This he failed to do, and for his failure he confesses that he has been properly punished.

This is excellent fooling, but, of course, it does not go to the root of the general discontent with "An Affair of Dishonor." This fact is made clear enough by the very extracts from reviews and letters which Mr. De Morgan

here marshals. The upshot of their complaint is not primarily that a beloved writer has done something new, but that he has done something worthless, or nearly so. "An Affair of Dishonor" is a dull and commonplace story. And as the novelist had done nothing dull or commonplace so long as he dealt with "Victorian" people and events, it was only human and natural that we should lament his departure from that living scene. The truth is, this "apology" shows our friend himself in an engagingly human and natural mood. He is put out by the fizzle of "An Affair," and shows his pique. His mistake is in attempting to defend that lifeless yarn: it is clear that he does not himself feel the essential difference in sincerity and spontaneity between that figment of historical romance and his true stories. As for "A Likely Story" he prides himself on its being so constructed as to suit all parties, Victorian in its main substance, with a "very pretty suburb" involved, and only a hundred thousand words or so in length, instead of the quarter of a million which has been deprecated by critics of the earlier books. It is, in fact, a recognizable and fairly creditable De Morgan. With the somewhat humdrum group of Londoners and suburban folk who conduct the main action, is involved an episode of the Italian cinquecento, conveyed to our moderns by the lips of a talking picture and of a supplementary manuscript. Some such ghostly connection of past and present played a part, it will be recalled, in "Alice-for-Short." Here the rôle of the picture spook is of greater importance, since she is cast as practical adviser and benefactor to the present. Where the book falls short of its "Victorian" forerunners is in the lack of lovable characters. But if there was one thing that readers of "Joseph Vance" and "Somehow Good" could not reasonably expect of Mr. De Morgan, it was that he should go on indefinitely creating Lossies and Christophers and Sallies for our affections to twine about.

Jane Dawson. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

Of the two leading interests in this story, one is the later life of a betrayed woman; the other the theological warfare between a strict and narrow sect and what the author calls sometimes agnosticism, sometimes Unitarianism. Whether this use of language is part of the Georgia local coloring is a question which may be left to the American Unitarian Association, without benefit of book-reviewer. There are several good sermons in the book which may serve as evidence. The woman fears that her unbelief, the natural fruit of her early bitter wrongs, may work injury to her son in the sight of the congregation and of the girl he loves. The son, as free a thinker as herself, has for rival a man at the opposite pole of belief from his own, and thus war is waged between the doxies and between the more instinctive forces of love and hate and spite. Of revenge, there is an exemplary, if unusual, absence. There are effective climaxes and surprising anti-climaxes. Quite dramatically striking is Jane Dawson's resolve to appear in the long-unvisited church, in order to renounce disbelief for her son's sake. But the passionately fond relation between mother and son which makes this resolve ring true takes away all substance from the scene where George first knowingly faces the father—however repentant—who had ruined his mother's life, and, far from condemning, seeks to comfort him. It remains to say that parish tyrannies, free thinking, tortured hearts, sermons, and love scenes are combined readably, if not with the strictest feeling for art. Welcome will be the day when at least the educated in stories shall cease to say "like I did."

The Moon Lady. By Helen Huntington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Moon Lady is an American, a widow, a famous novelist, and a dipsomaniac. Unfortunate in her parents, she has been exceptionally fortunate in her breeding, and the strange charm and force of her young womanhood make her the wife of an honest and well-to-do New Yorker of good social standing. It is he who calls her "the moon lady," and he worships her always as a superior being. Nevertheless, though he is not her match in brilliancy, he has the physical and moral stability she lacks, and before his death sees very clearly the perils of her temperament. Their only son inherits the father's stamina. When the story proper opens, Humphrey Wylde is a promising young architect, on the verge of successful love. He is devoted to his mother (who bears the Herrickean name of Dioneme) without very well understanding her. She, for her part, thinks of him as a nice, solid, rather stupid boy: her maternal nature is not fully developed. Her success as the writer of a somewhat fanciful and effusive type of fiction is assured, and she makes enough money to maintain a very comfortable establishment in New York. The fact that she is the chief "provider" already gives Humphrey uneasiness, and he is most anxious to make head with his profession on that account. But Mrs. Wylde's fondness for stimulants passes from the deplorable to the impossible. She is always on the verge of excess; and it presently devolves upon the son to give up his profession and his hopes of marriage in order to become the attendant and protector of his mother. The situation would be more dignified if so much stress were not laid upon the hushing-up motive for Humphrey's sacrifice. But he makes it in good faith, and, as it seems, in vain. The world, led by the insinuations of a villanous rival, is ingenuous enough to set him down as a mere idler, preferring to live on his mother's bounty, and keeping her from society so that she might not be distracted from her output. The girl of his choice is able to believe this. But, of course, it is all straightened out in the end. Dioneme, almost *in extremis*, discovers what her son's sacrifice has been, and declares her own fault in a final burst of womanliness and magnanimity. The tale, not without its melodramatic elements of plot, is told with delicacy and even distinction of style.

A SPANISH ANARCHIST.

The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer. By William Archer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3 net.

Two years have elapsed since the judicial assassination of Francisco Ferrer. During that time, little has appeared in print which would aid the intelligent reader in forming an unbiassed judgment with reference to Ferrer, the man, the educational movement he promulgated, and the sinister events which culminated in the tragedy of Montjuich. Legends have grown up around Ferrer's name. The campaign of calumny instituted by his clerical opponents has been met with exaggerated eulogiums on the part of friends until the truth seemed hopelessly obscured. Happily, an impartial biographer has been found in Mr. Archer, whose religious and political opinions predispose him to neither side of the controversy, and whose one purpose is to arrive at the truth. In this attempt he has been successful, as readers of *McClure's Magazine* already know.

First of all, the author dispels the legend which represents Ferrer as a monster in private life. The true story of his unfortunate marriage indicates that he was more sinned against than sinning. The man who refrained from pressing charges against the woman who had attempted his life deserves credit for an unusual degree of chivalry. That he was a devoted father appears from the evidence of his daughters. On the other hand, he was far from a model of puritanic virtue. In early life he was deeply compromised in anarchistic plots, and doubtless approved of the methods of terrorism. But with years came disillusion. He eventually pinned his faith to the cause of education and literary propaganda. At the very moment when the Barcelona riots were in progress, the alleged instigator and chief of the revolution was quietly engaged in translating, out of the English, moral books for the young of a distinctly "goody-goody" sort, careful only to expurgate all denominational allusions.

A bequest from a French lady, Mlle.

Meunier, enabled Ferrer to realize a long cherished educational project. The result was the famous Escuela Moderna of Barcelona. There children of tender years were taught to hate capitalism, government, religion. The effect of such a nursery of anarchy in Spain's most turbulent province caused concern to those in authority. Few will blame the Spanish Government for closing its doors; yet perhaps some such harsh protest was necessary. The parochial schools were notoriously bad, and the secular educational system little better. If at the present day the municipality of Barcelona is studying the public school systems of America and Europe in an earnest endeavor to improve its own, no small part of this newly awakened interest is directly traceable to Francisco Ferrer.

The crime of the Calle Mayor was the beginning of Ferrer's end. Although a civil tribunal acquitted him of complicity in the attempt upon the lives of Spain's Sovereigns, nevertheless his connection with the anarchist Morral was compromising. The nation at large believed him guilty. So it was that in 1909, when the Barcelona riots had been quelled and officialdom demanded a victim, the authorities sought to inculpate the most prominent of Spain's anarchists. Even those who have carefully followed the press reports will be unprepared for some of the facts which Mr. Archer's book discloses. For the first time a full, detailed account of the trial, based on official records, is printed in English. The author goes over every scrap of evidence, and riddles the prosecution's case with merciless logic.

The iniquitous "law of jurisdictions" decrees that all offences against the army shall be tried before military tribunals, and this in time of peace. The author emphasizes the fact that Ferrer's trial was no ordinary drumhead court-martial. Peace had been restored, the Constitution reëstablished, yet Ferrer had to face a board of officers who were at one and the same time prosecutors and judges. Worse still, his defender, too, had to be an army officer, chosen by the defendant out of a list of names unknown to him. The captain chosen was loyal, but utterly unskilled in the niceties of the law. Nearly all the evidence brought against Ferrer was of the hearsay variety. In one case, a witness testified to having read in a newspaper that the prisoner had been seen distributing dynamite cartridges; but the original article was not produced in court, nor any attempt made to learn the source of the writer's information. Of the seventy witnesses, Ferrer was permitted to cross-examine only four. One of the most important of these was spirited out of the country before the case was ended. Ferrer's friends were banished to the interior, and not allowed to testify in his favor; yet the prosecutor had the effrontery to state that not a single individual had been found willing to testify for the accused. In his final plea, the prosecutor made numerous assertions wholly unsupported by evidence without hindrance on the part of the court. The prosecution occupied so much time at the final session that very little was left for the defence. The whole trial was disgracefully hurried.

But admitting that the trial was a travesty, was not Ferrer after all guilty? It may be said with all assurance that he was innocent of the charge on which he was convicted, that of being "author and chief" of the July revolution of 1909. There is no evidence to show that he was the master mind of that revolt, and much to indicate that he was not. A more spontaneous outbreak never occurred. A civil court, even in Spain, would certainly have acquitted him on that charge. It does, however, appear that Ferrer was guilty of a specific overt act of sedition in urging the inhabitants of the little hamlet of Premiá to proclaim a republic, but no more guilty than the alcalde and several others who turned state's evidence to escape the consequences of their own treason. Mr. Archer, accordingly, believes that Ferrer did not deserve to escape unpunished. As one of several leaders in a mob of republicans, he probably deserved some slight penalty.

Ferrer is to most an unsympathetic personage. The crudity of his intellectual programme reveals the self-assurance of ignorance. He fought dogmatism with a dogmatism no less uncompromising. His courage, sincerity, and unselfish zeal for the cause in which he believed force a certain respect, even while one deplores his teachings as incendiary. But Ferrer, living, was no hero. The civilized world lifted its protest in his behalf because a grievous wrong was done him, not because it championed his opinions. His enemies by taking his life have conferred upon him a quasi-immortality.

Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.40 net.

The present volume will revive a host of delightful memories in the minds of Dr. Furnivall's numerous friends on this side of the water. We see him again feeding the pigeons in the British Museum yard, or conversing with a group of scholars in his favorite corner at the A B C tea-rooms in New Oxford Street, or taking his afternoon nap on the island up the river, which was the regular objective point of his Sunday excursions—his ruddy face and flowing white hair irresistibly suggesting a recumbent Father Thames. No formal biography, perhaps, would be so likely to preserve the image of this "eternal boy," in all its freshness and charm, as the sheaf of "memories" (so the editors designate them) that make up this volume. An excellent biographical sketch from the pen of his loyal disciple and collaborator, John Munro, introduces the work, and there follow forty-nine tributes of varying length from as many different people who, in one way or another, were associated with Dr. Furnivall. That the list should include contributions from an A B C waitress and from members of his sculling club, as well as from some of the most eminent scholars in Europe and America, is just as he would have had it. And, really, making allowance for differences in literary accomplishment, what was most distinctive of Furnivall—his universal humanity—shines out as clearly in the one class of "memories" as in the other. In this quality, indeed, he was probably closer to Shakespeare and Chaucer than any man of recent generations.

As is generally known, Dr. Furnivall had no training for his life work, except what might be gained from the ordinary classical education. For upwards of ten years after leaving Cambridge in 1846, his principal activity was in the Christian Socialist movement, under the leadership of Kingsley and Maurice, especially in connection with the Working Men's College, which appealed strongly to his democratic instincts. It is worthy of note that the chief initial impulse to the immense achievement of Furnivall's life was given by Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." It was this book especially that fixed his attention upon the past and made him determine in the words of his biographer that our "forefathers' voices should be made audible and significant to modern men." Then came the Philological Society's project of the New English Dictionary which gradually took shape in the early sixties. But it soon became manifest that no adequate work of this kind was possible, so long as the great majority of mediæval English books still remained in manuscript. And so with a courage that reminds one of Daniel O'Connell and the Catholic Association, Furnivall founded in 1864 the Early English Text Society for the purpose of getting the materials into print. The support which it derived from its connection with the project of the Philological Society was probably necessary for the existence of the new organization, but lexicographical interests were not the exclusive or even the dominant influence with its founder. As he himself said, "my chief aim has been throughout to illustrate the social condition of the English people in the past." Moreover, the prominent place which is given to Arthurian texts among its earliest issues betrays the source of Furnivall's original interest in the enterprise. Pecuniary difficulties were not the only ones that beset the society. Furnivall's own knowledge of Early Eng-

lish was limited, and even in his latest days, he described himself—too modestly, as all the world knows—as "a worker, not a scholar." By strict adherence, however, to the letter of the manuscript and by careful collation of proofs he established the high standard of accuracy which with few exceptions distinguishes the society's publications. No scholar who has had occasion to reëdit a text after him has failed to admire the scientific exactness of his work. But such standards were far from being general in the sixties, and the present writer has heard him describe how Thomas Wright, the well-known antiquarian, turned over the proof-reading of a text to some chance person. When Furnivall discovered it and took him to task for this laxity, Wright replied that he had tested a few pages and found the collation pretty well done, so he saw no need of bothering further about the matter. It was only in his occasional happy-go-lucky methods of choosing editors that Furnivall sometimes laid himself open to criticism, as for example in a certain amusing instance, related in this volume, when a stranger wrote to him inquiring concerning an early version of Boethius still unpublished. In Furnivall's reply, he confessed his ignorance of the subject, but invited his unknown correspondent to edit the text. His instinct, however, served him aright, for this same correspondent is now an English historian of high rank.

The circumstances under which Furnivall founded the Chaucer Society—next to the founding of the Early English Text Society his greatest service to literature—are so well known that we do not expect any new light on the subject from the present volume. Similarly with the Browning Society. On the other hand, one of the most interesting contributions to these pages, is Sir J. A. H. Murray's authoritative account of the leading part which Furnivall played in connection with the great Oxford Dictionary. He infused vitality into every thing that he undertook with the single exception, perhaps, of the Shelley Society, which, as he used to say laughingly, he started because his father was the physician who attended Mary Shelley in her first confinement.

It is invidious, perhaps, to single out for commendation any particular tributes where all are so heartfelt, but those of Alois Brandl and A. W. Pollard call up with especial vividness different aspects of their subject's character. Furnivall, however, was the very embodiment of life, and so even in closing this memorial volume, it is difficult to realize that the happy spirit who imparted energy to so many men of his generation, the indefatigable worker whose influence was, perhaps, the most comprehensive in the whole history of English scholarship, has paid at last the inevitable debt to nature.

The Individualization of Punishment. By Raymond Saleilles. With an Introduction by Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the second French edition by Rachel Szold Jastrow. With an Introduction by Roscoe Pound. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50 net.

This volume stands fourth in the American Criminal Science Series. Whatever may be said of some of the other numbers, the American Institute has done well in undertaking the translation of this thoughtful and scholarly work, the writer of which, professor of comparative law in the University of Paris, holds a position of authority in the subject that formed the chief topic of discussion at the International Prison Congress held in Washington last year. We regret, however, that we cannot speak highly of the translation. The translation reads well, and shows skill in turning the French into the English idiom, but it constantly tones down the author's meaning and not seldom misses his point. As an extreme illustration, on page 161 we record five positive errors, all of them material, in two of which the author's meaning is neatly reversed. It is true, however, that, while the argument of M. Saleilles is clear in its larger outlines, his style is often meditative and difficult to follow; and the translator has done well in dividing his long chapters into sections, or shorter chapters, with appropriate titles. Professor Pound contributes materially to the value of the work by showing its bearing upon our American institutions.

M. Saleilles arrives at his problem through an historical survey of penal theory which we must regretfully pass by. Sufficient to say that to-day the theory of punishment faces (roughly speaking) the classical school, represented in the French codes of 1791 and 1810, and the Italian school of Lombroso and his successors. The classical school presupposes moral freedom and responsibility, and the same degree of responsibility for all normal persons. Hence, there is no individualization of punishment. The penalty is determined objectively, by the nature of the crime, and not by the nature of the criminal. The Italian school is deterministic. While it has more or less receded from the position of Lombroso, that the criminal is either congenitally incorrigible or a criminal by accident, crime is still viewed as a disease. Hence, the preventive or corrective measures (no longer penal) should be adjusted to the individual.

M. Saleilles's position is one of compromise—yet of open compromise. He is a believer in responsibility, though he rejects the fiction of equal responsibility in all who are not manifestly insane. Apart from responsibility, however, punishment would be not only meaningless, and even barbarous, but without support in social sentiment. Yet, when responsibility is once admitted, it has nothing more to say. Since (as he holds) the degree of responsibility is indeterminable, the individualization of punishment must rest upon other considerations, which are mainly reformatory, but partly also deterrent and measured by the objective gravity of the offence. The author's analysis of these considerations is most instructive. What he finally stands for is a discretionary administration of penalties, directed by the judge and supplemented by the prison authorities, which shall nevertheless be uniform and consistent; that is to say, though penalties are not to be prescribed by law, they shall nevertheless rest upon a scientific basis of fact. And the main fact in each case will be the "subjective criminality"—the character, moral status, and point of view—of the individual. But this seems to mean (as Tarde also hints in his Introduction) that responsibility is, after all, the chief factor in the decision.

M. Saleilles rejects the criterion of responsibility because, in his opinion the legal definition, which makes it a matter of premeditation and will, is wholly false; for him responsibility is constituted by an "inherent power of resistance" in the character of the man. That is to say, the motives or reasons expressed in the act are not only indeterminable by other persons, and incommunicable, but are quite opaque and unintelligible to the thinking and willing agent. For him, then, as for others, his "character" is something foreign and impersonal. "It is strange," says Tarde in his Introduction, "that when the criminologists of our day, whether naturalists or sociologists, look for the causes of crime, they find only impersonal *factors*, like climate, social environment, season, race, cranial, and other anomalies." This repeats the statement regarding criminal science (in our review of the earlier numbers of the series) which aroused Professor Wigmore's astonishment. Our purpose now is to suggest that it applies—remotely, but all the more significantly—even to so subjective a writer as M Saleilles.

After all, what is wrong with premeditation? It is shown, M. Saleilles replies, that a crime may be well planned, but none the less the outcome of a fixed and unalterable idea, or obsession; that is to say, the possibility of refraining from it has never been considered. But can we then say that it was in any high degree premeditated? Genuine premeditation must, it should seem, involve a weighing of alternatives. The problem is, in fact, the same as that of motive, or intention, in ethics. It is only recently that moralists have begun to perceive that the intent expressed, *e. g.*, in driving a motor car at

high speed in a crowded street is very different from that expressed in the same act on a country road. But when the question of premeditation is extended to cover the considerations against the act, we have, in the scope of consequences considered by the agent, a fair measure of his responsibility. It is hardly too much to say that every deficiency of responsibility, whatever else it may be, is a limitation of horizon. This may be illustrated by the "aboulia" of the neurasthenics, mentioned by M. Saleilles, and the view is borne out by his own analysis of insanity (85).

We venture to suggest, therefore, that M. Saleilles has been too hasty in abandoning the legal criterion of responsibility for a supposedly scientific "power of resistance." And this suggestion may apply to the criminal-science movement generally. The jurists have doubtless something to learn from the sociologists—perhaps they have a special need to cultivate open-mindedness generally—but it is not yet time to discard their whole heritage of ideas. Had M. Saleilles undertaken to develop the legal conception of premeditation, he might have found it a useful instrument for individualization; for the scope of consequences actually considered by a criminal, and thus the extent to which he can probably be reached by punishment, may often be determined from his speech and behavior. Furthermore, in the nature of the consequences accepted or rejected, he might have discovered a useful and intelligible criterion for "character."

Touring in 1600: A Study in the Development of Travel as a Means of Education. By E. S. Bates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

It would have required a dull mind to remove entirely the racy flavor which clings to the material set forth in this volume. Yet we suspect that few scholars could have done it greater justice than Mr. Bates. He has manifestly studied long and furiously, and has an extraordinary range of references to out-of-the-way, often unpublished, documents; yet the text is never cluttered, maintaining to the end a spirited narrative. Few who have not looked into the subject can quite imagine the difficulties of travel in the sixteenth century. The fact that seeing foreign lands was accounted an essential part of a young man's education and the remarkable acquaintance of Elizabethan writers with general European tendencies have blinded later generations to the obstacles. The following admonishments gathered by Mr. Bates from the guide-books of those days reflect the conditions:

> A traveller has need of a falcon's eye, an ass's ears, a monkey's face, a merchant's words, a camel's back, a hog's mouth, a deer's feet. And the traveller to Rome—the back of an ass, the belly of a hog, and a conscience as broad as the king's highway.
>
> Line your doublet with taffetie; taffetie is lice-proof.
>
> Never journey without something to eat in your pocket, if only to throw to dogs when attacked by them.
>
> When going by coach, avoid women, especially old women; they always want the best places.
>
> At sea, remove your spurs; sailors make a point of stealing them from those who are being seasick. Keep your distance from them in every case; they are covered with vermin.
>
> In an inn bedroom which contains big pictures, look behind the latter to see they do not conceal a secret door or a window.
>
> Women should not travel at all and married men not much.

Some of these may be set down as the exaggeration of smartness; others are evidently true. The now simple passage from Calais to Dover, for instance, sometimes required weeks. "In 1610 two ambassadors waited at Calais fourteen days before they could make a start; . . . one gentleman, after a most unhappy night, found himself at Nieuport next morning and had to wait three days before another try could be made."

Mr. Bates gives a brief description of a few of the travellers upon whose diaries or notes he has drawn. One was Fynes Moryson, who, starting in 1591 at the age of twenty-five, toured through Germany, the Low Countries, Denmark, Poland, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. Upon his return after four years, he at once joined his brother who was setting out for Jerusalem and who died in Fynes's arms at Aleppo "while the Turks stood round, jeering and thieving." We like the simple epitaph which Fynes there composed and which a later traveller discovered and published:

> To thee, dear Henry Morison,
> Thy brother Phines, here left alone,
> Hath left this fading memorie.
> For monuments and all must die.

Another of the travellers was Pietro della Valle, of Naples and Rome, who was set wandering when, after a twelve years' courtship, his lady was given to some one else. Sped by masses and provided with staff and scrip, he vowed he would visit the Holy Sepulchre. In Babylon he married a girl of eighteen who shortly afterwards died; and through the remaining four years of his travels he carried her body with him, like Tamburlaine the great. Again, there was Thomas Dallam, who must needs bear a huge organ of his own make as a gift from Queen Elizabeth to the Grand Turk. It "played chimes, and song-tunes by itself, had two dummy-men on it who fanfared on silver trumpets, and, above, an imitation holly bush filled with mechanical birds which sang and shook their wings."

The author corrects the impression that Latin was generally understood by intelligent people. Oddly, he finds that it was less used for conversation south of the Alps than north of them, and that the pronunciation of Latin varied very much. One writer (Andrew Boorde), giving a list of the commonest phrases heard abroad, renders "How do you fare?"—"Quo modo stat cum vostro corps?" Other hybrids there were in plenty, such as: "Si tu es plus sapientis quam nos sumus, tu es plus beholden to God Almighty quam nos sumus." Italian and later French came near to being the international tongue in those days. It is certainly true that neither of those countries was likely to be left from a traveller's itinerary, even though entering the papal centre was dangerous for Protestants.

There are instructive chapters on inns and social life. At Berne, it seems, it was illegal to sit at table more than five hours; at Bâle "10 A. M. to 6 P. M. was the maximum"; and in Saxony an innkeeper "was forbidden to serve more than four dishes at a meal," but the dishes were commonly likened to Sicilian tyrants, each "a more fearful monster" than its predecessor. Spending the night at an inn was avoided as far as possible by gentlemen, who generally carried letters to men of their own class and were entertained by them. At night windows were not open, and in many places on the continent men, women, and children lay together in one room, with the heat so great, as one Englishman complained, that it seemed as though a snake were twining about his legs. When beds were provided, a gentleman might find himself compelled to share his with a drunken carter, a disgrace which he generally mollified by being drunk himself. If we may believe the reports of travellers, conviviality was carried further in Russia than elsewhere. So it is stated that when a Russian lady entertained, "it was etiquette to send round afterwards to know if they all got home safely." And there are cases recorded where men stalked the streets naked, having sold their last rag to the bar-keeper. Smoking, however, was prohibited in 1634, "under penalty of slitting the nostrils," on the ground that it started fires and polluted "the Muscovite's breath when he addressed the saints."

We select one further illustration of travellers' experiences because it corresponds with one important phase of Elizabethan and Renaissance character—the frequent chance to see torture and public executions. Bacon, we recall, advises the visitor abroad not to neglect these opportunities. Distressing evidence of cruelty the traveller could hardly escape—men broken on the wheel, gangs of victims chained and flogged, and jokes played upon idiots. The tolerance of brutality, even fondness for

it. is one of the puzzles of that great age.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 4.

Volume XXVII, "Various Readings and Bibliography," completes the Memorial edition of George Meredith, issued in this country, for subscribers to the whole set only, by Charles Scribner's Sons. This concluding volume is noticed in the Bibliophile column of the *Nation* this week.

The list of private collectors of books and literaria in the United States, which was printed in "The Annual Library Index, 1910," issued by the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*, is undergoing a thorough revision for insertion in the Annual covering 1911; the latter will appear early in March. The revision will include additional names, making the total number about 1,500, arranged geographically by States as before. The compilers would be glad to hear, before January 15, from any whose libraries ought to be in the list.

The George H. Doran Co. will publish in January a novel whose heroine is Queen Elizabeth; the author is H. C. Bailey.

Books announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. include: "Danny's Own Story," by Don Marquis; "The Recording Angel," by Mrs. Corra Harris; "Counsel for the Defence," by Leroy Scott; "In Search of Arcady," by Nina Wilcox Putnam; "The Radium Terrors," by Albert Dorrington; "The Guests of Hercules," by A. M. and C. N. Williamson, and "The White Waterfall," by Charles Francis Dwyer.

"The Book-Lovers' Anthology," edited, with notes, by R. M. Leonard, will be added immediately to Frowde's series of Oxford Editions of Standard Authors. It consists of passages in poetry and prose relating to books in all their aspects.

Major H. B. Smith, chief of detectives and assistant provost marshal-general under Gen. Lew Wallace, has put together, under the title "Between the Lines: Secret Service Stories Told Fifty Years After" (Booz Brothers), his personal records of service during the Civil War. To the reader who expects a thrilling account of detective experiences the title will seem misleading; for the book is made up almost entirely of official correspondence, reports, dispatches, and affidavits, with only a few attempts at narration. As a contribution to the history of the war, however, the material was worth printing.

"The Norsemen in America," by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the title of the leading article in the *Geographical Journal* for December, is an attempt to dispel some of the clouds of mystery that overhang the voyages of his great compatriot navigators. After a careful investigation of the Norse-Icelandic literature of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. "chiefly put into writing in that strange island, Iceland," he comes to these conclusions: "That the Norsemen have discovered America, and have had intercourse with the land and its natives probably during some long period; but the narratives of the discovery and of voyages to Wineland are legendary. The Icelanders and the Greenlanders may have transferred the ideas, especially of the Fortunate Isles, from the legends to the discovered land; and the saga of Wineland the Good has then been gradually formed in the course of time, by putting together feature after feature from old tales and legends, with some real knowledge of lands in the West." In the animated discussion following the reading of the paper before the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Clements Markham agreed with Dr. Nansen, but Lord Curzon was strongly inclined to hold to the belief that Wineland was really one of the discoveries of the Norsemen.

If there are any readers who enjoy the current jargon of newspaper book reviews, they should take delight in Frederic Taber Cooper's "Some American Story Tellers" (Holt). Mr. Cooper uses with exceptional lavishness a small number of adjectives; "big," "vital," "vivid," "epic," "unsparing," "relentless," "subtle," "pervading," "far-reaching," are, to use some more of his favorites, "recurrent," "insistent," "inevitable" in his book. With the aid of these words and a few others he attempts to characterize fourteen writers of fiction, varying in point of view from Kate Douglas Wiggin to Ambrose Bierce, and in literary quality from Robert W. Chambers to Mrs Wharton. As to literary standards his catchwords are "economy of means" (negatively illustrated in his style) and "the best rules of modern construction," by which he seems to mean something approximating the short-story methods of Maupassant. He has also a theory of the "epic novel" which is set forth at length in four or five different essays. Of the authors treated, the late Frank Norris is his favorite. "Such in brief are the materials and the methods of Norris's art as a novelist: big words, big phrases, big ideas, an untrammelled freedom of self-expression." How well this description fits Mr. Micawber! Perhaps the best essay is the one on "O. Henry"; it is short, and it retells some good stories.

C. O. Minchin, of the "Minchin rod," the "Minchin gaff," etc., has gathered into a good-sized volume (Macmillan), with ample revision, rearrangement, and additions, the substance of a series of articles on "Sea Fishing," contributed originally to the *Yachting and Boating Monthly*. The author's introductory quotation from Ovid,

> Casus ubique valet; semper tibi pendeat hamus
> Quo minime credas gurgite, piscis erit,

gives warning at the start that the reader has to do with a man of more than one interest. The book covers a wide range of sporting fish, wider than many would admit to the honor of that classification, with practical suggestions on bait, tackle, handling, etc., and is illustrated by drawings made for the purpose by the author's daughter.

More stirring to the sportsman's blood, however, is the "Book of the Tarpon" (Outing Publishing Company), by the veteran tarpon devotee, A. W. Dimock. Mr. Dimock had his first round with a tarpon on rod and reel thirty years ago, prior to any recognition of it as a possible game fish. He has been after tarpon ever since, and will not stop, he says, until it can no longer be said of him: "His eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated." Much of the fishing recounted in this volume was done with the camera at hand in an auxiliary boat, and, as tarpon leaping can very easily be stimulated by an expert with the rod, the result is a series of photographs of extraordinary interest. Of course, the language of the camera needs careful interpretation, with occasional checking, just as the language of the enthusiast who holds the rod, but for the fireside angler who must catch his tarpon from the printed page, Mr. Dimock's racy word pictures and photographs will bring the waters of Florida as close as is humanly possible.

In these days of easy paradox and complicated irony, the old *difficile est satiram non scribere* has acquired a new meaning. Almost any British essayist drops naturally into the rôle of social regenerator, and finds himself a satirist ere he is aware of it. Occasionally, as in the case of William Stebbing's "Truths or Truisms" (Frowde), the newcomer, alas! is no longer young, and the shafts of age are notoriously apt to fall wide of the mark. Mr. Stebbing was a Saturday Reviewer thirty or forty years ago, and thus he learned in a good school to aim at human folly and frailty. "The Marriage Lottery," "Insincerities," "Temper," "Eccentrics," "How to Quarrel" are some of his targets, but he comes nearer hitting the bull's eye where the object is far off and indistinct. Some of these brief essays may be worth quoting, but few sentences are quotable, and perhaps not one sticks. Whether undisguised moral precepts, or intended for simple humor, satirical cynicism, or pure irony, Mr. Stebbing's musings, though the outcome of culture and reflection, do not seem sufficiently spontaneous and graceful. The shades of Lamb and La Rochefoucauld may still rest in peace, and the laurels of Anatole France are as green as before.

The friends of the late Raymond Patterson who have been responsible for publishing his occasional articles on the negro question under the title of "The Negro and his Needs" (Fleming H. Revell Co.), with a preface by President Taft, have not done him a great service. Mr. Taft is quick to disclaim any concurrence with the conclusions which Mr. Patterson drew, and well might anybody, for among the suggestions made by Mr. Patterson are the following: "Lynch no negro for anything except crimes against women, and then be sure you have the right negro"; "Chain up all anarchistic negro editors north of that [Mason and Dixon] line and put in asylums Southern statesmen who oppose the education of the negro." Surely a book which offers this as sound advice towards settling the most difficult problem facing the American Government need hardly be taken seriously. Nor is any other treatment called for by the body of the matter itself. Mr. Patterson made large drafts upon the knowledge and wisdom of Dr. Du Bois, Booker Washington, W. H. H. Hart, and other prominent colored leaders and quoted many white students as well. But every chapter proves that he had only a superficial knowledge of the momentous problem about which he essayed to write.

Three new volumes have been added recently to the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain. The first constitutes the fifth report on the manuscripts of the Earl of Denbigh, the

second the long-delayed report on the manuscripts of Lord Middleton, and the third a brief report on certain sections of the Pepys manuscripts at Magdalene College, Cambridge. The Denbigh manuscripts, preserved at Newnham Paddox, Warwickshire, had already been the subject of four short notices in earlier reports, but the present calendar reviews again the entire collection and presents a more thorough and complete analysis of the papers. In time the documents range from 1537 to 1787, and the largest part of them contain the correspondence of Lord Feilding, who afterward became the first earl, during his embassies to Venice and Turin, 1634-1639, and the letters of Isabella de Yonge, wife of the fifth earl, 1735-1753. The Feilding papers throw no little light upon the foreign diplomacy of the reign of Charles I, while the letters of the countess have much to do with the character and career of Bolingbroke, after his departure for France in 1735. Two letters, dated 1691, concern an episode hitherto unknown in the career of Sir Edmund Andros, when the latter sought to obtain through the aid of Princess Anne a post as special emissary to France for purposes of espionage. The plan involved too much risk, and was rejected and Andros was consoled with an appointment elsewhere. The majority of the Pepys papers belonged originally to John Evelyn, who loaned them to Pepys in 1681. Evelyn never asked for them in return, and they were bequeathed with other Pepys manuscripts to Magdalene College, where they now are. Many of the papers relate to the reign of Elizabeth; others, the Stuart and Jersey papers, to the period of the civil war. The Elizabethan letters concern Leicester, Amy Robsart, Mary Queen of Scots, and the diplomatic relations of England, France, and Holland, and among them are a few references to the second Florida expedition of 1565. The later papers are exceedingly valuable for the history of the civil war, and incidentally give us several letters from Sir John Berkeley and the heads of a letter from Charles I to the secretary of Virginia. Among the few papers of later date in this report are a remarkable paper on New England, probably of date 1663-1664, and a letter from Edward Byllynge, of 1673-1674.

Very noteworthy is the report by W. H. Stevenson, the learned editor of Asser, upon the manuscripts of Lord Middleton. The collection is one offering many difficulties, consisting as it does of an enormous number of mediæval and later deeds, charters, court rolls, manorial accounts, and the like relating to thirty counties in England. The list of manorial records alone, here entered, occupies thirty-nine pages, and does not include similar documents of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In addition to the legal and official documents there are a great many letters, among which is one affording a glimpse of Mary Queen of Scots during her imprisonment at Sheffield House, and giving a lively account of the domestic jars between the Earl of Shrewsbury, her jailor, and his wife, the famous "Bess of Hardwick," who built Hardwick Hall. There are also groups of papers relating to settlement in the West Indies, and to the Newfoundland venture of 1611-1631. Oddly enough, among these letters is one from Panhekoe, sachem of the Mohegan Indians in Connecticut, to Nicholas Hallam of that colony, touching an early phase of the long drawn out quarrel between that tribe and the colony of Connecticut. Among the rare documents noted in this report is part of an eighth-century uncial copy of the Latin vulgate, which Mr. Stevenson thinks may represent one of the three oldest manuscript books known to have been written in England. There are also fragments of a Worcestershire Chartulary of 1000 A. D., the oldest chartulary of which we have any trace. As fragments of both these precious manuscripts are in the British Museum, it is clear that many unique and rare documents were sold as waste paper at the dissolution of the monasteries. Almost equally interesting are the household accounts of the sixteenth century, which show the minute care with which household expenses were recorded, and, consequently, throw numerous side-lights upon the domestic life of the time. These records also yield a rich crop of obsolete terms, some of which are not recorded in the New English Dictionary. A list of these words is given in the index under "Glossary," occupying four columns. This volume, upon which Mr. Stevenson has been engaged for many years, has a wide interest for the modern, as well as the mediæval student, and bears to an unusual degree the marks of rare learning and patience in the realm of historical scholarship.

To the monographs on minor English authors of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which have been appearing of recent years in the Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie (Vienna: W. Braumüller), there is now added one on Joanna Baillie, or rather her "Plays on the Passions," by Dr. A. Badstuber (No. 34 of the series). After a few pages of biography the writer analyzes and discusses Miss Baillie's theories concerning the drama which she set forth in the "Introductory Discourse" to the first volume of her plays (1798), and which she endeavored to exemplify by the plays themselves. He next gives full outlines of the plots of these plays and comments on their relations to the theories of the authoress. Finally we have a general critical estimate of the "Plays on the Passions" and their place in English literature. Dr. Badstuber's dissertation cannot be said to have added anything notable to our knowledge of Joanna Baillie, but it is readable, and he has only to a slight extent fallen into the error which is common to works of this kind—that is, of overestimating the importance of his subject. Moreover, the full analyses of the plays which he gives will be useful for reference. On the other hand, his suggestion that in her methods of characterization Miss Baillie was influenced by earlier books of "characters" (compare, for instance, Theophrastus and La Bruyère) will hardly find acceptance. The similarity was an inevitable consequence of her dramatic theory, in accordance with which all the interest of a play was concentrated on one character conceived as the type of some single passion. No question concerning Joanna Baillie, however, has much importance, for her influence on the English drama was virtually *nil* and her works can scarcely be reckoned among the books that are merely half forgotten. Indeed, an eloquent passage in Scott's "Marmion" has done more to preserve her memory than all that she herself wrote.

"European Years, the Letters of an Idle Man" (Houghton Mifflin) reveals an exiled Bostonian of the old stock seeking climate in many lands, and meanwhile reading and moralizing at large. The idle man has an uncommonly well-stored mind and with frankly displayed prejudices a sufficient flexibility before the hazards of travel. He can be vivid when he chooses, and his comments on public affairs are often shrewd and pungent. Whoever has followed the course of things European for the last thirty years or so will find this book an agreeable remembrancer. That the letters have a fine crustiness is not to be denied, but we quite fail to find in them the exceptional epistolary merits promised by the editor, Prof. George E. Woodberry. They seem to us, even when most witty, a little overweighted with the complacency of a professional culture. Witness an extract: "I wonder somebody does not start the philosophy of Epicurus in Boston; it would ameliorate the asperity of its theological attrition."

Earnest readers will welcome A. Cabaton's "Java, Sumatra, and the Other Islands of the Dutch East Indies" (Scribner), with preface by Bernard Miall, as one which has succeeded in blending authoritative statement of fact with an attractive style. The Dutch East Indies possess an interest for the student of history and comparative politics which is out of proportion to their political status. In the first place, they constitute the oldest and most valuable colony of Holland, comprise an area approximately fifty-eight times the area of Holland, and contain a population nearly seven times as large as Holland's. And, in the second place, ever since the time of Pope Alexander's famous decree concerning the demarcation line, the islands of the East Indies have been sought after by the commercial nations of the earth. There is an added interest in this fact for the student of politics, inasmuch as the Dutch, English, Americans, and others are attempting to solve in different ways similar problems in their respective island possessions. The archipelago forms, as it were, a political laboratory wherein certain of the Powers are now working out the problems of colonial administration with varying degrees of success. The author devotes one of the early chapters to a description of the physical geography of the region, evidently believing, and rightly so, that one of the fundamental factors influencing human life conditions is the physical environment. Then follow chapters dealing with such topics as the natives of Java, the Oriental foreign element, Europeans in Java, the administration of Java, agriculture and industry, Sumatra and Borneo, Celebes and its dependencies. Not the least interesting part of the volume is the short final chapter, which might better be called a concluding note. The author here refers to the probable political future of the Dutch Indies. Although he admits that they, like all Asiatic colonies, are tending toward autonomy, he quickly adds that for the present, at least, they are incapable of realizing that goal unaided. "To pretend that a European domination," says the author, "even with its regrettable blunders and failures of

justice, is not for the good of such peoples (the Malays), is to deny the past and to deny the petitions of the victims in favor of the complaint of the privileged despoiled of their privileges." In short, his logical conclusion, whether assented to by the reader or not, is that no other nation, European or Asiatic, could do more than Holland has done for the Indies, and that they can attain independence only in the remote future, under the protection of the Dutch flag.

In "British and German East Africa" (Longmans), Dr. H. Brode, for many years German consul at Zanzibar, has for his main object to show the economic and commercial relations of the two Colonial possessions. But incidentally he gives much information in regard to the civilizing work going on in them, and the development of their rich natural resources. He attributes the greater advance made by his countrymen (their total trade in 1909 amounted to nearly twelve million dollars, twice as large as that of the English) to the fact that the colonial interest in Germany is concentrated on East Africa as the "jewel" colony, "whilst in the huge British Colonial Empire the East African Protectorates were looked upon as stepchildren." However, he frankly acknowledges that much of this greater growth is due to England's aid, especially through the building of the Uganda Railway and the establishment of a steamship line on Lake Victoria. As regards the future, he holds it to be certain that the economic relations will become closer; "and so, in peaceful competition, Germany and England will work together for the expansion of civilization in East Africa." Among the nine illustrations is one of an interesting slave caravan of former days.

In "The Egyptian Elements in the Legend of the Body and Soul" (Bryn Mawr College Monographs, Vol. VIII) Miss Louise Dudley publishes the results of a long and minute study in this country and abroad. As one of the most dramatic literary products of the Middle Ages, the story of this debate between a man's soul and body over the responsibility of each for his pitiful plight just at the point of death, has engaged more than the usual attention of scholars. But Miss Dudley has outdone them all by carrying its origin back to the superstitions of ancient Egypt. There she found in Coptic documents representing Christianized survivals of the older time the main elements contained in the versions of the Middle Ages. The following references in two Latin homilies on the subject gave her the clue: "Quoddam exemplum horribile, quod quidam homo sanctus in excessu mentis positus vidit, et audivit de quadam anima de Ægypto exeunte, et contra corpus suum contendente"; and "Audiamus quid Macaris qui curam gerebat animarum in Alexandria, quibusdam verba faciens, se a quodam fratre monacho in excessu mentis posito audisse peribetur." Considering the well-known vagueness and downright lies of mediæval writers with reference to their sources, Miss Dudley may be commended for her courage in taking these statements at their face value. Her arguments are altogether too complicated to be summarized here, but her general conclusion is this: In ancient Egypt the dramatic separation of the soul and body at death was a favorite theme, which was later greatly enlarged upon by the Christians of that country. At first there was no question of a good soul and a bad body, or vice versa, or of reproaches brought at that time; the mere act of separating was the real foundation of the story. No extant Coptic documents can be called direct sources of the Western versions, but, taken together, they prove conclusively that Egypt started the legend on its popular round.

Arnold Tanzer, who died recently at his home in New York, was born in Prague in 1841. Devoted to mercantile pursuits all his life, he found leisure for the cultivation of scholarly tastes and the acquirement of extensive knowledge, to which the columns of the *Nation* bore frequent testimony. His articles on contemporary politics, more particularly his reviews of books dealing with German and French history and biography, were always welcomed by the editor, the late Mr. Garrison, his friend, and, for many years, his neighbor in Orange. Mr. Tanzer was one of the few American possessors of Ersch and Gruber's "Allgemeine Enzyklopädie der Wissenschaften und Künste," that colossal encyclopædic collection, of which nearly 200 volumes have appeared up to date. The critical notices of some of the successive volumes of this unique work were not the least notable of his contributions to the *Nation*.

The Right Rev. Rowland Ellis, whose death is reported at the age of seventy, was the author of several works, among them "Some Aspects of Woman's Life," "The Church in the Wilderness," "The Christian Faith," "Sin and Its Remedy," and "Christ and the Gospels."

The death is announced of the Rev. Peter Anton of Kilsyth, Scotland, whose writings include "Masters in History," "England's Essayists," "The Flywheel," "Staying Power," and "History of Kilsyth."

Edmond Saglio, who died recently in Paris at the age of eighty-three, wrote in collaboration with C. Daremberg, a notable "Dictionnaire des Antiquités grecques et romaines"; for several years he was a conservator at the Louvre and later was director of the Cluny Museum.

From Berlin comes the report of the death of Friedrich Dernburg, the writer, at the age of seventy-eight. He wrote "Spanische Bilder," "Russische Leute," and other works, and edited the *feuilleton* of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Science

Books on gardening are constantly published, but they are for the most part concerned with the problem how to make seeds grow up into beautiful flowers or succulent vegetables. There is another aspect of gardening—the laying out of the home grounds so that they may all be harmoniously disposed in relation to the house—which has been comparatively ignored, with the result that every village and suburban street presents a number of misconceptions in gardening which might have been easily avoided. Grace Tabor, the well-known landscape architect, gives much helpful information on this subject in "The Landscape Gardening Book" (John C. Winston Company). She believes that Americans should have American gardens instead of attempting to build Elizabethan or Italian gardens, for which the castles and moats and other necessary surroundings are wanting. Having thus stated her point of view, she gives hints as to how to utilize natural features in garden making; how to screen, reveal, and emphasize objects and views; how to treat boundary lines, etc. She does not look on roads as necessary evils, but shows how they can be made the most of. The uses of trees are fully discussed, and the names given of the kinds best suited for various soils, rich or poor. There are chapters on vegetable gardens, on winter in the garden, on buildings, and so on, all of them copiously illustrated.

Another book on the same subject is "Garden Planning," by W. S. Rogers (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Mr. Rogers is an Englishman writing from an English point of view, but the only serious alterations deemed necessary for an American reprint of the book were in the lists of trees and plants adapted to this or that situation. He strongly urges the importance of eliminating symmetry from the general garden picture, as precluding a picturesque effect. He cautions against building on made ground; shows what is best to be done on the north and the south sides of a house, and has much to say regarding the comparative value of grass walks and other kinds of paths. Bridges, hedges, and summer houses are not overlooked. The appendix contains lists of flowers for special purposes, and many other things. While the subject of this book is identical with Miss Tabor's, there is much additional matter. Home-makers may profitably consult them both, thus avoiding mistakes and saving money by planning in advance.

The third of the Rural Manuals is Prof. L. H. Bailey's "Farm and Garden Rule-Book" (Macmillan). Like his "Manual of Gardening," the first of the series, it is the expansion of an earlier volume, in this case "The Horticulturist's Rule-Book," the continued demand for which, coupled with the growth of modern knowledge, made revision and completion necessary. The result, intended for the student farmer, is a handy reference manual of very wide scope. It is safe to say that within similar space there is nowhere contained so much reliable information for the farmer and gardener. This is in the form of rules, tables, formulæ, records, and so forth, and covers all the important departments of farm activity. The facts are gathered from many different sources, and preserve much valuable material which would otherwise be buried in experiment station reports. The book is thoroughly indexed, well printed, and attractively bound.

Susan M. Hallowell, emeritus professor of botany in Wellesley College, died in Wellesley on Friday evening, December 15. Miss Hallowell was born in Bangor, Me., in 1835. She became a teacher of various subjects in the public high school, but a strong bent towards science led her to give herself all the opportunities in the subject which the time afforded. She studied with Agassiz at Panikese Island. Before the opening of Wellesley College, Miss Hallowell was appointed professor of natural science, but she insisted that her work should be confined to one branch—that of botany.

Dr. Joseph Edward Janvrin, one of the founders of the International Congress of

Gynæcology and Obstetrics, is dead at the age of seventy-two. He was born in Exeter, N. H., in 1839, was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, and received his medical training at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He acted as assistant surgeon of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers in the Civil War, and came to New York in 1872 to be an assistant surgeon in the Woman's Hospital of the State of New York, a position he held until 1882. A year later he became the gynæcologist of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, and continued in that capacity until his death. He was president of the American Gynæcology Society, 1902-1903; president of the New York Obstetric Society, 1890-1891, and president of the New York County Medical Association in 1896 and 1897.

Prof. Odilon-Marc Lannelongue, the celebrated surgeon, died in Paris on Friday of last week. He was born in 1840, at Castera-Verduzan, in the Department of the Gers, and had devoted himself principally to surgery; he was made a professor in the Faculty of Medicine in 1884. As a practical and theoretical sugeon he acquired great fame, and some of his books on surgery are accepted as standard works. He was a member of the Academy of Sciences, and also of the Academy of Medicine, a Senator from the Department of the Gers, and was a Commander of the Legion of Honor.

Drama

A FAILURE AND ITS LESSON.

The temporary, if not final, abandonment of their enterprise by the Founders of the New Theatre is a discouraging incident for those who believed that its inception meant the dawn of a brighter day for the theatre; but it may be productive of good in the long run, if the lesson which it inculcates be duly taken to heart. That lesson, to be sure, is an old one, but the Founders disregarded it, and it is just as well, perhaps, that they and others of like mind should be compelled to study it over again from the beginning. The lesson briefly is that the first essential of a first-class theatre is a first-class performance, and that the one indispensable requisite to a first-class performance is a first-rate company.

There is an intimation in the official statement of the Founders that they may, at some indefinite time in the future, be inclined to try again, when conditions shall offer a clear field and satisfactory arrangements for management have been made. The clear field has always lain open before them, and lies there still. It is in the "satisfactory managerial arrangements" that the crux of the problem is to be found. When the New Theatre scheme was first mooted, certain prevailing conditions upon the stage had long been notorious. One of them was that the whole English-speaking theatre—not the American only—could not supply, from both sexes, half a dozen performers of the first class; another was that a steady deterioration in the quality of acting had been going on for a generation, as was proved by the marked superiority of the few surviving veterans over their younger successors, and the third was that, under the new system of syndicate management, nothing resembling a school of acting any longer existed. In other words, there were no really good actors to be had, and no apparent means of producing them. This was the situation. Nevertheless, the enthusiastic promoters of the New Theatre, putting too implicit faith in the irresistible magic of the checkbook and despising all obstacles, set to work to build a palatial temple, too large for drama, in which the spoken word was often inaudible, and when the edifice had progressed to a point where modification was virtually impossible, proceeded to collect an expensive but scratch company of widely different training, experience, and speech, for the expressed purpose of presenting the best drama of all kinds, and of establishing an institution akin to the Théâtre Français.

The wonder is not that they failed, but that they did not perceive the reason of their failure until something like half a million dollars had been lost in the experiment. They are to be congratulated very heartily upon the resolution to consider further before they adventure more. And, as has been hinted, they have furnished an object lesson of immense value. They have proved that money cannot do the work of brains, and that a theatre without actors is a futility. Others have shown that money is not even a prime essential to the establishment of such an institution as the Founders dreamed of. But the beginning has to be made from the bottom, with becoming humility, and not from the top. Phelps—one of the most sterling actors and managers that ever lived—showed how to make a stock company when he converted the disreputable and ruined Sadler's Wells Theatre, in one of the shabbiest districts of London, into the great centre of the poetic drama in England. F. R. Benson not only maintains the best Shakespearean company in Great Britain, but a school to which the metropolitan managers are indebted for nearly all their best players. The Chicago Drama Players have demonstrated that it is still possible to assemble an excellent company for all purposes of good modern drama from the capable players banished to the provinces by the manufacturers of modern stars. Not only this, but they proved once more how impossible it is for even capable actors to interpret artificial comedy acceptably without previous instruction. The Irish Players, with not much besides their coöperative zeal to help them, are exhibiting in a remarkable way the capabilities of a stock company and the undeniable feasibility of a true and inexpensive National Theatre.

It is not likely that the appearance of Mr. Ames as a possible rival had anything to do with the withdrawal of the New Theatre project. His opposition is neither direct nor formidable. It is only reasonable and agreeable to suppose that the Founders have realized finally the nature and depth of their error in not thinking about their company until they had built the house to put it in. The task of organizing a real stock company now is more arduous than it would have been three or four years ago, for some persons who might have been valuable assistants are dead. But money can command time and men. It might not be impossible, even now, to find a competent director—cocksure juvenile enthusiasts, of course, are plentiful—who would undertake to form in the course of four or five years a sufficiently sound, if not brilliant, stock company—from which all stars should be rigorously excluded—capable of speaking blank verse, of acting in romance or tragedy, and reproducing artificial comedy with its appropriate sparkle and elegance. Such a company would not cost half a million—for it could easily be made self-supporting while it was acquiring its education—but it would fulfil the original New Theatre programme, and, perhaps, though somewhat late in the day, justify the original expenditure upon its ineffective predecessor.

The presentation of Edward Knobiauch's "Kismet" in the Knickerbocker Theatre on Monday evening was in many respects a disappointment. So far as the beauty, taste, and costliness of the stage decorations were concerned, managerial promises were fairly fulfilled. Exterior scenes were fine in atmosphere, proportion, and color, and the architecture was constructed after good models. The interiors were spacious and brilliant. Only the bazaar scene, which required special tact and knowledge, was a comparative failure. This had brilliancy and bustle—too much bustle—but not life. For the eye there was ample entertainment, for the understanding not much. The story of "Kismet," interpreted in contemporaneous fashion, is only crude melodrama, but played in the Eastern spirit, with some realization of the conditions in Bagdad a thousand years ago, it becomes an Oriental romance of the most dramatic kind in which the power of coincidence—so dear to the fatalistic mind—is deftly used to bring about a series of startling events, including many reversals of fortune, in the course of a single day. The action is varied and incessant. Only illusion is necessary to hold the spectator in the grip of that suspense that makes light of all improbabilities. The part of Hajj, the beggar, who in his "day of days" achieves sudden prosperity, commits several murders, narrowly escapes mutilation, is reduced again to penury, and sees his daughter married to the Caliph whom he has tried to assassinate and who therefore dooms him to ban-

ishment, is Oriental to the core, and in its infinite variety of emotions might well excite the envy of the ablest actor. It may readily be believed that Oscar Asche created an immense impression in it in London. Here, although played by so good a romantic actor as Otis Skinner, it awakened no more than a languid interest. The performer seemed to feel the repressive influences of a cast unable to adapt itself to unfamiliar conditions. There were but few moments when the play really bore an Oriental, antique, or romantic flavor, in spite of the dreamy splendors of its setting. It was criticised openly as extravagant and dull. The actors, having no sense of illusion, could not, of course, impart it. If the representation should fail, the poor author must bear the blame, though his part of the work is very well done.

Among the novelties marked for production by Herbert Trench during his tenancy of the London Haymarket was an adaptation by Rudolf Besier of H. G. Wells's novel, "Kipps." For one reason or another the piece was never done, and with Frederick Harrison's advent at the Haymarket the rights in it were allowed to lapse. "Kipps" was promptly procured by Carl Leyel, Oscar Asche's general manager at the Garrick. In due course Mr. Leyel hopes to present it at a West End theatre.

Professor Reinhardt has arrived in London to superintend preparations for his production of "Œdipus Rex," which Martin Harvey presents at Covent Garden on January 15. The heavy structural alterations will at once be begun; the raising of the stalls floor, necessitated by the carrying of the steps to the King's palace into the front portion of the auditorium, is one of the important changes to be effected in the interior of the house. As it is Professor Reinhardt's intention to light the play entirely from the front, a special installation of an electric plant is to be made at the back of the gallery from which point the various remarkable effects will be obtained.

Gordon Craig has gone to Moscow to be present at the final rehearsals of "Hamlet," which is to be given in accordance with his theories. Speaking of the Prince, he said:

I take an entirely commonsense view of the man and his motives. He simply succeeded in performing in two months a task that has been tried in every court in Europe for centuries. He set out to cleanse social and official life of its moral grime and its degeneracy. He set about his task with direct purpose, and with the full enthusiasm of a young, virile, and cruelly wronged man. His ideas were logical, and he reasoned and thought out every movement and act during that brief time of storm and stress that ended in tragedy. That is my idea of Hamlet.

If that really is Mr. Craig's notion of Hamlet, there does not seem to be much reason why he should be encouraged to promulgate it. What fatality is it that condemns so many enthusiastic stage reformers to be freakish?

The Paris correspondent of a London paper furnishes the following synopsis of "La Fiambée," by M. Kistemaeker, which has just been produced at the Porte St. Martin in Paris: A French lieutenant-colonel, who has run himself deep into debt in order to provide a life of luxury for his high-spirited wife, falls into the hands of an international spy, who has bought up his bills and has him at his mercy. The officer and the spy are staying at the same country house, and when at a midnight interview the spy proposes to free the officer from all his financial embarrassments if he will betray the plans of the neighboring fort, the indignant soldier strangles him. The officer's wife, who had been estranged from her husband by his domineering spirit, is stirred to passionate devotion by his deed, and resumes the old conjugal relations in order to provide him with an alibi. At the same time she rejects the advances of a brilliant and fascinating ex-minister whom she had long encouraged. The ex-minister is impressed by the patriotism of the confession which the officer makes to him, and so manages the official inquiry as to bring out the real character of the murdered spy, whose death he characterizes as an "execution." There is a reconciliation of a kind dear to the French stage morals, and the curtain falls on a scene in which patriotic enthusiasm is mingled with conjugal and other affection.

Rose Eytinge, whose death occurred last week, was, in her day, a very beautiful woman and a most capable actress. She had at her command pathos, passion, hauteur, and, in a measure, humor. Her style was bold, picturesque, and refined, and her presence exercised a great power of fascination. In her early prime, when she was leading lady at Wallack's, her performance of Nancy Sykes to the Bill of G. L. Davenport, was generally regarded as a masterpiece of cruel, pitiful naturalism, and she excelled also in romantic characters. It was in the Union Square Theatre Company, especially in such plays as "Led Astray" and "Rose Michel," that she was seen at her best and reached the height of her reputation. She was born in Philadelphia in 1835, and was educated there and in Brooklyn. She became a member of Edwin Booth's company, and in 1880 went to London and appeared with Barry Sullivan, Stuart Robson, and other leading actors. For several years following she taught stage work. She reappeared as an actress in "The Helmet of Navarre," "Frocks and Frills," and, more recently, in support of Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala" and "The Bishop's Carriage."

Music

LISZT'S DANTE SYMPHONY.

The climax of the Liszt Centenary festivities was the last Philharmonic concert. Josef Stransky conducted the symphonic poem, "Die Ideale," and the "Dante" symphony, while Arthur Friedheim, a genuine pupil of Liszt, played the A major concerto in a manner which his master himself could hardly have surpassed. The "Ideale" is, from a formal point of view, one of the most finished of Liszt's symphonic poems, but in the matter of inspiration or abundance of ideas it is inferior to his "Tasso," "Les Préludes," "Orphée," "Mazeppa" "Festklänge," "Hungaria," and "The Battle of the Huns." The "Dante" symphony, on the other hand, is generally regarded as marking, with the "Faust" symphony and "Tasso," the climax of his creative activity. The first sketches for it were made as early as 1847; it was finished in 1855, and first performed in 1857 at Dresden.

Its first American production was in 1870, in New York, where there was an early Liszt cult fostered by Bergmann, the conductor of the Philharmonic Society. This society made Liszt an honorary member in 1873, a distinction which gave him much pleasure. In his reply he said: "This diploma is rendered especially valuable to me by the words expressive of the motive which prompted it, namely: 'By his many compositions has extended the boundaries of his art,' etc., and their consonance with the acts of the Philharmonic Society in performing many of my works." Subsequently, Theodore Thomas became an ardent missionary for his works, and to him Liszt also wrote to express his gratitude "for the unusual care which you have given to the performance of my works. They need—even more than other, better compositions, the sympathetic and intelligent care of the conductor, on account of the many changes of tempo and tone color."

In Josef Stransky, the Philharmonic now has an ideal Liszt conductor—one who knows the significance of these many changes in tempo and color. His accession, just at the time when Joseph Pulitzer left the Philharmonic $500,000 on the condition that a prominent place should be given in the programmes to the works of his three favorite composers—Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt—makes it certain that none of Liszt's masterworks will again be neglected as long as was the "Dante" symphony, which had not been heard here for twenty-eight years. Its performance showed that time has had no effect on this piece, as might be inferred from the fact that Dvořák, Dukas, and Thuille have found inspiration in its score, while Wagner borrowed themes for his "Parsifal" from the Magnificat which forms its third part. In this part a chorus of women's voices is introduced with beautiful effect. But the most original and imposing part is the first, in which Liszt depicts the infernal regions with a realistic force that even Berlioz never equalled. In all music, there is nothing more awe-inspiring than the tones in which the brasses hurl out the "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," or than the *allegro frenetico*, in which the agonized shrieking souls are beaten about in the darkness by the musical whirlwind.

"The Inquisitive Women," Wolf-Ferrari's opera, is to have its first American performance at the Metropolitan Opera House next Wednesday. It is based on a comedy by Goldoni. The reason the women are inquisitive is that the men spend their time at a clubhouse on the door of which is a sign reading, "Women are excluded."

The women are sure that horrible orgies are carried on and they try in diverse ways to get keys or force their way in. The opera will be conducted by Toscanini, and the cast includes Geraldine Farrar, Bella Alten, Rita Fornia, Mme. Maubourg, Jadlowker, Scotti, and De Segurola. Wolf-Ferrari is a young composer of thirty-five, whose operas have won success in Germany as well as in Italy. He is director of the Marcello Conservatory in Venice.

A notable feature of Joseph Stransky's programme for the New York Philharmonic concerts this Thursday evening and Friday afternoon will be the first performance in America of Weingartner's latest Symphony, the No. 3, in E major, op. 49. His first Symphony has been heard in this country in Boston only. The second was produced by the Philharmonic Society on December 5-6, 1902. In 1904, when Weingartner was in New York, as one of the "guest conductors" of the Society, he directed performances of two of his symphonic poems. The Symphony now to be performed, the Third, was played for the first time late last year in Vienna. It has since been performed by a number of European symphony orchestras. The work is Viennese in spirit, use being made of a waltz theme in the finale, with motives from "Die Fledermaus."

The full orchestral scores of Liszt's twelve symphonic poems have been published by Ernst Eulenburg, Leipzig, in the miniature editions which are coming so much into favor because they are so handy and cost so little—only thirty marks for the twelve, any one of which used to cost about that sum. Among other full scores at nine to eleven marks each, are Bach's St. Matthew's Passion, Brahms's four symphonies and his German Requiem, Schumann's four symphonies, Mendelssohn's two, Handel's "Messiah," Berlioz's best works, Beethoven's nine symphonies (30 marks for three volumes), and two volumes, including violin concertos by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Spohr, Brahms, Bruch, and Tchaikovsky. The chamber music scores of the great masters, from Bach to Dvorák, can also now be obtained in this miniature edition.

Art

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

Despite the new rule of accepting no more than two works by any painter, the National Academy hangs this winter less than two-thirds of the works accepted. The residue of sixty-eight pieces of sculpture and three hundred and thirty-four paintings forms a show by no means uninteresting in itself, but imperfectly representative. Such will be the case with all Academy exhibitions until proper galleries are provided.

Dallin's An Appeal to the Great Spirit, a praying Indian on horseback, in bronze, occupies the approach to the Fine Arts Building. The lithe handsomeness of the sculpture is much diminished by the oddness of such an apparition apparently leaving the portal. Is he thanking the Great Spirit that the visit is over? Or does he merely emphasizo the fact that there is no room inside for monumental art? Either explanation will perhaps explain his rather startling presence in Fifty-seventh Street. Inside, sculpture holds its usual secondary place, though there still is too much for the decorative effect of the galleries. Among the more attractive contributions are those of French, Janet Scudder, Robert Aitken, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Fraser, Edith Woodman Burroughs, and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. With these may be mentioned the exhibit of finely carved medals by Victor D. Brenner.

As for the pictures, they are uncommonly well hung. In fact, the material is more varied than usual, both in size and theme. The normal supply of merely respectable portraiture has mercifully shrunk; small landscapes do not so tediously prevail; figure subjects are more than commonly in evidence, and the presence of a few large canvases gives tone and focus to each gallery. One comes away with the novel sensation less of a duty done than of a pleasure experienced. And this is due not so much to the presence of a few memorable works as to the sense of a general cheery competence which neither calls for cavil nor yet exacts any very intense appreciation. With some visitors the homelikeness of re-seeing several good pictures already viewed at Pittsburgh or Philadelphia counts for something. Others may resent such a reminder of the secondary position of New York as exhibitor of current art.

There can be little new to say of the approved excellence of such painters as Ochtman, Snell, Rehn, Woodbury, Frieseke, Cecelia Beaux (unfavorably represented this year), Volk, Chase, Sergeant Kendall, Groll, Van Laer, Eaton. Again, Sargent's splendid portrait of the "Hoosier Poet" cannot be seen too often, but suggests no new comment. Unquestionably the most striking contributions are the Russian Fechin's Carrying Off a Peasant Bride, Blashfield's big allegorical canvas called Life, and Kenyon Cox's A Vision of Moonrise.

Fechin has plenty of the disorderly power befitting his race. His peasant rout is painted with gusto, but there is no unity beyond that of subject matter. Amid discreet surroundings such robustness gains factitious value, as Col. Roosevelt might seem more than usually colossal at a session of a peace society. In the spectral solemnity of the allegory Life it is hard to recognize the suavity of Blashfield. Nor is the allegory itself quite clear, though apparently a mother's death in child-birth is the basis of the symbolism. The nude figure of a man is doubled upon itself in the portico of a vast temple. Two ominous female figures stand before a bronze door where a black-robed, mourning woman enters slowly. A shaft of light from her widens towards the cowering man. In it is a nude infant appealing to the disregardful sitter at the threshold. Behind the group, the base of a massive Doric column looms phosphorescently. It is an impressive piece, recalling on the one hand Watts, on the other Franz Stuck in his better vein. It would require more acquaintance than is possible in a first visit justly to appreciate this remarkable picture. Kenyon Cox's A Vision of Moonrise seems a masterpiece *manqué*. The draughtsmanship is superb. One would love to cut out the figure of the nude shepherd dazzled by the beauty of the winged moon-maiden who hovers before him. The color is sonorous and fine, the landscape beautifully disposed in succinct decorative formulas. Mr. Cox achieves quite new and notable qualities in this canvas. It will become more lovely in color with age. And yet something ails the whole thing. Perhaps the fuller realization of the moon-maiden is out of keeping with the more generalized form of the shepherd. Or there may be the more radical defect that the composition is not a vision at all, but a thing learnedly compiled with no comprehensive visualization at any stage. One is inclined to that view after seeing Cox's masterly portrait of Grant La Farge a few steps away. A definite subject matter seems to make all the difference.

Among the portraits, none, with the exception of Sargent's James Whitcomb Riley, seems its peer. But Speicher's prize portrait of a lady in a fur toque is lovely in tone and admirable in characterization, Alden Weir's second best remains better than most painters best, Blumenschein shows a very able portrait group which, however, sags out of the frame. George Bellows and Ben Ali Haggin contribute portraits of immense exhibitionistic effect, but lacking the self-contained quality of really fine portraiture. It would be an interesting exercise in criticism to discriminate between these two very striking female portraits and their nearest parallels, Manet and early Sargent. The difference possibly is that these old masters did not carry a chip on their shoulders, and yet a chip is a seemly ornament for ambitious youth.

Couse's crouching figure of an Indian Potter well deserved its prize and is the most attractive of the smaller figure compositions. It shows that preciseness and even explicitness of rendering is compatible with atmospheric envelope—a lesson which though obvious enough to those who know old painting needs to be reiterated to-day. Paxton's big Academy, vaguely reminiscent of Ingres's La Source, is as beautifully seen as painted. Among *genre* subjects, Glackens's Children Bathing is remarkable for sense of place. The flimsy ugliness of seaside architecture is most humorously conveyed. There is a de-

lightful idyllic freshness about a similar subject by Jonas Lie. The social dip is sublimated into a kind of nature worship. Jerome Myers, perhaps the finest eye and sympathy among the painters of child life in New York, seems, as in the last year or so, to be hesitating between decorative and illustrative aims. Walcott, in a vision of romping children, chooses frankly for illustration. A gracefully decorative sort of ideal portraiture is well represented by the contribution of the President of the Academy, and Johansen reveals a very similar bent and accomplishment in the group A Windy Day on the Beach.

Landscape, were it not for the feature of many studies from the Grand Canyon, would seem rather in abeyance. Of these Arizona pictures none is more distinguished than Ben Foster's beautifully composed and reticent canvas Laguna Canyon. It represents merely a rise of sunsteeped sand and sage bush, but it conveys the peculiar dignity of the desert and the austerely beautiful quality of wind-sculptured desert forms. Gardner Symons's Snowclad Fields in Morning Light is a quite astonishing bit of insistent realism. You could walk in it, if that be any advantage, but it is lacking in design, a quality in which this able young painter usually is strong. Two little landscapes by George M. Bruestle hang over a door. In that place and altitude many good things have hung before. A shrewd visitor will look there first on entering the gallery. Bruestle affects a sonorous contrast between a russet earth and a blue-green sky. His pictures have, besides this depth of color, extraordinary mass and scale. There may be some danger of the scheme sinking to a trick, but at the moment none of the younger landscape painters gives more substantial promise. Harold Camp, whose Morning Star this year is of ambiguous effect, is another youngster who will bear watching. He achieves fine color and a real decorative simplicity. A similar tendency is shown in the landscapes of W. D. Paddock in which elimination is carried almost too far. They have charming passages of color.

So one might go on quite endlessly. Paul Dougherty's A Freshening Gale is perhaps the best of the marines. Hays's study of jockeys is as vivid as a Degas. Jonas Lie's Brooklyn Bridge in Winter is fine in pattern and big in feeling. Louis Cohen's view of Toledo from the river has an old-fashioned well-bred charm quite rare in painting to-day. It would be rash to assert the presence of a single deathless masterpiece in the Academy this winter, though it is hard to imagine a time when Sargent's Riley will cease to be interesting, but there are many pictures one is glad to have seen. Everything about the show testifies to a wholesome experimentalism by no means confined to the younger men.

The Carnegie Prize was awarded to Edwin H. Blashfield, the Thomas R. Proctor Prize for the best portrait, to Eugene E. Speicher, The Isidor Medal for the best figure composition, to E. Irving Couse, the Helen Foster Barnett Prize for sculpture, to Mahonri Young.

F. J. M., JR.

The gold medal for painting at the London Royal Academy was won by Miss Margaret L. Williams; a woman also won this medal two years ago.

William Griggs, who is well known for his studies to perfect the art of facsimile reproduction, is dead in London, at the age of seventy-nine. His "Specimens of Illuminated MSS. at the British Museum" is a masterly work.

Finance

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

Not often does the financial community as a whole approach the end of an old year and the beginning of a new one in a more sane and intelligent frame of mind. It is true, we have lately been aroused with somewhat extravagant talk of "the biggest boom in the steel trade's history for 1912"—talk that bore a faint suggestion of 1909. But the test of such venturesome predictions is not in their utterance, but in their reception, and the reception of Wall Street's version of Mr. Frick's prediction has been marked by eminent common sense. The Stock Exchange, though it cheered up, did not get excited. Pittsburgh shook its head, predicted a gradual revival, and professed its willingness to take things as they should come. The organs of the steel trade had some smiling allusions to Wall Street's habit of coloring prediction, and advised the steel-making interests to go slow. And finally, the steel-making chiefs themselves, after conferring upon the situation, decided to do no arbitrary marking-up of prices, but to let the movement develop in its natural course.

Now all this is so normal, from the standpoint of an intelligent merchant or investor, that it might seem the merest commonplace. It is the policy pursued by those humdrum capitalists, concerning whom everybody wonders how they made their fortunes, since they never plunged on the Stock Exchange, or promoted Trusts, or offered more or less fraudulent enterprises to investors. But it is chiefly the contrast between this mood of the community and the mood of 1901 or 1906 or 1909 which arrests attention. Whatever the explanation, it is certain that some sort of seachange has come upon the financial mind.

There is one possible and not uninteresting explanation. A very shrewd observer of the history, both of Wall Street and of American industry, once remarked that the real forward movement after a period of hard times never comes until all the parties chiefly interested have agreed that it will never come at all. This diagnosis, which was based upon study of several famous episodes of financial reaction and recovery, would have ruled out from the realities such episodes as the "Sunshine movement" of 1908, when everybody declared that nothing had happened in the previous October, or the boom of 1909, when every one said that of course good times were back again, because the group of financiers who make good times had said so. The prescribed conditions would not have been met, in the present after-panic period, until the autumn of 1911, when the merchants, the manufacturers, the Stock Exchange, the outside public, and high finance itself, had publicly agreed that prosperity had departed, never to return.

Nor is it by any means illogical that such a state of mind should mean that the hour had struck for the beginning of real recovery. A great financial crisis always means that credit and prices, in financial and industrial markets, had been inflated beyond the point where available capital could bear the strain. If one were to imagine Finance and Industry meeting the problem in a sober and scientific way, one would expect a period of prolonged and persistent liquidation; of prices lowered so as to suit the community's impaired resources, and kept down until supply and demand were brought in touch with one another; of extravagant living and abuse of credit abandoned through force of circumstances, until people who had been deliberately living beyond their means were put in their proper place in the social organism.

There were not wanting prophets to say, in November, 1907, that all this would have to happen before we should be again on the road to genuine prosperity. Some of them went so far as to predict that an era was ended with that panic. They declared that billion-dollar Trust promotions, community-of-interest directorates, use of the trust funds of great corporations to fight on the Stock Exchange for possession of $155,000,000 railways, the buying up of groups of banks at reckless prices, with money borrowed on shares of other banks, and the buying up of groups of railways with money borrowed on bonds of other railways, would presently be deemed as much the incidents of a closed chapter in history as were the "gold corner," the purchase of judges by railway adventurers, and the flight of the Erie directors with the company's books and cash to Jersey City, in the later 'sixties. These prophets usually concluded their forecast by suggesting that economy would have to replace extrava-

gance among the people as a whole, and that those who would not recognize the new order of things would be relegated to the ranks of seedy promoters, book agents, Wall Street bores, and borrowers from their wives' relations.

Such was the highly unpalatable prediction, and never did prediction seem more grotesque than this did in 1908 and 1909. Yet the community is now beginning dimly to perceive that it was a true prediction. It sees that the conditions thus laid down have, one by one, been realized. They did not come into force at once; they never do; and the process of loosening the desperate grasp of the irreconcilables from the old planks that remained afloat in the troubled sea was painful. But now that so much of the clearing away of wreckage has been done, the end of the process seems to be in sight. That this should happen on the heels of the declaration (six or eight weeks ago) that boom times would never be seen in America again, and that its first result should be that men in charge of great affairs are insisting on moving slowly, prudently, and discreetly, is only repeating the pleasanter part of the history of finance.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ahmad, M. G. The Teachings of Islam. London: Luzac.

Butler, W. A. A Retrospect of Forty Years—1825-1865. Scribner.

Canadian Society of New York. Year Book.

Carter, J. P. In the Cave of Aladdin. James A. Jenkins.

Chapman, J. J. Neptune's Isle, and Other Plays for Children. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Chicago, The Book of. Chicago *Evening Post.*

Evans, Donald. Discords. Philadelphia: Brown Bros.

Harman, H. E. Dreams of Yesterday. Columbia, S. C.: State Company.

Holt, W. A Short Life of Henry Fawcett. New York Assn. for the Blind. 25 cents net.

Huizinga, A. v. C. P. Authority. Boston: Sherman, French. $2.25 net.

Hutchinson, W. Handbook of Health. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Kauffman, R. W. The Way of Peace. Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.

King's Book of Quebec. 2 vols. Ottawa: The Mortimer Co. $25.

Kinney, C. Vagrant Verse. Columbus, O.: F. J. Herr Ptg. Co. $1.

MacCracken, H. N. A Roundel with Ballades. Privately printed.

McGroarty, J. S. California, Its History and Romance. Los Angeles: Grafton Pub. Co. $3.50.

Magruder, J. Her Husband. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.

Mears, J. E. The Triumph of American Medicine in the Construction of the Panama Canal. Philadelphia: W. J. Dornan.

Padelford, F. M. The Political and Ecclesiastical Allegory of the First Book of the Faerie Queene. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents.

Pearson, E. L. The Believing Years. Macmillan.

Pearson, E. L. The Librarian at Play. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net.

Pendexter, H. The Young Gem-Hunters. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Pervigilium Veneris. Translated into English by E. H. du Bois. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press. $5.

Rait, R. S. Scotland. Macmillan. $2 net.

Robinson, W. H. The Golden Legend of India. London: Luzac.

St. Mark: Translated out of the Original Greek. Pocket edition. American Bible Society.

Sills, K. C. M. The First American, and Other Poems. Brunswick, Me. The Author.

Stanton, S. B. Foam Flowers. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Wheelock, J. H. The Human Fantasy. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Winter, William. Shakespeare on the Stage. Moffat, Yard. $3 net.

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